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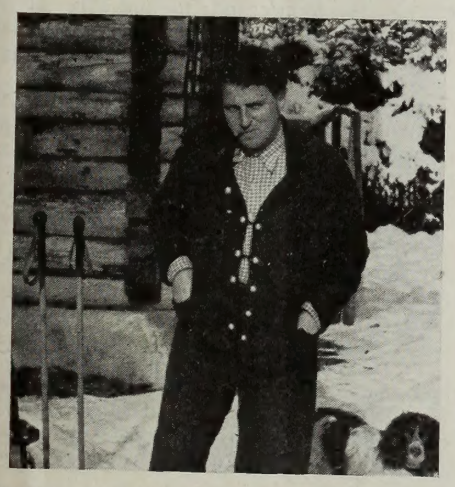
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PIX, INC.

ELIZABETH JANEWAY—this month's How America Lives reporter: *Meet a War Widow*—says, "I was born in Brooklyn Heights in an old brownstone house on Pineapple Street. According to my mother, the doctor who presided over my entrance into the world arrived straight from the theater in opera hat and cape. He was six feet four inches tall and bearded, and must have been a most impressive figure. Since I enjoy social [illegible] a dand gaiety, I like to believe that such [illegible] and p[illegible]bols were present at my birth. My [illegible]e went o[illegible]'s Vermont farm, plus summers in [illegible]ainesou[illegible]ne, Connecticut and Massachusetts, [illegible]ok. [illegible]ght me to know something about New [illegible]gland, so I wrote a book about a New [illegible]ME d[illegible]gland small town. Last summer we [illegible] w[illegible]ught a house in Connecticut and now [illegible] w[illegible]at I am living up there I am engaged on a [illegible]o[illegible]el about New York. The rest of 'we' consists of my husband, Eliot Janeway, and two small boys, Mike (4½) and Bill (1½). They accept mommy's scribblings with fair resignation, but will brook no argument as to whether they or writing comes first. Last year my husband showed Mike my picture on the jacket of my book, *The Walsh Girls*, and told him it was Elizabeth Janeway. 'It is not,' said Mike. 'It's my mommy!'"



CARL ZUCKMAYER (*Don't Give Your Animals a Name*). When Hitler came into power, one of his first acts was to ban Carl Zuckmayer's highly successful play, The Captain of Koepenick. This play, produced in 1930, was written as a warning to the German people against the rising power of the "new nationalism." The author was German-born, but in 1926 he and his wife settled in Austria and became Austrian citizens. As soon as the occupation of Austria was complete, all Zuckmayer's books were burned in public in front of the old Salzburg Cathedral, and he himself barely missed internment in the Dachau concentration camp by a narrow escape into Switzerland. He came to America in 1939 and worked for a while in a Hollywood studio—having had previous experience script-writing Blue Angel and Rembrandt; lectured at the Dramatic Workshop of New York's New School for Social Research; published an autobiography, Second Wind, and is now living in Vermont combining writing with farming. Raises goats, pigs and poultry. Specialty: geese—55 cents a pound.

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JANUARY, 1945

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CKEN PIE
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cooked peas
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over with hot water; hicken in baking dish. rt chicken broth and
more guessing! With astry Method on the ler pie crust—the easy- e in hot oven (425°F.) vel. Serves 6.

SUNDAY DINNER!
stible dishes—COOK WITH CRISCO!
MORE for all your cooking!
lways serve ine ingredi- ake shorten- r by Crisco! Crisco than . It has a ighter cakes ning. With Crisco's sure-fire Pastry Method you'll get flaky, tender pie crust *every time!* And foods fried light and crisp in Crisco are *digestible* even for children!
Yes, Crisco cooking makes good eating. Sunday dinner or pick-up supper—you can depend on pure, all-vegetable Crisco to make all your cooking *exciting*—digestible!

"It's Digestible!"
9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS TELL YOU SO!

ER CAKE
cakes!
½ tsp. salt
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¾ cup milk
vanilla and special cake kes than the !) Beat thor- edients alter- 8-inch "Cris- oderate oven layers; spread
TING: Mix ⅓ rch, 1⅓ cups ps milk. Cook move and add illa. Cool. All

VEGETABLE PLATTER
Crisp Crisco-fried fritters are digestible even for children!
1 cup flour • ½ tsp. salt • ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tsps. baking powder • 1 egg • ½ cup milk
1½ cups cooked succotash (corn and lima beans)
1 tsp. grated onion • 1 tbsp. melted Crisco
Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add egg and milk. Beat until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into skillet containing about ½ inch melted Crisco. Brown on both sides. (No need to fear upset digestions! You can count on Crisco for crisp, light fried foods that are so digestible children may eat 'em!) Serve with pan-fried carrot and pepper sticks and sautéed apple slices. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

OL *washes*

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ds LIFT Out Dirt!

See how even the biggest, nd clean with Oxydol! That's suds are so lively, so active all your white things, except without bleaching.



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ITE
HOUT
CHING!

SAFE!.. For Washable Colors and Rayons, too!

l war materials, so soap waste is
ydol go farther!





BY CARL ZUCKMAYER

IF ANY man wants to farm without tears, he should'nt give names to l animals. I mean, he should'nt name them. He may call them nam from time to time, for this will releave his anger without hurting th feelings. But to name a thing means to put it into the light of conscio ness. To immortalize it. And there you are in a tough spot with your pr fessional farming. The animals you have named are no good for sale n for the kitchen; they are becoming dependants, permanent guests of t house, members of the family. And they know it. They know you are ti up with them for ever. They'll make you pay—not only with money f their delicate support, but with a lot of care, of emotion, even with tea

When I planned to try farming several years ago I was determined to it in a strictly professional way. After too many years of troubles, chang excitement, we thought to catch up with a sober and quiet affair. Not much soul, heart, emotions to be invested. You will share y hou smoothly between the barn and the writing table. Strictly pr on according to the plan—blisters on your hands and independanc

When we moved in, one of the villagers asked, "You really can live here through the winter?"

"Why not?" I asked. "Other people have done it before and s vived it."

"Well, they survived it," he nodded, "but they were native Vel ers. And even for a native ——" He did'nt finish, but shrugged his ders and turned his head away like from the side of an inevitable accide

Now three winters are lying behind us (I see them lying like chunks unmeltable ice) and we're still alive. Above all, I experienced as never b fore in such a concentrated way what a man can do singlehanded and wh he definitely can't. For instance, during a 40-to-50-below-zero cold spe you can keep your waterpipes, your livestock and your family from free ing (to be worried about in the order named). But you can't write a bo or a play at the same time. You can repair a crashing-down barn door the middle of a blizzard, but the poem inspired by this uproar of the e ments might never be put on paper.

There are two kinds of professional combination in the world whi are definitely impossible: a writing farmer; and a farming writer. Provid you want or have to do both jobs by yourself and have no chance to keep hired writer to do your chores or a ghost farmer to do your writings.

WE COULDN'T help, of course, to name our first single acquisition. It w Gussy, that crazy duck. We were not through then with the job of repa ing, fencing, fixing up the old place. It was not later than suggaring seas and we did'nt intend to have any animals before they could be shelter and the last snow was gone. But some Sunday we paid a visit to a neig bour who runs a nice farm and is lucky enough to have one of those gho farmers doing the jobs. We had a look at the poultry yard. There, on icy manure heap, sparkling in the early spring sun like a throne of cryst sat Gussy. (She wasn't Gussy yet. They just called her "the crazy duck."

Her white feathers were ruffled in self-defense, but not without a vicio touch of challenge and agressiveness and sprinkled with blood. From tim to time some of the "normal" poultry—roosters, hens or other ducks would vigorously jump on her and try to peck her, and she would fig back, hissing like a snake, battling with her beak and her wings, even pu suing her persecutors. Then, having lost more feathers and more blood b none of her honor or dignity, she would return to the place of her roy isolation.

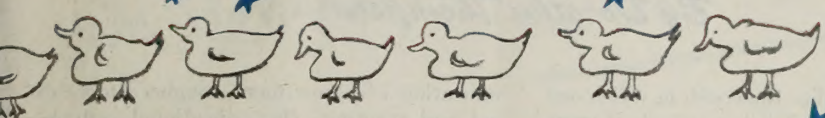
That's the way she was, the farmer said, since she was outfeather He had no explanation for her lack of popularity. "They just don't li her," he said, "and she does'nt like them. They won't let her feed w them—she's almost starving. Well, some day they'll kill her. She mig do better somewhere else. It's a nice duck, after all."

It didn't take much time or persuasion—and we had her locked in a tle basket with a small supply of grains. Why should we reject a gift?

Gussy, at first, gave us a hard time. She got all the attention, the ca the respect for her privacy she ever wanted, but she still was a probl child. She would'nt eat her grains at the regular time, but overthrow water pail and act like starving or dying from thirst a little later. When wife tried to feed her with white bread and milk, she would gratefully h her finger. To tell all the stories of her different escapes, how many ti



NIMALS A NAME



n Austrian playwright and novelist leaves Holly-
wood for Vermont and the Battle of the Barnyard.

ll in the mud while running to catch her or to drive her back, would several volumes of escape litterature.

What makes a duck to be crazy? What makes a man to be nuts? t caused by a cerebral deformation, or by what we call "psychologi-" reasons? In Gussy's case it might be a matter of imagination. No ysical defect to be observed—no troubles of environment. I some-es thought *She's just an ordinary trouble-maker—mean, ugly, pre-terous*—and the knife was sharpened to cut her throat. But she al-ys saved her neck by this fascinating way of despising everything l everybody, mainly her own kind and race, and of secluding herself n the world of duckhood.

A poultry yard grew up around her, populated by hens, geese, ducks. ever stuck to the same attitude of challenge and isolation. When came in the mating age she would'nt reject the occasional atten-ns of a drake, but right after consummation she would turn against and pull some feathers out of his proudly lifted masculine tail. went on to escape—running or flying away, to be found after a ineous search at some spot in the middle of a swamp or a wood-ok.

ME day she disappeared and we thought it was for good this time. when a month or so had passed, there suddenly was a terrific awking, hissing and chirking under the rotten floor boards of the old barn, and sneaking out between the stones of its foundation ne Gussy—dirty, starved, agressive—leading a bunch of eleven ly hatched yellow ducklings.

Motherhood didn't change her craziness. She behaved shy and d, avoided the common feeding places and tried to bring up her ed to the same asocial and misgiving way of self-seclusion. But en they grew a little older and took to the habits of "normal" klings, she bit them away from her, retired brusquely from family and looked for a lonely manure heap on which to defy God and the ld.

"Normal" is a tricky term to be used for any kind of living creature. nybody says that animals are generally "normal"—more normal n men—I'd think he rather does'nt know much about animals. Nor ut men. You have to watch your animals, and to find out about r personal dispositions. This will take much time and it might not be ctly commercial, but it gives you some stories to tell and to remem-!

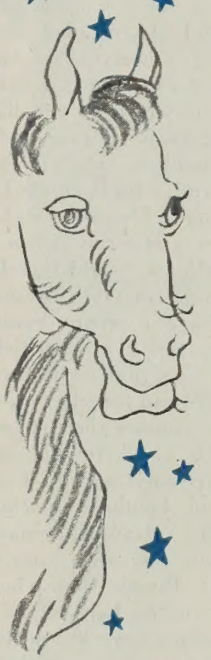
One couldn't say that Hermann is crazy, but as a gander he cer-ly is a failure, in spite of his very normal strength and nastiness. s named Hermann because of his eyes which are of a bright, heav-y blue, as clear as false. Like those of the old German leader, Ar-ius—the one who instigated his blond-plaited wife, Thusnelda, to e love to the Roman fieldmarshal's aide-de-camps and to lure him night through a little side door in the cage of the wild bear, while he ught to enter her bedroom. She's said to have got a kick out of ching his disappointment when he was embraced by the bear in-d of by herself.

These are the sort of implications called by the sight of Hermann's sy eyes or by the bites of his sharp-edged beak. But the trouble n Hermann is that he doesn't care a bit for Thusnelda, the fat, te goose supposed to be his legitimate wife, nor for any other geese, only for ducks. This of course leads to nothing—biologically ken. But he seems to be perfectly satisfied with the admiration that e of the lady ducks are paying to his imposing size and to his tyran-possessiveness.

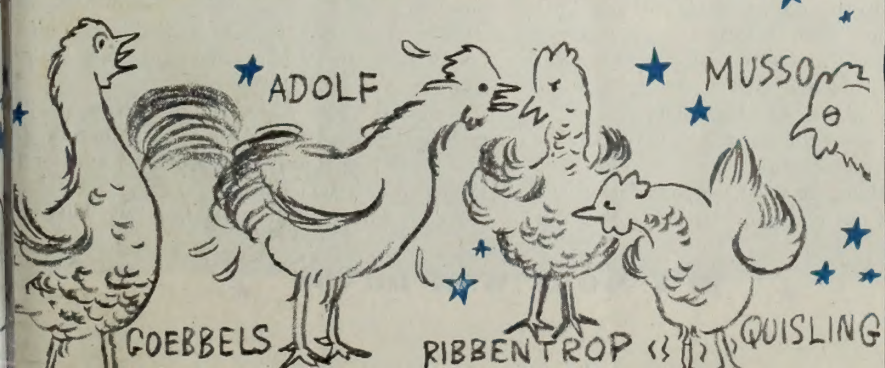
But even Hermann, who is quite useless, escaped the long knife and acquitted from an imminent death sentence. When Thusnelda had ched her first bunch of goslings—an achievement that could not be lited to his co-operation—we kept the goslings strictly separated in re-fenced yard in order to save them from the approach of the gan-, who have the bad reputation to be jealous and naughty fathers, king and sometimes killing their own flesh and blood.

For a few days I watched Hermann leaving his platonic harem (or of yes-ducks), circling restlessly around that *(Continued on Page 84)*









OLD-FASHIONED CHICKEN PIE

Crisco Pastry is flaky, tender every *time*!

One 4-5 lb. chicken · 1½ qts. water · 2 tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper · 1 cup cooked peas
Crisco Pastry (single crust recipe)

Cut stewing chicken into pieces; cover with hot water; season; simmer till tender. Place chicken in baking dish. Cover with gravy made from part chicken broth and part milk. Stir in peas.

Top with *Crisco Pastry.* (No more guessing! With Crisco and the new sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label you'll get flaky, tender pie crust—the easy-digesting kind—*every time!*) Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 15-20 min. All Measurements Level. Serves 6.



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"It's Digestible!"

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CHOCOLATE CREAM LAYER CAKE
Crisco gives you *lighter* cakes!

½ cup Crisco · 1 cup sugar · ½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla · 2 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
2½ tsps. baking powder · ¾ cup milk

Combine Crisco, sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs. (Crisco has developed a special cake secret. It gives you lighter cakes than the most expensive shortening!) Beat thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Bake in two 8-inch "Crisco-ed" layer cake pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25-30 min. Cool. Split layers; spread with:

"STAY-SOFT" CHOCOLATE FROSTING: Mix ⅓ cup cocoa, 3 tbsps. cornstarch, 1⅓ cups sugar, ¼ tsp. salt. Add 1½ cups milk. Cook until thick, stirring often. Remove and add 1 tsp. butter and 1 tsp. vanilla. Cool. All Measurements Level.





VEGETABLE PLATTER
Crisp Crisco-fried fritters are *digestible* even for children!

1 cup flour · ½ tsp. salt · ⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tsps. baking powder · 1 egg · ½ cup milk
1½ cups cooked succotash
(corn and lima beans)
1 tsp. grated onion · 1 tbsp. melted Crisco

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add egg and milk. Beat until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls into skillet containing about ½ inch melted Crisco. Brown on both sides. (No need to fear upset digestions! You can count on Crisco for crisp, light fried foods that are so digestible children may eat 'em!) Serve with pan-fried carrot and pepper strips and sautéed apple slices. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

LADIES' HOME

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Pioneers Against Polio

CORP. ROBERT SMITH is a flying photographer with an Air Corps weather squadron in the Southwest Pacific. In Africa, last year, Corporal Smith won a Purple Heart, and lay in an Algiers hospital, remembering another hospital he had known fifteen years before. Struck by poliomyelitis at the age of five, he was paralyzed in both legs and crippled for almost ten years. Robert is one of 2000 polio victims who have been helped in the long road up to health and normal living by the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania.

When the epidemic of 1916 swept the country, Philadelphia was left with 1016 cases, most of them children under two. The Emergency Aid, itself a two-year-old infant formed to give relief to war sufferers, was asked by the Director of Health to be the official agency for after-care—in this disease all-important, since no prevention is yet known.

The Infantile Paralysis Committee is still doing its unique job: it has complete records of all cases in 1916 and since; it has maintained personal contact with each child and seen to it that each received the limit of medical aid; and its Bureau of Placement and Training has put many on the road to skills, scholarships and jobs.

All polio cases are reported to the Board of Health as soon as recognized, and sent to the Philadelphia Hospital for Contagious Diseases. The hospital reports all cases to the Emergency Aid, whose staff members visit distraught families, and assure them of financial assistance if it is needed. After the quarantine period, patients are sent home or to other hospitals for further treatment. Those who are sent home and cannot afford private care are assigned to clinics near their homes for periodic checkups and treatment. The committee's motor-corps members take children to the clinics if families are unable to do so, or visit the family to find out why Johnny missed his last appointment. Each case worker, with help from the Advisory Committee of Orthopaedic Surgeons, advises families about operations and hospitalization. When braces, crutches and corrective shoes are beyond the family's means, the committee supplies them. (Since the National Foundation was started in 1938, it has paid these bills.)

Mary Ann Jones, the first 1916 case, is one of the severely handicapped who have been able to support themselves through the committee's sewing class. This was started by Mrs. E. Lois Bateman, energetic, white-haired director of the committee's work, who determined that her girls would not waste their days making useless mediocrities to be bought as charity. She scouted for the best teachers available and found two who have taught the girls to do fine drawn linenwork and perfectionist handwork on silk lingerie. The 18 members of the present class—there have been 38 in all—have more orders from their Saratoga and Florida clientele than they can fill.

Laura Brown, another 1916 case, was the first girl to go to France on an exchange scholarship from Temple University. Paralyzed in one leg, she went through seven operations.

Since the 1916 epidemic, there has been no outbreak to equal it, but in 1932 there were 720 cases, and in 1944, 250. Meanwhile, the committee is proud of its college and business-school graduates, of two boys teaching aeronautic groundwork, of others overseas.

With no ounce of polio prevention yet in sight, other cities would do well to adopt Philadelphia's pound of cure.

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE NEW AMERICA

By Dorothy Thompson

IT IS hard to realize the epoch in which one lives, particularly if it is an epoch of great and decisive changes. For change does not suddenly show itself in our everyday life—particularly in the everyday life of women. The fact that in this war America has emerged as the premier world power does not affect the cooking of breakfast, the dressing of the children, the getting them off to school, and all the other routines of the domestic lives which are our normal sphere.

But in the long run it will affect all our families. For we have not only become, in these few bitter years of war, the recognized industrial leader of the world, but we have become the leading naval power on the seven seas.

This fact, new to us, is not new in world history. Since ships have sailed and men have fought with ships—and that is for as long as we have human history—some nation has occupied the position into which we now have stepped.

And always, whenever a nation has assumed such a position, all its habits of life have been influenced. Britain, for instance, became a nation of tea drinkers because of its Oriental possessions. There was a time when the English were not a nation of world travelers. At that time all the world traveling was done by Spaniards and Portuguese, because Spain and Portugal ruled the waves. It was British supremacy on the seven seas that made the British the greatest traders and travelers on earth.

You may remember the four senators who made a world trip some months ago, and came back highly irritated to find Englishmen all over the world, holding important positions from the Congo to Iran. It seemed to the senators as though there were some plot to keep Americans out. But the British had been there all the time—and for long before the senators thought of making a world tour because there was a world war.

BUT our children, and even more our grandchildren and great-grandchildren, will travel—and I hope without wars to compel it. At the end of this war America will not only have the greatest navy—an unequaled navy—but she will have the greatest merchant marine. These ships will not only bring goods to America and from America, but will carry them between other countries. And the most modern form of communication, in the only other world-wide element besides the seas—the air—has shown its first great possibilities in America.

Now all this means that America is a world power and will develop a world outlook. Until this epoch it has been the greatest provincial civilization and state on earth. It is so no longer. We have become a world power, not because a battle was won between isolationists and internationalists, but because, when we were forced to mobilize our full power, we, and the whole world, discovered what America is. There will be lots of nostalgia for the old America, just as, to this day, there is still a lurking nostalgia for "*little* England." For power brings increased and often irksome responsibilities and problems—just as becoming adult brings responsibilities and problems.

But what does this great change mean for us, as American women?

For one thing, it means reconsidering the education of our children. I predict that our education will grow much tougher—more exact and exacting. Our educational system—and its products—will go into competition with other nations. Our boys and girls will resent cutting a bad figure anywhere in the world. We shall become more decorous, because however we behave among ourselves, we shall want to appear well among outsiders.

AND in education, horizons will be widened. For the past hundred years millions of Americans who came to this country with foreign languages speedily and systematically forgot them in the effort to become Americans of American speech. But their descendants will relearn the languages of their ancestors, and others besides. In fifty years we shall expect every high-school graduate to be able to speak fluently one or two languages besides his own.

Geography will not be a study taught in a few grades, but will be a science. The time has passed when West Point could neglect geography; and not only geography but related studies—anthropology and cultural history, for instance—will occupy a prominent place in every school and college curriculum.

The movies will change, and will become related to education instead of being pure entertainment. That has started even during this war. Radio programs will improve. And home libraries will come in again.

All this will also mean that the conversation in the home will become broader and more adult. Johnny will be thinking of highway building in Latin America, and learning Spanish in connection with engineering. Mary will be thinking of hospitals in China, and taking language-school lessons in Chinese, during her nurse's training.

But all this will not mean that America will become less dear. On the contrary—it will become even more vividly in every person's mind "home." People will move farther from home, and come back more often to the very place where they were born. For the place where they were born will be the most-loved image in their minds, in years spent far from home.

It will be the aim of every American to have a *home* for his family—not a series of shifting apartments—in order to keep a secure center for a family temporarily spread far apart.

How will American women take it? They will take it the way they have taken every development and change in our national life.

In travels in many countries, I have often observed how Woman—the Mother—is represented in public monuments. She is always memorialized as sitting down, with a child embraced in her arms. But in the public parks, from Ohio to California, there is a typical American monument to American womanhood. In this typical monument, the woman is not sitting, nor even standing, but striding. Her brow is lifted to the sun, and her skirts are swept back from her legs by her stride. Her children cling to those skirts—and they are walking too. She is going with them, into newly discovered and opened lands. She is the Pioneer Woman.

And in the New America, young women will go into the world with young men; and marry, and come home; and keep a center, and send their children out again.

And in spite of all the nostalgia—we'll like it.

★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★

In Pineapple LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

● Here's pineapple as the Islanders know it: peak flavor ripeness . . . real *fresh* fruit tang! The two elusive qualities in pineapple, always so difficult to capture in a can!

Next time you turn out Libby's golden slices or pour a glassful of Libby's sunny juice, notice the fresh fruit *fragrance*. Then taste . . . *critically*.

Never any too-sweet sweetness with Libby's! Instead, the full, natural goodness that comes only from fruit picked at the very peak of ripeness.

Have some of this glorious fruit soon . . . a *special* treat these days. In buying, *see* the name, "Libby's", to make sure of peak flavor ripeness in both pineapple slices and refreshing juice. In fact, when buying *any* canned fruit it's always smart to look to Libby's—for *perfection!*

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, *Chicago 9, Illinois*



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"WASTE" PAPER IS WAR PAPER. SAVE IT!



WHERE FOODS GROW FINEST . . . THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

Libby's
PINEAPPLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE



Female Foibles

THE SUB-DEB . . . BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

FEMALES are fun. But full of foibles. It's all a guy can do to keep his head, his balance and his temper. You think you have a girl figured out, when she launches something you hadn't thought of. A woman can dazzle you, puncture your poise and plans and stretch your good humor till it snaps. One minute she's smoothing you smooth and the next she's riffling your hair. They're ——

POSSESSIVE

Take a girl out a couple or six times, and she sews her name on you like the tab in the back of her raincoat. Spend some consecutive time with her, call her a bit on the phone, give her the old concentration at the dances, and she thinks she has you on a leash.

From then on she snaps commands and you're supposed to pop tricks. She thinks she can account for your moods and whims. She goes maternal when you sprain an ankle, and overflows with good works and waiting on. She deals out advice. She checks your innings and outings. She's all over you like a damp fog. A guy can take this if he's nicked with love. If not, it's a tough spot. 'Cause she's put her hex sign on you. And man, you're in her hands!

PURELY PERSONAL

Just sistle through your teeth at yonder streamlined blonde and watch your girl seethe. You can practically hear her machinery taking mental measurements. And comparing them with her own, of course. She tries on the blonde's dress and perches the blonde's hat on her own brown curls. She prances a few steps in imitation of the blonde's swagger. And because she's basically modest, she comes off hurt.

You make a crack about women, and her eyes dampen. You pronounce about people and she squares off to defend herself. You talk big about big things, and she pulls it in little to her own angle. She hopes hard that you'll like her. So she treats you to a personal-appearance tour of her ideas and feelings. Any clue to you sets off personal comparisons. Which is a nasty mire to get stuck in.

PREFERABLY PERMANENT

A guy now and then changes his mind. Not that he's more fickle than females. It's just that Dora looks interesting after a diet of Dinah, and why not go skate on another pond for a change? Dinah shouldn't mind. But does she?

You skip a Saturday night and you get a call on Sunday. "Where were you last night?" If you stall, she'll buzz your ear till she finds you out. So you may as well mention Dora. Then hold the phone far away! "Don't you like me any more?" What a question! Sure you do. And you like Dora too. But that's not Dinah's equation. With her you're permanent. Blinders and ear muffs are the costume she's chosen for you. And any wandering from her straight-and-narrow calls forth the bloodhounds.

There's no pussyfooting with a girl who thinks you're hers forever. You either are or you aren't. Play cagey and she'll track you down with reproaches, words and looks. A meat cleaver's pretty rough, but the only weapon if you'd change the status quo. After all, there's nothing very static about a guy's first six or eight loves. He's got to find out—and he never will in a predicament permanent.

PERVERSE

You rig up a big bowling bout. You fix it for a couple of other guys to drag their women. You have yours all set. You think. When the time comes, she's all rigged up in high heels and a dizzy hat, and she's changed her mind. No mild athletics for her this night. She's in the mood for glamour. You put up an argument. The others expect you to show. You talk, she bites her heels into the rug. What can you do with a woman who's determined to do different? Who gets stuffy if she doesn't get her own way? Who's impossible to convince? Why do parents keep feeding brats like that?

POSITIVELY PERPLEXING

She shifts seats three times in the bus till she's finally settled. She drags you to inspect the stills at five movies before making up her mind which show she wants to see from the inside. She spills that secret you told her in a moment of weakness, and embarrasses you no end in front of some guys. She teases you into inviting her home for dinner with your family, and once there delights in poking fun at you. Which lets you in for later ribbing and puts you on the spot with two questions: "What do you ever see in her?" And "How did they like me?" Neither of which a guy can answer true.

Such a woman is a puzzle. It takes a master mind to untangle her pattern. She's nice, then she knifes you. She leads you on, then she screes out of reach.

All women have foibles. But some women have them all. If the ones on your list persist in being persimmons, you'd better go fishing, my lad!

KEEP ON BEING A DUNDERCLUMP!

Be shy and awkward, be fluttery-handed and fuzzy-tongued, and you'll cut quickly any chances of dating any boy. You'll have a short and snappy social existence—and then limbo. It's better to be bright about boys. And you can be, with the Sub-Deb booklets under your belt. Just write a post card to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, and ask for the complete free list of Sub-Deb booklets. It's No. 1695.

Colds? Sore Throat?

Let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *get after the germs that go with them!*

The delightful Listerine Antiseptic gargle taken early and often may spare you a nasty siege of trouble. Here is why:

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown to the right. These are the very types of germs that so many specialists say are to blame for the troublesome aspects of a cold.

Listerine Antiseptic's quick, germ-killing action helps to guard against a "mass invasion" of such germs into the tissues where they may set up or aggravate the infection you recognize as a cold.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic attacks hosts of these germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they attack you.

Fewer Colds, Tests Showed

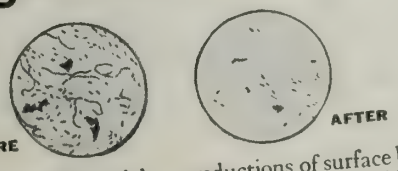
Such germicidal action perhaps explains Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable record against colds in tests made over a period of 12 years. Note these impressive results:

That regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users, and that when colds did develop, they were usually less severe and shorter-lived than those of non-users.

Isn't that something to remember when you feel a cold coming on? Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Note how Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs



Above is illustrated the height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces noted in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Actual tests showed reductions of surface bacteria ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



From 17 million—to 26 million—then to 53 million—now up to over 94 million packages used yearly in homes like yours!

Such growing, overwhelming preference for "Vicks" tells you far more than mere words ever could.

It tells you exactly what happens when colds are in the air.

Folks try "Vicks" modern home-remedies. Results delight them. And they pass the good word along. "Try Vicks—works fine!"

That's what increasing millions of people say, including young mothers. And they should keep on saying it through the years because Vicks scientists and medical men will never relax their efforts to find improved and better ways of dealing with the always serious problem of colds.

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS BE YOUR GUIDE

Helps Prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Just put a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze or warning sign of a cold. A specialized medication to be used as directed in folder. **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**





Relieves Miseries of developed colds. Rubbed on the throat, chest and back, VapoRub's famous double action starts at once to bring relief. The best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of colds. **VICKS VAPORUB**

Eases Coughs, Huskiness due to colds. Results are so very good because this cough drop is medicated with throat soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub plus other cough-easing medications.
VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS





Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in seconds. A few whiffs of this handy Inhaler which is packed with really effective medication bring greater breathing comfort quickly. Handy. Use as often as needed. **VICKS INHALER**

NOW OVER 94 53 26 17 MILLION VICKS PACKAGES USED YEARLY

Our Readers Write Us

Will G. I. Joe be Changed?

Dear Editor: It seems that some of you home folks are fearful of the changes being made in the Joes who are fighting this war. We even read about it in our letters from home. And that is bad.

The supposition is that we will come home complete strangers. That we'll have to wear a red carnation so you'll know us. We don't like this. We resent it chiefly because we know it isn't true. Some changes there will undoubtedly be, but pretty generally we'll come back much the same as we went away. Most of the change that takes place will be in knowledge and general growing up—don't forget that a lot of us are still mighty young.

Most likely there are a great many falsely hopeful wives who are due for an awful letdown. They think because Joe has been Army-trained in neatness he's going to hang up his coat the minute he gets in the house (all hangers facing toward the back, you lug!); that he's going to keep his dresser drawers in the same apple-pie order that he kept his foot locker; leave no rings in the bathtub and prove a very real help in the kitchen—after all, he did KP, didn't he? The poor dears! I'll lay them ten to one that Joe will be not one whit better housebroken than he was before. He may, indeed, be even worse, just to prove he's shuffled off the hated discipline.

One of the most ridiculous charges laid against us is that we have grown so accustomed to the companionship of men that we will either no longer desire that of women or else will be completely unfitted for it. *Yes, that has been said in print!* Here at this post we read such an article and the howls of protest that went up were distinctly nonprintable. The writer (a woman, by the way) went on to state that Joe Husband would be so filled with the love of adventure and the robust chit-chat of his fellows that he'd no longer be content to toast his shins by the family fireside, talking of inconsequential things with the Little Woman. This is unadulterated bilge and nonsense. Five minutes of listening to the conversations around any Army camp—or even in foxholes during lulls between shell bursts—should quell all such silly fears.

And right now I want to burst another bubble of fear that has grown up in the minds of a lot of gals back home: the fear that your own particular Joe will have changed toward you. It is extremely unlikely. I believe that few men who left wives or sweethearts back home whom they loved have changed toward them in any way—even momentarily or temporarily. Which means, in plain English, that promiscuous running around with the few wild or willing women who cross our paths is at an absolute minimum. I speak, of course, only for those men who had real attachments before they left home. I know I will be questioned on that statement, but I've been overseas for almost two years now, I've been a lot of places and I've met a lot of Joes, and it's my honest belief that most of them are being true to the One and Only. Give us a break. Put aside your fears and, above all, quit writing us these disturbing things!

CPL. PETER ALLEN.

Old Enough to Know

Sausalito, California.

Dear Editors: It might interest you to know that my mother—Mrs. G. W. Percy—will be ninety years old next March. She has decided that she does not wish her other magazines—but would like to keep on with the L. H. J.! As she has taken the others for many years and read them with keen enjoyment, this should prove something or other.

ISABELLE WEST.

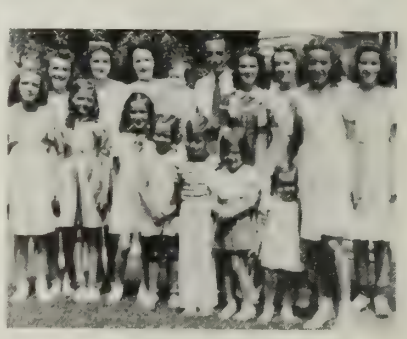
Because the JOURNAL is the nation's most popular magazine among teen-age girls, we especially like to number Mrs. Percy among our readers. ED.

The More the Merrier

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Editors: Your interest in the problems of raising a large family prompts me to send you this picture of the M. E. Lietsch family, of West Burlington, Iowa.

Mr. Lietsch is of German extraction, and Mrs. Lietsch of Irish extraction. In spite of the fact that Mr. Lietsch has been sick for several years and has only moderate means, the family has managed very well through the skillful buying of Mrs. Lietsch and the co-operation of all. When I visited them not long ago, the older girls were earning a little money. Those in between not only looked after the younger members of the family but were also acting as part-time mothers for some of the neighborhood children. To keep his expanding family under the roof of his modest home, Mr. Lietsch has taken advantage of the predominance of girls to turn the top floor into a typical boarding-school dormitory. And they have all the fun of boarding-school life, too, with the oldest girl in charge. In fact, it is a real punishment for any of them to be assigned to a private room.



The Lietsch family—Front row, left to right: Nancy Carolyn, Mary Ellen, Therese Francine, Judith Cecile, Milburn Edward, Jr., Suzanne Jean, Michaela Joan, Rita Clara. Back row, left to right: Gloria Ann (now Sister Mary Lucia), Patricia Jane, Mrs. Lietsch, holding Mary Lucia, Mr. Lietsch, Rosemary Lillian, Celine Maureen, Sanchia Diane.

Allow me to congratulate you upon such articles as that dealing with the Max Conrad family. We had nine in our family group, including two pairs of twins (all twins living, in the neighborhood of the sixty-year mark and over, myself being one). It was the very size of our family which kept my mother young until her middle eighties and gave me the incentive to fill in my leisure time between teaching and editing with writing stories, and so on, for children.

Sincerely,
T. A. L.

London Looks Shabby

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dears: I had two days in London for the first time in six weeks, and found the capital shabbier and more battered than ever. There are awfully few American boys around, but some very saucy numbers in the way of American Red Cross girls.

Rumors of slightly increased rations are occasionally dangled before us, and then someone else says not a bit of it! The generation of children now growing up who have never seen a banana look like continuing in their ignorance.

A strange new hairdressing has burst on London. Ladies approach who seem to have a pillow on top of their head, but when you look again, it is their hair. The milliners are now thinking up some pretty weird little hats to perch on top of the edifice. What dull lives men have, faithful to the old Homburg, though I have never forgotten how Bruce arranged the crown of his.

My love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Now, all about our village at this time of year, go good ladies, usually with wheelbarrows, collecting Jumble. I don't know if you have this honest institution over your side, but Jumble is something you chuck out, and I buy, and so on, ad infinitum. But tragic is the lot of these good ladies today. Their wheelbarrow is empty. A

(Continued on Page 13)



Soft, endearing hands.
They're part of every love story...
part of your love story, too.

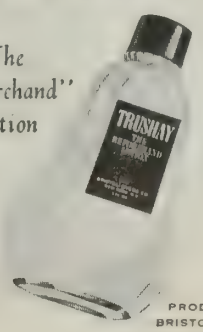
So be sure your hands stay romantic...
even though you're busier than ever before.
It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on
this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion.
It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in
hot, soapy water... helps Keep them
smooth and thrilling! Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



Stop the clocks, blow the whistles, catch-your-throat, hold-your-heart—it's true, dear God, it's true, he's home for keeps. All your dreams spring alive, all your hopes wake anew, all the life for two you've ached for will be yours to have and to hold.

Now you can plan—take a holiday from heartache. There'll be crisp curtains to hang in the windows, a deep chair for him, a low chair for you. There'll be fine linen to lay on your table, the fragrance of flowers, the friendly gleam of sparkling silverware. Today war postpones your finding your favorite Community*—patterns brides have ever loved, traditional craftsmanship they've honored. But when he's home for keeps we'll have it for you. And, trust tomorrow, the day will come!

*TRADEMARK

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SPEED THE DAY! BUY WAR BONDS!



If its Community . . . its correct

FREE! *If you'd like a full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write COMMUNITY, Dept. G-5, Oneida, N. Y.*

(Continued from Page 10)

small paper carrier would do. For wherever they go they are met with the indignant "Jumble! I am wearing all mine!"

I would like very much to see, in some museum after this war, a small case containing the underwear of the quite well-to-do. There are some really monumental examples of patching and darning. I was at work on some of mine the other day, trying to remember what the original fabric looked like, for there is little of it left, and someone said, "I wonder if the Queen's look like that too." My dear, what with tops cut off nightdresses to turn them into slips, and then bits cut off that the following year to turn them into something smaller, you'd be surprised. Small wonder the good ladies moan for Jumble, all in vain.

Lucy Liphook, the cow, is still doing her stuff quite well, but she has a most unfortunate taste for night life. My heart sinks when the telephone rings, as it quite often does, and a voice says, "Are you the owner of a dun cow wearing a leather halter?" Every time I see Mr. Wingate, who looks after her, he assures me she is settling down nicely. So what she'd be like if she was unsettled, I simply can't imagine. But now I know the origin of that rhyme, "The cow jumped over the moon." Till I owned one, I always looked on them as pretty static.

Later. We have news at last of John Winstanley, badly wounded, carried six days in a litter back to a jungle hospital somewhere in Burma, with scrub typhus, which I imagine is something the same as trench fever, only a tropical edition, and so rather worse. When I remember the discomfort of the monsoon, even in one's own house, with electricity, ice, servants and every possible alleviation of the stuffy heat, the thought of fighting in the jungle under war conditions makes me a little sicker because of all I know. It used to be impossible to keep bedclothes dry inside the house. So they were left all day hanging over bamboo hoppers that had charcoal burning inside, and only made up a few minutes before their inhabitant was due inside them. If you know anyone in this unspeakable seat of hostilities, write to them twice as often as you do to the ones in England and in France!

Best love to you all,
DOROTHY.

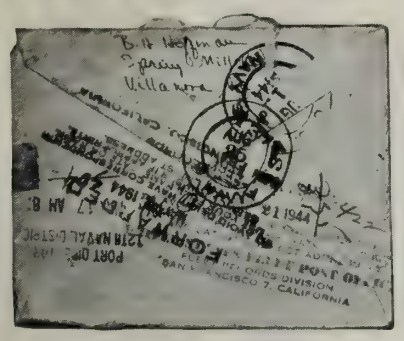
The Letter He Left Behind

Lt. Com. A. R. Bosworth, USNR, whose story, The Girl They Left Behind, appeared in the June, 1944, JOURNAL, wrote the following reply to a JOURNAL editor whose letter followed him around the Pacific for seven months.

United States Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas, Headquarters of the Commander in Chief.

Dear Editor: I think you might want to keep this envelope as a cachet collector's item. It reached me only today. Of course, meanwhile, I've been all over the South Pacific, but I flew, and have had good luck with most of my mail—better than could be expected on shipboard.

I was ordered to Admiral Halsey's staff, and flew to Noumea. A little later I was in the Solomons. The tear sheets of my



Cachet collector's dream.

LHJ yarn (and the cocksure boast I made about being headed seaward) caught up with me in a tent on Guadalcanal. Seagoing?

I estimate that I have flown at least a hundred thousand miles—well, nearly that much!—over water, and someday I'll tell you about the stormy night, two and a half hours out from one of these tiny atolls, when two of the four engines quit—and we had to turn back. I did get up to Bougainville while fighting was still going on.

ALLAN.

It Was Indecent!

Hartford, Connecticut.

Dear Editors: As a reader of your magazine since those crinoline days reviewed by Betty Hoffman, I feel impelled to make my first criticism. Your article by Marynia Farnham, etc., goes beyond the bounds of decency. I am no prude and realize that my grandchildren see and hear plenty in this movie-going age, but rather than allow my two grandchildren, twenty and eighteen (girls), to read the plain speaking on sex matters by these people, I tore the book asunder. The majority of young people find out about sex, but not in public print. The curiosity of youth being proverbial, you have started something in allowing such a thought-provoking article to appear in your *well trusted* family magazine.

Sincerely,
SARAH L. WAY.

No, It Wasn't

New York City.

Dear Sir: The article, Men Have Lost Their Women, is the most intelligent and enlightening discussion I have ever seen on this all-important subject. May I congratulate both you and the authors for this stimulant to better thinking.

Most sincerely,
JANET BAIRD.

Yes, It Was

Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir: For years, up until ten years ago, I had pleasure taking the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, so a year or so ago, with an eighteen-year-old girl just out of the convent, I renewed my subscription for three years, but with the first issue it did not seem to be the same magazine. Parts of it had grown "modern," sexy and suggestive—why?

Why let Ferdinand Lundberg and Dr. Marynia F. Farnham in with their horrible contribution to entertainment or education?

Yours very truly,
MRS. M. K. P.

But Not for Her

Medina, Texas.

Dear Editors: The psychological essay called Men Have Lost Their Women is a really penetrating analysis of a moral and emotional problem many of us growing up in the early thirties have gropingly tried to understand. If this were really understood by all the wives with husbands overseas, it would have far-reaching effects on their emotional conduct, and directly affect their husbands' morale on the fighting front—a morale which, according to all reports, has been devastated by unfaithfulness and callousness of many wives. As a young wife with husband overseas, I fully appreciate the difficulty of the situation—but how important it is for all wives to understand that their moral conduct is not limited by economic restriction or social inhibition, but by the deep emotional quality of their own natures!

NATALIE DASPIT.

However, She Doesn't Agree

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

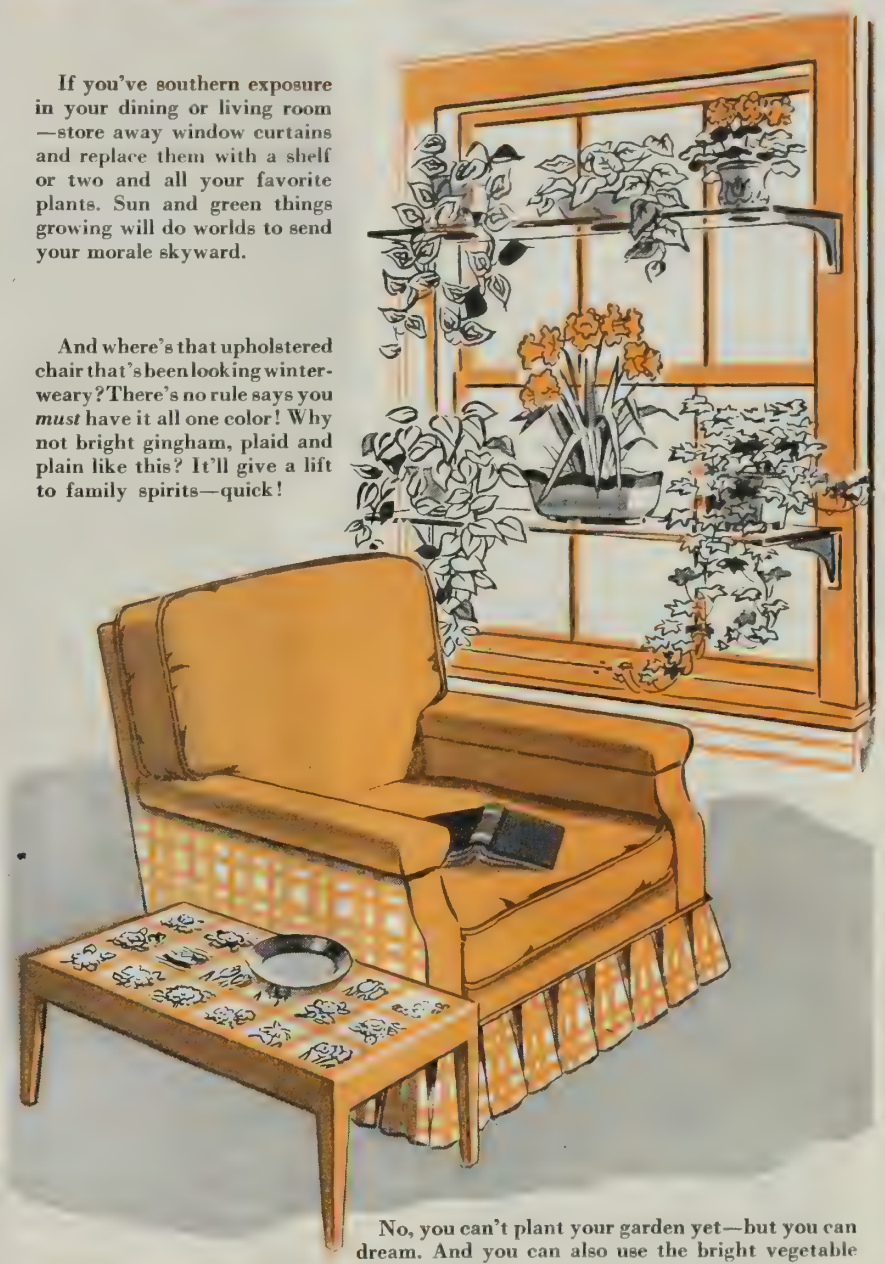
Dear Editors: The authors of Men Have Lost Their Women fascinate me by their use of alleged facts. Women have wanted a man's education, not because men had it, but because it was the best education available. I believe it is the kind of psychological training forced on women that makes them less honest, less productive and less loving than men. The training of children is a very important work—and I believe that it is something that the modern, intelligent, outgoing woman is much better equipped to do than the little woman whose father, brother or husband has kept her blindfolded.

I seriously believe that a much more satisfactory relationship between husband and wife is possible now than ever before, that women in America are happier than they have ever been, and that they are only beginning to realize their possibilities. I can't see that the article has contributed a single helpful thought.

JANE PERRY.

Gloom-Chasers

There's more than one way to bring sunshine into a January day. A house that's cheery helps a lot. So—



If you've southern exposure in your dining or living room—store away window curtains and replace them with a shelf or two and all your favorite plants. Sun and green things growing will do worlds to send your morale skyward.

And where's that upholstered chair that's been looking winter-weary? There's no rule says you *must* have it all one color! Why not bright gingham, plaid and plain like this? It'll give a lift to family spirits—quick!

No, you can't plant your garden yet—but you can dream. And you can also use the bright vegetable and flower pictures from your favorite seed catalogue to turn your old coffee table into something right fancy. Cut colored cardboard to fit your table top—mount the prints neatly—top with a sheet of glass—and you have a gay new table to do you proud.

And even prouder—when it holds a Whitman's Sampler. For these deliciously tempting chocolates are favorites with everyone. An afternoon's sewing—or an evening's card-playing or conversation, becomes just that much more fun when there's an opened Sampler at hand. The luscious creams, the crisp nuts and butter-smooth caramels so richly dipped in Whitman's famous chocolate are completely irresistible—as all your friends will tell you.

• • •

If you can't always get your favorite Sampler, it's because millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates are going to all our fighting fronts.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

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GRAND FOR LUNCH! Because it's a splendid energy food, Swift's Premium Bacon helps make lunches *substantial*. And just the fragrance and the sight of it make appetites glow. Your family will enjoy this nutritious luncheon dish, suggested by Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist: For each serving, cover 2 slices of brown bread with hot baked beans; top with circles of onion and two or more slices of Swift's Premium Bacon. Serve with cabbage and carrot salad.



SAVE THE DRIPPINGS! You know how badly fats are needed for the war effort so of course you wouldn't throw any away. But drippings from delicious Swift's Premium Bacon have many fine *food* uses —you want to get all the good from them before turning them in. So strain them through cheese cloth or a fine-meshed sieve; store in the refrigerator; and then . . .



USE THEM ALL THESE WAYS! Martha Logan likes to use Swift's Premium Bacon drippings as seasoning for vegetables; as shortening for biscuits, muffins, waffles; as seasoning in bread dressing, macaroni and rice dishes; and for pan-frying.

After you've got all the flavor and food value from the drippings be *sure* to take what's left to your meat dealer.



*IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE, TOO!

Yes, in a nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium was voted the best of all bacons. It actually got more than twice as many votes as the second-best brand.

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN JANUARY, 1895, Paris decreed skirts eight yards wide, Adolf Berle was born, and the Japanese won free entry into California, which soon expected to be overrun. In England, Lord Randolph Churchill died. His marriage to Jennie Je-



rome, daughter of a New York broker, launched a long series of marriages between Americans and titled Europeans, and gave to the world Winston Churchill.

"Since so many young women have blossomed out as clerks, stenographers and typewriters," complains a masculine reader in the January, 1895, JOURNAL, "will you tell me what is to become of the young man?" Answers Editor Bok: "If a young man's work can be improved upon by a girl, whose fault is it?"

"Mrs. H. E. M.: It is an exploded theory that the matron of 35 should wear only staid and sober colors."

"Nell: Why not give your guest a clean napkin at each meal? If, however, you feel that you cannot do this, give her a fresh, pretty piece of ribbon to use in place of the napkin ring which you think she should have brought."

Advises a Doctor Marcy: "An excellent gargle for sore throat can be made by mixing a teaspoonful of salt in a half cup of vinegar and adding a liberal sprinkling of black pepper."

"Ivah: If a man persists in paying you distasteful compliments, simply tell him that unless he stops you will have to limit your acquaintance with him to a bowing one, and cease all conversation."

In a piece called Heigh ho! For a Husband! Mrs. Burton Harrison writes, "It is commonly said that English girls talk hunt, kennel and smokeroom to make themselves more attractive to men. And now American girls are wanting to have latchkeys, to go out alone in the evening, and to see plays of their choice."

"Bell: I do not think a 'nice girl' would correspond with a great number of men."



"Marthena: A dinner table capable of accommodating twenty-four people should be about eighteen feet long."

"Cornelia: When the young gentleman calling on you bids you good night, it is in bad taste to go beyond the parlor door with him."

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW, EDITORS YOU LIKE AND WHAT GOES ON IN NEW YORK

NOTHING in the way of public celebration equals New Year's Eve in New York City, and we can tell you from *Police Commissioner Valentine* himself that he always feels a whole lot better when it's over, though nothing terrible ever seems to happen. Out of habit, a million people or more pack themselves into the Times Square section, where the jam and surge this year are expected to be greater than ever before. Because this year we can celebrate victories all over the world, the din is expected to outdistance anything to date, even though the price of prewar ten-cent horns will be tripled. Night-club reservations will hit an all-time high of $50, and the Fire Department figures on about fifty false alarms.

When ***Marine Capt. Louise Stewart*** (formerly on the JOURNAL staff) found herself in Hollywood as technical adviser on a Marine movie recently, she had this picture taken in an ***Ann Sheridan*** gown. Just to see how

BERT SIX



Marine captain.

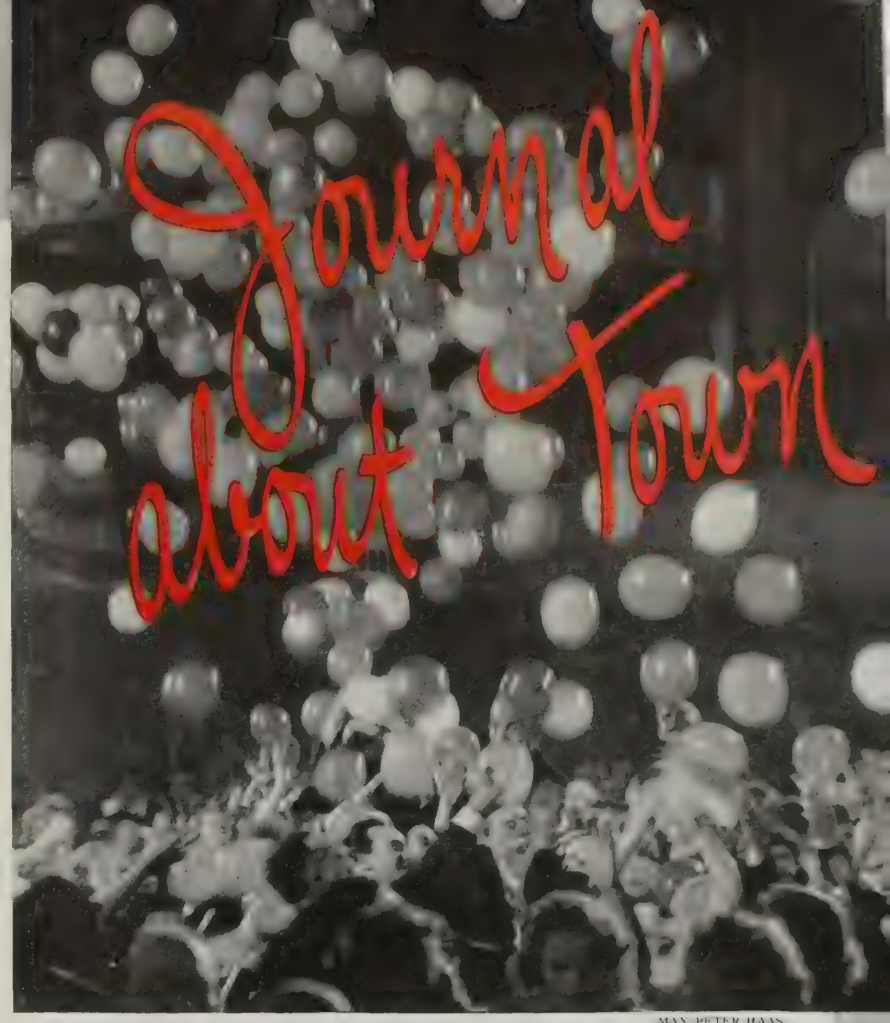
she'd look, after two years of wearing forest green. Louise discovered that a great many Hollywood beauties not only wear false hair switches, false teeth, eyelashes and bosoms, but in the case of pencil-slim ***Hedy Lamarr,*** false hips. Built right into the gown.

ACME



Ho-hum! And so to—work.

Wilhela Cushman has been telling us about a girl who works for a pajama designer downtown—the job, a sleep-tester. Seems this *Harriet Bergman* wears a pair of newly designed pajamas to bed every night, and gives her report in the morning. Even has a cot in the office, where she can give a quick tryout when they're in a hurry.



MAX PETER HAAS

The "sound of revelry by night" hits an all-time high in decibels as Gothamerrymakers salute the advent of a new year.

*"What's new?" we asked **Alice Blinn.** "Well," she said, "a darning device for a sewing machine; an anchored baby walker; roller skates with bumpers; a necklace mirror for emergency make-up; a percolating meat baster; an electrical scissors and electrical mousetrap; a flea-preventing dog collar; a thimble for hammering, and a marker to make an artificial stocking seam down the back of your leg." . . . Anything there you can use?*

About this time you'll be seeing the life of *Chopin* in Technicolor—called A Song to Remember, with a young and handsome new star, *Cornell Wilde,* playing the composer, most of the time at the piano. Anyhow, after *Richard Pratt* had seen a preview of the picture back in September, he wondered how anybody not a pianist—and he knew Wilde wasn't—could possibly finger the music so perfectly (the actual piano sound being made out of sight by *José Iturbi,* which the film doesn't say). So when Mr. P. met the actor next day at lunch, he asked him. Well, Mr. W. had just sat down and practiced four hundred hours—not to make music, just to make his hands do just the right thing at the right time. One thing, he said, was that when he'd finished all this finger rehearsing, he found he'd really learned to play the piano—but only Chopin.

When ***Judy Barry*** came back to the homemaking department the other day, pale and on the point of collapse, it turned out she'd been on a bomber night flight and through a terrific air combat, but right next door, at the Museum of Science and Industry. The night flight wasn't so bad, she said. You're back of the bomber controls, in a big darkened room, while a starry sky moves past above you, and a vast instrument board flashing all kinds of mysterious signals, motors roaring—everything. In the air battle you're in the cockpit of a fighting plane, facing a great movie screen of sky, when all of a sudden an enemy fighter comes hurtling at you, with all guns going. You twist and turn like an insane swallow, until you finally see the other guy go down dragging a plume of smoke. "But after it's all over," as Miss B. said, "your knees don't work." So she sat down for



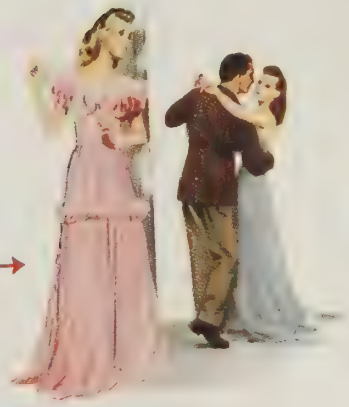
"It's so simple," says Seaman Szal.

a while with ***Seaman First Class Joe Szal,*** who'd been on a Martin bomber through the Italian campaign, and who calmed her down by explaining how instrument panels work. "Not that I had the least idea what he was saying," sighed Miss B., beginning to recover.

Now that winter draws in, we recommend for the long cold nights: 1, excitement—in an unusually good spy story of the steaming Brazilian jungle, ASSIGNMENT WITHOUT GLORY, by *Marcos Spinelli;* 2, humor—in ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, by *George and Helen Papashvily,* the odd experiences in America of a wide-eyed, good-natured, lighthearted Georgian (Russian); 3, serious reading—a satisfactory getting-behind-the-scene, in THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR, by *Waverly Root. Samuel Shellabarger's* CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE, romance of Mexico and Spain, has its postponed publication this month; and *John Steinbeck's* CANNERY ROW offers a rather strong dose of his own TORTILLA FLAT type of extravaganza.

"We have again demonstrated to the world that . . . conscience and not force is the source of power in the government of man. To that faith let us unite to win the war and to achieve a lasting peace."—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

If beauty is your trouble





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2 **Remember that and see** how much this simple beauty routine can do for you. Stop careless skin care—cleanse thoroughly, trust to Ivory's mildness.

3 **Then see how soon** your complexion gets that Ivory Look—becomes clearer, finer-textured, more glowing. No facial soap on earth can do more for your complexion! Change to Ivory care today . . .

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MAKE IT LAST—USE IT UP! Soap is a necessity. Soap is made of vital war materials. Don't waste Ivory.



The Portrait

BY DOROTHY PRUITT

ELLEN opened the door and saw him standing there in the April-afternoon light, a paintbox in one hand, a crushed felt hat and something like a folded-up stick in the other.

His feet shifted slightly. "Good afternoon, ma'am," he said. And just from the way he said it she knew he had something to sell.

As a rule, words did not come easily to Ellen Martin, refusing to buy a pencil or pins or laces from a cripple; or refusing any peddler, for that matter, who took the trouble to come this far from the beaten path, the last ranch next to the foothills. But lately Ellen had felt a trifle tired and flat because of all the hard spring work to do—a kind of uselessness in everything—and so she stiffened up inside and prepared to say no. The young man cleared his throat and his voice took on a quality of determined pride as he said:

"I am an artist. I should like to do your portrait."

Ellen's brown eyes swept him. That was rather unusual. Still, "No—really—I ——" Then, drawing a deep breath, she said desperately, as final, "No. I couldn't. Not today. I'm sorry." She started to close the door.

"I'd like you to understand," he continued, his voice now holding a slight whine, yet something, too, of pride. "I try to do really good pictures; that is—well, I don't expect to have to solicit work like this always. Someday people will be begging me to paint their portraits."

It wasn't just the words, but what he managed to breathe into them that kept her hand from

HE HAD WALKED IN OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT—A STRANGER, THERE FOR AN HOUR, AND THEN GONE. BUT IN THE COLORED SCROLL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM WAS THE SPARK OF A NEW CHALLENGE, AND THE SEED OF A NEW HOPE.

closing the door; the way he had finished that last sentence. Ellen's eyes lifted, for the young man was much taller than herself, and took him in a little more.

Despite his niceness of manner and the pride showing, there was something hangdog about him. Even in the articles of clothing he wore: the soft looped tie, soft blue shirt, soft gray suit—fabrics all with no spring in them, nothing strictly masculine. In the face, too, it showed, especially in the chin that dropped weakly away from his mouth—no will in it—and the skin, almost pasty pale. Yet something about him held her; it was the voice, she guessed, and then the eyes: they pleaded, like a hungry dog looking for a bone.

Ellen hoped her eyes were not giving away what she thought, and her heart softened a little. Noting her indecision, he put greater drive into his voice and went on bravely:

"I work in pastels. I find that women like them best. It takes about an hour, and my price is only three and a half."

The mention of money brought Ellen to life, and she attempted a light laugh. "Well! That's quite a bit to a housewife."

Yet her real woman's mind was calculating rapidly. Perhaps he *wasn't* just another peddler, and an hour would give plenty of time to be finished before Jimmy came home from school, and Henry—somehow she just couldn't imagine having either her husband or son come in and find her sitting for a portrait; it would be better to bring it out afterward and surprise them—her eyes turned to see just where Henry was. Beyond the old-model coupé that the stranger had parked in front, she looked out across the pear orchard where Henry was spraying the trees; he was on one of the far rows, the fruit spray sending up a fine golden-green mist against the sun.

After all, Ellen reasoned with herself, it wasn't every day in the week that someone came up to your door and asked to do your portrait. Suddenly, though, her hand flew to her face as a wave of color swept into her cheeks. She thought of herself as the plain ranchwoman she was, nearing thirty, with outdoor skin and no make-up and dressed in ranch plainness in a cotton dress.

"Oh, but my face wouldn't be any good to work on."

"Quite the contrary," he said sternly. "You've quite an interesting face." His eyes studied her.

That decided it. After he had put it that way, she felt an actual obligation to sit for him, and somewhat breathlessly showed him in.

Inside the living room, he appeared immediately at his ease, and began looking about, studying the angles of light drifting in from the four big windows.

"A pleasant room," he remarked.

ELLEN caught her breath a little. Why, he had been the very first one to notice it at once. Even Henry hadn't, that day she had worked up to the very last minute to get it finished before he came in from the field, and she had had to call his attention to it.

"Do you really like it?" she said eagerly. "You see, I've kind of worked at it. I made the yellow slip covers myself, for the davenport and chair. It's just an old mulberry mohair set underneath," she confided with a soft laugh. "For the curtains I chose plain white starched ones because they let in more light and show off the woods and fields."

For an instant he gave full attention to the billowy curtains gathered back in light airy ruffles to let in the fields beyond. "Yes, that's good," he said briefly, then turned to his work materials.

Ellen hurried on. "Most people blot out the outdoors with too heavy curtains, don't you think? But I—I like the outdoors, and like letting it inside the house. Heavy curtains always seem to"—she hesitated, as if about to experiment aloud for the first time with a dramatic phrase—"to—to kind of strangle." She brought her hand up lightly to her throat.

He glanced at her as if somewhat startled, moistened his pale lips uncertainly, finally gave a short nod. Ellen released her hand that had waited at her throat for his reply.

"Now!" he said, the force of his voice closing the discussion. He became brisk and authoritative. "I want you to sit in this chair at about"—his eyes half closed, measuring—"at about this distance." He lifted the big chair and placed it for her, easy enough.

It was all mysterious and professional, Ellen thought. What she knew about painting, she expected, you could put in a needle's eye.

He unfolded the long stick that turned out to be an easel, and now opened and sorted out pastel crayons, spread out a big sheet of light rough gray paper and tacked it down flat across the easel board. Then he turned to study her. It was as if he were looking far in, into her bone structure.

Ellen smiled obediently up at him, feeling somewhat helpless and innocent, placing herself in his hands, and the thought struck her that women liked being led around and directed gently like that by men. She was all bubbly inside; she felt that in spite of everything she was going to giggle. Sitting down a trifle stiffly, she crossed and uncrossed her feet, and began to wonder what to do with her garden hands. Finally she decided to place them together in her lap; but when she did, the veins ran down prominently under the skin, and so she drew them up quickly to her shoulders, where they drained away smooth again, and, with fingers plucking nervously at the cloth in her dress, she waited, watching him.

He stood at his easel, eyes half closed, crayon poised, ready. "Look directly at me," he commanded gently.

Her eyes lifted, brilliant, eager; she felt like ice melting in the sun.

He nodded. "That's good."

In general sweeping lines, he began to block out across the paper, and as Ellen felt her likeness going onto it and his gray eyes turning and turning upon her in a rhythm, her blood whipped through her into new parts. She sat tensely, almost not breathing.

Here I am indoors, she thought in guilty luxury, *on an afternoon like this, when I ought to be out stretching up those bean strings!* By the faintest shifting toward the window, her eyes took in the essence of the new spring touching everywhere: the freshly turned dark furrows; the soft April haze on the foothills bordering the ranch; and the weeds already unbelievably green and high in that unused patch of earth adjoining the yard, which constantly challenged being turned to flowers or lawn or something useful.

"It's all right to talk," he said in a preoccupied tone, working swiftly, "or to move your eyes about. Just be comfortable."

She tried to relax. *What shall I talk about?* she wondered; she thought of confessing how nearly she had come to closing that door, but then thought better of it.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"Oh, from all over the country," he answered absently. "My home's in Buffalo. But lately I've been living in Los Angeles."

"You mean you drive everywhere all alone?"

"Yes," he said. He moistened his lips after that, and swallowed, and his face seemed to reach limply for her pity. It looked soft and bland and pliable, as if you could take it up in your hands and remake it. "But then," he added, "in a way I like doing it. You see, I want to get to know people. You have to really know people before you can truly paint."

Ellen thought that sounded sincere and ambitious. "Oh, yes," she agreed soberly, her thoughts unloosening. "It's like that with almost everything, I suppose, except maybe ranching. In the country, knowing people or improving yourself doesn't make the radishes any bigger or the sweet corn come up any higher. You just drop seeds into the earth and wait."

He nodded blankly, but his eyes dropped from her, as if her words and their intensity made him uncomfortable.

A silence fell afterward. She couldn't tell him about the other, though, about when night closed on the foothills and the melancholy sound of the frogs began, and you had time to think a little. It wasn't so bad through the day, with the sun on you, and you kept busy; but with the night and darkness you realized that life was being used up to such little purpose. She felt just as sorry about it for Henry, too; he couldn't be blamed for how little was happening except hard work—it was just that she felt the days going, going, going for both of them, and pretty soon they would all be used up, and she wanted to get a little more out of things. That conviction had been cramped up in her so tightly of late that it had made her uncontrollably short with Henry, and his eyes would rest hurt and wonderingly after her sharp words. And she couldn't explain to him that she just felt *caught*, and couldn't see out any more.

THAT'S why she must make the most of any accidental joy, such as this portrait. It was better than a sweet rain on your face when you were hot and dusty in the garden, or when you lay down at night, tired enough to die, and felt suddenly the pine air and moonlight through the window. An original portrait! Now whoever would have believed she would own an original piece of art? It began to take on greater and greater importance. It might even be good—that is, really good. He might even be some undiscovered genius! Why, yes——

Her heart began to throb wildly. She wondered what she could do to help toward an inspiration, and tried to think about things that counted, big important things that would project and help for character.

He can paint me any old way, she thought fiercely—*homely, ugly if he wants to! Only that it be good, with character.*

He turned back to her after being absorbed in detail at the easel and noticed at once this change, this determined, overly radiant look. His drawing hand hesitated. A confused frown appeared between his eyes, and he laid down the crayon.

"Mind if I smoke a cigarette?" he said.

Ellen felt suddenly deflated, like a balloon.

"Perhaps you'd like one, too," he offered.

"No—oh, no, thank you," and she smiled a little to herself as she recalled her one attempt to smoke, the day that the neighbor women had tried to start up a bridge club, but then it had fizzled out because the ranches were too far apart and it took too much time from their work.

He flashed a fancy little lighter before his face and looked up through a cloud of smoke. His hand, holding the cigarette, looked to have no bones, but drooped as loose and collapsible as a morning-glory.

Ellen felt an intimacy that the smoke knit around them, and she was hungry for talk; she wondered what he was really like, about women, and things. Her eyes turned dreamlike out the window, rested, and came back to him, burning, as if bringing the wind and sun right in with them.

"I wonder if you can understand," she began, "what it means to have someone drop in casually—away out here, where nothing ever happens."

His eyes spread wide a little, as if taken off guard, but he rallied promptly. "Why, yes, I think so. I imagine it's something like finding one face among a thousand that you really like to do." He waited for the words to please her.

Ellen's blood leaped to her face. "Oh!" It was like having, all of a *(Continued on Page 92)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

They sat still till the crickets' song deepened with



the night. The painting could wait. "The bed liked the show," he said. Silently she hunched her cheek against his shoulder.

Eden on



"Take it any way you like," Pete said. "You're mine, baby."

THERE was one thing he didn't have to worry about, Pete Adams always said, and that was the girl he left behind him. A woman's place, he said, is in the home—some other man's home. Mothers, of course, were different. But when he talked about women, he meant girls. Girls like Maida Dakin, who took his brother's heart, convertible, wings and tennis racket, and then married a 4-F as soon as Bill was reported missing in action.

Pete definitely wasn't having any. He didn't want to get hurt. It was bad enough just being plain homesick, without eating your heart out for love besides. So when he and Buzz Martin double-dated, Pete never got involved. Buzz was always involved, and someday, when all the girls he'd made those vague happy promises to got together, Buzz was going to have trouble.

"But the war's not over," he said comfortably. "I'll worry about that when the time comes. Me and the armistice together." He grinned. "I sure thought you'd fall for Leila Haddon."

"I don't like fire-wagon hair," Pete said.

"Well, there was Gracie Williams."

"I don't like homebodies either."

"Stella Briggs was wild about you."

"She knows too much. She reads good books."

"Then how's for Alice?"

"You can have her," said Pete generously. "She can't read at all."

"Hey, listen, guy," said Bill, "what do you want? A woman is only a human being. You can't have everything in one package."

"What I want," said Pete, "is a really good pot of home-baked beans and a blueberry pie, hot from the oven, and a quart of decent black coffee strong enough to ride a bicycle." He sighed. "And a radio by my ear while I stretch out and smoke and play with my dog."

"I didn't know you had a dog."

"You asked me what I wanted."

"Some dream," said Buzz.

It was hot and they had been moving around the country since they could remember, and the taste of war was thick in their mouths. They were twenty and felt forty. And now, of all things, they were doing guard duty on top of a big building in Brooklyn, New York. It was the highest building for observation, and it was an important war industry and it overlooked the East River, the Brooklyn naval base, Manhattan and parts of Jersey besides. It overlooked a world of things, and not one worth looking at, Pete thought. First he was on under the broiling summer sky with the sun like a slow-motion incendiary bomb over him. Buzz was at the opposite corner of the building; they walked back and forth along the precarious coping, then sat and trained their powerful glasses on the scene below. Then they walked some more. At first it was just boring, and then it got on his nerves. It was too high. "I'd have gone in the Air Force," he said, "if I wanted to spend my time in the sky."

Buzz said, "Well, we can sit down part of the time."

The nerve of some people! Here she was practically

engaged and perfectly happy, when . . .

a Rooftop

BY GLADYS TABER

"This is a lousy way to win a war."

"You might save Brooklyn from being bombed."

"Yeah, but is it worth it?"

"There goes the fire company." Buzz trained his glasses. "Hey, you can see the fire too. We got practic'ly box seats for all of Brooklyn."

"G'way, boy scout." Pete swung his glasses up, his dark eyes somber. "If we had some wickets, we could play croquet up here."

"There's an awful lot of roof about a big town like this," said Buzz.

Pete sat leaning against a sizzling corner of the low wall, long legs folded under him, hands between his knees. He began to think about home. It was a sickness in him, thinking about it. The advantages of travel never appealed to him; he didn't want to be broadened. He wanted to get the war over and go home.

There was, he felt, a different quality about his own home place. Nothing like it; he'd never find it if he got to Persia or Piccadilly or Florence or Saipan. For instance, take the way the big trees arched over Main Street, green and dreamy in the summer air. And Mac's drugstore, cool and shadowy and smelling of Mac's own cough sirup and of chocolate sodas. And the bank, with its marble front, not a better bank in the state. When you walked in the two cashiers grinned behind the bars and said, "Hi-yah, Pete," and Mr. Himber, the president, looked up from his desk in the front pen and said, "Hello, Peter, how's your mother?"

They had the best high school in the world, he supposed. Won more championships, at least when he was there. And the whole town came out to the games too. Spirit.

Mom said she'd rather shop in Smollet's than in Marshall Field's. She said she could lay her hands right on whatever she wanted, and not be confused by a lot of stuff she didn't want. She said Ida Monroe could go to the city and do the first picking and save her all that effort. You were lucky if you could shop in Smollet's. Ida was a smart buyer and she knew all the figures of all the folks in town. "I just had you in mind when I saw this," she would say.

The Adams house was just about what a house ought to be. Set back far enough in the lawn, and the porch smothered in red climbing roses. Inside not too fancy for comfort, just about right. Mom generally busy in the kitchen. Apple pie. Roast pork with stuffing. Brown sugar on pink ham glazing.

After the war, after the war—if there were any after—he wanted to buy out old Mr. Ferris' ice-cream plant. Take mom's recipe for ice cream, and go places with it. He had ideas about the packaging and delivery and reorganizing the factory end.

He got up and walked his distance along the roof edge. The river glittered in the sun and the hot streets of the city were crowded. They were turning the hydrants on and little grubby kids were hopping up and down in the spraying water. The pushcart *(Continued on Page 80)*

"Yours? Why, I don't even know you," she said very doubtfully.

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



Chastity and Syphilis

ARE WONDER CURES FOR SYPHILIS MAKING OUR CHILDREN MORE PROMISCUOUS? **BY MONA GARDNER**

THE control, and eventual abolishment, of syphilis and gonorrhea by public education and improved methods of care has been the dream of public-health officers for years. Up until now we, as a nation, have put hope in sex education and in medical cures. Let us examine the discernible results.

Syphilis is not on the wane. It is the major national health problem. One in forty-two persons in the United States has syphilis now, and war is running the figure appallingly higher. The disease is never thought of as epidemic in this country, yet annually there are one and a half times as many new cases of it as of tuberculosis, and twenty-eight times as many as of typhoid fever. Such prevalence costs American taxpayers more than $82,000,000 each year in hospitalization and treatment; last year syphilitic blindness alone cost $10,000,000 to treat—treat, not cure!

Buffalo Hunter

Painted by an unknown artist · 19th century

The pioneer American West has long had great romantic interest for Americans and Europeans alike, and has been celebrated in painting, radio, song and—above all—the movies. George Catlin began to paint the American Indians in 1832, and from then on their colorful tribal life attracted numerous artists. The buffalo hunt was often painted by these artists. The painter of the picture illustrated here is unknown, though an engraving of the same composition is to be found in the Library of Congress. The picture is notable for the stylized drawing of the horse and the naïve vigor in the handling of the buffalo.

Reprinted by courtesy of owners, Mr. and Mrs. Buell Hammett, Santa Barbara, Cal.

What, actually and actively, are we going to do about our supercharged sex emotions which, in the last half decade of harassing fear and multiple chaos, have built up a steam roller of delinquency and venereal disease? *In the peace to come, which life alternative shall we as individuals or as families choose?* Shall we absolve ourselves with the promised one-day venereal cures and continue at our present rapid pace toward a promiscuous way of life? Or shall we call a definite halt and re-enshrine chastity and continence?

These two behavior alternatives were basic topics at the Health and Human Relations Conference held for five weeks this past summer at the University of Pennsylvania. Doctors, social workers, public-health officials and teachers from all sections of the country gathered to discuss a workable blueprint for our emotional futures in terms of physical, mental and spiritual health.

For many at the conference, Dr. John H. Stokes—one of the country's foremost syphilologists, and director of the Institute for Syphilis Control—inked in that blueprint when he said in an opening address:

"A powerful group of circumstances and influences are at work today, pushing the human problem of sex to a critical peak. To combat these forces and to evolve a feasible formula for intelligent sex life, our most effective course is to revive first principles—that is, a positive moral force, sound character and an ideal of destiny. Continence itself will do more to wipe out syphilis than all the one-day medical cures we can invent."

In direct agreement with this theory, public-health officials generally are convinced that in the vast majority of cases venereal disease results from promiscuity, either directly or indirectly, and that, therefore, a program for the eradication of venereal disease, to be lastingly effective, must officially include the control of promiscuity, thus co-operating with the family, the church, the school and welfare agencies in their insistence on clean living as the most certain preventive of venereal disease.

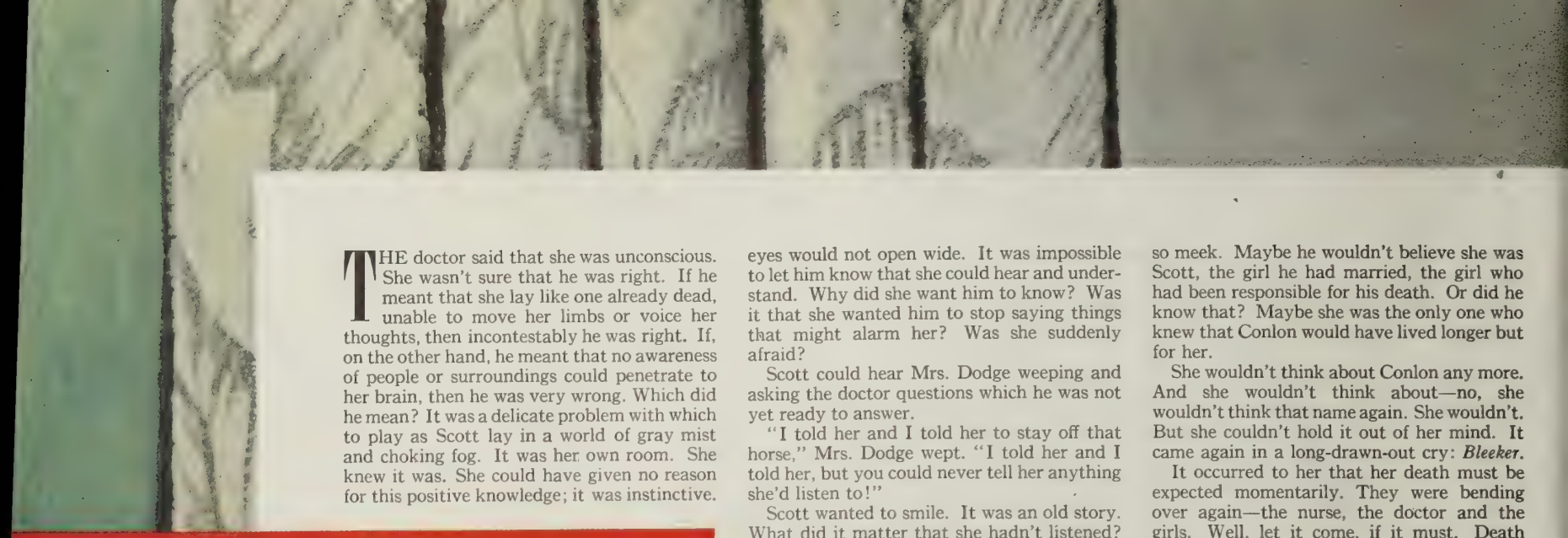
Public education on a massive scale is saturating millions with the knowledge of venereal diseases. High-school lectures, college courses, newspaper and magazine articles, streetcar posters, doctors, nurses, clinics are all hammering at basic precautions of how to avoid and how to meet the situation if it is not avoided. The report from one large Eastern city can be taken as an index for other communities across the country. Over a period of fifteen years of sex education, it was found, the number of patients reporting to a clinic for treatment within fifteen days after infection rose 11 per cent. Yet in that same length of time, incidence of the reported disease among the civil population rose some 120 per cent. Also, a recent survey shows, about 60 per cent of the persons who acquire venereal disease go to a druggist for self-medication, instead of to a competent doctor or to a reliable clinic for treatment.

Cheap, quick, painless cures for the dread diseases have been our other hope. Much has been accomplished in this field, and more is happening every day. Several arsenical and bismuth treatments have been worked out. These are the five-day intravenous drip, the ten-day multiple injection technique, and a slower ten-to-twelve-week injection treatment, all of which cure syphilitic patients in 85 per cent of the cases. The principal risk has been the toxic effect of this chemical upon the patients. However, experiments are producing certain detoxifying agents to accompany this treatment and remove some of its risk.

Newer still, with about the same record of cures, is the simultaneous use of fever cabinets plus small injections of arsenic and bismuth in a speedy eight-hour treatment. Its risk, so far, has been the as-yet-unpredictable after-effect of a day-long 106-degree temperature on the human body. Since this treatment has been used less than two years, it is still too soon for tabulated results to show what the condition of tissues and organs will be five or ten years after being subjected to such burning heat.

The miracle drug penicillin holds out considerably more hope. It has been used experimentally on more than 1000 syphilitics in the past year. On the basis of these cases the United States Public Health Service says, "Penicillin has a profound

(Continued on Page 78)



YOU'LL MARRY ME AT NOON

THE doctor said that she was unconscious. She wasn't sure that he was right. If he meant that she lay like one already dead, unable to move her limbs or voice her thoughts, then incontestably he was right. If, on the other hand, he meant that no awareness of people or surroundings could penetrate to her brain, then he was very wrong. Which did he mean? It was a delicate problem with which to play as Scott lay in a world of gray mist and choking fog. It was her own room. She knew it was. She could have given no reason for this positive knowledge; it was instinctive.

It came to her suddenly that the doctor was wrong. She was not unconscious. By that word he meant that she was completely adrift from the meaning of sound, beyond the comprehension of his remarks. He must consider her so or he would not have said, "It looks bad, though of course we can't be sure." Doctors tried to protect their patients from becoming alarmed. Even when their patients were people like herself, people who never became alarmed.

She wanted to open her eyes wide so that he could see she was not unconscious. Her eyes would not open wide. It was impossible to let him know that she could hear and understand. Why did she want him to know? Was it that she wanted him to stop saying things that might alarm her? Was she suddenly afraid?

Scott could hear Mrs. Dodge weeping and asking the doctor questions which he was not yet ready to answer.

"I told her and I told her to stay off that horse," Mrs. Dodge wept. "I told her and I told her, but you could never tell her anything she'd listen to!"

Scott wanted to smile. It was an old story. What did it matter that she hadn't listened? She'd lived her life and it had been swell—well, pretty swell. Who wanted to live to be an old woman anyway?

Through the mist a face appeared. It was Cherry. Someone had sent for the girls. Cherry's bright gray eyes glittered with tears.

Mrs. Dodge said, "Don't cry, honey. Please don't cry."

Now Linda walked through the mist. She held herself very straight and her face was chalk-white, but she did not know how to cry. She asked, "How is mother?"

A strange voice said, "Your mother has been badly hurt." There was a rustling sound, stiff yet guarded, and Scott knew Linda had spoken to a nurse.

Ursula spoke to no one when she came. She stood at the foot of the bed and sobbed brokenly. Scott wished someone would tell Ursula to go away. But no one did; instead, the other two girls came and joined her. The three of them stood there, looking at the injured woman, the woman they called their mother. Scott looked back at them through the mist, through the fog. Cherry wept beautifully, sincerely. Linda stood as one who inspects a painting in an art gallery, but her eyes gave away the thing that she was feeling. Ursula sobbed and bit at her knuckles. After a time she would faint, Scott thought, and be carried away.

Cherry, Linda and Ursula. The gray mists swirled about and settled themselves more deeply between Scott and the girls. She could not see her girls any more. Perhaps she'd never see them again. A pain so sharp and dreadful came with this thought that she was certain she had screamed. But no one hurried to her side, so perhaps, after all, she had imagined the scream.

SHE remembered pain. She had known it before. Long ago. And now she remembered the floating mists and knew why the crouching figure of Death was not unfamiliar to her.

She thought about the hospital and the agony that had come with the realization that there was no Conlon and no baby and nothing ahead of her but desolation. That was all very long ago, and why remember in one's last moments the hell one knew on earth? There was heaven too. There had been the girls, and—and there had been —— *No, no, don't think of his name.* But his name came in a long, wailing sound to her mind: *Bleeker.*

There were so many things that hurt. *Please, God, let me go dreaming of happy days. Now I lay me down to die.* She'd see Conlon when she was dead. She'd say, "I'm very sorry, Conlon." He'd be surprised to find her so meek. Maybe he wouldn't believe she was Scott, the girl he had married, the girl who had been responsible for his death. Or did he know that? Maybe she was the only one who knew that Conlon would have lived longer but for her.

She wouldn't think about Conlon any more. And she wouldn't think about—no, she wouldn't think that name again. She wouldn't. But she couldn't hold it out of her mind. It came again in a long-drawn-out cry: *Bleeker.*

It occurred to her that her death must be expected momentarily. They were bending over again—the nurse, the doctor and the girls. Well, let it come, if it must. Death would find her busy. She would not lie there, waiting in terror, with her mind on the unknown future. No, Death must come and say to her, "It's time to go, Scott." And she must say, "Really? I had no idea you were here." And she would stroll out with him in a soiled riding habit, disdaining to honor him by changing her clothes.

SCOTT'S father had been the son of Camilla Ransford. If he had not borne the name Garrett the town would have certainly forgotten who had sired him. He lived and died Camilla Ransford's son. There were Ransford Avenue, the Ransford Opera House and the Emily Ransford Memorial Church, and these things were so much more in evidence than a neat little stone which said simply "Ezra Garrett" that people only remembered the Ransford side of the family.

The Ransfords had undoubtedly been impressive personalities, but the financial wizardry of the clan had begun to decline some time before Scott was born. She made her first appearance in a huge and hideously ugly house that had been built by a lavish-handed Ransford. Scott's father had been born in that house, and so had Camilla, his mother. The house had so sentimental a value to the young man who was Camilla's son that the bank permitted Scott to be born in it. The year was 1903.

"We understand the situation. Of course. Ninety days all right? Think nothing of it, Mr. Garrett. Glad to oblige. I knew your mother well. Fine lady."

Of course the family didn't move when the ninety days had rolled by. Something always came up to save the house from falling into alien hands. This time it was an unexpected loan from someone Scott's father had never tried before.

Later, when she was old enough to think about such things, Scott wondered why he hadn't let the house go. He could have lived comfortably and without worry if he had permitted the old house to slip from his grasp. But she couldn't ask him, for he had gone to lie beside Ezra Garrett, his father. And now it was Scott's turn to hang on to the old house and to grow sulky when anyone suggested that she'd be better off without it.

She was sixteen when she received her first sensible answers to the things that puzzled her. As a small child she had never troubled Mrs. Dodge with embarrassing questions about the birds and the bees. Her queries had always been harder to answer. She had wanted more horses, more frequent parties and new white *(Continued on Page 59)*

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL ★ BY VIÑA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL




Tonight ...
the night before
her wedding ...
she had met
the only
man she
ever wanted
to marry.

If You Ask Me

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Don't you think that German prisoners of war in this country should be taught something about the American way of life and democratic ideals?

Under the Geneva Convention it is impossible to teach prisoners anything which they do not wish to learn. They have to request their reading matter, and whatever teaching they receive must be accepted willingly and not forced upon them. Our boys who are prisoners do not have to accept Nazi teaching and the Germans do not have to accept democratic teaching; but if they wish, it is available. Many universities are co-operating in giving German prisoners whatever they are willing to accept in the way of education.

Of what does Fala's balanced diet consist?

One regular meal every evening of mixed meat, vegetables and dog food, a small dog biscuit which the President gives him every morning, and occasional titbits begged from whoever cannot resist a little dog's pleadings!

Is it proper to stand up when the national anthem is played in a picture show? What do you do?

I usually stand up unless there is a continuing repetition of just one or two bars. If the national anthem is just played once, I think wherever you are you should stand up.

What do you think the best attitude a bride should assume toward an interfering mother-in-law?

That is a very difficult question. If it is possible to bring about a kindly and co-operative feeling between a man's mother and his wife, it certainly should be done, because it makes a great difference in the life of the family. I do not, however, think that a bride should subordinate her relationship with her husband and children to placate her mother-in-law. Each of us has to live our own life, and when you start a home of your own, that must become the most important thing in the world to you. Nevertheless, I think if it is possible for a young bride to be perfectly honest with her mother-in-law, telling her how she feels and trying to show her that there might be built between them a real friendship and deep affection, it might help. If on each side they did not harbor grievances but spoke truthfully their opinions to each other and tried to make adjustments which made life easier between them, then the relationship might grow into one of trust and affection.



Did you ever make the statement that girls should learn to drink moderately?

No. I never said they should learn to drink moderately. I said it was better to learn at home what one could safely drink than to be surprised on some party into doing something one would later regret and be ashamed of. This constitutes, of course, a supposition that whether we like it or not, they may drink, but it is not advice that anyone should do any drinking.

Are you ever going to continue your autobiography which ended with your husband's election in 1932?

My autobiography ended with Governor Smith's first campaign for nomination for the presidency, in 1924. I fully intend to go on with my autobiography when I can find the time, but I would not want to have it published for some years to come.

As the world's most famous hostess, what qualities in a guest do you consider least enjoyable?

Selfishness!

Sociologists estimate that 38 per cent of war marriages will end in divorce. In your opinion, is a wife's infidelity sufficient cause for divorce?

No woman's opinion is worth anything on this subject, as it is a man's decision. I have known very few men who did not consider that a wife's infidelity meant that she no longer cared for him, and certainly if two people no longer love each other that is sufficient cause for divorce.

What about the war widows who can't work because they have small children and no family to fall back on? Don't we owe them as much as we owe returning servicemen?

War widows are looked after under our insurance plans, and there has always been in this country a deep sense of obligation to both the widows and the children of veterans. I hope there will be as much concern about this in this war as there has been in the past.

In your opinion, how can a woman exert the most intelligent influence in politics: through her husband, as you have done; or by running for office on her own? Would you have run for office if your husband had not needed your help in the way you have given it?

It seems to me entirely a personal decision. Many women would find it almost impossible to run for office, and in that case they can best exercise their influence either through their personal contacts or in any other way that they can express themselves. If, however, it is possible for a woman to run for office and fill whatever other obligations she has, I think that is a part of her obligation as a citizen, just as it is with men. I would probably never have run for office because I would not have felt that I had the proper qualifications.

I love and admire my wife, but there is one subject on which we can never agree. She thinks I should help with the dishes. Do you think this is a husband's work?

I think anything connected with the home is as much the husband's work as the wife's. This silly idea that there is a division in housework seems to me foolish, when very often the wife earns money outside the home as well as the husband. Certainly if there are children, the wife has two jobs—the one of being a mother and the other of being a wife. The kind of man who thinks that helping with the dishes is beneath him will also think that helping with the baby is beneath him, and then he certainly is not going to be a very successful father.

Do you believe in giving young couples an allowance so that they don't have to wait too long to be married?

I certainly do if it can be done without hardship for the parents. Society is so constituted that the earning capacity begins very often at a late period, particularly where a certain amount of specialized education is necessary. To expect young people to refrain from marriage on that account often leads to great difficulties and some bitterness toward the family. Naturally, where the family is not in a position to do this, there is no such feeling, because young people know that there is need at home and no spare money to give them. Very often, in that case, the young man will go to work earlier than he would if he had different opportunities.

Refugee children who have returned to England from the United States are three years behind in some school subjects, such as math and French. Do you think that we perhaps "baby" our children too long, in not making full use of their capabilities?

No, I think our education is simply planned in different ways. We lay more stress on certain subjects and less on others, and perhaps we think that education includes some activities which are not strictly academic and therefore have a smaller place in education abroad. On the whole, the finished products seem to me quite satisfactory.

It seems to me that there is a very fine line between what is called tactfulness and what is out-and-out deceit. How do you distinguish between them?

I suppose what you mean is that if one refrains from saying things sometimes it is almost tantamount to allowing people to form an erroneous impression. I think there are times when it is necessary to state one's opinions and then tact has to be laid aside, but there are many occasions when it does no harm to be silent, and perhaps avoid a disagreeable situation. If directly asked a question I would think it was deceit not to tell the truth.

Is it true that a high-school senior of eighteen will not be allowed to finish high school before he is drafted?

According to an amendment to the Selective Service Act, any person eighteen or nineteen years of age who, while pursuing a course of instruction at a high school or similar institution of learning, is ordered to report for induction under this act during the last half of one of his academic years, such school or institution shall upon his request have his induction under this act postponed until the end of such academic year without regard to the date on which such academic year ends unless he ceases to pursue such course of instruction. The induction of any such person shall not be postponed under this subsection beyond a date which would constitute the end of his academic year if he continues to pursue such a course of instruction.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* Journal.

Turban with a high tapering crown of absinthe-colored velvet with two quills, by Paulette.

PARIS





Coat with draped capelet by Mad Carpentier, emphasizes wide rounded shoulders, soft fullness.

Legroux's taupe felt cloche with high gathered crown, with a band and bow of green velours.



New-length dance skirt, black satin-striped taffeta, full-sleeved chiffon blouse by Marcel Rochas.



Paquin's tailored wool dress with a slimmer line, velvet trimming, pockets giving a jacket effect.



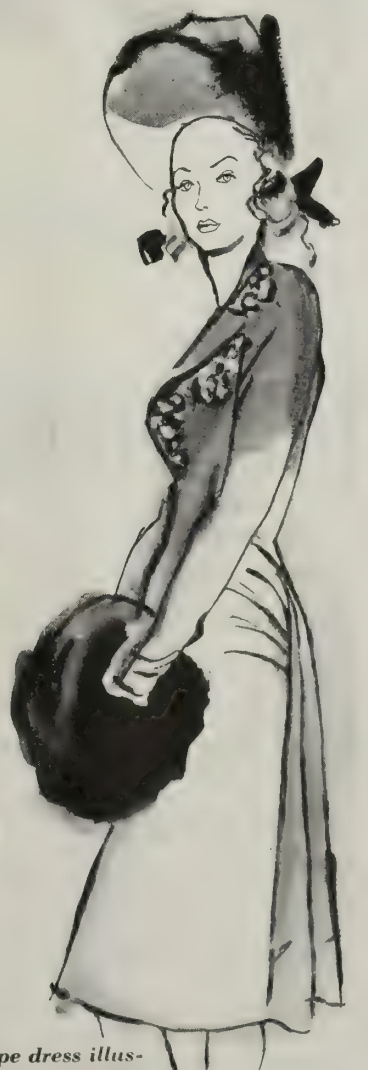
Piguet's black wool dress with apron skirt, velveteen trimming and belt. Paulette's mushroom hat.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Free Paris creates again. The JOURNAL brings you a page of midwinter fashions, designed and worn in Paris today: hats with height and soaring imagination; a spirited silhouette emphasizing shoulders, small waistlines, full skirts; accented by capelets, full sleeves, belts and sashes, peplums, aprons, hipline drapery. Paris couturières are welcomed back to the world of design by artists everywhere who speak and think an international language.



...uet's black woolen dress with plastron and pep- ... of purple crepe, embroidered with paillettes.



Lelong's sequin-trimmed black crepe dress illustrates new line with draped hips, back fullness.

Suzy's hat known as "Success"; high draped crown in rust-colored felt with pheasant feathers.



Hollywood Blouse Pattern, 1523

Sleeveless dinner blouse in brilliant shantung, HOLLYWOOD PATTERN 1523; wear with black skirt. Miriam Haskell's jewels.



© HOLLYWOOD

Dinner bolero, dotted satin, HOLLYWOOD PATTER 1527, wear with dinner skirt. Glove pattern 193

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PL



Edge the collar of your suit jacket with white eyelet, slightly gathered; use also at wrists.

Bright change for your black suit: shocking-pi striped faille scarf, dickey, cuffs. To make. No. 21



Wrapped bolero with flowing scarf ends, to make of crepe or satin from No. 2155, for a long dress.

Decorate a simple sleeveless blouse with a three-inch band of ribbon and wear a jeweled ornament.



THE PLUS IN YOUR WARDROBE

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal

THE plus, the personal, the super in your wardrobe is achieved this year by SPECIAL ADDITIONS which you can make yourself. A blouse, a cape, a stole, new necklines, a band of color flung over one shoulder, a pleated peplum—these are the things that tell a fresh fashion story and give you new pleasure in your clothes. Midwinter becomes a bright new season when you apply these changes to the favorite suit, skirt, jumper or dinner dress that you have worn so many times. Each of these SPECIAL ADDITIONS can be interpreted in various colors or fabrics. The making doesn't involve a lot of money or special talent—but take a little extra care and time and make them really beautiful. Not one is a gadget; every one is a fashion, lovely to look at, rewarding to wear.

HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS must be ordered by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Pattern No. 1523, 25c; 1527, 25c; 1528, 25c.

Order JOURNAL
Over Pattern No. 21
cents; and glove pat
1941, 1937, 5 cents ca
Journal Reference L
Philadelphia 5, Pe
vania, by number.

He had said when he left me, "I will see you this way always." And so it is to be.



Return

COMPLETE-ON-THIS-PAGE STORY

By Joan Hildreth

TODAY is my wedding day. I am sitting upstairs in my own room, all ready now except for my veil and flowers. Everyone else in the house is confused, excited or nervous, even though it will be a small wedding with only our families there. My father is downstairs pretending that he is quite used to weddings. He has had my mother retie his tie four times. I have locked my door, because now that my mother has no more to do, she would like to come in here and try to keep back her tears, and that would only upset us both. My closest friend, who is my bridesmaid, is in the guest room across the hall, and I can hear her moving about.

But I am sitting here and I know, I actually know, how deeply happy I am.

There are not many moments when you can stop and say, "Now, in this minute, I am happy," because happiness is mostly a remembered emotion. This feeling has come to me only two or three times in my life, and now it is here again.

Some people have doubts about this marriage of mine. They think Jerome and I have taken on more than we can handle. They have told me it's all very fine and romantic for now, but that when the novelty wears off I will be left with just a sense of obligation. They think I have not considered it enough. And I couldn't possibly begin to tell them how it really is. They don't know how it was with Jerry and me before he went away.

They don't know about the time we were driving through the countryside and came upon a field of daisies. We stopped the car and got out and walked hand in hand through them and Jerry looked at me and said, "From now on you'll always be Daisy. It's a silly name, darling, and your own is much prettier, but from now on you're my Daisy." I looked up at him then, and in the instant I knew that no matter what, he was all I would ever want in this world.

Ever since I was a little girl and had braved the terrifying heights of the fig tree in our back yard and had endured the agony of digging for fishing worms just to be with Jerry, I had waited through the days for this one day to come.

Since we've been grown up Jerry has always been proud of the way I looked. His favorite colors are yellow and green, and so some of my dresses are yellow, and some are green, and some of them are both. He likes me without a hat, so I have only one, which I save for wearing to church on Sunday, and for dignified teas which I sometimes have to go to with mother.

When he enlisted in the Navy we were engaged, but we decided not to be married then because Jerry had to go off immediately to a stiff indoctrination course. He had leave just one week end during those months, so I went up to Ithaca, where he was in training, and we pretended it was just like college house parties all over again. In the afternoon we went skiing with a group of other officers and their wives and girls, and there was a dance at the hotel in the evening.

It was a lovely week end and the war wasn't with us at all.

On Sunday morning Jerry and I got up early and went out skiing alone before it was time for my train. We stood on top of a hill breathing hard from the climb, and Jerry pushed his sun goggles back onto his forehead. He stood squinting at the bright, bright snow, and then he turned to me and caught my hand.

"It's like the time with the daisies, isn't it?" he asked. And I knew they were the times we would both look back to, when we were apart.

After Ithaca, he was sent to an amphibious training base for three months, but it wasn't really bad, because he telephoned me every Sunday morning, and our letters took only two days to get back and forth. After that he came home for four days. We knew he was leaving then, and for most of those four days we just sat quietly and held hands. I remember thinking at the time that there were so many things I must want to say to him, and to hear him say to me, but I didn't know what any of them were. I could only hold on to his hand.

He wanted to stay at home as long as possible, so, instead of taking the midnight sleeper, he took the express that went through our town at five o'clock in the morning.

We stayed up all night, and I went over to his house with him and talked to his mother and father while he packed. Then we walked through the dark streets to the station together and I thought hard about daisies and snow in the sunlight. I had on a yellow dress with a yellow bow in my hair, and just before he got on the train he said, "I'm taking you with me, just the way you are now." And after that we didn't say anything at all, but held each other close until he broke away and ran down the platform to the right car.

I got letters from North Africa for quite a while, very gay and silly letters, and some useless exotic presents he must have spent all his pay on. Then none of us heard for a long time, and the invasion of Sicily began, and it was bad for all of us who loved him, because we knew the amphibious forces would bear the brunt of the assault.

But after a time we heard. He was back in North Africa, and he had been in the hospital for a while, but everything was fine now and he was coming home on leave at almost any minute.

He got back last week and it wasn't at all like when he went away. This time everyone who knew him and some who didn't came down to the station to meet him. Jerry is a hero to our town and so he had to be shared for a while. Even at the station, when he tried to put his arms around me, everyone crowded around and carried him away from me. It wasn't until we sat in his living room that I could look at him and touch his hand. His mother wept softly because of his return, and his father paced around the room picking up things and putting them down.

I could really look at him then and cry inside myself, *He hasn't changed. Thank God, he hasn't changed at all.* I never knew until that moment how much I'd been afraid he might. Not afraid that he would stop loving me, but that things would happen to him to make him unfamiliar and that we might have to start loving each other all over again, from the beginning. But here it was, all of it, the sunlight and the snow, just where it had been left off so many months ago.

Jerry put his hand up and stroked my hair. "Daisy," he said, "we have to have a talk first thing."

"We do," I told him. "There are plans and plans to make. But you're supposed to relax and only worry about the ring, while I'll have a million and one things on my mind."

Jerry's mouth set in the firm lines that everyone else's mouth set into during the next few days. But the fact remains that now, a week later, I am here in my room in my wedding gown and it's time for the girls to come in and help me put my veil on right.

Pretty soon my father will come up here to take me downstairs, looking almost as young, and certainly as handsome, as the day he took me to be christened. Mother will have dried her tears and begun to behave with dignity and beauty, and I will be very proud of her.

But I will be proudest of Jerry. He will stand there in front of the fireplace and turn to where my father and I are coming to meet him. But he won't see my lovely dress, or my veil, or the white and yellow flowers which I will be holding in my hands. He will never, all his life, see my face again, or the faces of our children.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



Ann peered in the window at Gustave, imprisoned in a room of wildest disorder. His eyes were big with horror.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

THE LONG WAY

The threat was a shadowy thing, like a dream, or the dark outside a lighted room.

BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

ERE was a little square of green lawn
the back yard, but it was far away.
ooking down from the third-floor back
orch, the lawn seemed no bigger than a
rug. Ann had to stand with her feet on
wer railing and her hands on the upper
of the porch banister; then she could
ull herself up far enough so that she
look over and down. The back porches
airs of the flat building made a com-
ed design of banisters, steps and risers
ilings.
stairs all went down in the center so
he small square porches were free. It
bout thirty inches from the banister
the west side of Ann's back porch to
st side of Gustave's back porch. This
e space of the walk that ran between
o buildings all the way from the street
lk to the back yard, and was open all the
p to the sky.
en her mother lifted Ann over from
rch to the other, for just an instant it
d that the very bottomless pit was
h her dangling feet. But Ann was not
Her mother's hands were strong and
nd never released her until she was
ver the other banister and her feet
n the other porch floor.
tave's porch was exactly like Ann's.
ilding was exactly like hers. There
ix of them in the block, six identical
hioned flat buildings, with six flats in
uilding. Each had a front central
ce and stairs, with doors on either
each landing. Then the narrow area-
tween one building and the next. If
d not live there you might wonder
eople could know which place was
wn.
there were ways of knowing. In
lat, for instance, there was a dentist
first floor, with a large tooth hanging
his window. In Gustave's flat there
barber on the first floor.
these flats had been quite grand,
eir carved stone balusters and shal-
ps, with speaking tubes and thick red
rpets! They were still sound and
ut now the street below clanged with
cars. Great horse-drawn drays filled
bled pavements from curb to curb,
til late at night the noise and the
lid not abate. The street was too
own to bring high rents any longer.
times Ann went down on the street
r father or her mother. She was
fraid, for they held her hand firmly
father was tall and strong, and her
too, was broad-shouldered and deep-
l and afraid of nothing. Ann liked to
on the busy streets with them. But
e never went anywhere outside of the

as five years old. He was as old as
ut he could not remember when
been on the street. Ann told him
—leaving out no harrowing detail
trucks and horses and red fire en-
th four white horses to draw them at
ing run through the traffic.

oved Gustave. He was the only
e had to play with, day after day.
smaller than herself. He was thin
and had big brown eyes, whereas
s sturdy and round and firm and
Her eyes were dark and her dark
air was banged across her forehead
straight around below her ears, thick
ing but without a sign of a curl.
father had spoken contemptuously
Gustave when he had been lifted
rail to eat supper with Ann and she
ed him to recite for her parents.
had recited a great long piece of
ithout a mistake, and Ann's father
n his mustache.
e brain than brawn," he had said
y.
nn loved to hear Gustave recite.
ght he was very precious. And to
he loved her would hardly be ade-
He worshiped her. He wakened in
ing to wait for her appearance, his
tered at the dining-room window nearest her porch. He had never had a child to play with until Ann came. Mostly they played on the porches, but sometimes they went into Gustave's flat to eat warm bread just from the oven, with honey spread on it.

Gustave's flat was very different from Ann's home, although the rooms were just the same, even to the wallpaper. The kitchen and dining room were across the back of the flat, as at home, and then a long hall led forward with the bathroom and small bedroom on one side and the two big bedrooms on the other side, then the entrance from the hall and then the parlor overlooking the street. But at Gustave's the dining room was a workroom. There the two women, the young one and the old one, sewed together all day. Gustave's mother ran the sewing machine and the old woman cut and basted and bit the thread off with her strong yellow teeth. They talked and talked above the whir of the machine and they were happy when they were alone. They sang songs and taught songs and poems out of a reader to Gustave. They gave Ann small bright scraps of silk or wool for doll rags, and sometimes they asked her questions.

"Your father works for the printing plant, yes?" They always put yeses at the end of their sentences.

Ann knew they were "foreigners," but it meant nothing to her. She liked their soft voices, their bright speech. Once she and Gustave had peeked into the parlor, which was fixed up to fit suits and dresses. It had a large mirror fastened to the wall and a stool where ladies could stand to have their hems pinned up. It had big green chairs and a huge wardrobe, a table with thick books of fashion pictures. The man who lived at Gustave's had a shop outside in the city somewhere. He was away a great deal, but sometimes he was there to fit garments. If anything was wrong with the fitting he was always angry.

When the man was home everything was different. If he came in unexpectedly, Ann was taken at once and lifted back over the railing. The man was younger than her father, and he was very tall and thin and dark with bright black eyes and bright-colored suspenders over his stiff white shirts. Ann did not know what relationship he bore to Gustave, but she thought he was not Gustave's father. Gustave was not afraid of the man, but the women were. Once Ann saw him hit the young woman. He came in and flung down a skirt of shimmering changeable taffeta, and without a word of warning he struck her—a glancing blow, so quickly hit and done you were scarcely sure that he had hit her. Ann thought he was mean, but since Gustave was not afraid of him, she was not afraid of him either.

For days on end she did not see him at all. Often the man put a coin in Gustave's hand. He looked at him with his long dark eyes and laughed a little. He laughed at Ann, too, but she did not pay any attention to him.

She and Gustave played through the long summer days. They played house, with dolls and her tea set. They played cowboys and Indians. They played cops and robbers. They just played "pl-like" said Ann, all in one syllable. "Play like!" Ann had played with her cousins. She knew many games and she was good at make-believe. Gustave did whatever she told him to do.

On Ann's porch there was a gate to keep her off the stairs. But she had been down the stairs often with her mother or father, and on several occasions alone. She knew her way.

At the bottom of the stairs there was a square of cement and then a few steps that went down to the basement. The basement door was kept locked. In it, each tenant had his own locked and bolted storeroom and coal bin, and there was a laundry each lady might use on her own day. The man who took care of all the flats kept the basement and walks clean and sprinkled the small lawns. The fenced-in back yards carried clotheslines so that sometimes the lawn was obscured by flapping washings. Sometimes when Ann's mother washed she left Ann with Gustave all morning. Sometimes she took Ann to the basement and let her play on the steps and on the grass within sound of her voice.

Along the back of the yard was a high solid wooden fence, and in the middle of this was a double gate which would swing so that a van could be backed into the yard to unload furniture or coal. Mostly this gate was kept closed and held closed with a bar. Ann was strictly forbidden to go into the alley behind. But from her back porch and from Gustave's they could see the teams and carts that went back and forth in the alley. They could see other yards; could see even to the cross street on the east where the big drays passed all day. It was a vivid and colorful show—and safely removed. They counted white horses and wished on them. They went on journeys in fine hacks, from their small safe porches.

ON THOSE days when Ann went with her mother to visit her grandmother or one of her aunts, and to play with her young cousins, Gustave moped through a long and lonely day. For him the sun came back when Ann came.

They were almost always parted on Sundays. Sunday was a day for family. Sometimes there were music and laughter and company next door, and sometimes there was long and bitter quarreling. Once the old lady came and called shrilly for Ann's mother to come and get Gustave, and she put him over the railing and he stayed with them until long after dark. It was hard to hear what went on next door, from within the flat. But if you were on the porch, you could hear distinctly. The day after that Sunday the young woman was not in sight for several days, and then she wore a bandage on her face.

"He'll kill her someday," said Ann's father darkly. "He's working himself up to it. He can't forget the lad's not his. I don't think I'd let Ann play there."

"They're mostly out-of-doors. She has no other child. She must have a child to play with," said Ann's mother.

Ann sensed that they might keep her away from Gustave, so, with a child's cunning, she did not tell them what Gustave told her about that Sunday. It was only a shadowy thing like a dream, or something they might make up to scare themselves, anyhow.

So the morning came. The Monday morning when Ann's mother lingered in the kitchen, waiting for some sign of life next door so that she could put Ann over the railing and go down to the laundry in the basement. She had a key to the basement, as each tenant had. The people who lived immediately below were gone all day, and the dentist and his wife lived mostly in the front of their flat, where the dentist's office was, so that the back stairs and porches were deserted. Ann had made one trip to the basement with her father when he carried the big basket of laundry down before he went to work. She had made another trip with her mother when they carried down the basket of clothespins—Ann's burden—and the pan of hot starch, which her mother carried.

At last Ann, on the back porch, saw Gustave at the window. He looked very strange and just stood there in the window and stared at her.

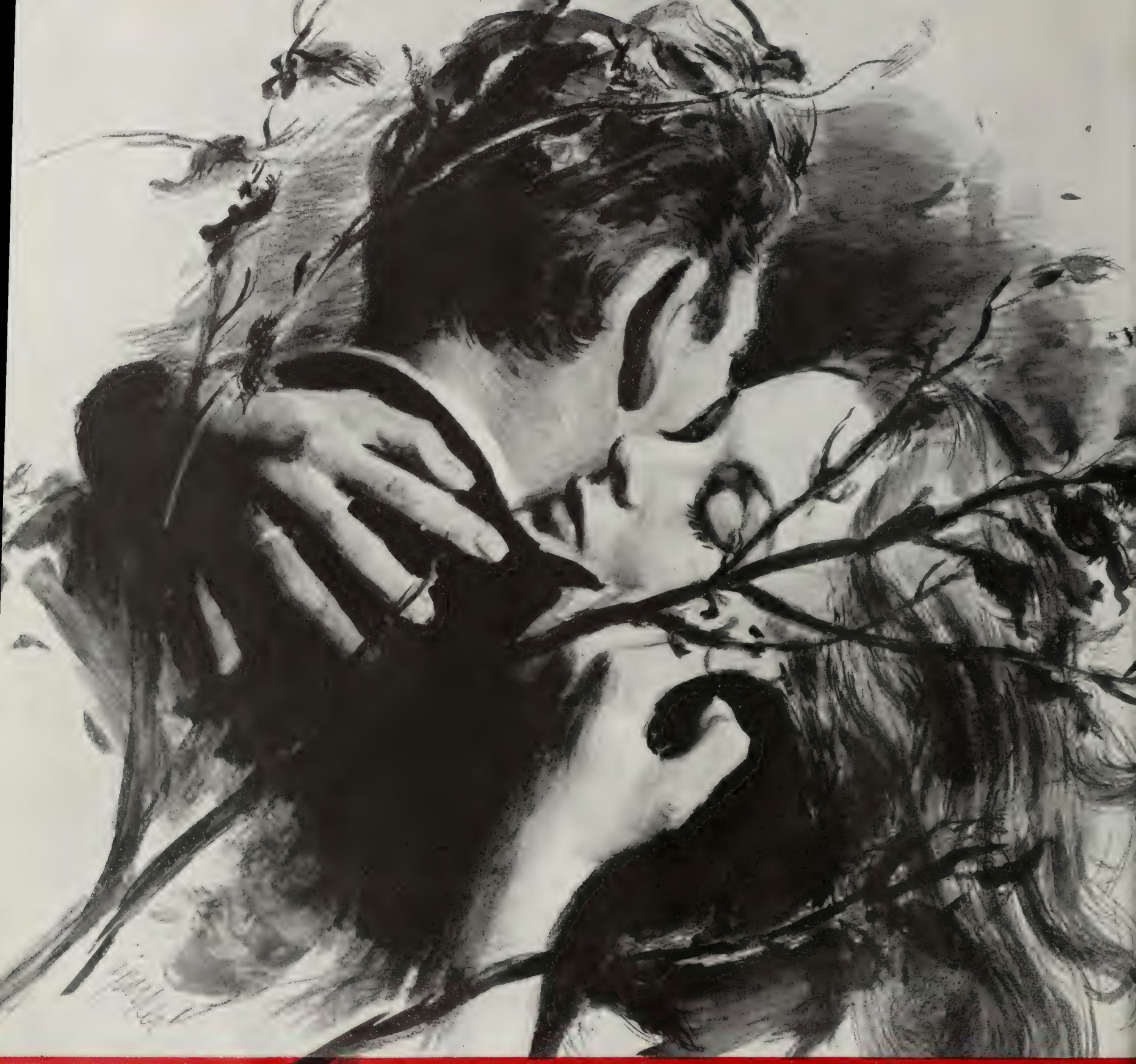
"Gustave is up, mother—lift me over," she called.

Her mother came at once and glanced at the strange pale face of the small boy looking out at them so eerily. She was in a hurry and she only said, "My! He looks frail! They shouldn't keep him cooped up like that!" She lifted Ann over the railings and put her down inside the other porch.

Ann looked down as her mother lifted her over and saw, far below, the narrow walk between the houses, with the cement pavement which extended all the way between the buildings. But once on the porch, she went to the window and called, "Come out, Gustave. Come out and play."

He only stood and looked at her. He looked so strange and stricken that Ann felt a little chill. He seemed to see her, but he

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"Everyone will know the truth about the Bolivars tonight," Hugo told her. As if a tidal wave had swept them together, they went into each other's arms.

Bolivar

BY MARGUERITE F. BAYLISS

V

BY THE time we vaulted the fence Middy had vanished on the other side of the pasture, but we kept on toward the spot where we had last seen him. We could distinguish faint sounds muffled by the fog. At first we seemed to catch a gurgling undertone, like no sound known to human ears, but this ceased before we were even sure that we heard. Then we picked up a dim hodgepodge of noises, among which we could make out the low, short snorting of a horse, a trampling of hoofs and the murmur of an inarticulate voice.

"That's Middy," Hugo said. "Whatever is happening, it's down by the creek."

We ran that way. I recalled Hugo's warning about quicksands along this creek bank. I was afraid the sound we had heard had been the bubbling of quicksands in a state of disturbance. What was going on under cover of the fog?

We saw Middy, half outlined in the swirling fog. He was standing firmly on a trustworthy bank. We saw that he had a human companion—wonder of wonders, a lady. She was holding fast to Middy, half talking to him, half sobbing. Her soaking dress draggled about her; her hair hung upon her shoulders.

Hugo gave a sharp cry. "Nellie!" They went into each other's arms as if a tidal wave had swept them together.

The little horse backed off and waited. We were standing on the brink of a wide pool of throbbing sand. It was a treacherous margin of the marsh sprawling up and down the creek, merging deceptively into solid land. I tossed a stone into the sand. It sank. A bubble slowly swelled and burst where it plopped.

Nellie was recovering her composure. "Where is the white horse?" she asked, looking around for him. "Oh, there you are! Come here, you darling. He saved my life. He heard me when I first screamed." She was distributing kisses about equally between Hugo and Middy while she spoke.

Gradually she stopped shivering with the shock of her experience, and explained how it had come about. She had attempted to go home from the Bedloe house by a path which had been in former days a short cut. During the past spring a fence had been reset, altering one of the landmarks by which she used to guide her course. In the twilight she had not noticed the closeness of the sand bed. She stepped into it. Her cry had but one hearer—Middy.

"He knew what was happening as well as I did," she said. "He was careful not to fall in himself. He tested the ground with his feet, and stretched out his long neck and got hold of me with his teeth. I caught his mane and forelock with my hands, and he pulled me out."

The only unhappy consequence was the impossibility of doing anything to reward the hero. Middy settled the matter for the time being by taking himself off in the direction of the stable and his belated oats and corn.

"YOU should not have been walking home alone," Hugo said indignantly. "What's John Bedloe thinking of to allow you to start by yourself at this hour?"

"You won't have it when you're my husband, will you, sir?" Nellie derided him politely.

Hugo laughed. "Let's not quarrel about that now. I'll get you married to me before I venture to assert husbandly authority."

For the moment they dropped the lost years as if they had never been.

I said, "You go on home with Nellie, and I will return to the house and have dinner with Mr. Brann."

They rejected this program immediately. "You'll do nothing of the sort. Madame Farleigh will have reached home by the time we arrive. We'll have it out with her now, and we'll all take part."

There being no more to be said, we crossed the creek and made our way to the grounds of the Farleigh house. The lighted windows beckoned us brightly along the final steps of our journey. We entered the house. The servants told us that Madame Farleigh was upstairs refreshing herself after her long drive.

Nellie left us, the servant showed us into a drawing room and we sat there until we heard the tread of a lady entering. We arose. I needed no introduction to know that this was Madame Farleigh—*the* Madame Farleigh, as I had once called her. She was slender and graceful. Her hair was indeed "a little snowdrift," but it seemed like hair that had always been snowy by nature rather than from years. For the rest, the handsome dark eyes were keen, the artfully ruby lips were strong and yet able to smile. Her dress was not simple. Its ultrafeminine sumptuousness did, as the doctor had said, recall the departed glories of Marie Antoinette. Then and there, I fell somewhat in love with Madame Farleigh.

BY THE time my impressions crystallized Hugo had presented me and I was bowing. Madame Farleigh bestowed on me one searching glance of appraisal, smiled and addressed Hugo.

"What is this mad story Nellie tells me? Hugo Bolinvar, why didn't you tell me about this in the beginning? Haven't I always been your friend? Haven't I always known that your father was a rogue? Didn't I know Emilie? Don't I know you? Why, you and Emilie are as like as peas in a pod. I suppose it was the shock Alexander gave you that caused you to act as you did. You assumed Nellie's mother could not be trusted any more than your father. But I can't understand why Nellie feared to trust me. She should have known her happiness meant more to me than anything else on earth."

So the final step was taken, and Madame Farleigh's sole complaint was of the too-long reticence of her children.

"But I could not tell you," Hugo said. "I wanted an ally for the prevention of a marriage which I believed Nellie would not give up willingly, not an ally to help me persuade her into the marriage."

Madame Farleigh looked hard at him. "Hugo! Hugo! Sublime folly, and gallant wrongness!"

"And you do not oppose our re-engagement?" Hugo asked. "I take Nellie with your blessing?"

"Haven't you always had my blessing?"

Hugo kissed her hand and so did I.

"And now," she resumed, "Nellie is waiting for us in the dining room. She told me a second melodramatic story, right on top of the one we have been dissecting. She tells me that the mud which soiled her skirt is from a quicksand, out of which she was dragged by a horse of yours. Since he is your horse, Hugo, I suppose nothing can be done for him? He ought to be rewarded somehow."

"He has been rewarded," Hugo said. "Nellie kissed him. As for ourselves, we are not fit to appear in your dining room. We have been hunting all day in these clothes, and to finish them we were in mud coming here."

"It is an hour and forty minutes past dinnertime now," Madame Farleigh declared. "You may remove some of the mud, but you will have to dine as you are."

We dined *en famille*. When we reached the coffee, we dismissed the servants and turned to Nellie for the story of her French argosy.

She looked across the table to me. "The witness for whom we searched in France—whom I found, and you did not find—is Madame Arneaux, of Nice, formerly of Paris. Madame Arneaux and Emilie were schoolmates and very close friends. It was in Nice, at the Arneaux house, that they met for the first and last time as wedded women. Mr. Bolinvar and his wife dined with Emilie's old friend and passed a long evening there. Emilie told her friend about her infant son, then in Paris in care of a trusted servant.

"I traced the servant. She was an English nanny, since departed this life. The baby was named Bois Hugo. Madame Arneaux knows nothing of the fate of the motherless baby in Paris, except that its father came and got it." She arose. "Now, before we continue, I will show you something. Stay where you are, please."

She walked to a portiered window embrasure which, we now noticed for the first time, had been set like a miniature stage. She folded the curtains away carefully from a canvas posed on a chair so that light from the chandelier above fell softly upon it. We gazed at it, fascinated. It seemed to be a picture of Hugo, made when he was some sixteen or eighteen years of age. The odd thing about it was that it was done in the powerful colors which Hugo, and Hugo alone, used so effectively. Hugo stood up. He looked at the picture with concentrated intentness.

"Well, Hugo!" Madame Farleigh exclaimed. "I didn't know you had painted your own picture."

"I didn't paint that picture, Madame Farleigh," Hugo said. "It is not mine. That is a woman's face."

Nellie smiled. She unfolded the curtains farther. The hair appeared, the costume. It was a woman's face.

Madame Farleigh sprang to her feet. "Emilie!" she cried.

Nellie had reason to be satisfied with her stage-managing. She said, "This is a portrait of Emilie de Goncourt Bolinvar, painted by her brother, Paul Victor de Goncourt. Emilie had two brothers, Paul Victor and Jules. Jules died in prison during the revolution, from heart failure. There is a tendency to weakness of the heart in the De Goncourt family. In her school days Emilie herself had a delicacy of the heart, but she outgrew it. Several of the De Goncourts were artists. A preference for the use of audacious color is a common characteristic of those artists. Emilie had the same tastes. She habitually wore strong colors such as most women could not wear, and wore them superbly."

"That is true," Madame Farleigh verified.

How the girl had built up her argument, how complete it was. I said to Hugo, "Now are you convinced?"

"YES. Breeders of horses are practical experts in heredity. No one of them could hesitate to accept this as proof of pedigree. I am of the De Goncourt blood."

"Where did you get the picture?" Madame Farleigh wanted to know.

"I went hunting for relics of the De Goncourt family. By 1800 the wars and wholesale devastation in France had exterminated the De Goncourts, and their palace had been looted. Little by little, I assembled a collection of its former contents. I rented an apartment in Paris in which to store the things. Fortunately, you never inquired what I was doing with the funds you so generously forwarded."

Madame Farleigh gazed meditatively at me. "Will you tell me what you are thinking, young Devereux? What ideas do you have respecting Hugo's status as a lawful son if, as I for one never did doubt, he is Emilie's son?"

"You are wondering about the sequence of these events? I'm sad to say that my guess would be that as Emilie's son his status is even more how-come-you-so than it would have been as Rosanne's son. Uncle Alexander must have taken bigamy in his stride. We have learned that Rosanne lived four months after he left her. During that time, his marriage to Emilie must have been completed. Hugo is most likely what the old Plantagenet kings call a legitimated son. Alexander would have had to repeat a wedding ceremony with Emilie after Rosanne's death to make Emilie a bona-fide wife. But his son by Emilie, born while she believed herself lawfully wedded, would be automatically legitimated."

"I am wondering," Nellie said, "about the motive which induced him to betray Emilie, if the baby was really Emilie's."

"The most probable hypothesis," Hugo answered, "is that Emilie found out about Rosanne. Suppose she learned that she had never been legally married to Alexander. If Flood had some reason of his own, he may have informed her, or caused her to be informed. Or she may have learned in some other way. If we assume that she did make such a

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ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

Breakfast in Bed

BY MILDRED CRAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS



BOTH radios were going—the one in the kitch and the one in the sitting room. Alec Templet was playing one of his improvisations: Claire Lune . . . Limehouse Blues . . . Pis Packin' Mama . . . None But the Lonely Hea I could hear mother laughing. And Sally slid alo the piano bench, getting ready to do a musical m ture of her own. She loves to imitate celebriti She does a simply marvelous Bob Hope. You oug to hear her! One wisecrack after another.

Right in the middle of the applause, the telepho rang.

"Phone!" Sarah yelled. "I'll answer!"

But I got there first. The phone is in the hall, the foot of the stairs. I ran all the way from the pa try and grabbed off the receiver.

"Hello?" My Katharine Hepburn voice. Terril effective, when you want to hold people off.

"Fifty-five cents, please," the operator said, " three minutes."

"All right."

I heard the coins begin to drop, and the gong r istering the hits. Bong—bong—bong!

"Who is it?" Sarah said, at my elbow.

My heart was simply pounding. "I think Buzz," I said.

"Buzz?" Mother came running out of the kitch her face as white as a dish towel. "Who said Buzz

"I did," I said. "Wait a minute. . . . Hello?"

"Hello, yourself."

It was Buzz, all right. I'd know his voice if he whispered! And, just for a minute, I felt the way you do in an express elevator, or on one of those scenic railways. Somewhere between a dead faint and a wild whoop.

"Turn off the radio! It's Buzz!"

Alec Templeton stopped and everyone came running.

"Where are you, Buzz?"

"I'm not in Australia!"

"Are you in America?"

"I'll be home in about two hours." His voice sort of squeaked and broke. "I'm calling from a service station. Never mind where, sis. Just tell mother——"

Mother was right there. She snatched the receiver away from me and listened to what Buzz was saying for a minute. Honestly, in all my life I've never seen such an expression! You see, Buzz is her youngest son, and he'd been away—on a destroyer—for almost three years. "My darling," she said. "Hurry." And she hung up. Sort of fumbling for the hook, the way you do when your hand shakes.

Sarah and Sally both yelled at once, "Mother! Was it really Buzz? Where *is* he? What *happened?*"

Mother closed her eyes. She looked as if she'd seen an angel and had been blinded by a white radiance. Then she told us that Buzz was hitchhiking—from San Pedro or San Diego or San Francisco; he wouldn't say. It wasn't a furlough. Only liberty. And he'd be able to stay no more than a couple of hours. But he was well. And he was coming home!

"And I need a shampoo!" Sarah wailed.

Mother sat down suddenly. But only for a minute. "He'll want supper." She ran to the sitting-room door and looked in with her inclusive, housekeeping expression. "Flowers," she decided. "And a fire going." And then, to me: "Susan, see what there is in the garden. Pick everything above ground."

Sally dashed out to the garage for wood and kindling. Mother and Sarah moved in on the icebox. And I went through the front door with a flashlight and a pair of shears.

The two dogs were just coming in from their evening patrol. Skip and Bum. Skip is a big, hefty springer, a fighter and a good egg. Bum is a scared little cocker. They jumped all over me. They caught the terrific excitement, I guess.

Since the war, we haven't had any gardeners. We take care of our big old house and three acres of land ourselves. Mother has a Victory Garden where the cutting flowers used to be. But the perennials keep on doing their stuff. I found some glads and a few dahlias and some roses. *(Continued on Page 53)*

"Talk!" said Buzz. He wanted news—so we told him about the apricot tree, and the dogs, and how the goldfish blew up!





MENU

(For Sixteen)

Hot Spiced Cranberry Punch

Sweetbread-and-Mushroom Croquettes

Curried Chicken Salad

Pickled Peaches

Bread-and-Butter Pickles

Biscuits With Avocado Butter

Plum-Pudding Pie Coffee

Candied Grapefruit Peel

Orange Sugared Walnuts

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



WHEN GOOD FRIENDS *Get Together*

WINTER nights are cold. But New Year cheer is warm within, and there never was and never will be a better time for a party than the day we start on another cycle—on New Year's Day. Then we welcome the new friends along with the old, and there's a certain *glow* about the house which doesn't all emanate from the birch logs in the fireplace. It comes from the heart.

And that reminds me. I do hope that all of you who have a fireplace, even a coal grate, rally round and watch the flames grow higher and brighter; and when the logs finally give up to embers, you pop corn and wait for the little people who live in the dying fire to be about their business. And I assure you that you will see them—if your eyes are right and there's faith in you. And *if* you keep very still, for they love silence and folks who are still and who aren't above holding hands!

Well, the gong has rung. No New Year's party would or could be complete or right at all without a punch bowl. Having the bowl, you must have something in it. No doubt you all have your own ideas and your own old treasured receipts for punch. There are more of such than of all the punch cups manufactured since Eve made that apple punch, and that's a good many.

But here's a cranberry job that may take your fancy. I hope it will. Somehow cranberries seem so nice and appropriate in winter. I guess it's because they're red, and red takes the mind off the cold. Just like a red dress. It may be as thin and sleazy as a Japanese fan, but if it is red it feels warm and looks warm. So what more do you want? Same way with cranberries, I mean, besides their tasting good and being versatile and all that.

HOT SPICED CRANBERRY PUNCH

Cook 8 cups of cranberries in 8 cups of water until all the skins pop open. Strain through a cheesecloth. Do not stir or press. You want to keep it as clear as those ruby glasses that belonged to old Aunt Sapphira. To the juice add 1½ cups of sugar, 2 or 3 sticks of cinnamon and 15 to 20 cloves. Cook for five minutes. Add 1 lemon, sliced, and 4 cups of freshly brewed tea. Pour into the bowl. (Punch bowl, of course.) Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve hot.

Little but oh, my! I refer to the sweetbread-and-mushroom croquettes you see hiding away; and don't say a word, but I believe some parsley got tangled up with them. Well, never mind. It's always around. Seems as if you can't cook up a thing, from oatmeal to angel cake, but soon's your back is turned up pops that green and impudent weed. Have to use it, too, for it's a thing in life you can't escape any more than dust on the piano. These things *(Continued on Page 57)*

BY ANN BATCHELDER

Line a Day

1 Happy New Year. From your old, tried and true friend, Annie. And as many of them as you can take. Take a lot.

2 Let's go in for an omelet surprise, just for fun. Make a plain omelet. Fold into it apricot or plum jam. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Run under the broiler to glaze. Garnish with peaches poached in vanilla sirup.

3 Select some fine large oysters. Drain until dry. Dip in batter flavored with prepared mustard and fry in deep fat. Serve on skewers, alternately with crisp bacon.

4 Cook one half cup of rice in chicken broth to cover. Toss as it cooks until the broth is absorbed. Bind with two tablespoons of cream and two egg yolks. Cool. Make into balls, enclosing in each a piece of soft cheese. Roll in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with tart jelly.

5 Now a cabbage is only a cabbage to some, but it's something else when it is stuffed with sausage meat, ham or spiced corned beef, a little cooked rice, and baked.

6 Mushrooms make a dish—chicken, creamed things, whatever. They make chi-chi. And a touch of nutmeg and white pepper brings back that out-in-the-woods flavor. Why? Don't ask.

7 Then there are large mushrooms, the caps well oiled and stuffed with sausage, grilled and sprinkled with fried *parsley*. Yes, *parsley*.

8 Maybe you think you don't like eggplant. But stuff it with chopped, drained tomatoes and bread crumbs seasoned and tossed in butter or margarine. Add a crushed clove of garlic and bake the thing. Comes out looking like a Gibson girl's Easter hat, tastes a lot better. (I never ate a hat, but have bet I would several times.)

9 *From an old cookbook:* "Sit down all you can. Sit down to rock the cradle. Sit down to peel potatoes and to iron your husband's shirts. Sit down to lay the fire." Lady, I've got the idea.

10 This would be a dessert, but definitely! Scoop out a large spoonful of vanilla ice cream. Beneath it conceal a whole canned apricot. Pour the sirup over, cover with crushed macaroons and serve in your best sherbet glasses.

11 Guess I haven't done right by Brussels sprouts. Not my favorite green growth. But—cook till tender, drain. Dress with sweet butter, salt, pepper and mace. Very good—for sprouts.

12 Did I mention oyster omelet one time? If so, perhaps you forgot. Cook lightly a dozen small oysters in their liquor. Season. Fold in a plain omelet. Serve with a green salad.

13 A chafing-dish delicacy is a dish of scrambled eggs and minced mushrooms on toast. Season very highly, and a little hot cream added last does more than you'd think.

14 When you make a peach tapioca cream, don't forget that touch of almond extract. Peach pit has it, peach needs it.

15 Now don't let them eat the platter, I warn you. But cut rounds of bread, sauté, spread with rarebit mixture and chutney. On top arrange grilled sardines. Serve hot. Have it *all* hot.

16 Season cream cheese with horse-radish and spread on rounds of fried bread. Put flaked marinated salmon in the center. Real nice as an appetizer, and so on.

17 May I say one word about something? When I say "buttered" I mean "margarined" if margarine is what *you* mean. And when I say "oil," I don't mean motor oil, I mean salad oil.

18 Asparagus doesn't grow in the winter where I live. But canned or frozen does. Heat the tips in butter—or you know what—dress with riced hard-cooked egg yolks and serve on toast. Fine with cheese dishes.

19 Lucky enough to get a steak? Broil it. Serve it surrounded with little tomatoes stuffed with creamed corn and baked. Also with cauliflower flowerets dipped in batter and fried.

20 *Success story:* Popover mixture does a lot better for you if, after its everlasting beating, you put it through a fine sieve. Know this already?

IN A CISTERCIAN GARDEN

Now from his labor he rests
Under his chestnut tree,
Above are the garrulous nests,
The chorus of the chickadee.

Silence is all his part,
It was his way of life.
What did he hide in his heart?
Where dwelt his dreamed-of wife?

21 Have you heard of "Manhattan clam chowder"? A glorified tomato soup with a clam afterthought. Stick to New England—salt pork, onions, potatoes, milk, cream and clams. Clams so you can see them and taste them.

22 Snow blows, but eat a cobbler just the same. Line a casserole with rich biscuit dough. Fill with frozen raspberries or boysenberries—remember me? (Ignoramus.) Cover with crust and bake in an oven at 375° F. Serve with cream.

23 Winter squash is one of my old loves. Used to use the hatchet on it in the cold gray dawn. Steam it. Beat the pulp with butter, cream, seasonings (including a little thyme), adding a couple of egg yolks, beaten well.

24 Beat all together, then add the egg whites whipped stiff. Put in a casserole with partly cooked, halved pork sausages in layers, and bake to a soufflé effect. You'll get it and like it.

25 Sprinkle waffle batter with grated coconut just before you put down the lid. Try it.

26 *Dept. of Utter Despair, File No. 13:* "Open the oysters and drain. Wash them under running water for twenty minutes. Dry in towels." Well, it's awful, but it has happened!

27 Sunday-night-supper dishes sort of tax our minds. Make some fine, rich creamed salmon. Serve it on toast with poached eggs. And this is no breakfast dish. It's a supper *repast*.

28 *News item:* Terrapin stew (if terrapin is your dish), all in tins ready to make you famous. And chicken à la jardiniere should be served red hot in croustades. Very French. Very nice.

29 Deep-dish apple pie is as New England as Daniel Webster. Pile a magnificent meringue on top, brown in the oven and forget the cream.

30 Why not cover a thick slice of lightly broiled ham with a cheese sauce? Seasoned with paprika, mustard and a dash of cayenne. Then bake until the ham is tender, the sauce browned, and serve it with a potato soufflé and glazed pineapple. Why not, indeed!

31 "Yes, you shall buy me a book for my birthday. We will read it together in the twilight, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we will sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over." Dorothy Wordsworth might have written this about Boston Adventure, by Jean Stafford, had she the chance. I had it. And am grateful.

By Ann Batchelder



"...GOOD MAKINGS" OF A WONDERFUL SOUP

Everything that goes into this soup is so extra fine, the soup itself is sure to be! The mushrooms, for instance are so delicate and light, yet at the same time plump and firm. They're rushed from the hothouse to Campbell's kitchens while they still have all their elusive flavor and tenderness.

And the fresh sweet cream — how thick and rich it is, and how generously it's poured in! The mushrooms and cream are blended with practiced skill — and the seasoning is added by a hand that knows exactly how. When you taste it, you too will say, "What a wonderful soup!"

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup gives a festive touch to any meal. Although it's fine for company dinners, it's too good to keep just for that. Let your family enjoy it real soon.

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White Label



To fashion snowballs now I stoop
While snow is on the ground—
And then a bowl of good hot soup
For nourishment that's sound!





No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS—but

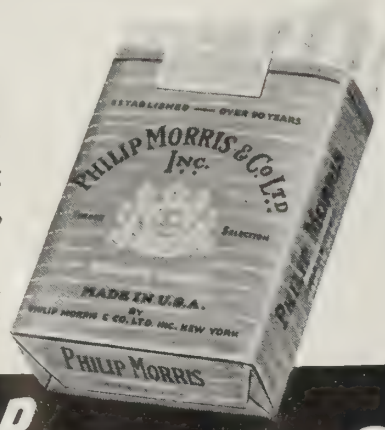
AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure

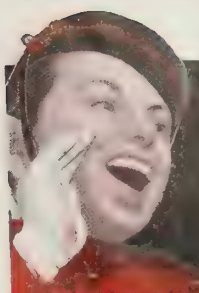
PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

—*from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.*





CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

BOLINVAR

(Continued from Page 35)

discovery and that Alexander faced exposure—duels with the outraged De Goncourts, and perhaps imprisonment—can we doubt that he would resort promptly to measures for his protection?"

"That makes your previous conclusion all the more likely," said Madame Farleigh. "It is almost certain, then, that Alexander was legally married to Rosanne."

It was approaching midnight, so we dispersed.

"The wedding is to take place on New Year's Day," Nellie announced. "We considered the day after tomorrow, Christmas Day. But we decided, instead, to be engaged for the holidays and have a grand revel with the wedding for its climax."

Madame Farleigh kissed them both, and I kissed the bride-to-be. Then Hugo and I drove home.

The next day was the twenty-fourth of December. It was cold and glum, with cutting wind, half-frozen ground and fitful storming. At noon we defied the weather, sent for horses and rode to the doctor's, to catch him at his midday meal and tell him the news.

It took him forty minutes to congratulate Hugo, partly because he digressed so frequently. "Jehoshaphat!" he exulted. "Lord John's old house ought to dance on its foundations! Do you realize that it has been a bachelor's hall since Emilie went through its wide front door fur the last time on the start of her journey to France?"

"The mistress his house is getting is worth waiting a long while for," I said.

"I can see that this is the end of my job patchin' your heart, Hugo," the doctor boomed. "After Nellie takes it off my hands, there'll be nothing wrong with it. Well, she's welcome to the job, God bless her!"

We left when the doctor set forth on his afternoon round. He was to fetch up at our house for dinner and a mellow Christmas Eve. Nellie and her mother were entertaining at dinner, but they were to drive over afterward for an intimate evening party. Hugo barely spoke as we rode home; he was absorbed in thought. At the house he sat on his horse, the icy rain pelting him, and looked at me long and earnestly.

"What's the matter?" I inquired

"I AM going to the Farleighs'," he said, "and perhaps on to some of the other neighbors. You make yo'self comfo'table, as Sukey says." He wheeled the horse and cantered off.

I went into the house and made myself "comfo'table" so successfully that it was growing dark when I awakened from a pleasant nap. While I was dressing for the Christmas Eve gathering, I peered through the window. The weather was changing and it looked to my weather-wise eye like a clearing night before us. In the hall I met Hugo, just coming home. He was wet and muddy and splashed with foam; he had been riding furiously.

"For heaven's sake!" I commented. "You selected a choice day for galloping up one Virginia road and down another. I judge by your looks that's how you've been amusing yourself."

He caught me by the arm and led me into his bedroom. "I want to talk to you. And I'm in a hurry. I am half expecting some of the neighbors to put in an appearance."

"Go ahead," I said. "What have you been up to? Have you seen Nellie?"

"Yes. I was with her half an hour. I told her what I was going to do. She thought it was all right. Dev, I have made the biggest circuit I could make on a good hunter in one afternoon, calling on my friends in the county. I have told everybody what happened here. The skeleton is out of his closet—annihilated—extinct."

"What on earth ——"

"The more I thought this over, the more I resolved not to preserve Alexander Bolinvar's reputation at the cost of Devereux Bolinvar's. I made up my mind that every person in Loudoun County whose opinion is worth having should know what you have done, what use you have made of singular chances to be greatly a great gentleman, or greatly a gentlemanly rogue. Everyone knows the truth about all the Bolinvars tonight."

I STARED at him. "What do you expect to result from this escapade?"

"Wherever I called, I left an invitation to meet us here at nine tomorrow for a hunt breakfast—I think the weather will give us hunting by morning. So far, I have not lost a friend who learned the truth."

"And you say that Nellie made no objection?"

"On the contrary, she offered to go with me."

"Perhaps it is best so," I assented. "Now there need be no undercover gossip about the broken betrothal and its renewal."

Hugo lit the candelabra so that he could see to dress. He mentioned the preparations for the Christmas hunt in the morning. "It is clearing," he said. "It will be fair and cold by midnight. I have had the smith see to the shoes on Rupert and Tirade and King Agrippa. You will have Rupert and I the mare, but I want Agrippa ready, too, in case we should need him."

Downstairs a muffled bang came up to us. The door had been opened to admit someone. There were steps upon the staircase. Solomon was on his way to us.

"The arrival of the neighbors has begun," I remarked.

"Sounds so." Hugo was hastening his dressing as he spoke. "I am ready. Come on down with me."

It was not Solomon at the door, it was a youthful footman. "A gen'leman to see Marse Hugo, sah," he said.

"Who?" Hugo asked.

"Ah doan know, sah. Solomon, he dun sen' me fo' to tell yo', sah."

"You certainly haven't told me much," Hugo said. "Come on, Dev, let's see what we draw."

We descended together. Solomon had made the house brilliant with light. Fires burned gaily on every hearth. Even the bachelor's hall looked like Christmas Eve. The butler was not in sight, and we entered the drawing room.

A big man, still wearing a magnificent greatcoat with three deep canary-lined capes and carrying his topper, was pacing restlessly to and fro.

"Basil!" Hugo exclaimed. The man who had drawn was the Duke of Hovon. Pleasure flashed up in Hugo's face, supplanting astonishment. He shook hands with the noble man and embraced him. "Where did you come from?" he demanded. "To say you are welcome is an injustice to my delight."

"I came from England—what do you suppose?" He noticed me, standing near the door, and bowed.

Hugo beckoned to me. "You two have already met," said Hugo. "I hope that you will become as good friends with each other as I am with each of you."

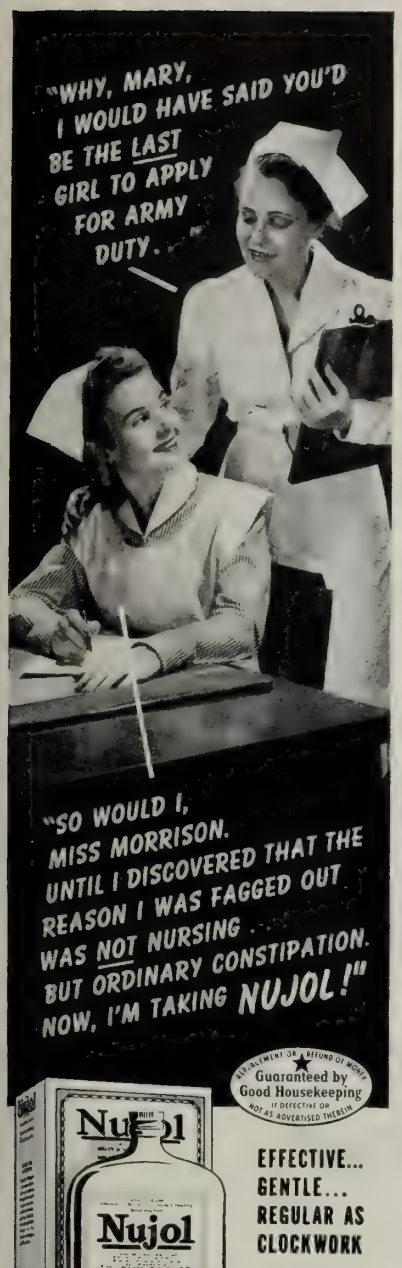
"I' faith, I am happy to hear you say so, Hugo," said the duke. "The fear that you

Did Tim know about André? . . . or was it only Judith who sensed the truth when she said, "Marny, André has kissed you!"

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and the Jersey Bolinvar were anything but good friends is what brings me here."

He extended his hand to me. Nevertheless, he gave me a penetrating look. I took his hand, quick to meet him halfway.

"How came you to be looking for my cousin here?" Hugo asked. "I don't wholly understand you."

"I don't wonder. I don't understand either. Why on earth didn't you write to me? You set out for home with a heart that was spavined behind and sprung in front—hobbling, no more—and left three special practitioners having a guessing match as to how long it would go at all, and ——" He broke off abruptly and glanced sharply at me again.

"Your caution is unnecessary," I assured him. "The cat is out of the bag. We'll entertain you this evening with the tale of his exit."

"Oh!" He looked quickly at Hugo, to be sure that he was not making a mistake in interpreting my words.

"I did write to you," Hugo said. "I have written twice since Dev has been here. The first letter evidently did not reach you. The second would, I suppose, be due to arrive in England while you were on shipboard coming here."

"Anyway, I haven't heard from you since June. You remember I told you, Hugo, that if six months passed without a letter from you, I'd come to find you. It was only five months when I sailed. But I was hurried by a meeting in London with a lady whose innocent conversation alarmed me for your safety." He turned to me. "Your wife, sir. Gad, what a glorious woman your wife is! I met her at a dinner party. When I learned from her that you had gone to Virginia, ostensibly for hunting but in fact in connection with some mysterious family affairs, I took fright. I canceled my engagements and ran for a ship that was sailing the next day. Your wife's half-and-half information set me to walking the floor with flighty theories. I knew Hugo's health wouldn't go through much of a tournament. Since, happily, I'm wrong all round, let's pass Merry Christmas being merry together."

At this point we both noticed Hugo. He was deathly white. I sprang toward him. Hovon stepped forward too.

"Hugo, hold hard! Egad, I didn't mean to start your heart to jibbing!" he cried.

Hovon was with him. I ran across to the dining room for water and wine. The afternoon had been a severe strain for Hugo. Miles of mad riding and a series of wearing scenes with one acquaintance after another had left him exhausted. When Hovon dropped down on us, it was the climax of an overfull day.

When I returned, Hugo was better than I expected. The whiteness was retreating. He took a drink, thanked me, and said, "I didn't actually go off—and I feel quite well. Sorry to disturb you."

I inspected him thoughtfully. "Anybody who can stay to the finish of today's point-to-point and not go off afterward has a heart that doesn't hobble too badly. I believe you are gaining, Hugo."

Time showed that I used the wrong tense. The gain had been wrought by slow degrees in that long autumnal harvest season, when courage and honor reaped what they had sown, when we rode side by side, and the Bolinvar evil dispensation faded, and the love and the hand of Nellie Farleigh came back to their appointed place. This momentary faintness was all that remained of the seizures that had threatened his life. It was not formidable, and it was the last.

Solomon came in to announce the Bedloes. They knew the duke from his previous Virginia visit.

After the greetings, Mrs. Bedloe said, "John and I couldn't agree, for a while, what was best to be done. It seemed as though something must be the matter with Hugo. But John stuck to it that he acted like himself except for the crazy things he said. Anyhow, we wanted to know whether he got home safely."

(Continued on Page 45)

Laugh at a cold—and PNEUMONIA may laugh at you!



LOTS OF people think "it's just a little cold." But that little cold can use up a lot of your body's resistance against disease.

People who are already weakened by colds make easier targets for such serious diseases as pneumonia, influenza, sinusitis, ear infections, tonsillitis, or bronchitis.

If you take the simple precautions below, chances are good that you won't be one of the thousands of victims of pneumonia this winter—or one of the countless victims of other frequent complications of respiratory infections.



1. When a cold strikes . . . go to bed if possible. At least stay indoors and rest *all* you can. It may help to take a hot bath, or soak your feet in hot water, and drink a hot lemonade before retiring. Be sure to avoid chilling.



2. You must go to work? Remember that you may inflict your cold on others. If you really *must,* then wear warm, protective clothing. Avoid drafts and sudden chilling. Keep your sneezes and coughs covered up.



3. Drink large quantities of milk, fruit juice, and plain water. Take a laxative if needed.



4. Treat that sore throat to a gargle. For a homemade gargle, add a teaspoonful of salt or bicarbonate of soda to a glass of warm water.

IF YOUR COLD seems more severe than usual, or if it starts with aching, chilliness, and fever, call the doctor without delay. Pneumonia may be indicated.

Most forms of pneumonia and certain other respiratory infections are often successfully treated with sulfa drugs—particularly if diagnosed early. Remember, sulfa drugs should be taken only when prescribed by a doctor.

But, *an ounce of prevention* is still worth a pound of cure. Do your best to avoid colds. Watching your diet will help. Get plenty of vitamins, fruits, and leafy vegetables. Eat better breakfasts. Don't skimp on your sleep. Dress warmly and avoid chilling. Get regular exercise—some of it outdoors. And keep away from snifflers.

Metropolitan will gladly send you its free booklet "Respiratory Diseases."

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THAT SWAN BABY HAS ALL THE LUCK!

There he sits in the loveliest suds in all the world! That's because Swan is pure as fine castiles, and the doctor says it's perfect for baby. His Mommie knows it will help keep his rosy skin soft and smooth. But Baby just loves it 'cause it floats and floats!



He thinks pretty ladies are the only kind there are. That's because his Mommie is so very pretty, and Swans herself to keep that way. Swan's pure, creamy lather is a joy—and she knows it will pamper her complexion!



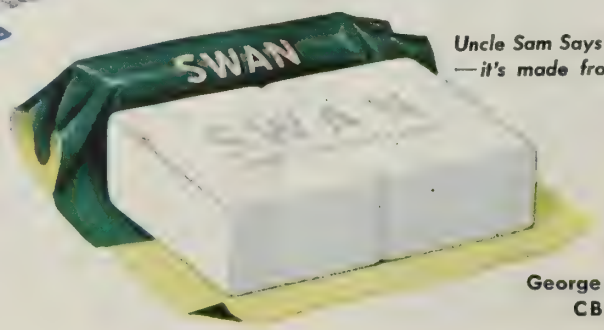


He has a perfectly elegant wardrobe, because his Mommie knows how to make delicate fabrics last and last. She dunks his duds and her dainty undies in pure and gentle Swan.

Matter of fact, she's so smart she uses Swan for just about *everything* in the house! Get *your* supply of pure, mild Swan today for Baby! Dishes! Duds! Bath!

He doesn't know what a crosspatch is. *His* Mommie *sings* at the dishpan while Swan's mild, quick, billowing suds make short work of the dishes, treat her pretty hands gently!





Uncle Sam Says ***DON'T WASTE SOAP*** *—it's made from vital war materials*

SWAN IS 4 SWELL SOAPS IN ONE!

TUNE IN:
George Burns & Gracie Allen
CBS, Tuesday nights

(Continued from Page 43)

"Now that I'm here," Bedloe said, "and you both insist that Hugo's fairy story is true, I'm going to say that I don't know which of you I'm prouder of. And it's my belief that every Bolinvar—except the misfit one that slipped in somehow—would say the same. If you and Hugo'll shake hands with me, so's I'm sure we understand each other, we'll head for home. We left thirty young folks to keep house, and heaven knows what'll happen before we can get back." They departed in a flurry of jesting.

While Hovon was making his preparations for dinner, Doctor Colfax came to stay and dine. Three of the neighbors called in the next fifteen minutes, and before we reached the table two others came in, all with the same errand—to hurrah for me to my face and to impress his popularity upon Hugo. Hovon was an astounded and amused spectator. He celebrated the betrothal news with the fervor that only a hardened bachelor of rollicking inclinations could achieve.

Sunrise—Christmas morning. I woke, lighthearted, to a sparkling world. The air was still. The earth was frozen just enough to travel on with ease. Ah, yes, we were giving a hunt breakfast this morning, and Madame Farleigh was to announce her daughter's wedding in a week to Bois Hugo Bolinvar. This was the morning of the Christmas hunt.

I dressed with care. I wanted to start, at least, right to the last button, for Jersey's fame in foreign parts. If I came home in muddy rags, no matter. I found the Virginia Bolinvar turned out on the same theory. Hovon was with him. They were both in scarlet, Hovon with canary collar.

A third man was present—Colonel Morgan. He put one arm around me and the other arm around Hugo. "Let an old schoolfellow of both your fathers give you his blessing and his congratulations on this Christmas Day," he said. "For yourselves, I don't know which of you is more dear to me."

Before nine o'clock the hall and the dining room of the big house were thronged, and the grounds were filled with coaches, gigs and saddled horses. The driveways rang with hoofbeats, the rooms rang with laughter. Glasses clinked. Toasts and greetings flowed on every side. All the people Hugo had interviewed yesterday were present, with all the mutual friends they had been able to annex in the interval. Madame Farleigh and Nellie were dressed for riding. They and the Bedloe party were going to honor us with their presence in the field. Morgan was telling us about the mare he was riding today. She was a new hunter, lately brought up from Tennessee. Her name was Copper Queen.

Colfax and Bedloe, carrying their goblets, were edging their way through the merrymakers to a window which overlooked the park. Something outside had attracted their notice.

"Hey, boys," the doctor hailed, "that's my Jed comin', ridin' as if he thinks he's a Bolinvar himself. We'd better head fur outdoors and meet him."

We followed the doctor outside. The youthful Negro was tearing toward the house.

"Hi, Jed! Here I am!" the doctor shouted. The boy rushed to the front steps. "Somebody dyin'?" Colfax inquired. "Betsy and the chaise are round by the stable. Run fetch 'em."

"Marse doctah! Hit ain't folks dyin', hit's Prince, an' he's dun daid a'ready! De Debbel Fox jest kilt him, an' Sukey, she tole me to run fo' yo'."

While the boy was still pouring out his message, Hugo was in action. He darted into the hall, where Mr. Brann was standing, and said to that surprised gentleman, "We are going after the Colfax Fox. You are appointed deputy host until we return." He stopped one instant beside Nellie. "You heard what I said to Mr. Brann—expect us back when you see us. Good-by." He rejoined me. "Round up the fox hunters, Dev. Collect those who really amount to something to ride, and tell them what's up. I'll have the hounds and horses here by the time you've done it."

I found Hovon and Morgan and a couple of other veterans. Bedloe came with two or three. We gathered at the front steps, in the frosty radiance of the morning. It was ten o'clock. Bedloe mounted the horse he had ridden from his house. Morgan got his mare, the yellow roan from Tennessee.

A rushing cavalcade was on the driveway, coming from the stables. Hugo and Adonis, four huntsmen with some led horses and a pack of hounds were galloping up. Hugo rode Tirade and led Agrippa. Adonis rode a bay that was a favorite with him and led Rupert. We sprang on and sent the horses into the gallop again from the half halt.

Hovon slapped Agrippa's crest. "Good horse," he said enthusiastically. "Do you remember me, sir?" Agrippa did. He cocked his ears in answer to the hand and the voice even while he was striking his stride.

Out on the highway, we made the most of "hunting pace." We went to the doctor's house in a thunder of hoofs, the hounds at speed to keep with us.

Sculpture

By Virginia Scott Miner

"No marble? Not one piece of bronze?
No anything in all these years?
You have betrayed your talent!"—so he wrote.

At times she wondered. Here at home
Were some few things she'd done.
This fountain group, perhaps, one day—
But talent was the very term,
The syllables exact, *mot juste.*

Outside, snow-suited, one at play;
A second gone to school; and here—
Two months from birth—the littlest.

She glanced upon the letter in her lap,
She looked outdoors at rounded cheeks,
At sturdy breadth and prideful length,
Then murmured laughing, "What a word!
Why, I have *genius,* sir!"

Sukey met us, agitated and calling upon us and high heaven with flattering impartiality. The mangled carcass of the shepherd dog was mute testimony to the truth of her story.

"Ah was right hyar in de kitchen do', jest comin' out to gib de peelin's to de pig, an' de Lawd dun show me de Ole Evil One, shaped jest like a big, big fox, an' po' Prince runnin' to git home afore him. But hit wa'n't no use, he got kotched, an' Ah shut de do' an' hollered."

"Did you see where it went after it killed the dog?" we asked.

"No, sah. Ah didn't feel no call to look, sah. Ah jest hopin' dat hit didn't kotch sight ob me an' bust right in de kitchen windah."

Casting for a trail, we started from the body of Prince. Sukey had a hit-and-miss idea of the direction from which Prince had come in his flight for refuge, and along that line we sent the hounds.

Three of the Trojans were here: Trailmaster, Tireless and Truthful. An even dozen of the black hounds were filing past me: Lead and Laura, and their sons Faust and Fatal, and Ranger IV and Basso and Stickler and Old Fire and Water. One more hound went with them, little pedigreeless Joseph in his coat of many colors. Trailmaster knew the scent; his hair bristled when he found it. Lead poked through the frozen grass, snuffing vigorously, his long ears flopping forward in massy folds. He glanced at Hugo to be positive that he was acting under orders, then he sent his divine roar resounding across the Virginia hunting fields. The others followed him. The solo swelled into a chorus. The black hounds were on the line.

From the minute we struck this trail we were resolved not to leave it or to be shaken from it until we came to the end of it and closed with the maker of it—somewhere—sometime.

During the next half hour, in disorderly snatches of conversation, we gave Hovon an account of the Colfax Fox.

He, totally unbelieving, shouted with laughter. "If you'd told me this last night, after all those wassails, I'd understand," he jeered. We expected badinage from Hovon, and we patiently made the best of it for miles while we got it.

All the while, our course was north of east. Counting the huntsmen, there were twelve riders at the start, all picked horsemen. From the beginning Hugo and I nursed our horses, riding them with all the skill we had, saving them, conserving their nerve force. We plodded north by northeast. At times the hounds were very slow, although the scent seemed strong. Once they did a good deal of tacking, apparently dissatisfied with the turnings of the trail. We were close to them and we rode up to encourage them; but they were satisfied before we reached them, and went on. Hugo and I recalled the trails laid over trails the night we had run the Colfax Fox in November. We wondered whether this time the hounds had correctly unraveled a similar booby trap. They gave tongue confidently. The course looked right.

The fact that they were running it steadily after miles proved that they had found the true line at the check. The sun climbed the sky. Noon came and went. We rode through a terrain strange to me and no longer familiar in every yard to the Virginians. We were beyond the boundaries of the home hunts. A river glistened across our course. We had reached the Potomac.

The hounds were swimming, streaming before us. While we watched from the shore, Lead and a few others clambered up the farther bank and began to cast for trail. We waited, absorbed in their quest. Lead's incomparable voice recrossed the river to us—he had it. The hounds went on.

"At my time of life, I can treat my bones better than by immersing them in that December river," Bedloe announced. "Good luck to you, and good-by!"

Both of the sportsmen who had joined our regular party returned with Bedloe and one of our huntsmen, whose horse was tiring, went home with them. In the river another huntsman had trouble with his hunter and had to turn back. The two remaining huntsmen, Adonis and the gentlemen of the hunt—Morgan, Hovon, Hugo and I—rode out of the Potomac into Maryland.

The Colfax Fox must have been not far ahead of us. He had laid a shifty trail in our own hunting country, calculated to lose us—and he had not lost us. He had resorted to a wide river, believing that his enemies the hounds could not, or would not, follow him. When we were landing, he must have been where he could hear the swelling baying of the black hounds, telling him that they were coming on.

Within a mile from the river, the style of the hunt changed. The pace increased and increased. The Colfax Fox was trying to outfoot the hounds, to leave them by his speed. It suited the hounds. They had speed themselves. They drove on, and drove on.

Hovon stopped chaffing us. He was beginning to realize that whatever our quarry was, it was something out of the ordinary. He was riding King Agrippa carefully to conserve his power—the Duke of Hovon meant to go where the Bolinvars went. And the Bolinvars meant to follow as far as hounds could lead them.





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But both of the underhuntsmen quit. Later, the good bay Adonis rode struck the top bar of a rail fence and hurt his knee. Adonis pulled up and got off. Hugo rode over to him. They spoke together a moment, and Adonis regretfully handed Hugo his big circular horn. We left him standing beside the injured horse. Morgan and Hovon and Hugo and I went on.

The pace eased again. We were glad of it, for the sake of the horses—we had no idea how far they might have to go. The shadows tilted from the westward, and the sun lowered. We were riding away from the sunset into the northeast by east. Christmas Day was waning. From one hilltop, higher than most of its fellows, we could look across many miles of the rolling landscape. On our right we saw the smoke and the spires of a city in the distance.

Morgan's mare was near the end. She stumbled when she changed gaits. After we had passed out of sight of the far-off city, she stopped. She was done. Morgan dismounted. We all halted and joined him. The hounds were out of sight, ahead. Their blending voices came back to us in a chant worthy of any monastery's choir. They were driving on.

We inspected the horses and took stock of the situation. Hovon had nothing to say. He loosened Agrippa's girth, and while we held council he was walking the big bay gently in circles. He was thinking that Agrippa, with his own two hundred up, had the heavy end of the run. What he was thinking about the Colfax Fox he kept to himself.

Copper Queen looked ready to drop in her tracks. Hugo made a comprehensive gesture toward the five counties she had hunted in, and the gesture was a salute to Copper Queen.

"The next thing is to get home with her. You'd better find a tavern and lay over until tomorrow. Have you any money?"

We supplied the colonel, and he dolefully bade us farewell. The duke, Hugo and I remounted and sought the hounds.

They had gone on out of hearing, and twilight was upon us. Hugo and I rode side by side and continued our confab. The horses had had nothing to eat since the morning feeding. There was a first-class chance of being out until far into the night. We considered the advisability of halting at the first decent inn we could locate, baiting the horses and having a quick meal.

"We've lost the hounds anyhow," Hugo said philosophically. "We can get back with them as easily in forty minutes as in twenty. We might as well stop."

So we pulled into the tavern yard at a hamlet near our course and turned the horses over to the stablemen with promises of liberal reward for the best possible feeding and grooming in a short time. In the tavern we ate a meal to make an epicure shudder. We filled our flasks with whisky and our saddle wallets with sandwiches. For each of the horses we bought six quarts of oats packed in small sacks which could be attached to the saddles. The weight was insignificant, and we thought we might want to feed the hunters again before we had access to another tavern.

While the oat bags were being fastened on, Hugo said to the man, "Less than ten miles back, from a hilltop, we saw a large town in the southeast. Can you tell us what it was?"

The stableman pondered our position and the direction. "That'd be Baltimore."

The brief rest, the grain and the rubbing brought the horses out in fine fettle. They looked ready for anything as we mounted. The early-rising moon was flooding the dusk with eerie lights. The night would be ideal; it was a coon-hunting night, windless, cold and golden.

We soon met a farmer jogging along the road in a rumbling wagon. We stopped him and asked if he could give us tidings of our hounds.

"Was they yourn?" he queried, with interest. "I seen them, a while ago, runnin' that way." He pointed to the northeast.

We thanked him and pressed to the northeast. We made good time at a steady pace. But in an hour we had heard no backfloating notes from the music we knew the black hounds were pouring around their passage if all was well. Another half hour, and still the night was silent, giving back only the ringing hoofs of the horses. We were growing anxious. As Hugo had remarked, great Lead could cast his *bel canto* halfway across a shire. Where was he?

We found out. We rode so abruptly out of a thicket-fringed pasture to the shore of a broad and shining water that the horses shied at sight of it, almost marching headlong into it before we saw it. We stopped.

It was a large river, darkling in the shadows, blazing in the moonbeams. We sat on the horses and listened. Only the rippling of the water, the murmuring of the night wind. Had the hunt come this way? Had the Colfax Fox crossed this shining flood? Had our hounds crossed too?

After a short pause Hugo raised the horn and blew a signal on it, following it immediately with a call, "Lead! Lead! Lead!"

Far down the river a glorious hound voice replied. Lead had heard the horn and recognized it and answered it. We turned downstream and rode as rapidly as we could toward the point which we judged to be about opposite the place from which Lead had spoken to us. We were close to the place when the silence was broken by a cry of discovery on the other shore. Immediately the rest of the hounds joined in. They were running due north, a variation in the course which we were quick to note.

We had no idea whether a bridge spanned this river within fifty miles. Nor had we any ideas about its identity. "By the looks of it, it might be the Mississippi," Hugo remarked. As a matter of fact, it was the Susquehanna. We had encountered it at an exceptionally wide section.

The horses were used to swimming, with or without riders. The night was cold, but not cruelly cold, and since we were constantly in motion, the sousing would not hurt us. So we swam the Susquehanna.

While we were in the river and when we first emerged, we could hear the baying hounds, going north. Presently the music stopped, a few minutes of silence, then a tentative cry, then the baying in full volume again, once more bearing into the northeast.

Putting together the details of the past two hours, we could reconstruct the developments of the hunt almost as accurately as if we had witnessed them. A bold beast and a worried one, the Colfax Fox had resorted to the wide waters a second time. He had entered the river and descended with the current for a mile or more before he came ashore, leaving the two ends of his trail separated by a stretch of river that ought to stop hounds then and there. But he did not know the ways of Lead and Laura and Old Fire and Water, the fleet and the stanch.

Having satisfied themselves that he had really gone over, they went over too. Not finding his trail where they landed, they had fallen into the silence which had fretted us. They hunted for the line, up the river probably as well as down. As they were hounds who had little to say except when they had something to say, we were not guided by their voices while this quest was in progress.

Evidently the Colfax Fox had in mind a particular route. He ran north upon his exit from the water until he was abreast this position, when he turned at an angle and resumed his northeasterly line. The hounds had overrun his line when he turned, caught themselves, interrupted their music, circled, picked him up on the northeasterly line, and were driving on.

We were headed into the northeast. Before us, the black hounds were on their way to Kingdom Come, singing the song of the trail. The horses pricked their ears and of their own volition regulated their speed to keep within earshot of the hounds, faster or slower as the hounds set the pace.

Between the setting of the moon and the rising of the sun, we rode in a half-light, tinted by the receding moonlight and the

pearly foreglow of the dawn. It was beautiful, but it was also a vexatious dimness that made it impossible for us to see what we were doing. So we chose this time to halt, to rest and feed the horses, and to eat our sandwiches. We thought that in this region of substantial farms and villages we should get news of the hounds at a barn or a crossroads tavern if they went beyond our hearing while we stopped.

We were careful of the horses. They needed now and then a pause, a meal and a drink, as we did ourselves. We loafed near them, drinking water and whisky and eating the bread and beef we had brought from the Maryland tavern. We felt sure that we must be in the state of Pennsylvania. We decided to ask the first people we saw to tell us where we were. We had had little chance to learn, for the Colfax Fox was of course laying a trail that avoided inhabited places. After a while, when the cry of the hounds began to grow faint, the horses fidgeted and we took the hint and saddled them and rode on.

We passed out of the populated agricultural region. In midforenoon we were having a hunt like a hunt in the Black Forest. Heavy timberlands were on all sides. When we got out of the timber, it was to face another river. It was by no means as large as the first one, and although its current was rapid in places, it was not very deep. We had reason to be thankful for these favors of fortune, for the banks of this river proved to be the scene of a booby trap as neat as any ever laid for hounds to unwind.

The hounds had crossed when we arrived. We saw them on the other bank diligently snuffing for the spot where the Colfax Fox had left the water. Since they were getting along nicely by themselves, we let the horses stand, resting, while we watched the hounds and awaited their report. They scouted up the river until they were out of view, then they came back and hunted down the river a long way. Then they began a system of wide casting inland from the bank, but in vain.

Although they did not need us, we decided to go to their assistance. We pulled up our girths and forded the river. We unsaddled the horses and turned them loose to browse on the frozen grass and have a roll if they wanted it while we explored the edge of the water for footprints or other telltale signs that might show where the fox had come out. We searched the riverbank thoroughly, and the hounds stuck to it patiently with their good noses, but we found no footprint and they found no scent.

"Let's cross the river again," I proposed, "and try on the original bank. If he applied his bright ideas between this bank and the end of the trail on that bank, the evidence must be either where the trail stops or in the water itself."

WE DID not know what we were going to do on the first bank of the river, but there being nothing whatever to be done where we were, we called the horses and assembled the hounds. The whole party reforded to the first shore.

"We might as well do this systematically," said Hugo. "Let us split the pack. I'll take one section and go up the bank for a mile, you and Hovon take the other part of the pack and follow the river down for a mile. When we think we have gone that distance, we will return to within a quarter mile of the trail we have, turn parallel to it and to each other, one pack on each side of it. He certainly did not turn around in the river, come out on the trail where he went in, and run on his back trail. If he had tried that, we should have met him. If he came out at a new point on this bank, we will catch it when we go up and down the bank. If he ran a little way on his back trail and jumped it, we will pick up his line when we cast back parallel to the trail."

It was a good program and we acted upon it. Hovon and I were turning, after a fruitless mile, to get back toward Hugo when we heard—blessed sound!—Lead's grand clarion. He had it. And then the horn calling, "Gone away!"

WE GALLOPED across at an angle, guided by the baying. We joined Hugo and threw in our pack with his, and the reunited pack went crying on the trail again. And we were going back to Virginia.

Hugo gave us a hasty account of the trail finding.

"I have not figured out exactly the moves the fox made," he said. "Offhand, it looks rather as though he had the gift of making himself double when he wished. The hounds struck a second trail, like the first one going into the river, a half mile upstream."

I studied this as we rode. Presently, I said, "How is this for what he did? When he reached the river, he swam or trotted upstream in the water until he reached a point he considered a safe distance from his original line. Then he came out of the river on the same bank he had left. The trail you found is his place of exit. If his trick had worked, all he had to do was to return to Colfax's back fields, leaving the hounds to hunt for his trail on the north bank of this river, where they would naturally suppose it to be. The one he is laying now would soon be too cold to follow—if the hounds found it."

"That sounds right, Dev," Hugo agreed.

"I have great respect for a brute that can devise such a scheme," Hovon remarked. "The Colfax Fox must be an intellectual animal."

"If he is a wolf, he is," I replied. "A fox is shrewd, but let me tell you, Basil, one of the big wolves is shrewder."

We and the hounds had gone some five or six miles toward Virginia when all at once the course changed. The hounds began to bear to the left, swinging in a semicircle. For minutes together they continued this sweeping curve.

We were going almost due east, and going fast. The hounds sang enthusiastically as they drove on. It was not long before we re-entered country we recognized as that through which we had passed when approaching the river, and presently we rode down its bank for the second time, virtually to the same spot where we had first forded.

We checked, jumped off and stood beside the horses silently speculating what the Colfax Fox had done to us this time. The hounds did not hesitate, but plunged into the river and swam over. Upon landing, the hounds found a trail where positively no trail had been on the previous occasion. Their matched chimes rang back to us. They vanished, driving on.

We forded the river for the third time and settled down in the wake of the hound cry. As we rode, we grappled with the tactics. We concluded that this was what had happened:

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Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

Lovely... gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! "You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too," she confides, "with your very *first* cake of Camay."

Tests by doctors prove—Mild Camay cleanses without irritation

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for *your* skin—with just one cake of Camay! Simply give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier! *"Camay is really mild,"* confirmed the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."*

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight and watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just *one cake* of Camay!

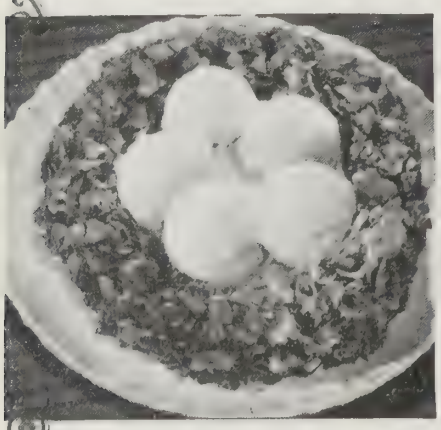




Cherish Camay—use the last sliver! Precious war materials go into soap.

New Orleans Molasses Crispet

DELICIOUS! RICH IN IRON!



OWES ITS ENTICING FLAVOR TO BRER RABBIT GREEN LABEL MOLASSES

Everyone who tries this sensational new dessert raves about it! For just the right flavor, use Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses—rich with the luscious goodness of Louisiana sugar cane.

New Orleans Molasses Crispet

½ cup Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses*
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon butter or margarine
6 cups cornflakes

Boil molasses, sugar and salt to 250° F. or until mixture forms a firm ball in cold water. Add butter; pour over cornflakes. Toss lightly with fork. Arrange in buttered ring mould; *do not pack firmly*. Cool. Unmould on serving dish. Fill center with vanilla ice cream, over which pour Molasses Fruit Sauce, made by mixing 2 tablespoons Brer Rabbit *Gold Label* Molasses and ¼ cup orange juice with 1 cup currant jelly. 6 to 8 servings.

*For a rich molasses flavor, use **Green Label** Brer Rabbit. It's a full flavored, dark molasses recommended for cooking.



*For a milder flavor, use **Gold Label** Brer Rabbit—the highest quality, fancy, light molasses—sweet and mild.

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The Colfax Fox, confident that he had shaken off the hounds and tiring, perhaps, had been making his way south at his leisure toward his Virginian haunts when he was startled to discover the hounds coming on his trail. So he had resumed his abandoned route of flight. To this end, he circled in a large loop back onto his first trail, joining it near the river, where he crossed, heading again on his northeast course.

"Wolf or fox," Hovon said, "with a lead not more than we think he had when he came from the water on this bank, he needs his time. I don't know as much about wolves as you two do, but I should think that these hounds will run three miles while a wolf runs two."

"Just about," Hugo told him.

"He'll concoct something to delay them a few minutes here and there," I said, "so he can gain on them again."

But the faithful ground trailers were having a good time in their own way. The music of their attuned voices poured forth steadily. The country in which we followed them was uninhabited. It was a hunt in the Black Forest sort of country again. We saw numerous clearings and slashes. But we met no person and we passed no lived-in house.

The afternoon was fading into its last hours. If we wanted to find a place where we could bait the horses and get even a makeshift meal for ourselves, we had to be about it—another night was on its way. Lest we lose the hounds, we decided that Hovon and I should cling to their northeasterly route while Hugo made a detour in search of a settlement. He was to signal us with the horn when he was ready to rejoin us with news of any discovery he had made.

We plodded on for nearly an hour before we heard the horn. It was ahead of us. We hailed him and heard his answer—not the ordinary horn music of the chase. He was playing Old Virginny Never Tire. He kept on playing until we came to him.

"There is no one in this whole region," he announced. "You are the first human beings I have seen since I left you. But I had Tirade wait while I climbed a small peak, from which I looked over the land ahead. The country seems fairly open and ——" With laughter in his eyes he raised the horn and changed his tune to "There's one more river to cross."

It was sunset when we reached that river. The country was, however, even more open than it had appeared to our scout. The traveling was poky, but not bad. Neither was the river bad. It was smaller than the one we had almost made a habit of fording earlier in the afternoon, and as it flowed south we presumed it was a tributary of that river.

This time, profiting by sad experience, the hounds had stopped to explore the near bank before crossing, a sensible precaution. We counted them. Not one hound was missing. They forded the river, satisfied that the Colfax Fox had forded it before them. They found his line.

WE FOLLOWED them. The district on this side of the river was inhabited, as we saw soon after we mounted. We passed furnaces where local mineral deposits were mined. We also passed boarded-up lumbering shanties. These buildings presently were replaced by arable land and farms, but on most of them houses and barns were built of crude logs, and were poverty-stricken in aspect.

"Not a very prosperous community through here," Hovon commented.

"Nevertheless, we would be wise to halt," Hugo counseled. "We ought to provide for the horses, and it will soon be dark."

Realizing the good sense in this advice, we turned in at the least objectionable farm in sight. After an undue amount of dickering, we obtained hay and grain for the hunters and engaged a couple of boys to rub down Agrippa and Rupert. Tirade was decidedly more fastidious, and would not have the boys near her. Hugo attended to her himself and I helped him while Basil wrangled with the woman in the house about preparing some supper for us. Perceiving that her dialect was too much for her, Hugo and I added our efforts to his. Among us, we persuaded her to boil some milk and give it to us hot, and to furnish a meal of corn bread and bacon. We were rather more than an hour there, for we felt obliged to let the horses eat some hay in peace.

We finally got back to the sweet cleanness of the woods and the creek bottoms.

The horses stepped along willingly. The quietude of the lonely land was majestic under the rising moon. Far, far borne upon it, we heard the cadence of our deep-mouthed hounds. Their baying led us on across the intervening miles. They were more dogged than swift tonight. Whether the scent was less good, whether the fox had succeeded in throwing enough obstacles in their way to retard their progress, or whether they had merely settled down to an unhurried driving of him until they drove him to doom, we could not know. But gradually we drew nearer to them, and we did not press the horses.

At ten o'clock, the chorus of the black hounds was so much closer that we could distinguish the individual voices. There was

Loving a Little Boy

By Eleanor A. Chaffee

Loving a little boy is a quicksilver thing.
He will escape the circling of an arm,
Resent the smoothing of his hair's dark wing,
Scorn a suggestion he might come to harm.
But there is a time of day, or perhaps of night,
When, weary of play, reluctant yet to go
Stairward, the lanterns in his eyes less bright,
He may pause with a nonchalant step and slow
Beside his mother's chair, or rest awhile
Against her knee, without the airs he wore,
But baby-soft and with the secret smile
Of one who deals with fairies and their lore.
This is the moment, burning like an ember
That she will never forget, or he remember.

Laura. There was Lead. There were the royal young voices of Faust and Fatal and Ranger IV. There was Old Fire and Water, with his heavy bass. Every hound voice we knew, every voice spoke to us.

Toward midnight, a panther screamed wildly in answer to the baying of the hounds. But they altered not a note for his noise, and we did not heed him. We were not hunting panthers.

After this, the country became more rugged and more difficult. We were in wooded country that added the darkness of forest to the darkness of the failing moonlight. We were forced to lead the horses, for we could see only a few yards around us. We were tripped by roots and we stumbled over rocks. At intervals, Hugo communicated with the hounds by horn. All our animals were trained to the horn and understood it well. From time to time, Hugo sent a few bars of the old English calls, assuring the hounds that where they went we followed.

"I'm certain," Hovon remarked, "that my British mind never properly grasped the dimensions of North America. How spacious it is! Are we still in Pennsylvania?"

We could not tell him. We had no idea where we were.

For about one hour, I think I was never abroad in a darker night. It was all but pitch-black. In the midst of this Stygian adventure, we fell in with and nearly fell into an exceptionally impenetrable belt, or band, of something close to the horses' feet and also out in front of our faces. Naturally, we stopped. We heard the lapping of water.

"My word, it's another river!" Hugo's voice came gently from the dark.

In such a predawn winter hour, the ceremony of entering a strange river the size of which we could not discern ought to have been accompanied by a few reflections on whether we did or did not expect to get out alive. But we were too preoccupied with the future of the Colfax Fox to worry about our own. The fox had crossed. The hounds had crossed. We intended to cross.

THE cold was the worst of it. I shall maintain to my dying day that no worse circumstances for going in swimming can be imagined. The flow of the current and the cry of the hounds gave us our bearings. We got ashore after a fairly brisk engagement with a network of bushes on the bank.

It was not cold enough to freeze our clothes, but it was cold enough to freeze us, our very blood in our veins, unless we did something about it. We started on at a sharp trot, leading the horses. It was a pretty good-sized river, at that. We left it to roll along in the darkness while we got ourselves and the horses thawed with active exercise, and partly dried. But it was not de-luxe fox hunting. It was not.

At any rate, the going was fine. The country was open and outspreading. We fancied that, could we but see it, a grassland galloping country equal to our Virginia hunting fields surrounded us.

A break in the night dark foretold the approach of morning—the second morning since we had left Virginia. A fresh breeze was sweeping the clouds away and dawn was not far off.

"Unless I am mistaken," Hugo said, studying the sky, "there has been a change in the course since midnight. The last time I saw the stars, we were still heading into the northeast. If that is a morning streak on the eastern horizon, we must be going straight into the east now."

Basil and I looked also. Directly in front of us, a moving spear of silver in the clouds announced a sunrise there, by and by. If we were not to be balked after following our hounds so far, we had need of daylight. For suddenly the going became very difficult, and, a few minutes afterward, impossible. For the first time since we had struck the trail of the Colfax Fox we encountered geographical conditions which brought us to a total standstill. We had got into a place that made the rugged wilds of Pennsylvania seem like a happy hunting ground.

A little way ahead, the hound cry was reverberating in a medley of glens that replied to the baying with ten echoes to the note. There were thousands of trees, if not millions. There were thickets like the thickets in Central American jungles. Not only could the horses not penetrate them; it was miraculous that the hounds had. There were rocks of all sizes. Between and on all sides of the rocks was such a labyrinth of holes as Theseus never saw. We halted. For a short time we were motionless, not daring to start the horses in any direction.

Rupert felt his way inch by inch along a rock ledge that towered over his head and mine; my stirrup clanked as it grazed the granite. I did not interfere with him. I was obsessed by an impulse to put my hand to my head, to push my thoughts back to sanity. But the idea was real and it stayed. I knew where we were. No night was so dark that I did not know when I stood upon the sides of Sor'land.

I extended my hand, groped for the rock, ran my fingers along it. I smiled. I knew that rock too.

"Hugo! Basil! Turn your horses carefully and follow me."

(Continued on Page 50)

Help Fight Infantile Paralysis, January 14-31

Recipe



Armour's Star Pork Sausage with Sweet Potatoes

To serve 4, cook 4 medium-sized sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender. Peel and cut in halves. Cook 2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tbsps. corn syrup and 2 tbsps. water until thick. Cook sweet potatoes in syrup until glazed. Place Armour's Star Pork Sausage in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly for 12 to 14 minutes, turning once or twice, and pouring off fat as it accumulates. Serve with this cranberry orange sauce: Grate rind from 1 large orange. Trim off white membrane. Put orange rind, pulp and 1 lb. cranberries through food chopper. Add 1 to 1¼ cups sugar. Do not cook this relish.

Armour's Star on this pure pork sausage promises real, old-fashioned flavor!

Remember the taste of flavory, savory fresh pork sausage made right on the farm where you ate it?

This is the taste you get in Armour's Star pure Pork Sausage. It's made *fresh daily* and rushed to your market from the Armour Sausage Kitchen nearest to you.

And this sausage is made of choice cuts of pork, carefully selected for flavor and tenderness—then blended with the best imported spices. No wonder Armour's Star Pork Sausage is such a flavor favorite!

So buy the best—buy Armour's Star Pork Sausage. Be sure to save the recipes given here for two especially good, new meals. You'll want to use them over and over!

Armour's Star Pork Sausage and Apple Patties

1 lb. Armour's Star Cello Roll Pork Sausage
1 cup dry bread crumbs
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped apples
2 tbsps. brown sugar
3 apples cut in half crosswise
6 tbsps. brown sugar

Combine Armour's Star Pork Sausage, crumbs, celery, chopped apples and 2 tbsps. brown sugar and form into patties. Core 3 apples and slice in half. Place apples in baking dish with sausage patties and sprinkle with 6 tbsps. brown sugar. Cover and bake 30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Remove apples and continue baking sausage uncovered for 10 minutes, or until nicely browned. To serve, place patties on top of apple halves, arrange on platter and garnish with parsley. 6 servings.





1 Pound Box of Links *1 Pound Cello Roll*

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Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time

ARMOUR and Company

Social Aspects of Business

It is misleading to envisage a great enterprise as a private institution.

A corporation, owned by tens of thousands of stockholders, is private only in a very special and technical legal sense.



Take Armour and Company, for example; during the fiscal year 1943, it redistributed more than twelve times as much of its total receipts from its customers, to government in taxes, and to labor in wages and salaries, as it accumulated in net earnings for its stockholders.

Far from representing a special interest, business constitutes the services of supply of the American people in war and in peace.

Business is the mechanism through which breadwinners earn their living by making and exchanging goods.

Prosperity, resulting from a balanced economy, yields a high level of employment and a plateau of material wellbeing for 35 million American families.

Business provides, in time of peace, the material foundations for fulfilling the human hope for rising living standards.

Gracious living persists the year round. Armour and Company has seen to that through applying refrigeration in the handling and transportation of fresh meats. This method changed the eating habits of the whole nation by supplementing the ordinary summer diet of cured meats with fresh meats.



For exceedingly small rewards (in 1943, 1c on each dollar of sales or 1/6 of a cent per pound of product) Armour serves not only one seventh of the nation's consumers with a dependable supply of quality products made available in the principal retail markets at decreasing cost, but it also provides a way of life for many families on the farms and in the cities. Armour constitutes a daily cash market on which the nation's livestock producers can sell a substantial part of the meat animals they produce. Armour also makes available jobs, at going rates of pay as steady as can be found in any fundamental industry, for many thousands of men and women.

And in addition to performing this important task, the modern corporation takes on additional functions.

For example, it acts as tax collector for government—national, state and local.

By way of illustration, Armour and Company in 1943 received from its customers in the selling prices of its products the sum of $33,252,020 which the company redistributed in taxes to help defray the cost of the war and the regular running expenses of government.

G. A. Eastwood

President, Armour and Company

Seventh of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Why Tea Leaves are tops on my reading list

MISS LIL AND MISS TIL PLOT A BRIGHT FUTURE



1. I was on my way home, carrying the precious new sheets and pillow cases I'd just bought, when I bumped into Miss Lil and Miss Til in front of their house. I was sort of tired, so I was delighted when they asked me in.



2. "Two new sheets and pillow cases," I said, as I put my bundle down tenderly. "Brand-new, and spanking white. I know I'll have to keep bluing 'em to make that fresh white look stay with 'em—but just the *thought* of an extra bluing job wears me out."



3. Those two old smarties acted as if they hadn't heard me, till we'd finished our tea. Then Miss Til took my cup and peered into it. "It says here," she said, "there's something with the initials L.F. that means you don't have to bother with a separate bluing job."



4. She looked up and twinkled at me. "It's La France, duckie," she said. "It *blues right in the suds*—and out comes your wash, gleaming white."

It works almost like magic! I dissolve La France bluing flakes in my ordinary suds—and I have snowy white washes in jig time, with no bluing streaks or spots to spoil them. (No extra bluing jobs, either!) Why don't *you* get lucky, too—with La France!

La France

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La France
BLUES IN THE SUDS

For whiter, brighter washes
—blues right in the suds

TUNE IN: New, comedy-mystery thriller —"Two On a Clue," every day, Monday through Friday, C.B.S.

(Continued from Page 48)

I backed Rupert cautiously away from the pitfalls while I was speaking. For some ten minutes it was rather less than easy to act upon my instructions—to follow a conductor they could not see over a terrain they could not make out. But we kept together somehow and I led them slowly forward. Then it grew lighter all at once. The very heavy, low-scudding clouds made it seem more nightlike than it really was. They began to break up, and as they did so the grayness of dawn appeared. Soon there was light enough for the others to see what must have looked to their unaccustomed eyes like an ultimate frontier of untamed nature. It showed me what I expected to see—an obscure, crooked path disappearing into a confusion of bushes. But I knew that it did not end among the bushes. It went on, up, up, up—it pierced the wilderness of Sor'land to its heart on the inhospitable plateau.

Hovon ejaculated, "You came straight to this—er, road. How'd you do it?"

"Knew it was here."

"The deuce you did!" said Hugo.

I jumped off to lead Rupert. Seeing that we were going into a place that was no place to ride horses, Hugo and Hovon, too, dismounted.

"The hunters could carry us up," I said, "but we are apt to need their speed on the tableland. The hounds will go up faster than we do and will gain on us. We had better save the horses." As we breasted the breakneck ascent, I explained, "The river in the dark was the Delaware. The fine country which we compared with the Virginia hunting country is very similar to it; it is High Hunterdon. It is bounded on one side by this wilderness. It is my favorite hunting ground, the Mountain, Sorrel Land."

"It is a godsend that you know it," Hugo said, "for without a guide we should never be with the hounds at the kill."

"I have a theory about the Colfax Fox," I added. "Do you want it?"

They did.

"Hugo will recall a conversation in which I alluded to a story current in West Jersey about a race of fox-colored wolves, bigger and more savage than any other wolves, that were native to this wilderness years ago. They were supposed to be all gone. But I believe that there remains one Mountain-born survivor of that ancient breed, not seen here because he had strayed far from his birthplace. I think that when he found these hounds upon his trail, he turned homeward. And I believe that our hounds and the beast we have called the Colfax Fox are close to the trail's end, yonder on the lonesome upland where the fox was bred and has returned to die."

So did the hounds believe it. Their cry arose from the dark-gray, desolate Mountain to the somber, riven sky. Old Sor'land resounded with the triumph song.

To meet the hounds, we were going at an angle to the advance of the hunt, thrusting diagonally up, and up, and up the flanks of Sor'land. Toward the tableland where the Colfax Fox was spending the last of his speed, the last of his strength, to reach the rocky fastness which had sheltered him as a cub. I was all but Mountain born myself. I turned to our account hundreds of trips over this terrain.

We gained the top and mounted our horses. We rode in a strange and alien world. The solitude of the earth in its earliest days still kept the strongholds of the Sor'land. The sounds that broke the stillness then broke the stillness now. Not far ahead of us, the hounds were closing.

"We'll have to ask the horses to raise a gallop!" Hugo exclaimed. "Or we won't be in at the finish!"

"By Peter and Paul, I believe the horses will raise it," said Hovon. "What horses!"

They did raise it. They responded keenly when we asked for hunting pace. But hunting pace was not enough. We had to call on them for the full gallop. The duel to Kingdom Come between the hounds and the Colfax Fox was taking place, and we meant to see

WHY CAN'T YOU WRITE?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on homemaking, business, fashions, decorating, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

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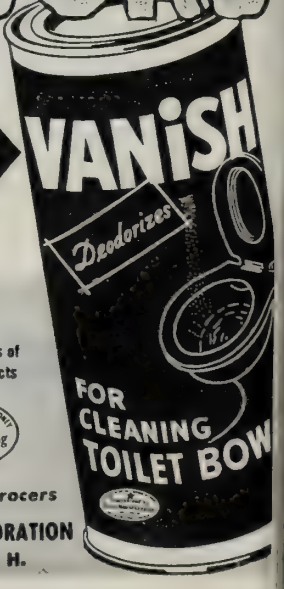
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it. A strident, savage snarling tore the daybreak bleakness, mingling with great Lead's heaven-filling cry, "Here he is! Here he is! We have him!"

Rupert was running like a stag. Over on my left, King Agrippa came as if those leagues on leagues of trail were a warming-up canter. On my right was Tirade. She raced like a wild thing straight for the battle.

Amid the black hounds and the raging Trojans a huge, gaunt beast was fighting. No wolf of a modern breed rivaled it in size. And it was strangely foxlike in build, as well as in color. It was the yellowy red of the fox, shaded and marked like the fox coat, with the sorrel of the Mountain bred into its hair. One good look we had at its fearful visage as it looked in life, with its blazing red-and-yellow eyes. No wonder the doctor's watchdog had scuttled from its menace! No wonder it had brazenly taken a baby from its mother! Wonder, rather, that it had not taken the woman too.

We sprang from the horses. Not that the hounds needed our encouragement. They knew why they had made four states their hunting field; why they had swum the wide rivers; why they had hunted him, by day and by night, unrestingly, across unreckoned miles. The hounds needed no urging.

Hugo had dropped Tirade's rein. The other horses stood, trembling and tossing their heads, on the outskirts of the fray, but not Tirade. Tirade went to the war. The hounds accepted her as an ally. They opened their ranks for her.

How many have seen a mare or a stallion go into battle? How few realize that such a horse, in full action, and especially if steel-shod as Tirade was, is one of the most dangerous of fighting animals. She seized the red wolf. She shook it. She gave her head and her long muscular neck a twisting flap—and hurled the wolf some ten feet into the air, straight up. The form of the wolf sprawled darkly against the darkly turbid sky, then it fell. The mare lashed out with her front feet. She hit the descending carcass with the lightning's stroke, and the lightning's sureness. But we thought she gave the wolf its deathblow when she threw it upward—it was then she snapped its neck. The mare and the hounds clustered around it. The Colfax Fox lay dead upon the moor in Sor'land. One of the Mountain's own was back home.

Maggie's baby was avenged. The ghosts of the two hounds that lay in a grave in a hollow in Loudoun were at rest. And the doctor's collie rested too.

A melancholy little wind went wandering across the heath. It was a requiem. However fierce it is, however all that know it breathe freer as they watch its fall, Nature never loses one of her types unheeded, nor leaves it to lie unmourned. Listen and you will always hear the little keening wind—the wind that blew over Sor'land, through gray sky, dun heath and dull-black forest, the Colfax Fox's coronach.

We called the roll of the pack. They passed before me, answering Hugo's voice—every one. Trailmaster, Truthful, Tireless—the three Trojans were here. The black hounds passed by—Lead and Laura, and Fatal, and Faust, and Ranger IV, and Basso, and Clinker, and Stickler, and Shadow, and Speedwell, and Windhound, and Old Fire and Water. And one more hound went with them, now as then—little pedigreeless Joseph, in his coat of many colors.

"Where are we, Dev?" Hugo asked me then.

TO SLEEP SOUNDLY

Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones, and when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

—VICTOR HUGO:
Quoted in Digest and Review.

What to starch —and how to do it

Anyone who knows her way around the laundry knows that starching is what makes cottons and linens look spic and span—stay clean longer.

Here are some extra little tricks for successful starching.



1. Starch almost all cottons and linens—except things that should be soft, like baby clothes, undies, etc. *When you starch*—add SATINA to your starch. *It makes ironing easier!* Gives your things a glossy, even more dirt-resistant finish, eliminates sticking and pulling as you iron.



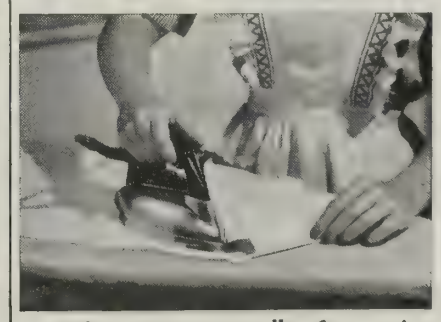
2. Make basic starch according to directions on package, and dissolve one section of Satina to each quart. (There are four sections to each cake of Satina.) Use mixture as is, for *thick* starch; add one to two parts lukewarm water for *medium;* three to four parts water for *thin* starch.



3. When to use thick, medium, or thin starch. *Thick starch*—only for fabrics like chintz. *Medium starch*—for shirts, sheer curtains, nurses' uniforms, slip covers, draperies. *Thin starch*—for blouses (cotton or linen), house dresses, aprons, children's clothes, collar and cuff sets.



4. Use starch hot—the hotter the better—because hot starch penetrates fabrics more thoroughly than cool. Starch clothes needing thick mixture first; then dilute thick mixture to get medium; then again for thin. Dip and squeeze garments in Satina-starch mixture several times.



5. Wring garments well, after you've given them a thorough bath in the Satina-starch mixture. Now your clothes are ready to dry. Iron while slightly damp. Notice how this modern trick in starching makes your iron glide over every piece without sticking. That's because there's Satina in your starch.



6. Satina makes irons glide over any starched surface. It smoo-ooths your whole ironing job... helps prevent snags, pulls, and tears. Use Satina in your starch to save clothes, to save yourself! Get Satina the very next time you buy laundry supplies. A whole month's supply costs only a few cents!

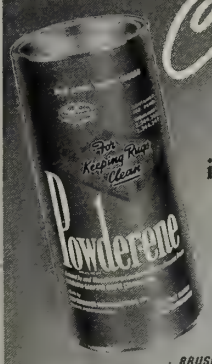
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GET THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER

My Bride Forever

BY JESSE STUART

My wife must have clean mountain blood in her.
She must have lungs and legs to climb the hill.
Her eyes must be as blue as April water
In sunlight in a flashing mountain rill.
My wife must have a brain to know the trees;
To know the changing seasons of the year.
My wife must see some things the poet sees
And love spring's ways enough to shed a tear.

She must be solid as the mountain cliff
And pretty as sweet Williams first in bloom.
And in her soul there must be fight enough
To fight with me from springtime to the tomb.
I've known some women in my wild-youth spring
I could not take to be my bride forever;
They loved not life, not work, not anything—
If nothing but two worlds of flesh we'd sever.

From Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

I looked sharply at our whereabouts. "Below us, in that direction"—I pointed—"is my home, the manor of Lowmont."

"Good heavens, Dev!" said the duke softly.

"Do you know how far it is from Virginia?" Hugo inquired. "All things considered, we have probably traveled more than two hundred miles. How long have we been out?"

The sky was beginning to show the flaming dyes of sunrise. Fire-colored fissures streamed through the breaking cloud banks. In ten minutes more the rising sun would fill the eastward firmaments with flamboyant beauty. It was the morning of the twenty-seventh of December.

"Ten o'clock on Christmas Day." I checked the hours. "We have been out approximately forty-five hours."

"The next thing is, how to get back? I have to be there for a wedding on January first."

"It can be done," I assured him. "We can go to my house, get hot baths and food, and sleep for twenty-four hours. Then we can drive to Philadelphia and catch a packet which will put us in Washington on the thirtieth of December. We can go out by coach, with relays of fours, and be there New Year's Eve. We can load the hounds in one of the covered Conestoga wagons I use for going to races. A boy can ride in the tail of the wagon, leading Tirade. Another of my boys can take Rupert and Agrippa behind the wagon, riding them alternately. The hunters and the hounds can rest a week or ten days before they make the journey south."

While Hugo was listening to me, he was quietly stepping aside for a few yards to recover Tirade, who was calming down and beginning to look like a tame animal again.

"Your plan is excellent, Dev," Hugo said, "but I want to make a few revisions. For weeks I have intended to give you Rupert for a Christmas present. Pray consider today the twenty-fifth of December and Rupert tied to a yule tree with your name on his headstall."

So when dark-bay Rupert went down to Lowmont, he was going home. Hugo gave me no chance to speak.

He turned to Hovon quickly. "Basil, I once refused to sell Agrippa to you, but he is your horse at last. Any fellow who can make a big blood 'un do what this horse has done, and bring him in from such a hunt as sound as he started on it, ought to have him. King Agrippa goes to England, not to Virginia."

Hovon fairly stuttered in his surprise and pleasure. "But—but—Hugo, I thought that—I understood—that you had a sentimental reason for keeping him, a sentiment about him?"

"I had. I have. But the one whose association with him endeared him to me wants to take Middy for her special riding horse. And more than anything I have a sentiment, Basil, about the friend who didn't wait to be sent for when he fancied that I might need him."

"I'll take care of him," Hovon promised. "You shall have him when you hunt at Hovon. And when he's past hunting he shall live in an English park as Midshipman lives in a Virginia park."

"There is something about the hounds," Hugo added. "Dev, you need a young stud dog to carry on the black breed. We've spoken of it from time to time. Which of the sons of Lead and Laura do you want—Faust or Fatal?"

I had not yet recovered from being given Rupert. I was even more incoherent than Hovon.

Hugo smiled. "Shall we toss a penny for it?" he suggested. "Heads, Faust—tails, Fatal. You toss, Basil."

Fatal stayed in Jersey to sire a long line of black, bell-voiced hounds.

"And, Joseph." Hugo was speaking to the little hound as if he were human. "To my mind, you are entitled to something yourself. Pedigree or no pedigree, I'm going to raise some of your stock. You've had your eye on Trackless for some time, sir. I know, I've seen you. Well, this settles it. You shall have Trackless when you get home. Trackless shall be your mate."

Joseph, little and multicolored, and sans paper history and honors, had won for his wife the great Trailmaster's best daughter, Trackless.

It would take a month of feeding and care before the hounds would be again the sleekly shining beauties they had been on the morning of Christmas Day. Now that they were at their trail's end and they were a spent bunch, there was not a paw among them that did not bleed. By the looks, we should just nicely get them down to Lowmont, where they could flop over and go to sleep in the thick straw of a sheep pen. They should sleep for a week and be interrupted only to have something more to eat, yawn, stretch and begin again.

The horses, too, were much thinner than they had been when they came out of their stalls for the Christmas hunt. They were not exhausted, they seemed able to continue for a long while had it been necessary; but they were wearing steel rags on their feet, and their hard fitness of two days ago had become a real leanness.

Ourselves, we were a sorry sight. We had been soaked, and frozen, and dried, and soaked again, and cut, and bruised, and battered beyond recording, not to speak of two sleepless nights and the semistarvation we had borne.

clattering of approaching hoofs caused
turn, and the horses to throw up their
s. A horseman was riding swiftly toward
knew that horse. Ash Drake was com-
ip, on the Rover. He stopped, and sat
e saddle staring blankly.
Good morning, Ash," I said cheerfully.
ne on over and meet my friends. My
n, Mr. Hugo Bolinvar, and His Grace
Duke of Hovon. Gentlemen, my good
d and right-hand man, Ashton Drake."
Vell—I'll—be—hornswoggled," said Ash
y. "Where in blazes did you come from?
did you come? How far have you
n?"
Roughly, two hundred miles—some of
very roughly," I said. "We came from
nia."
Hunting? Hunting what?"
he Colfax Fox," I said. I pointed to it.
en Ash recovered his senses. He looked,
vung off, he bent over it. "By the Al-
ty!" he whispered. "One of the old red
l! And the biggest specimen I ever saw.
Dev, what is this all about?"

We told him. "We want his entire head mounted," I concluded. "It was pledged to Doctor Colfax long ago."

We left the Colfax Fox. Nothing would molest the body in the short time before some of the men from Lowmont could bring it down.

We called the hounds and marshaled them around us. We mounted and rode slowly over the barrens of the Sor'land to the slash where Rag Avenue came out upon the plateau. From the high clearing we could look two ways into two worlds.

Behind us lay the Mountain. Before us spread the Vale, far and fair. The splendor of the morning rose upon it. It was fresh with Eden's freshness.

We started the horses. Pricking their ears as if they sniffed the welcoming stables below, or the Rover had informed them privately what cheer awaited them, they carried us downward, with the hounds around us, toward the golden light that shone on Lowmont.

(THE END)

BREAKFAST IN BED

(Continued from Page 37)

was dark under the trees, and a fog was
g in; it smelled of the sea. I could hear
ull humming sound made by the great
las plant, only three miles away. The
t lights were still hooded, but the long
outs were at an end. We weren't afraid,
nore, that we'd hear the banging of the
larms. Boys like Buzz had pushed the
y back, back across the Pacific. And
people like us, living in the combat zone
the California coast, could sleep at
in safety. No one bothered to draw
shades any more; you could walk along
uiet streets beneath the double rows of
ines, and see lamps glowing behind the
ows. I guessed mother was right: Buzz
all the flowers I could find.
e dogs were certain something special
up. They scratched and growled and
ed. And when the O'Briens' big red
, Pat, drifted by, Skip didn't challenge
It was more fun, I guess, to follow me
he house.
e radios were on again. The orchestra
laying The Surrey With the Fringe on
and Sarah, who is my talented sister,
lancing.
Watch me," she said. "Look! I'm on
oes!"
e careful or you'll have bunions," I
I dumped the flowers on the table and
gan to arrange them.
ah is seventeen. Sally is sixteen. And
fifteen. We aren't any of us very beauti-
ut I think we have charm. We're en-
astic and excitable and we know how to
Mother is the beauty of the family.
dy will believe she has six children.
e boys in the service. Billy, flying in
nd. Bruce, somewhere in Italy. And
radioman second class.
ly came in with a basketful of wood.
dear," she said, "the andirons need
ning."
uzz won't notice," Sarah said. "I'll bet
ouse will look wonderful to him. We'll
firelight and candlelight. And we'll put
e Rachmaninoff records while he's here.
nes he used to play so much. Remem-
ly went down on her knees and built a
of kindling. "I wonder if he's
ged," she said. "It sort of scares me.
he's been all over the world! He's not
any more."
e sounded just the same," I said.
put a great bunch of crimson glads on
ano, and yellow dahlias on the mantel.
drew the curtains and fluffed up the
s on the sofa. Suddenly the room
d warm and cozy and delightful.
hall we dress up?"
don't think there's time."
et's just fix our hair and put on some
lipstick."
e dogs followed us upstairs, their claws
ng on the wood.

"I think Skip knows Buzz is coming," Sally said.

We ran to our mirrors and brushed ourselves smooth. I have a room of my own; Sally and Sarah share the big front room that used to belong to the boys. And Buzz's room is down the hall, near mother's. We don't go in for frills, but we like solid comfort: chintzy chairs and plenty of lamps and bookshelves, with family photos in silver frames.

We're terrific for family. Oh, we criticize one another. But just let any outsider try it! We believe in standing together. Since my father died, mother has been Authority for the rest of us. But she calls a council whenever anything really serious happens. Such as the day Sarah decided she was going to be a ballerina like Markova. And the time Sally fell in love with a screen star who lived just around the corner. And Billy's craze for midget-auto races. Mother settled all those important troubles simply by bringing them up at a round-table discussion.

Of course, I have decided to be a writer. Unless I marry. Later. But there is plenty of time for worrying about life. Although, of course, I think about it a lot.

I think mother loves Buzz the best of all of us, perhaps because he was such a problem when he was young. To begin with, he had every one of the children's diseases, from mumps to scarlet fever. And he was always cutting himself on glass, and breaking his arms and legs, and falling off horses and doing crazy, wild, reckless things. The neighbors were always bringing him in covered with blood and saying, "Here's your son again. This time, he ran his motorcycle head-on into a stone wall." Things like that. I knew how mother felt when he enlisted. And how she must be feeling now. So I ran downstairs to the kitchen, to help.

She was standing in front of the refrigerator, looking doleful. She gave Skip a slice of pork. His jaws snapped on it and he sat back, bug-eyed, waiting for more. Bum never expects a handout, so he never gets one.

"For years," mother said, "I've been dreaming about Buzz's coming-home dinner. Turkey. And candied sweets. And a big, deep, sour-apple pie—with cinnamon. All the things he likes. And look!" She jerked open the refrigerator door again; the light flashed on, and even Skip was depressed. However, mother gave him another slice.

"We could make a salad," I said.

"We *could*." Mother's eyes shone again. She slammed the refrigerator door and whipped off her apron. "We'll wait until he gets here," she said. "He mustn't find us in the kitchen. I'm going to put on my cherry linen." At the foot of the stairs, she stopped and grabbed me and put her cheek against mine, hard. "Oh, Susan," she said, with a sort of funny squeak in *her* voice, too, "I'm

Dirtier clothes to wash now I'm on war work . . . but DUZ cleans 'em EASY!



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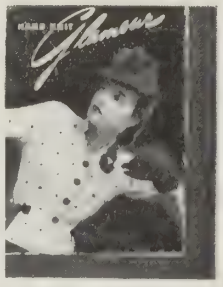


by Ann Bucilla

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• Make this cute little girl set—hat, suspenders, vest, bag—in pure wool felt. It's one of the new **BUCILLA** Peasantries—comes with all the makings complete in a kit. This is the "Lucky Leaf." Lots of other lovely designs too. Easy to make and costs much less than ready-made. Ask for **BUCILLA** Peasantries at your favorite needlework counter.



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• I can't part the youngsters from their beloved percale and polka dot "Hansel and Gretel." And it took me such a little time to make these safe, sanitary cuddle toys. All the necessary material for making this lovable pair comes in an attractive box that makes an ideal gift. I've bought a couple of boxes for mothers of my youngsters' playmates. At your favorite needlework counter for amazingly little.

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so happy! Buzz is the one I worry most about."

"I know."

I patted her back. She's smaller than I am, and weighs less than a hundred pounds. And it always scares me to death when she gets emotional, because as a rule she's as steady as a rock.

"You look awful when you cry," I said, making it sound gruff. "Remember how the English behave? Chins up!"

"Right," mother said, being very British and Mrs. Miniver.

She ran upstairs to change, and I went into the sitting room to light all the candles. The radio was playing an Eric Coates march. Sarah was being a whole parade, from the drum major to the straggling kids at the rear. Skip was barking and snapping affectionately at her legs. Bum was under the sofa, with his eyes showing and his nose very moist with excitement. Sally was blowing like mad on the fire and tossing pine cones into the flames to make them crackle.

Just then the front door opened and Aunt Blanche walked in. "*Well,*" she said, over the din, "what on earth is going on?" Aunt Blanche is father's sister. She is a terrific person. Very rich and important. She scares all of us because she is so superior.

"Buzz is coming," I explained. Sarah switched off Eric Coates, and everything dropped about three octaves. But I kept right on lighting candles.

Aunt Blanche was wearing her uniform—a perfectly cut suit with shoulders out of this world and all sorts of insignia gadgets on the sleeves, and service stripes and what-have-you. Her hair is gray. She wears it in a short upswept bob. Elegant as all get-out, but practical. She has swell ankles, and you never saw such shoes. *Boy!* She always makes me feel like the ad that shouldn't have "made" Vogue. Just wrong.

"Buzz?" she repeated. "When?"

So we told her that his ship was in port, "somewhere in California," and that he had shore liberty and was on his way, hitchhiking, and would arrive any minute. To spend a couple of hours. Then he'd have to hurry back.

Aunt Blanche did one of those sweeping looks around the room. Just then mother came down, wearing the new cherry linen, with a flower in her hair, and looking about twenty years old.

"Isn't it wonderful?" mother said. "Buzz is coming!"

Aunt Blanche drew her gloves across the palm of her hand, the way high-ranking officers do when they're on a tour of inspection. The whole gesture added up to disapproval. None of us missed it. Not even Skip, who retired under the sofa, shaking all over.

"I can't understand," Aunt Blanche said, "why you're all so gay."

"Shouldn't we be?" mother asked.

Aunt Blanche smiled and sat on the arm of a chair.

"The men who've been at the front can't understand the civilian attitude," she said. "I know. I talk to hundreds of them every day. They're not sorry for themselves. But they do feel that there's a wall between them and the people here at home."

MOTHER began to lose color. I can always tell when she's churning inside. She turns pale. And her eyes get dark and sort of still, like very deep water.

Aunt Blanche went on: "Life as usual is all very well in peacetime. It's—it's somehow *subversive*, nowadays."

"If you mean us ——" mother began.

"I do," Aunt Blanche said. She got up and smoothed down her skirt and gave her jacket an expert tug. "I mean you. You're living in a fool's paradise. The world isn't what it used to be: candlelight and music and flowers. We're living in grim times. I'd be ashamed, if I were you, to let my boys do all the fighting ——"

"I'm a nurses' aide," Sarah said suddenly.

"But you, Sally!" Aunt Blanche cried. "And *you*, Susan!"

Sally and I curled up, hot with shame. I could feel my petals withering.

"Sally and Susan are still in school," mother said. "They're going to stay in school. Until they graduate."

"Let's not quarrel," Aunt Blanche said. "I'm only warning you that Buzz may find you—well—disappointing." She looked around the room again. "All this will seem a little ridiculous, and old hat, and futile. After Tarawa. And Saipan."

She went toward the door. None of us could move a muscle to follow her. Only Skip, who came out from under the sofa, and did the honors, limping on one leg, the way he does when things aren't going well. Aunt Blanche looked down at him as if she wondered why he wasn't patrolling a beach or acting as mascot of a flying field.

"Good night," she said, at the door. "I'd wait to see Buzz, only I'm on duty from ten to twelve. Give him my love."

SKIP saw her out, then came back to sit shivering on the rug, making ox eyes and asking when things were going to get gay again. I went around the room blowing out the candles. Then, for a long time, we sat in silence. Deflated. Like four flat balloons. We couldn't remember what we had been so happy about, a few minutes ago. Everything looked dark and unnatural, somehow.

"I suppose she's right," mother said.

"But, mother," I burst out, "we gave *tons* of metal to the scrap drive! And we save fat, and paper. And we give servicemen lifts. And have them for dinner. And we write letters—hundreds of them—and we're careful of gas, and we buy bonds."

Mother shook her head. "But it's not Tarawa," she said, "or Saipan. It's home. It's what we like. And want."

"I guess Buzz will just find us ridiculous," Sally said. "We haven't even been bombed."

"That isn't *our* fault," I said. "We *could* have been. Anyhow, we didn't run away! And lots of people did, after Pearl Harbor."

Suddenly, mother looked her age, and it made me furious. Because I know how brave and fine she is. Sally was sitting on the hearth, her arms around her knees, her head down. And Sarah was just frozen with humiliation. Skip sat up and begged, but no one paid any attention to him. We were all thinking that perhaps we hadn't backed the boys up. Not really. Not until it hurt. Perhaps it wasn't enough to keep the home fires burning. Buzz would have met brave people. Heroic people. And here we'd be: safe and sound in our warm, comfortable house. Cowards. And it was too late, now, to do anything about it.

We heard a car door slam, and then someone running up the walk, and Buzz's old signal on the front doorbell: one—two—three . . . *four!*

"He hasn't forgotten," mother said.

She gripped the arms of her chair and sort of lifted herself up and went to meet him. Sally and Sarah and I stood where we were, solemn and stiff. We heard mother say, "Buzz," and her quick rush into his arms. Then they came to the sitting-room door, clinging to each other, and looked in at us.

Oh, but he was cute! Older. Thinner. But with that darling face of his. Some new doodads on the arm of his uniform. And the little round white cap on the back of his dark, curly head.

"Blow me down," he said, "if it isn't the three Graces." He stared at us a minute. "What's going on?" he said then. "What's wrong? Better tell me. Quick." We could see what was in his mind. Billy, in England. And Bruce, in Italy.

"It's not that," mother said quickly. "Thank God, so far they're all right."

"Then why the gloom? Gosh, I thought you'd be glad to see me!"

"We are," all of us said at once. We couldn't help kissing him. And, boy, did he feel warm and real and strong and alive! He grabbed each one of us, hard, and then all of us were crying as if our hearts would break, and Skip and Bum were lying upside down, having the shakes.

"This is a swell, gay home-coming," Buzz said, swallowing. "Here! Stop it! *All* of you!"

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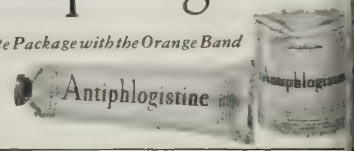
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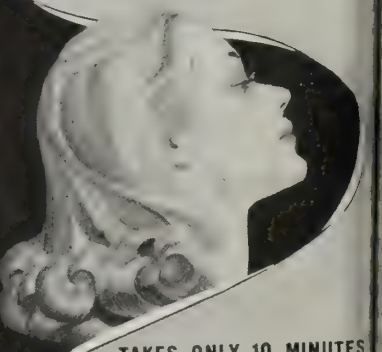


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MINIPOO DRY SHAMPOO

Mother was the first to get control. Buzz," she said, blowing her nose, "I hate o ask, but how long can you stay?"

He glanced down at his wrist. "Exactly ne hour and thirty-five minutes." He sat own on the floor and gave his face to Skip nd Bum to be licked. That's what I love bout Buzz. He's so darned generous.

We stood gazing at him, not knowing hat to say or do.

He sat up, after a while, his arms around he dogs, and laughed. The happiest laugh ou ever heard. "I can't believe I'm here," e said. "*Am* I? You wouldn't kid me, ould you?"

We shook our heads.

"What's the matter with you?" Buzz ried. He scrambled to his feet again and aced us, frowning. "You act like profes- ional mourners, or something." He broke ff suddenly. "Has it been a tough pull? s that it? Gosh, mother—your letters were o cheerful. I thought, of course, things were kay ——"

"Buzz," mother said quickly, "would ou hate us if I told you we haven't lacked or *anything?*"

"I don't get you," Buzz said.

Then mother explained. Quickly. The ay you confess. Not liking the sound of hat she said, but getting through with it:

"I'm not asking you to tell us what you've one or what you've seen—I know you're onor-bound not to. But that doesn't mean iat we don't feel compassion for what ou've suffered and pride in what you've ac- mplished. We're civilians, Buzz. We had stay here. We had to let you go and fight r us. And maybe die for us. It must be a ock to come home nd find people safe nd sound and busy, s if they didn't now—about you. me of them don't. ot yet. But a lot of em do. I wish you'd ll us what you ex- ct of us. I wish u'd say, frankly, w you'd like to end this hour and half. Because I n't know."

Buzz didn't answer r a minute. I saw iat the war had ne to him: there re deep lines across his forehead; his eyes re different—as if they'd seen too much r a kid. I knew like a flash that he'd never the same—not exactly the same—ever ain. And I wanted to cry, only I wouldn't.

"Listen, mother," he began, speaking wly and carefully. "When this thing rted, they had to tell us something. We d to know why we were fighting. It boiled wn to this." He looked around the room. Home. Ever since, we've thought about me. I don't know a guy who doesn't want come back. Some of them complain. Sure. e ones who get a furlough and find every- ng shot. Their wives on the loose. Their is neglected. I can only speak for myself. I have to fight for our way of living, I nt to be sure the thing I'm risking my k for will be here when it's all over." He t his arm through mother's. "Say! Who's en talking to you? Putting ideas in your ad?"

"Aunt Blanche," I said. "We were so ppy. And *she* came and called us spies."

"Subversive," Sally corrected me.

uzz roared. And all of a sudden our spir- began to fizz. Mother turned pink again, d Skip wagged like crazy.

"Look," Buzz said. "Tempus is fugiting all directions. If you don't mind, I'd like to talk about the war. Only this: we're ng to lick 'em—for keeps! *Now*"—he ared off, his dimples showing—"will you something for *me?* Will you let me have way? I don't want a big feed, or friends ming in, or a long monologue about my roism—if any! I want things to be ex- ly as they used to be. I want breakfast in l, like the time I had the measles."

"*Breakfast in bed?*"

"Look," he said. "I'm going upstairs and put on a pair of Christmas pajamas—the ones gran'ma sent four years ago. And I'm going to bed. I want service—and quick!"

"You'll get it," Sally said.

He tossed his cap onto the hall table and took the stairs two at a time.

"At-a-girls," Sarah cried.

AND we got busy. Mother flew to the kitchen. First I lighted all the candles again. Then I fixed a tray with the best—saved for the duration—tray cloth and napkin, the Spode, and a rose in a squat, safe little glass. The heavy spoons. The silver-topped marmalade jug. And the evening paper folded into a triangle. Mother made thin hot cakes and bacon and a big pot of coffee. She was positively starry-eyed with happiness.

"I'm so glad we didn't surrender," she said.

I knew what she was thinking: that we might have closed the house. We might have given up the little, important things, like the books and records and pictures. We might have had Skip and Bum "put to sleep," because it's so hard to feed dogs nowadays. We might have sold the boys' horses, instead of caring for them ourselves, over at the riding stable. And Buzz would have had to come back to find home scattered, or stored, or "postponed." It's true, the attic is empty: every spare piece of furniture and every available garment has gone to relief. And I guess Sally and Sarah and I have knitted or crocheted enough bootees and sweaters to supply a villageful of Greek babies. But we've hung on to what is our own—the things that mean a lot to us and won't help anyone else. And we've loved them. We've kept them shining and mended and whole. For us. Why not?

If you could have seen Buzz up there in his room, you'd agree we were giving him something in exchange for Tarawa. He was wearing the crazy silk pajamas and looking like the Buzz he used to be, not a line in his face and mischief in his eyes. Sally was playing the Rachmaninoff records on the portable phonograph. There's a kind of jazz rhythm in the beginning of the concerto, and Sarah was cutting rugs. The clock on the mantel said ten-forty-five. Not A.M.! P.M.! Can you beat it? And there was Sally with the tray and mother bringing the coffee, as if it were Sunday morning!

"Now," Buzz said, "talk! I want all the news. And *fast.*"

We told him about school. Sally's piano lessons. The Bowl concerts. Sarah's nursing course. And her study under Bolm. How we saw Stravinski, close up, one day. And the horses; Peter's brand-new gait: "He's turning into a pacer!"

"More!" Buzz cried, eating his fifth piece of toast. "More!"

So we told him about the books we'd been reading. And about Cousin Alicia's new baby. The one who was born with a front tooth already in. And we told him about the apricot tree in the back yard that bore so many apricots it died from overwork. And the O'Briens' midget car. And how Garbo walked past the house all alone, and said "Hello" in a deep bass voice to Skip. And about the writer woman down the street with twelve cats. And how the big old goldfish burst. We all talked at once.

Mother sat on the end of the bed, watching Buzz. She looked a little anxious, I thought. "This must sound awfully unimportant," she said at last.

Buzz shook his head. "Unimportant?" he said. And suddenly his dimples went out and the lines appeared in his forehead again. He stirred his coffee a minute, gravely. Then he

(Continued on Page 57)

If Your Copy is Late

Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy or order has left Philadelphia.

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"Keeps fresh longer!"



"MIX-EASY" RED DEVIL'S FOOD

Preparations:

Have shortening at room temperature. Grease 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan, line bottom with waxed paper, and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Be sure to use Swans Down; this recipe is *not* guaranteed to succeed with any other flour.

Measurements:

Measure into sifter:

- 1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (and be sure it's Swans Down)
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon soda
- 1¼ cups sugar

Measure into bowl:

- ½ cup vegetable shortening

Have ready:

- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut up and melted in ¾ cup hot water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, unbeaten

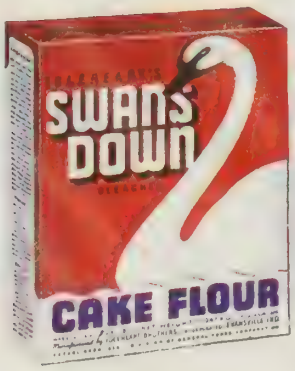
(*All measurements are level.*)

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or with electric mixer on low speed.) Stir or mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients; add ½ of chocolate mixture, the vanilla, and eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute*. Add remaining chocolate mixture, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only *actual* beating time. Or count beating strokes allowing at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking:

Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Cool and spread with your favorite white frosting. If desired, tint frosting green and flavor with peppermint.



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Bake a better cake with Swans Down

(Continued from Page 55)

said, "All of us here. And the music. And old Skip. The way we feel about each other. Bum's eyes, right now, looking at me ——" He broke off again, and laughed a little. Shy. And earnest. "Unimportant? Not on your life! I'm trying to say that war can't take away the everlasting things. It can blast the replaceable, material stuff. But this—the kind of fun we have together ——"

"I know," mother said very softly, "the deathless verities."

"Sure. The goldfish blows up. And Bum gets a canker in his ear. And Rachmaninoff plays like *that*." He stopped, and we all listened.

"Rachmaninoff's dead," Sally said.

"Is he? I didn't know."

"We heard him play. He missed a bar of his own concerto. But he was sick. Only nobody knew. It was wonderful, seeing him fight to remember—and to conquer. And everyone sat there shivering for his sake. Twenty thousand people."

"More coffee," mother said, filling his cup.

"Oh, boy, oh, boy," Buzz said. "This is great. This is tops. Someday ——"

"Someday," mother said, "you'll have a wife, and a home of your own, and children."

"Wish me luck," Buzz said. He glanced at the clock. "Beat it, you females. I've got to dress."

We left him alone and went downstairs. When he came, about three minutes later, he grabbed his cap off the hall table and kissed each one of us and roughhoused the dogs and went.

It was like *that*. Quick. We didn't have time to go to pieces. He wouldn't let us walk as far as the highway. He said a sailor alone stood a better chance of being picked up by a motorist than a sailor surrounded by pretty girls.

"Don't blow out the candles," mother said. "Let them burn out. Sally—stir up the fire, will you, darling? And turn on the radio."

She was carrying Buzz's breakfast tray. She went very slowly into the kitchen, and closed the door. After a while, we heard her washing the dishes.

WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER

(Continued from Page 39)

just *happen*. Anyway, I'll tell you how to get the best of that parsley. *Fry* it. It's never the same again. Fry it and drain it and put a little salt on it and while *it* may be furious because it can't limp all over the plate, *you'll* be quite happy about it. And that is what counts—or doesn't it? Or would you give up almost anything for a hunk of parsley? It's up to you. I have worked on this for years. I am all through.

SWEETBREAD-AND-MUSHROOM CROQUETTES

Get a fine pair of calf's sweetbreads, and don't let them put you off with anything different. Put them in cold water for half an hour, then drain them and set to cook in cold salted water. (Well, the water will get hot after a while, won't it, so why the giggles?) After they begin to cook, keep them doing so for about twenty minutes, and be careful not to overcook. And be sure not to *undercook*, but cook carefully just about twenty minutes *after* they begin to cook. Is that clear?

Second step ahead. Now take them off and plunge—and I mean plunge, and no nonsense about it—into a bowl of ice water. Of *course* the ice cubes will freeze again before he gets home on the 5:13. Don't be silly.) Let them (the sweetbreads *and* the ice cubes) stick around in the bowl for a good half hour. That's time enough to hear the news and try to remember who was Mark Antony's third wife on the crossword puzzle.

Take them out and drain and dry in a towel (clean one), then trim off every scrap of membrane, muscle and fat, and take off the *thin* membrane that clings closer than the petal to the bud.

Now you are all set. Chop the sweetbreads quite fine. (Be *sure* now, they've got to be cold and firm.) Maybe you better try out what is a limpet on your puzzle. That will give them an extra fifteen or twenty minutes of communion with the ice cubes. This is quite a receipt, isn't it?

Chop pretty fine and mix in 1½ cups of chopped, cooked mushrooms. Canned ones, fresh ones aren't about, do all right.

Proceed to make a thick cream sauce—one that can take it, as the boys say. Put in the double boiler 1½ cups of milk. (I call this cream, but don't mind me.) Blend nice and smooth 4 tablespoons of butter or margarine with 4 tablespoons of flour and add to the heating milk, gradually, gradually, stirring all the while. It's not lumps you'd be having, so help me!

Third position. Put the sweetbreads and mushrooms together with the cream sauce. And I forgot to say that before you put in the sweetbreads, etc., it would be well to beat the sauce to a little egg-beater technique. Smooths things out just wonderful. Season with a couple of tablespoons of grated onion, salt and pepper to taste. Leave out herbs out of this. Also carrots.

Stir a lightly beaten egg in now and cook a few minutes more, over water always. But stir. Oh, how you must stir. Now pour out into a shallow pan and chill in the refrigerator until firm.

Final step this side of eating. Shape the mixture into finger-size croquettes. (I wear a size seven, and this receipt should make 25 to 30 croquettes.) Dip in fine cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, again in crumbs and fry in deep fat or salad oil. Drain on paper. Serve hot. Garnish the plate with parsley! That's how it got there.

Better and better—maybe. Here is nothing less than our old friend of the wedding receptions and other glamorous functions—chicken salad. But wait. It has something new added. You'll never guess, so give it up and I'll tell you. It is curry. Seems as if everyone was putting curry into most everything nowadays, as if from India's coral strand the old condiment had just wound its way and was hot news. It is hot, all right. No question about that.

CURRIED CHICKEN SALAD

Have 2¾ quarts of diced chicken ready (the meat from 3 chickens). Chicken should be cut as for any good chicken salad—not too big. Add 3 cups of finely diced celery, ½ cup of minced onion. That's that, and very simple. Blend 2 tablespoons of curry powder with ½ cup of cream and stir into 3 cups of mayonnaise. Mix the dressing with the chicken, celery and onion. Season very lightly with pepper. Salt it will need. You better taste as you move onward and upward with the arts. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with sliced stuffed olives or tomato slices.

This will intrigue you—or else. At this point I feel I should remind you that this whole supper is no family affair. It is a party we're after, and a New Year's party at that. No telling what might happen. So I am preparing you for what come may, as Shakespeare so aptly put it—or *was* it Shakespeare? Maybe it was Browning. No, it was Shakespeare—so let "come what come may," and a more mixed-up line I never came across, and I have come across several.

Well, there are biscuits—baking-powder biscuits. You know, you toss them together when you find there's no bread in the house "Let's have some hot biscuits," you say, more to be saying something than really wanting to make conversation. So make them. But here is the pay-off—the thing that makes these biscuits party biscuits.

BISCUITS WITH AVOCADO BUTTER

Follow the usual receipt for biscuits, double batch. Or even more. As I said, this is a party. Add 1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind to the shortening and dry ingredients before adding the liquid. Might make them with orange juice—go on, be a sport. In other words, use ½ teaspoon of grated lemon rind for each 2 cups of flour. Use a star cutter, if you have one, for this special occasion. I don't know just why, but it's sort of reaching for the stars, I guess. Keep the biscuits small.

Go farther, if you get me. Split hot and spread with this mixture: Cream ¼ cup of butter or margarine with 2 tablespoons of cream cheese until light and fluffy. Rub 1 peeled avocado through a sieve. Beat into the butter and cheese. Use your electric mixer or egg beater. Season with salt and pepper (not the beater, Emma, the *mixture*) and a little lemon juice. Spread on the biscuits while hot.

Don't believe all you hear. When it comes to a plum pudding—yes. Pin your faith on that. How long it has been since I had a real English plum pudding. Before this beastly war, a good reader of mine in England used to send me one in a white jar every year. It used to look sort of dried up and discouraged when it arrived, but *I* knew. I just got it out of its white muslin bag and steamed and steamed it. Like a winner of the Derby at Epsom Downs, it stretched and stretched. And like the sweet fragrance of a hunt breakfast, when you lift the silver lids, it had all the perfume of the flowers of Araby. I would make a hard sauce and go to it.

We know about these things from way back. From pinafore days on. But now we are all in a dither, and here is our version of a plum-pudding pie. "Radical" is the word. Looking to the future.

PLUM-PUDDING PIE

Use an oblong casserole for a pie dish, or two regular nine-inch piepans. Line with pastry and bake as you do any pie shell. *For the filling:* Soften 2 envelopes of unflavored gelatin in ½ cup of cold milk. Scald 2 cups of milk. Beat 8 egg yolks slightly and mix with 1 cup of sugar and 1 teaspoon of salt. Cook in the double boiler until the custard coats the spoon. Take from over the hot water and add the softened gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool and add ½ cup of cream, ¼ cup of chopped figs, ¼ cup of chopped nuts, ¼ cup of raisins, ¼ cup of maraschino cherries. Chill until thick. Beat 8 egg whites stiff but not dry. Add 1 cup of sugar a tablespoon at a time. Beat well in between. Fold this fluffy meringue into the custard. Pour into the two pie shells or the large one. Sprinkle the top with toasted coconut and chopped maraschino cherries

TRUE JUSTICE

In every country you will find the people, even in the democracies, holding that their country is always right. For them there is only one side to every question, and that is their country's side. They must learn that the idea of justice is not only justice to themselves but justice to others: that liberty is not only that they shall be free, but that they shall be glad that others are free. They must learn that, in international affairs, just as in family affairs and neighborhood affairs, respect for the feelings and the prejudices of others is a condition of having one's own feelings and prejudices respected. They must become internationally minded. They must learn that it is not what a nation does for itself, but what it does for humanity that makes it great.

—ELIHU ROOT: Quoted in Digest and Review.



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Super Supper...

easy, thrifty, zesty

with Swift's Brookfield



Combine 2½ c. drained whole kernel corn, 2 beaten eggs, 1 c. milk, 1½ t. salt, ⅛ t. pepper and ¼ c. chopped green pepper. Bake in 350° oven for about 1 hr. After 20 min., top with partially cooked Swift's Brookfield Sausage and complete baking.

A Martha Logan Recipe

The sausage with the

Just-right Seasoning!

Add one more to your list of DINNER FAVORITES—famous Swift's Brookfield Sausage! Made from *selected cuts* of pork, it gives you the FINE NUTRITION of high-quality proteins. And lady, lady, is it *good!* For Swift's Brookfield is America's most popular PURE PORK sausage . . . the kind with the *just-right seasoning.* You'll marvel at its master blend of DELICACY and ZEST. Next time you're at your dealer's, look for the handsome package with the red-plaid ends; ask for *Swift's Brookfield* Sausage!

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

or grated chocolate. Chill until firm before cutting.

Not the same at all. Of course it's crystallized grapefruit peel, and I can't deny it. I could eat it all day—but I won't. Having a waistline, it is my object in life to hang on to it. But, take it or not, here is an altogether different receipt for candied peel. All I can say is, "It's the best I ever ate." Try it. Eat it. Give it to your friends. What do you care how much they gain? As for yourselves, use your will power. For use it you must.

CANDIED GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Peel as many grapefruit as you wish to use. (If the outer skin of grapefruit seems hard, grate it a little before peeling.) Cut the peel in strips or petals, or use cooky cutters. Add enough water to the peel to cover it. Boil fifteen to twenty minutes. Drain and repeat twice—three times in all. Measure the drained peel, and for each quart of peel add 4 cups of sugar, 3 cups of water and between ¼ and ½ teaspoon of salt. Cook in open kettle till the sirup is quite heavy. Do *not* cook to thread stage. When done, remove from range and for each quart of peel add 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin, soaked in ¼ cup of cold water, to the sirup. It improves the fruit and prevents the sirup left over from crystallizing. Let peel stand in the sirup till cool before draining. Drain, cool and roll in sugar.

MAN'S FOLLY

An old Quaker lady, who was very philosophical, used to say that there were three outstanding follies of which men were guilty. The first folly was that they would go to war and kill each other when, if they would only wait long enough, they would all die naturally. The second was that the men would climb trees to knock down the fruit when, if they would only wait long enough, the fruit would fall to the ground. The third and crowning folly was that they would pursue the women when, if they would only wait long enough, the women would pursue them.

—Adapted from Digest and Review.

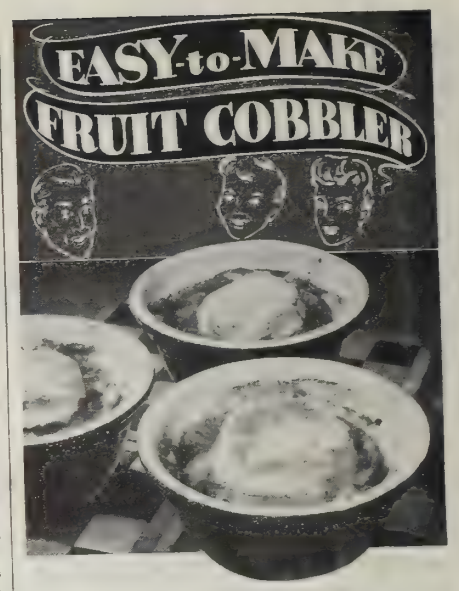
Another one of those things. Nuts go over big at parties. I have a beau of sorts, and when he comes out he brings scads of nuts. I got a little tired of nuts for a while. After all, I could do with some sapphires, or even a dozen ripe pears. But nuts it is, and what can a girl do? I can't say, "Isn't there anything for sale in New York but nuts?" Or, "Nuts aren't very expensive, are they?" I can't say that. So I get them.

But here is a receipt that helped solve that problem; now I never have too many nuts.

ORANGE SUGARED WALNUTS

Toast lightly 2 cups of California walnut halves in a slow oven. Mix 2 cups of sugar, 10 tablespoons of orange juice, the grated rind of 1 orange and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Cook as a sirup to the soft-ball stage, or 238° F., if you use a thermometer. Stir around well and add the nuts. Stir slowly. Don't break the nuts. They love to stay whole. At a certain point the sirup will begin to whiten and sugar. Lift out the walnuts with their sugar coating, a piece at a time. Dry on waxed paper.

Happy landings. Wouldn't I say just that? Better try to be original, and that is my New Year resolution. Be original. Write my name so almost anyone can make it out. Try not to send the check for the telephone bill to the oil man and make him like it. And try to be original about stamping letters and not get them back next week, "Returned for postage." When *I* run a country, there'll be no postage. But I will tell you about that and some other original ideas as soon as the editors let up on me a little. In the meantime—Happy New Year.



DUFF'S HOT MUFFIN MIX makes wonderful muffins...and dozens of other good things, like Fruit Cobbler made with fresh or canned fruit. Easy directions on box.

Just add WATER—*that's all!*



Keep a box or two on hand!



The gathering of maple sap starts with a rush when the frosty nights of early spring are followed by days of brilliant, warm sunshine.

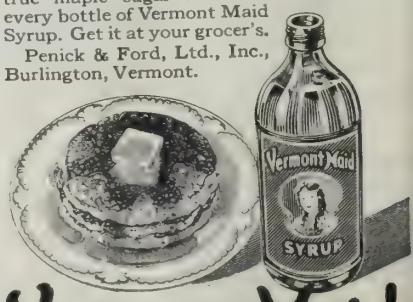
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Derby Barbecue Sauce • Hot Sauce • Worcestershire Sauce

YOU'LL MARRY ME AT NOON

(Continued from Page 24)

furniture in her bedroom. And she wanted to know why she couldn't have them.

She could have understood being poor. The town had plenty of poor people, and Scott was always in the group that brought toys and Christmas dinners to the unfortunate children in Shantytown. But her own position was not so simple. No one had a larger, more magnificent house than hers. No one else had avenues and churches and opera houses named for the family. And no one was more popular in the satin-hair-ribbon group than Scott. And yet she was always aware that other children of her group had warmer though less impressive homes, that they had more spending money and that their governesses spoke French and German and were a great deal smarter all around than Mrs. Dodge.

She knew a lot of the answers before Mr. Wingate, the family lawyer, had his little heart-to-heart talk with her.

Scott was very pretty at sixteen. She would be prettier a few years later, but Mr. Wingate was certain that he had never seen anything lovelier as she came toward him through the gloomy drawing room that autumn evening. She had been riding and her cheeks were bright with color, her black hair a tousled mass of short curls. She was a half hour late for their appointment, but his irritation vanished as he looked at her.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wingate," she said. "I would have been on time except that my horse was limping and I couldn't go without knowing ——"

"Of course not. Is he all right?"

"Yes. It was only a stone wedged in his shoe."

She sat down and they were talking about money before Mr. Wingate had finished wondering how they would get together on such a subject. Scott had merely gone to the point without any build-up. He had intended to be vague and clever. He considered her far too young for a clear picture of her financial condition, but he heard himself saying, as though she were a hardheaded, realistic woman of forty:

"You can see, of course, that the horses are a ridiculous extravagance."

IT WAS her own fault. She wanted the truth and she knew how to get it. After a while she was silent and thoughtful. Then she said, "I hear Mrs. Dodge muttering all the time about the servants. The house is too big, I suppose, for two people to keep it up properly."

He nodded. "There were six servants in your grandmother's day. Of course it isn't Mrs. Dodge's fault ——"

"I understand." Scott was thoughtful again. "What is Mrs. Dodge's salary?"

"Mrs. Dodge came here to take care of you when your mother died," he explained. "She's been here a very long while and ——"

"I know that. What is her salary?"

"She gets no salary, Scott."

"But that's absurd. She ——"

"She loves you. She wants to look after you. There's a few dollars a year from something her husband left, and that keeps her in the few things she needs."

The girl stared at him. "Do you mean that when my mother died my father interviewed applicants and said to them, 'This is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job with no pay'?"

Mr. Wingate shook his head. "She was paid for a few years. Then your father decided that he couldn't keep her. Mrs. Dodge didn't want to go. She stayed on without being paid."

"Oh, I see." She looked at him so hard that he stirred nervously in his chair. "I think I have a pretty good idea of things now, Mr. Wingate." She stood up and he felt himself dismissed.

There were a few changes made in the house after Scott had her talk with Mr. Wingate. Mrs. Dodge was unprepared for such

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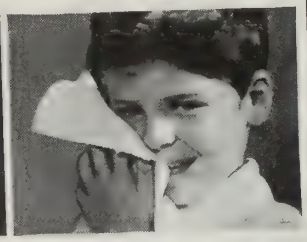




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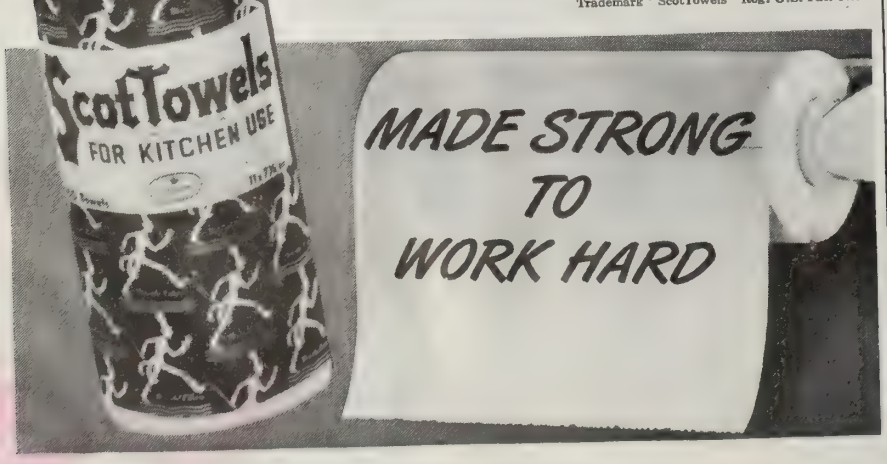
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goings on. "I am going to discharge Mary and Bertha," Scott told her.

"Oh, you are, my fine lady. Just like that."

Scott smiled. It was funny, in a pitiful sort of way. She patted Mrs. Dodge on the arm and then gave her a little hug. "Yes. Then I'm going to hire someone else."

"Some *one* else. Tell me when you get this creature who's going to handle the house alone."

Mrs. Dodge didn't believe any part of it till Mary and Bertha told her that evening that they had been given their notice by the little one. Mrs. Dodge charged up the stairs in fury. "What sort of a joke is this, Scott? Where do you think we're going to get other girls if Mary and Bertha actually leave us? Really, I never ——"

"Sit down, darling. I want to talk to you."

Mrs. Dodge sat down. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she should be spanking Scott instead of obeying her. But there was something in Scott's voice that was new and irresistible.

"Mrs. Dodge, don't be angry with me. I love you and as long as I live I want you to live with me. But I'm going to manage the house now."

"I've always realized that it was your house and not mine, Scott. But I don't think the time has come to hand the management over to you. When it does, I will know and ——"

"You didn't, Mrs. Dodge."

"I didn't what?"

"You didn't know when the time came. It came today. I'm already managing the house."

Scott had known there would be tears. There were two ways you could go from tears. You could let them stream down your face as you packed your things and made a complete break. Or you could dry your tears and say, "I was a goose. I'll try to be more sensible in the future." Scott hoped Mrs. Dodge would choose the latter way. But she knew she must stick to her guns.

Presently Mrs. Dodge dried her tears and smiled a little. "I keep forgetting you're growing up, Scott. I'm an old fool."

Scott told her, then, the things that were in her mind. "We'll combine the wages we paid to Mary and Bertha and get one good experienced person. We're going to close up most of the house. We're going to live in about six rooms and ——"

"We might as well move to a small place, then. You'd have more money and less worry in a small place."

Scott said nothing and at last Mrs. Dodge saw that Scott was never going to say anything on the subject of the old house. She was going to keep the house and worry and fret over it as her father had done. Mrs. Dodge said no more.

THE subjugation of Mrs. Dodge had been easy. Scott had taken no pride in beating down someone who loved her. But before she was eighteen she made a tremendous discovery. She found that people didn't have to love you to accept your orders. If you knew what you were talking about and spoke with full confidence in yourself you were certain, nine out of ten times, to get your way.

Most things were better for Scott's managing. She began to look at horses from the standpoint of business instead of pleasure, and surprised herself by making a fifty-dollar profit on a mare. She cut expenses on clothes to practically nothing by the simple expedient of not buying any. She did the marketing herself.

There was much that was better for Scott's managing, but Mrs. Dodge was disturbed about Scott herself. She did not much like the bossy, self-assured girl who lived in riding breeches and was very certain of her right to give orders and have them obeyed. *Some man will take her down a peg one of these days,* Mrs. Dodge thought. But when Conlon Paige came along he didn't seem the fellow to do it.

It was one of those things that happen in small cities. Two children grow up in the same circle, going to the same parties and the same picnics. Neither of them sees anything noteworthy in the other; then suddenly they are inseparable.

CONLON was a handsome boy with a mass of yellow hair and eyes that were perhaps a trifle too blue, a trifle too soft. Mrs. Dodge couldn't tell whether or not Scott loved him. It was hard to tell with Scott. She bossed the boy unmercifully.

"Young men don't like bossy girls," Mrs. Dodge warned.

"Don't they? Conlon seems to like me very much."

"Yes, of course he does, but he'll get tired of being ordered about one of these days."

Scott didn't care for criticism. She took it with tight lips and a small scowl between her eyebrows. Mrs. Dodge had known she would take it so, but it was impossible to keep silent. It was terrible to think that Scott might love Conlon and lose him for want of friendly advice.

"You know, darling, the world isn't composed of people who just take your orders and keep coming back for more. You've told Conlon what kind of a car to buy, what he should do with his afternoons, what he should read, what ——"

"Well, he doesn't have to do anything he doesn't want to do, does he? I just tell him because he's too silly to think of things for himself. Any time he doesn't want to ——"

"But any time he doesn't want to do a you say, you just get furious at him, Scott The poor boy's in love with you and obey you to keep you smiling at him. That's n way to be."

"Well, it's the way I am,"

Mrs. Dodge knew it was the way Scot was. "I only thought," she ventured, "tha in case you're in love with Conlon ——"

Scott said, "I'm going to marry him."

"Oh. When?"

"I don't know yet. He hasn't asked m but he will."

Mrs. Dodge was certain that he woul She sat considering many things. The would be a change in Scott's financial co dition, for Conlon's family had money.

"It'll seem funny going away from th house," she said musingly.

Scott gave her a long, hard look. "I'm n marrying a man with money just to g pitched out of the place we've fought keep."

Mrs. Dodge said nothing. She didn't li the look Scott had given her. Conlon Pai was too nice a boy, Mrs. Dodge kept sayi to herself. He was too nice a boy.

Sometimes in the dark of night Scott l upon her pillow and could not sleep. S would think about Conlon Paige. There w a date set for their wedding now. It wou be a spring wedding. And Scott would unable to sleep, for there was so much to co sider. Was it wrong to marry Conlon?

How did a girl ever know the answer abo love? Maybe a girl never did. Maybe

A Fugue in Time

"When Pelham kisses me," says Lark dreamily, "it doesn't go any deeper than my skin."

"And when I kiss you?" asks Rollo, and his voice, as once before, is blurred and husky.

There is a sudden stillness.

"You have never kissed me—yet."

A Fugue in Time, by Rumer Godden, is a novel of the moment's infinity within which everlasting space a love was made which burst the boundaries of human hearts, became the essence of itself, and sailed, intangible and immortal, above the surface of the passing years.

Complete in the FEBRUARY JOURNAL

one's silver anniversary one knew whether or not it had been real love. When Conlon kissed her she didn't hear sweet music or see the world alight with flaming skyrockets. But what did that prove? Perhaps she was not soft and warm by nature and yet loved Conlon as deeply as any young man is loved. But suppose she didn't love him? Was it wicked to marry him?

It would have surprised Mrs. Dodge to know how seriously Scott considered wickedness. She wanted to be good and fair and also she was terribly frightened of the just punishments that are dealt out by those fine-grinding mills of the gods.

Sometimes she would rise at this point and walk up and down the room. *If I don't love him and I do marry him, what harm is it to him? I'll be a very good wife and he'll never know I don't love him. But maybe I do love him. How does a girl ever know about love?*

When she was with Conlon she was annoyed by the childishness of his thoughts, by the indecision of his character. He seemed to be incapable of getting through a day without advice and instruction.

He would phone her in the morning and perhaps he would suggest a game of tennis.

"Tennis, Conlon? I thought you had to go downtown today."

"Yes, there's some business my father wants me to see about, but I imagine it'll be all right if I let it wait a day."

She was always infuriated by his vagueness. "Look, Conlon, you better go downtown today and think of tennis tomorrow. Call me when you've finished imagining about your business appointment."

She would hang up the receiver feeling pretty mean deep inside. He was sweet, but somebody had to tell him what to do. Tomorrow they would play tennis, drive out and see the horse Link wanted to sell, and afterward they'd lunch at Trowbridge's. She'd be very pleasant and companionable tomorrow, provided that he had actually kept the business appointment.

Conlon's family were much the same as the boy himself. It was a gentle, kindly family that had always made mistakes but had never whined about them. The list of things that happened to them included the loss by fire of a gorgeous home full of irreplaceable art treasures. Conlon's mother had accomplished that with a Christmas tree. His father was always being swindled by some pleasant person who had taken his fancy. The sisters had both had unfortunate love affairs. One sister was a countess who hadn't seen the count since shortly after the honeymoon, when her father had settled a rather large sum upon him. The other sister lost her heart to a charming fellow whose wife appeared unexpectedly when she read newspaper accounts of his engagement.

SCOTT found it impossible to smile with the Paiges. They needed someone to tell them how to behave. Conlon, she thought, would have to find something to do. The Paige family were under the impression that Conlon was delicate. He had wanted to study art, but they thought it would be too much of a strain. Hence Conlon did nothing but see the family's lawyers a few times a year. Scott thought perhaps she'd have him study something.

The Paige sisters were enchanted with Scott. They admired her forcefulness and cleverness. "You're beautiful, too, Scott." The girls looked at each other and away. Obviously they had planned to add something further but had lost their nerve.

Scott prodded them. "What else? There's something you want to say. What is it?"

They began to talk rapidly. "We were thinking that you're so beautiful and it's a shame that you don't care anything about clothes or fixing your hair pretty. You know if you bothered a little you'd be absolutely dazzling. We'd like you to fuss a little and just show this town something gorgeous!"

Scott looked down at her soiled riding breeches. She knew there was no more to the girls' words than what they said. They wanted everyone to be aware of the perfection of their future sister-in-law. "I'm hopeless," she said. "I like these old pants. I couldn't ride all done up like an ad for saddle soap."

"We don't care what you wear riding. We mean when you come to the house or go places with Conlon. You could be stunning."

"Well, I'll try to drag myself into some decent clothes one of these days."

She was thinking that maybe she could afford to be a little extravagant. Very soon now the burden of paying her own way through life would be removed. It would be up to the Paiges. The money that had supported the ugly old house would be just pocket money to squander as she chose.

Scott's veil and her shimmering white satin gown lay on the bed in the north suite. The caterers, the florists, the choir, the wedding party, Mrs. Dodge and a dozen by-the-day servants had their orders and instructions. The granddaughter of Camilla Ransford was getting married. It would be the biggest workout the society photographers had had in years.

ON THE night before the wedding Scott walked over to the Paige house. For a week their friends had been filtering into town for the wedding. Tonight Matt Bleeker would be there. Scott knew nothing about him except that he wrote travel books, that Conlon thought him "terrific" and for days had been worried lest something interfere with Bleeker's coming. And now Bleeker was here.

Conlon had phoned to announce the exciting news. "Come on over, Scott. You just have to meet him."

"Well, bring him over here, then. Or is it something like being presented at court?"

"No, no, it's not that, darling. Bleeker'd be glad to come to your house. It's only that Cousin Grace arrived today, too, and mother wants you to meet her, and of course several other people are here."

How like Conlon it was to sit around his own house the night before his wedding. Other young men said good-by to their bachelorhood in rather colorful ways. But it would never occur to anyone to give a gay dinner for Conlon Paige.

Conlon's sisters looked at Scott reproachfully as she entered the room where everyone was gathered. It was the first time it had crossed Scott's mind that she should have dressed up a little. She sighed. She had done it again. Oh, well, she'd be beautiful tomorrow.

Cousin Grace stared at her in wonderment. Riding breeches at this hour of the evening was something new to her. Scott thought that, for the Paiges' sake, she would attempt an explanation. She would say, "It was such a beautiful evening that I rode for a while. I didn't intend to make a call. I hope you'll pardon my appearance."

The words had almost been spoken, but not quite. Conlon said, "Scott, this is Bleeker." And Scott forgot that there was anything she wanted to say to Cousin Grace.

He was standing there, grinning down at her. He was a red-haired giant of a man with gray eyes that remained sober despite the grin. His features were not regular nor handsome, but there was something about Bleeker's face that made Scott think it the most attractive she had ever seen.

"Why are you always called by your last name?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm that kind of fellow, I guess."

She had not known that she would ask questions of Bleeker. Now she wanted to know a dozen things about him. What had he written? Where had Conlon met him? How had they become such firm friends?

She found herself sitting with Bleeker on a settee near the long French window. The spring air that drifted into the room was warm and moist and filled with the scent of lilacs. "Wonderful weather for a wedding," Bleeker said.

She did not answer. She was thinking how strange it was that the white satin gown and all the prodigious preparations had not made her realize that tomorrow was actually her wedding day. Now she was suddenly very aware of it.

"I hurt Bob's pride by my dishpan hands"





Don't use strong soaps for dishes —hands grow so red!

This unretouched photograph (left) shows how red and rough Mrs. Fletcher Hereford Jr.'s hands were after testing a well-known dishwashing soap.



Do use LUX —it takes dishpan redness away

Changing to Lux soon made Mrs. Hereford's hands soft and smooth again, as this untouched photograph (right) shows. She used no creams or lotions.



Thrifty! **LUX does up to twice as many dishes!**



Scores of women made tests under conditions similar to home dishwashing. Simply changing from strong soaps to gentle Lux took away dishpan redness!

Lux is not only *kind to hands*—it's *thrifty*, too! Recent tests prove that, ounce for ounce, Lux does up to *twice as many* dishes as any of 10 other leading soaps tested. Lux suds are so rich they last longer—do more work! Get the thrifty *big* box for dishes.

SOAP USES VITAL WAR MATERIALS

Don't waste it!



Bleeker craned his neck and peered out into the fragrant darkness.

"What are you looking for?" Scott asked.

"Your horse."

"Oh." She was not amused. "I had intended to apologize to Mrs. Paige and her cousin. It never occurred to me that an explanation was also due to the gentlemen present."

"We notice things," he said carelessly. "And we're more understanding than you imagine too. I think you're absolutely right to wear clothes that you can wear well. Why should you get into things that you'd probably look terrible in?"

"What?"

"Sure. You're perfectly right. I knew another girl like you once. A knockout in riding habit, but a positive washout in regular clothes."

Scott looked at him carefully. He wasn't grinning. "All right," she said. "I'll bite. What's the answer?"

"Don't you know?"

"If I knew I wouldn't ask you."

"I'll tell you the answer. The Paiges are swell people."

She wrinkled her brow. "The answer's confusing too."

"Is it? Of course I could draw a few pictures."

Scott shook her head. "It won't be necessary," she told him. "I think I'm beginning to catch on. You mean the Paiges are such thoroughly swell people that they don't deserve the horrible fate of having a girl walk into their living room in riding breeches."

"Yes, that's exactly it," Bleeker replied.

Scott laughed. "My choice in apparel may not be correct, but it isn't exactly a matter of such importance that it might prove dangerous to the Paiges."

"No?" He looked surprised. "Let me tell you how I see it. You walk in here in riding clothes. That's an indication of character. I say to myself, 'That girl is rude. She is inconsiderate of the Paiges' love of convention. She has a completely selfish disregard of what others like and expect.' The Paiges are swell people and I hope they're not going to get hurt."

This was fantastic. Even an old friend didn't dare such liberties. Why did she let him talk to her that way? From across the room Conlon caught her eye and smiled. He was beaming with pleasure because she and Bleeker had sat down together. Scott thought of joining Conlon, but Bleeker began to speak again:

"I looked this town over today. Nice town. Your name's pretty big around here, isn't it?"

"No. My name isn't in evidence anywhere that I know of."

"Well, your family's name. Ransford. It's the same thing. I saw your house too. It looks like an old haunted Irish castle. Why do you and Conlon have to live there?"

"I DON'T know quite why it's your business; but just to ease your mind, Mr. Bleeker, I'll assure you that Conlon doesn't have to live there. I wasn't pointing a gun at him when he agreed."

Bleeker smiled. "You don't like me, do you?"

"No. Does that answer your question?"

He nodded. "You wouldn't like anybody who wasn't afraid of you, would you?"

"Mr. Bleeker, you're a very tiresome person. For some reason, known only to yourself, you've decided to be very objectionable. I see no point in my standing for your insufferable behavior any longer."

She stood up. He caught at her hand, and as their fingers touched she was startled by the warm pleasure that swept over her. For a split second she had no reasoning power, only a wondering joy in the touch of his hand. Conlon's kisses had moved her far less than this.

"Please wait, Scott. I'm sorry. I can only say in my own defense that the Paiges are the one family on earth I love. I have no one of my own." He paused. "I'm a little too overzealous. I make quite a fool of myself at times."

"Well, so long as you know it," she said, "perhaps there's hope for you."

"Am I forgiven?"

"Yes, mainly because Conlon would be unhappy if we weren't friends. He's so keen about you."

"I know he is. He's a good kid." Bleeker smiled across in Conlon's direction and winked as the boy looked at him. The wink meant, "She's swell. We're good friends."

WITH a sudden flash of intuitive knowledge, Scott knew a great many things about Bleeker. She knew that he had lived fast and hard and had seen too much. She knew that no one in this room had ever really known Bleeker. He would turn to them the side of himself that they could understand. He would wink if the world were collapsing and thus make an effort to protect the Paiges from knowing that anything was wrong.

"Where do you know the Paiges from?" Scott asked.

"They never told you?"

"No. Should they have?"

"Other people would have. They collected me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, some people collect first editions, some glass or silver spoons. The Paiges collected soldiers after the war. Men who had been discharged from hospitals, but who hadn't yet learned how to live again. The Paiges showed us how. They bought me my first typewriter and set me up in a quiet place where I could find out whether or not I could write. There were fellows who wanted to try other things. The Paiges saw that they got a chance."

"That was pretty wonderful."

"Yes, it was. They sent me to New Zealand, too, when I thought I wanted to write about the Maori tribes. That book was a success."

"You mean you were a success."

"No, the Paiges were. I only created a new book. They created a new man."

Scott sat there working over a new estimate of Mr. and Mrs. Paige. How strange that they had never mentioned anything of all this.

"And how did Conlon become your friend? I mean how did you and he ever become intimate? You're not exactly the same type."

"We know each other mostly through letters. I've seen him perhaps half a dozen times. But our letters started before I ever saw him. He was twelve years old and sick in bed with scarlet fever. He loved detective stories, but his mother couldn't find any that were ungory. I wrote them for him."

She smiled. "Tell me."

"Oh, every night I'd write two thousand words and drop them in the mailbox. It was a serial, you know. The detective reporting his day's progress to his boss. The complete rounding up of the gang of jewel thieves coincided with the doctor's decision that Conlon could return to school."

"That was cute. I like that."

"After that we wrote to each other all the time. I wrote pep talks—nicely sugar-coated, you understand—on why a fellow should do his homework and listen to his teacher and his parents. Later I thought up reasons why his heart shouldn't break because he was too light for the football team. There were always letters to write to Conlon." *(Continued on Page 64)*

Wrong Steer

BY W. E. FARBSTEIN

Silence is golden,
The copybooks sing.
But married men know
It's no such thing—
That the quickest way to start a riot
At home is just to sit perfectly quiet.



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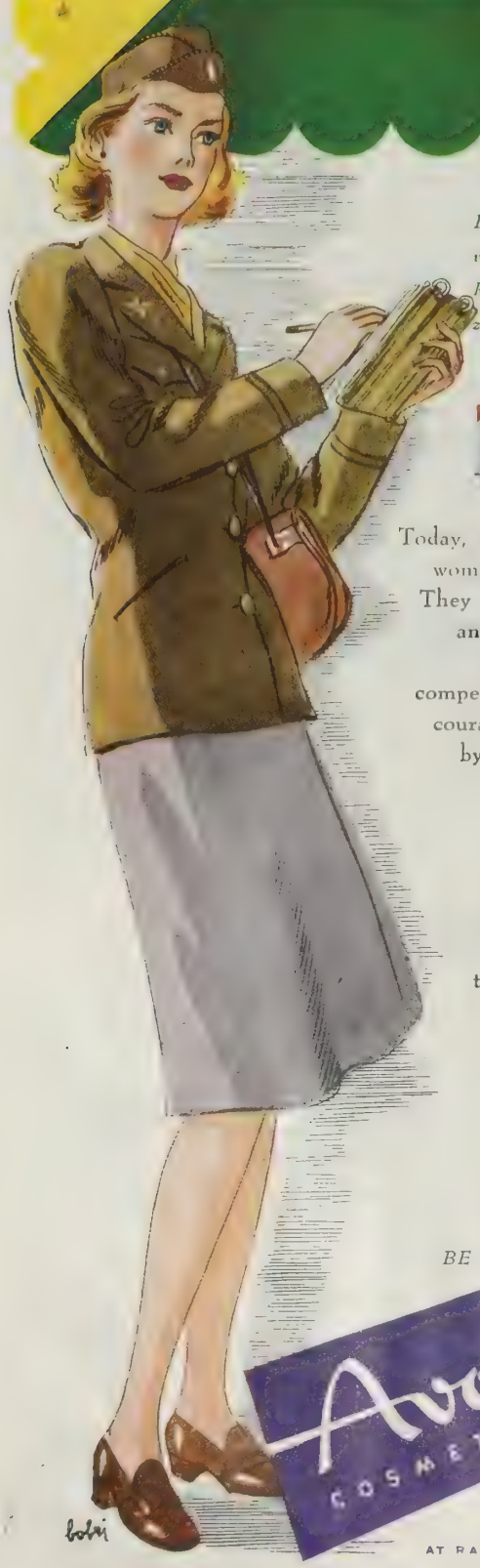
Besides these developments in cheese, many improvements in other dairy products have come from the National Dairy Laboratories. Some have helped to meet pressing problems of military supply — and others are ready now for the peaceful post-war years.

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Today, everything possible is done so that women may readily join the armed services. They are welcome because they are women, and as such, are lending loveliness and graciousness as well as courage and competence to each job they undertake. The courage of Deborah Gannett is symbolized by every one of these women in the armed forces and on the home front who desires to be useful to her country, and is determined to be lovely at the same time.

Avon's patriotic pledge is to pave the way to new loveliness, a loveliness that becomes an integral part of your charm. The Avon way of selecting exquisite beauty aids appeals to busy women everywhere because they are purchased unhurriedly and pleasantly in the home—brought there by a friendly Avon representative.

BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS



AT RADIO CITY NEW YORK

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(Continued from Page 62)

She stirred uneasily on the settee. "I want to tell you that I am no longer angry at you. I think I understand you a little now."

"Yes, I think you do. Would you grow angry again if I said that I also understand you?"

She raised her eyebrows. "Why should that anger me?"

"I don't know. I feel that you want people to keep their distance, that you stop them from knowing you."

"Apparently I didn't stop you."

"No, you have no secrets from me, Scott. I know everything about you."

She studied the pattern of the rug. Was it true? It might well be. He was not simple and gentle and unsuspecting. He was not well-bred enough to forget the Paige money, as they themselves forgot it. He was not gentleman enough to pretend that she hadn't heard bugles blow at the mere touch of his hand on hers.

"I must go to Mrs. Paige's cousin now."

"Yes, you must."

She did not sleep that night. She was back again at the old business of tossing from side to side and going at last to her window to watch the dawn arrive.

Something had happened. She had met Bleeker. It was not, she said to herself, that she had fallen in love with him. That was impossible. It was only that she was frightened because Bleeker was a man. Conlon was a boy. Suppose after she had married Conlon she met a man with whom she really fell in love? She had never considered this before.

She thought about postponing the wedding. She thought about the feelings of Conlon and his family. Their friends and relatives had gathered. Everything was in readiness. Everything but the bride's state of mind. Well, that was a small thing.

Conlon and she were married in an exquisite and impressive ceremony. The newspapers said that no one who witnessed the beautiful wedding would ever forget it. "After the ceremony there was a reception at the old Ransford house, which will be the home of the bridal pair."

Bleeker didn't come to the reception. Scott didn't like to ask why he hadn't come. Presently she heard Mrs. Paige explain to someone that Bleeker had been called back to New York. "Heaven knows when we'll see him again. He goes to far-off places and stays forever."

Scott went upstairs and closed her door. She was supposed to be changing into traveling clothes. But when she finally permitted Mrs. Dodge to come in and help her, she was still in her wedding gown.

THERE were six well-trained servants again in the old Ransford house. Mrs. Dodge was in command, and the establishment ran on carefully oiled wheels. The house had needed complete redecorating. There was a new heating system, a kitchen glittering with tiled walls and a garage for a half-dozen cars.

Entertaining was done once more in the Ransford house. The young Paiges went everywhere, did everything, and yet there were those who did not believe they were happy. Sometimes Mrs. Dodge was questioned about it, but her lips grew tight.

People said that Scott was seeing Mr. Paige's lawyers nowadays instead of himself or Conlon. They said Mrs. Paige couldn't hire or fire a maid without her son's wife approving the transaction. It was well known that the Paige girls were terrified of horses, but that Scott made them ride.

"That's ridiculous," Mr. Wingate told his wife. "Why would Scott make them ride, and how could she possibly force them to do it?"

"Well, the story goes that Scott thought them too pale and listless and recommended riding. Then she picked out horses that she thought proper for them and bought them for Christmas presents for the girls."

"But how on earth could she make ——"

"She just gets nasty if she doesn't get her way. It would kill the girls to have her angry at them. If they don't ride she won't see them or speak to them."

"That's nonsense," Mr. Wingate said.

"But it's true. She bosses everyone, including you, and don't tell me that isn't so!"

Mr. Wingate told her nothing. He went, instead, to call on Scott.

She looked up as he entered the dainty little room she used for an office. "Sit down," she invited. "How are you? What brings you a-calling? Nothing bad, I hope."

"Oh, no. Purely social. How's Conlon, Scott?"

"He's fine. He's opening a shop."

"Yes, I heard. Does he like that?"

"Well, naturally. It's antiques, you know. Floyd Hannock is an authority on antiques and couldn't quite afford to open the sort of shop that stood a chance of success. So I thought it would be nice for Conlon to go in with him. It'll give Conlon something to do."

"Did he feel the need of something to do?"

She looked at Mr. Wingate in perplexity. "Certainly he did."

"WASN'T there something once about Conlon studying art?"

"He wouldn't be any good at that. Antiques are much better for him." She smiled pleasantly. "He's having fun getting the shop ready."

Mr. Wingate did not smile back. He was thinking of the good old days when women kept strictly out of men's lives except by invitation. "How are the rest of the Paiges?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"I hear you've had the girls out riding."

Scott's mouth curled with grim amusement. "I've had them out sitting on horses," she corrected. "They can't ride."

"Then why do they go out at all? Are you, by any chance, browbeating them?"

"Oh, I suppose I am. You have to browbeat the Paiges into doing what's best for them."

"Who judges what's best for them, Scott?"

"Well, most times I do. I'm the only one with any ability to make decisions."

Mr. Wingate said, "I feel sorry for Conlon's sisters. If they're afraid of horses they shouldn't be made to ride."

"Good heavens, they're not children. I don't punish them if they disobey."

"Yes, you do, Scott." She opened her mouth to protest, but he went on: "I've known you a long while. You give advice and a person is free to disregard it, but if he does you are finished with him. That's strong punishment to people who love you."

"That's silly. The girls can stop riding if they like. Only they're crazy if they do. They need the air and exercise." She paused. "Mr. Wingate, the Paiges love someone else to decide everything for them."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, definitely."

"And if they don't take your advice?"

"Well, I'm human, Mr. Wingate. Suppose someone bothers you and takes up your time and asks a million questions and then does as he pleases anyway? Does that make you feel all warm and glowing toward the person?"

"No, it doesn't."

"There you are, then."

He left her a little while later. As he walked toward the door he found that the talk with Scott had cleared up nothing.

Just as he was leaving Scott said, "By the way, I have some news."

"News? Good or bad?"

"The very best. I'm going to have a child."

He set down his brief case and clasped her hand. "That's wonderful. I'm very happy for you."

He went away, hoping that the child would be a girl. It would be possible, he thought, for a girl to have the spirit crushed entirely out of her and still be saved for beauty and sweetness from becoming a thoroughgoing nonentity. With a boy it would be different. As it turned out, Mr. Wingate was needlessly concerned about the sex of Scott's baby.

Conlon didn't like being in the antique business. He didn't like business of

kind, and the antiques, the people who hunted them and his partner, Mr. Floyd Hannock, all bored him prodigiously. Conlon had been in the shop less than two months when Scott realized that he was unhappy. He had been a trifle sullen and difficult to talk to for some time. Even the thought of the baby had not delighted him as she had expected.

"It will be born in the spring," she said. "Maybe on our anniversary."

There was a little edge to his voice. "Oh, it definitely will be born on our anniversary. If that's what you want."

She was puzzled. It wasn't like Conlon to say disagreeable things.

They were driving out to the Maple Leaf Stables when she brought up the subject of the antique shop. She didn't want him to be unhappy. There was no point in his going on with something that he disliked.

She said, "Conlon, you don't have to go on with the shop if you don't like it."

"That's awfully nice of you, Scott." It would have been less unpleasant if he had barked at her, but his voice was soft and gentle.

"You needn't be nasty. I just want to tell you it's silly to go on with it if you hate it. Of course the only point in doing it was to give you something to do."

"I could learn to tat," he said.

"Don't be silly. I'm trying to be serious. I have another plan."

"I'm sure you have, Scott."

"What's the matter with you today, Conlon?"

He drove with his eyes fixed hard on the road ahead. He did not answer. She looked at him and his face was white. She had never seen him angry before.

"What are you sore about?" she asked. "What have I done or said that ——"

"I don't want to talk about it now." The car moved along faster, as though Conlon were trying to run from something, as though only in speed could he find relief from the white-hot anger.

Scott glanced at the dashboard. "You're going too fast."

He paid no attention. The car flew on.

"YOU'RE pretty childish, you know, to indulge discussing the thing that's made you mad. I don't have much patience with childishness, Conlon."

The car picked up speed.

"We're coming to a turn," she warned. "Slow down."

He did not seem to care that she was making. The turn was only a few yards ahead now.

"I told you to slow down!" she cried. "Are you crazy? Slow down!"

Lying in her room in the hospital, she knew that she was responsible for killing Conlon and his child. It had been days before they had told her, but she had known all long that Conlon was dead and that she would never have a child of her own. The terrible pain that she had known in her few conscious moments was no sharper than the realization of what she had done. The physical torture had passed at last and there was a too cheerful nurse who kept saying, "We're really perfectly fine now."

Scott lay very quiet on her bed and thought of what Mrs. Dodge had once said of Conlon: "He'll get tired of being ordered about one of these days."

She knew that Conlon would be alive today had she been the sort of woman to say, "You're going so fast that I'm frightened. Please don't go so fast." But she hadn't been that kind of woman. She had shouted a command to him and he who had taken so many from her had been in a mood to rebel. He had shown his independence by dying.

SHE lay in the hospital a long while and had plenty of time to think. She wept for Conlon and for the baby and knew that she had destroyed them both.

And she said to herself, *It isn't my fault. I became a domineering woman because fate saddled me with a parcel of brainless angels like Mrs. Dodge and the Paiges. I couldn't help being the person I am.* But it did no good to tell herself stories, and after a while she just lay there weeping.

Conlon's family came as soon as the doctor thought Scott should have visitors. The Paiges wore no mourning, not even in their eyes. Their gallantry was almost more than she could bear. She wanted to tell them that she had killed Conlon, but she could not indulge herself in confession at their expense. She lay silent and hollow-eyed against her pillow and she had no desire to get out of the hospital and no interest in recovering.

In the end they did not consult her about leaving the hospital. Mrs. Dodge and two nurses took her home one day. The doctors thought they understood her case. These things happened sometimes, they told each other; a woman loses her child and is so grief-stricken that she does not care to go on. And of course Scott had also lost her husband. She must be returned to old surroundings and little by little forced to enter life again.

It was not easy. She did not care to cooperate. She wept too much and ate too little, and the doctors wondered if she would ever be a sane and active young woman again.

Mrs. Paige brought Scott some tulips one day and sat down beside her in the sunroom. "Dear, I'm in the most peculiar predicament. Do you remember Bleeker?"

"Yes, I remember him." She remembered him well. He had said the Paiges mustn't be hurt.

"He's staying with us. He came back from the Basque country, wherever that is, when—to see us. He's been here quite a while and he doesn't want to leave without seeing you. He made me promise to ask you to let him come for a few minutes. You can say no, of course, Scott."

"What does he want to say to me?"

"Oh, there's nothing he wants to say to you, dear. He just wants to see you. He's fond of us all and ——" Mrs. Paige's voice trailed off into nothingness.

Scott said, "Tell him he can come. Any time will be all right."

Mrs. Paige looked so pleased that Scott was glad she had decided to see Bleeker. She did not want to see him. He would talk about the Basque country in an effort to take her out of herself. Or he would talk about her, and that she wanted less.

Bleeker came at five in the afternoon. He sat down in the large green wicker chair that Mrs. Paige had occupied and said, "What are you trying to do to yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Where are those riding breeches? Why don't you get off that couch and behave yourself?"

She would not give him the satisfaction of replying. She lay back and looked at him for a time. Then she said, "You can leave any time you're ready."

LITTLE GUY



LINDA WALTER

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"I know, but I'm not yet ready. Honestly, Scott, you're killing yourself and breaking everybody's heart. Why don't you make the effort to get up and live?"

"Maybe I don't want to."

He looked at her very steadily. She was afraid of those sober eyes. He would know that Conlon had not been the man to inspire a soul-shattering love. He would know that women recover from losing babies they have never seen. He would, by ruling out one thing and then another, come at last to the truth. He would know that she was suffering remorse.

"Scott, you have to pull yourself together."

She smiled a little. "I'd expected less threadbare phrasing from you."

He shook his head. "I'm a master of threadbare phrasing. Scott, the Paiges have enough trouble. They want to see you yourself again. Give them a break."

She lay back against the pillows. "I can't get up. You don't know what it is to be completely disinterested in every phase of life."

"Are you really ill?"

"No. Not in the sense that I need medicine. But I'm going to stay right here until I feel like getting up."

"That may be never."

"That may be never," she agreed. "As a matter of cold, cruel honesty, Bleeker, I probably enjoy the pampering I'm getting. I'm just behaving like a spoiled brat. Why don't you go away and let me alone?"

He went away, but he did not leave town. Instead, he went to see Mr. Wingate. After that Mr. Wingate saw Scott's doctors. They listened and shrugged their shoulders. It was worth a chance. The girl was in a fair way to sink into chronic melancholia.

One day Bleeker drove up to the Ransford house, entered the sun parlor and laid a warm, soft bundle in Scott's arms.

She looked down at the baby and then away again. "You don't understand, Bleeker," she said. "I didn't want *a* baby. I wanted *my* baby."

"That will be your baby if you choose, Scott. There is no one who wants her."

Scott looked back at the baby. It was very small and helpless. She wondered what would become of it if she handed it back to Bleeker. He sat down and talked of other things. He stayed for twenty-five minutes and Scott held the baby all the while. When at last she gave it back to him her arms felt cold and empty.

"Is the mother unable to care for it?" she asked.

"So I hear." It was amazing how tenderly, how capably he held the little thing.

"Do you suppose I could have a few hours to think about it?"

"You could have longer than that. Go ahead, make up your mind." She had already made up her mind and Bleeker knew it, but he walked out of the room with the baby. He took it to Mrs. Paige. "Keep this for Scott, will you? She'll want it back in about an hour."

Scott got up and went to see the baby's mother.

Mr. Wingate objected strongly to this. "It's never done, Scott. The mother shouldn't know where the baby is. She doesn't want the baby now, but someday she might. Then she'll come asking for her child back and making scenes."

"I won't refuse, Mr. Wingate. If the mother's intentions and her situation are good, I don't see that any power on earth, including adoption papers, should be strong enough to keep her child from her. If she's an unsuitable mother, the adoption papers and I will be equal to the job."

The baby's mother was little and slim and rather like a flower. She asked at once if the baby were thriving, and immediately she was embarrassed and confused. "I forgot. I hope you'll excuse me, but I can't help being interested."

"Of course you can't."

"Well, it seems a bit of cheek for me to ask, as though I didn't think you were taking good care of Cherry. That's what I called her—Cherry. Of course you'll change her name. She's your baby now, of course—or almost. I hope you don't mind my asking about her."

Scott shook her head.

"And you'll want to ask about me, no doubt. I've been a waitress in families and I helped with the sewing. I'm well-bred, madam. My grandfather was an officer in the British army in India."

"That's interesting," Scott said, "but I only want to look at you and talk to you. I'm not curious about the baby's bloodlines."

"I thought you might be, madam. I wanted to tell you that we're good people—on both sides. It's only in the baby's interests that I'm giving her up."

"I'm sure of it."

There was a long pause. Then, "She's a sweet little thing, isn't she, madam?" And the two of them stood in the neat little furnished room and wept because the baby was a sweet little thing and because the world was hard. "You'll never hear from me, you know, madam. I'm going to New York, and from there I'll take a boat and go home. You mustn't worry that I'll ever be a nuisance to you. I'm not that sort."

"Of course you aren't."

They stood silently looking at each other for a time. "There's only one thing, madam."

"What is that?"

The girl flushed. "I don't know, of course, what your plans are—I mean about telling the baby someday that she's adopted. But if you do tell her, would you mind saying that I was pretty and nice and all that sort of thing? It means a lot to a girl to know that her mother wouldn't have shamed her."

The baby was good for Scott. Everyone noticed it at once. She had something in which to be interested, something for which to live. She would have liked Bleeker to know, but he was gone again—back to the Basque country, perhaps. He had left no address.

"I think the southwest suite is best for the nursery," Mrs. Dodge said. "Let's have it done in pink."

Scott stared. "Didn't I tell you the news, Mrs. Dodge?"

"What news?"

"We're going to move. I thought I told you."

She was selling the house. It was going to be torn down. It was 1925 and the world was full of money, modernistic furniture, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson and The Big Parade.

"Your father could have had a great deal out of life, Scott, if he hadn't been set on saving this house for you."

"I know, but we mustn't stand in the way of progress."

"Progress!" Mrs. Dodge's eyes flashed. "Do you call it progress to let them tear down a landmark? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Selling your birthright for a mess of pottage. I never thought you'd join in the mad dance for the ready dollar."

Scott did not answer and Mrs. Dodge knew that the discussion had come to an end and would never be reopened. She would have been doubly mystified had she known how Scott felt about selling the house. Mrs. Dodge never saw the tears nor heard Scott weeping in the night. She had loved the house too well. Had she loved it less, Conlon might still be alive, for she would not have married him. It was childish, perhaps, she thought, but she could not go on owning the house that she would have eventually lost had it not been for Conlon.

Mr. Wingate was not shocked at her selling the house. He thought it a sound idea.

He did, however, raise quite a howl when he discovered that the money from the house was to be given to Mrs. Paige's favorite charities. "Not all of it, Scott!"

"Yes, all of it. It will make Mrs. Paige happy."

"A quarter of it would make her happy."

"Let's make her four times as happy. Let's give it all."

Of course she had her way. The money was hers. She wanted only the income from

ıe Ransford estate, but there was no way f convincing the Paiges of this without urting them and causing them to wonder. he was Conlon's widow and so what had een his was hers.

"It's in good solid things, you know, cott," Mr. Paige said. "It'll be something herry will have all her life, no matter what appens."

It always touched Scott to see that they ıought of Cherry as Conlon's child. They anted to believe that he lived on in the ttle blue-eyed baby.

Mrs. Dodge got the pink nursery she had anted for Cherry, only it was in another ɔuse. It was a four-bedroom house.

Scott pretended great enthusiasm for its ɔmpactness and cuteness. "Look, Mrs. odge, all white woodwork. It's a relief, n't it, from that heavy, dark, carved stuff?"

Mrs. Dodge glared at her. "Yes. A relief ɛe eating a gingersnap instead of guinea ɛn under glass."

Scott laughed. She stopped trying to ake Mrs. Dodge like the house. She didn't ɛe it much herself. *Well, what does it mat-r?* Scott said to herself. *From here on no ıuse will ever be home again anyway.*

They were pulling down the Ransford ɔuse. There was a picture on the front page the newspaper. Scott pushed her breakst aside because she didn't want it, and ter a time she went upstairs to the baby. ıe didn't feel like riding this morning.

The nursery with s white bunny bbits was a haven peace and happi-ss. Scott always und that once inle the door it was ɔetter world. The by would cling to r finger and Scott ɔuld feel strong d happy. *Between nursery and the bles, I have everying I need, everying I want,* she ɔught. And she ndered why she d so much from . Certainly she d not deserved it.

Mrs. Dodge came me one day with ad story. She had ɛn visiting a famwhom she had ɔwn for years and it seemed they knew a man who had a friend who knew a man o knew someone in terrible trouble. "He's acquaintance of Harold. Harold is a friend Martin's who's a friend of Florence, the the Hadleys know. His wife died of ɛumonia a few weeks ago."

"That's a shame."

"It's terrible. She left a little girl two and alf years old. He's almost crazy. He 't take care of her."

He'll learn," Scott said. "It's sad when appens that way, but it often does, and father makes a few rearrangements and ks it out."

Unfortunately, this father can't make rrangements. About a year ago he was in aut—in some kind of an accident and hopelessly crippled. The mother was a etary and she earned enough to keep n, but now —— They say it's a beautiittle girl."

WHAT did you say the man's name was?"

Oh, I don't know. The Hadleys know ence, and she knows someone who ——"

Mrs. Dodge, why on earth did you bring his up if you didn't expect me to do ething about it? And if you did expect to do something about it, why didn't find out the man's name?"

Mrs. Dodge was deeply injured. "I didn't ɔct you to do anything about it. What d you do?"

Well, a little money can help a lot at s. Maybe we could get treatments for father, or ——"

"He's had all kinds of doctors and treatments. He can't live more than another year or so. It's some sort of ——"

"You didn't say he wasn't going to live."

"Oh, didn't I? Well, he isn't. So you see the child will need a home and someone to love her and watch over her."

Scott nodded. "Yes, she'll need all that." She went upstairs to the nursery. She closed the door behind her and stayed there for an hour or more. When she came down she said, "Mrs. Dodge, find out more about that man, will you? Get the name and address."

"It's Edward Garth, 833 Rincon Road. I called the Hadleys while you were upstairs."

"I think I'll have Mr. Wingate go over there. There must be something we can do."

MR. WINGATE returned from his visit to Rincon Road with much to report. The father was young, intelligent and undoubtedly had been able and industrious before his accident. "He wouldn't let me bring the child to call on you. He very properly said that he didn't know me and didn't know where I'd take the little girl. I didn't mention your name, of course."

Scott was surprised at how far Mr. Wingate's conversation had advanced. "Then you actually discussed adoption?"

"Yes. He thinks of nothing else but the child's future. If you like the child, she's yours, Scott. He wants nothing but the best for her, and as soon as he's told by someone he trusts ——"

A sudden thought came to Scott. "What's going to become of him?"

"He'll be all right. He's a war veteran. They'll take him in the Veterans' Hospital upstate and look after him till the end. Think how relieved he'll be when he finds the sort of home his child will get. The proper contacts will be established. They'll show you the child, then they'll convince him ——"

"*They'll* convince him! I'll convince him. Good heavens, Mr. Wingate, the man's dying. Do you want him to lie somewhere, wondering what sort of woman is mothering his child?"

"Dear, you behaved very foolishly when you exposed your identity to Cherry's mother. Now, please, this time ——"

"This time it's imperative that I see the man. How could I be happy, knowing that he has nothing to do but wait for death and plague himself with questions about his child's new mother?"

Mr. Wingate shrugged. "You always know best, Scott," he said acidly.

When he had gone, she flew out of the house and twenty minutes later was at 833 Rincon Road. It was a neat little house in a neat little neighborhood. The door was opened by a woman in a gingham house dress.

"I would like to see Mr. Garth."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Mrs. Paige."

Scott walked in. The house was so small that when she was in the tiny foyer the entire living room was no secret from her. She was conscious of the man who lay on the sofa and stared curiously at her.

"Mr. Garth, there's a Mrs. Paige to see you."

Scott took a step or two and had reached the chintz-covered sofa. "How do you do, Mr. Garth. I'm Scott Paige. My call is a follow-up on the one you had this morning from Mr. Wingate."

"I thought as much."

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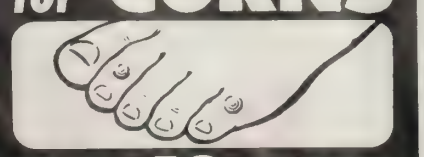
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Scott looked at the very white face and the strongly drawn black eyebrows. The features were finely cut, and even the haggardness of the man's face did not hide the fact that he had strength and character.

"Mrs. Paige," he said, "maybe you're a lawyer too. Maybe you're a welfare worker or just a private individual who sticks her nose into everything under the delusion that she's being a great help to the community. Whatever you are, I want to say this to you: You can tell the lady who has shown some interest in my child that I want to see her. I don't want to see her lawyer or her friends. I want to see her."

Scott was silent, looking at the man on the couch.

"Go back and tell her what I've said. Tell her that if she wants my little girl I'll have to die knowing that I did the right thing. She has to come here."

He lay quietly then for quite a time. He was tired. Scott sat motionless, waiting for him to rest.

Presently he turned his head toward her. "Was there something else?" he asked.

"Yes. I want to see the little girl."

"What for? She isn't merchandise, you know. You can't go shopping for Mrs. Richwitch and go back and tell her that the article consists of two gray eyes, two arms, two legs, and so on. Please go now. I'm awfully tired."

"Mr. Garth, I want to see the little girl."

He looked at Scott for a long, slow moment. Then he put out his hand. "I'm sorry. It took me a long while, but I have it now. Why didn't you speak up?"

"I think I know you better, Mr. Garth, for having kept quiet."

They smiled at each other. "Mrs. Lindsay," he called, "will you bring Linda in?"

The woman came, leading the little girl by the hand. Linda had red hair and soft, white skin. She had poise and dignity. She came into the room without a moment of shyness for the visitor.

"This is ——" Edward Garth paused and looked at Scott. "I've never made this type of introduction before," he said helplessly. "I do not know how to name either of you. Perhaps she will not be Linda to you. And perhaps you'll not be Mrs. Paige to her." He said it without a break in his voice or a suspicious glitter in his eye. He had lost all but courage.

Scott was to see other evidences of Garth courage. There was a day weeks later when she came to take Linda from Edward Garth. He kissed his child and said, "Good-by, darling, be a good girl." That was all, except that he was whiter than usual.

Scott walked to the door with her hand in the child's. *Thank the Lord*, she thought solemnly, *that the little one does not know what this parting means.*

But right on the threshold the child turned and looked back at her father. Then she went on with her hand in Scott's.

THE pediatrician who checked on Cherry monthly had a new little patient now. "I wish," he said to Scott, "that I'd known you'd take another child."

"Why?"

"In about a week there'll be one that will need a good home. You know Doctor Wheatley, don't you?"

Scott nodded. Yes, she knew Doctor Wheatley. He was the obstetrician who had been engaged to deliver her own baby, Conlon's baby.

"He does a lot of charity work, you know. He's looking after a girl who's going to put her baby up for adoption when it arrives. Doctor Wheatley's sort of inquiring around now."

"Do people actually arrange to take babies they've never seen? Unborn babies?"

The doctor laughed. "Every time a woman has a baby, that's exactly what she's arranged for."

Scott thought no more about the matter till a month later, when Doctor Wheatley appeared at her house unexpectedly one evening. "That baby's almost three weeks old now, Scott. You could see it and ——"

"What baby?"

"The one Doctor Roth talked to you about."

Scott laughed. "Look, Doctor Wheatley, you know I can't take every child you're going to hear about who needs a home."

He shook his head. "No, I know that. I've never troubled you before. This time I'm a pest because I've made a personal problem of this girl. You see, she's alone in the world, a poor, unfortunate youngster who's been making her own way since she was fifteen. She's only twenty now."

"A housemaid?"

"No. She was working in some night club. In the chorus. First time I saw her she threatened suicide. I had to use a lot of psychology to bring her viewpoint back to normal. I promised a home for the baby, and somehow I'm going to make that promise good."

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

Scott stood up and began to move restlessly about the room. "You know, Doctor Wheatley, I never thought about adopting a child or children. The first was forced on me by a man named Bleeker. The second was forced on me by Mrs. Dodge, and now you're trying to force ——"

"That's nonsense, and you know it. No one forced those children on you; you looked at them and wanted them. That's why they're yours and that's the only reason."

"You know, doctor, I'm not a rich woman."

"Money is of no importance in selecting a home for a child. I want to find love and intelligence in the foster mother. That's what's important. Doctor Roth says you're doing a marvelous job with the children."

"I'm trying hard."

"Will you just look at this little one?"

She hesitated, for she knew that in answering him she was making a decision about taking the child. It would be impossible for her to look at a helpless little thing who needed a home and to turn away. "You know, Doctor Wheatley, I've taken on a tremendous responsibility now. I ——"

"You were born for responsibility, Scott."

The nurse from Doctor Wheatley's office brought the baby next day. "Isn't she adorable, Mrs. Paige?"

"No. None of them are at this age." Scott took the baby from the nurse and held it in her arms.

This time no one objected to Scott's visiting the mother of the child. Mr. Wingate knew it was useless, and Doctor Wheatley thought it a splendid, noble gesture.

The mother was in bed in a small, reasonably priced hotel when Scott called. "I'm still taking it easy," she explained. "Push those things off the chair and sit down."

Scott moved a dressing gown and a pair of stockings to another chair. She sat down and looked at the baby's mother. The girl was putting red polish on her fingernails. Scott saw that she had neglected her honey-colored curls of late. An inch of mouse-colored hair had grown out in the part.

"Don't look at me. I'm a mess. I'm just trying to get myself back into some sort of presentable condition." She had an elfin face with one dimple that gave her a particularly appealing smile. "How's the baby?"

"Fine."

"I'm glad. You mustn't think I don't care about her. I'm crazy about her, but I wanted her to have swell things in life." The girl narrowly appraised Scott's beautifully fitting tailored suit. "You know, things like you've had."

"We all want swell things for our children."

"And I want to get a couple of swell things for myself too. I'm going out to

(Continued on Page 70)

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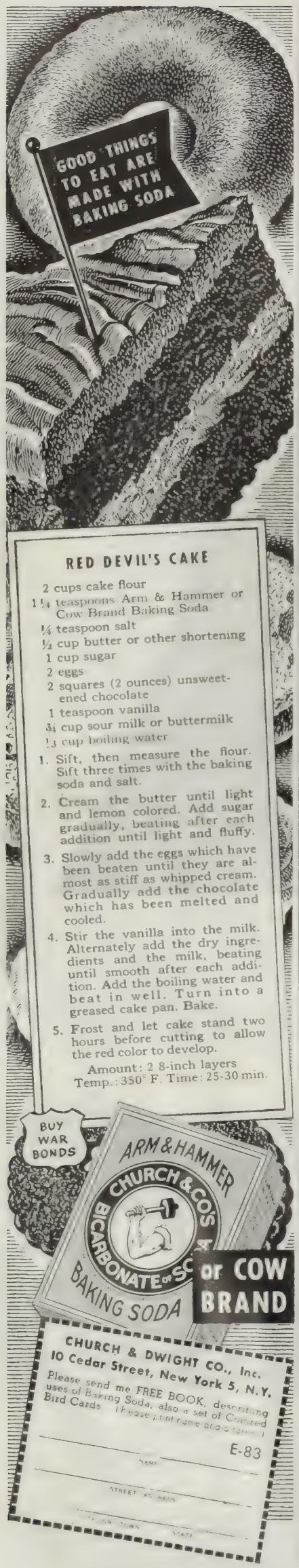
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GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO



(Continued from Page 68)

Hollywood. When I'm well and everything, I'm just as good-looking as any of those movie girls."

"That wouldn't surprise me," Scott said. "I was only thinking that since you have ambition and confidence in yourself, parting with your child may be a mistake."

The girl shook her head. "No. We have to part company for either of us to get a break. With you she's safe. With me it's a gamble. And I'm handicapped with her. I'll need every dollar for clothes."

Scott said nothing. She was thinking of Doctor Wheatley and she was amused, as women are often amused at a man's estimate of another woman. This was the poor, unfortunate youngster who would have committed suicide except for his tender, kindly guidance. Why, this girl wouldn't destroy herself under any circumstances. Any woman would know that at a glance.

"Doc says you're very important," the girl said. "He said Ransford Avenue and the opera house and lots of things are named after your family. Swanky, huh?"

"Not very. Those things all happened long before I was born. I live very modestly, I assure you."

"How many servants?"

"Two."

"Great life, I guess. The baby's lucky. By the way, her name's Ursula. Did Doc tell you?"

"Yes."

"Do you like the name? It means she-wolf, you know."

"She-bear," Scott corrected.

"Oh, does it?" The girl seemed disappointed. "Missed again, as usual. A bear's a big hulking thing that never accomplishes anything."

Scott smiled. "Just what do you want the child to accomplish?"

"Oh, I don't know. I want her to ride around in shiny cars and have swell furs and jewels. You know, the usual things a girl wants. Maybe through you she'll get a rich husband."

"Maybe," Scott said. "But I warn you that won't be my first consideration in approving her husband."

"No, I suppose not," the girl said gloomily. "People who have money don't know how swell it is."

Scott stood up to leave. She knew something of Ursula's mother now.

"Well, it was nice of you to come," the girl said. She paused a moment. "I want to ask you something, Mrs. Paige. I hope you won't mind."

These were always solemn moments to Scott, the moment when a person, surrendering a child, thinks of one last request. "I don't mind. What is it?"

"You know I told you I'm going to Hollywood. If you have any clothes you don't need, I'd like to have them."

Scott did not answer for a moment. Then, "I'll pack some things for you and send them here."

"Oh, gee, thanks a million. That'll be swell!"

The house that Scott didn't especially like was a gay place, bursting with little girls and laughter. Cherry and Ursula were two years old now, Linda almost five. They slept in a room where sunflowers danced on the wallpaper and dolls and Teddy bears kept vigil through the night.

Scott was a romping mother. A mother who wore riding breeches, who came home from the stables with streaming hair and a high color in her cheeks, who knelt on the grass and said, "I've been a rider all morning. Now it's my turn to be a horse."

They swarmed over her and screamed and shouted. She would be breathless and happy when they all finally landed on their backs in a squirming, hysterical pile.

"Scott, you're a tomboy," Mrs. Dodge would scold. "When will you grow up?"

"I don't know, dear. It ought to be soon, don't you think?"

One day as they lay screaming with laughter in the tulip bed, a long shadow fell across them. Scott glanced up swiftly. Bleeker was standing there grinning down at her.

"Hello."

She scrambled to her feet and held out her hand to him. "Hello, Bleeker."

"Back in the breeches. Good for you." He looked at the children soberly. "Nice garden you're growing here, Scott."

"This is Cherry. Here's Linda, and the one eating the nasturtium is Ursula. Children, this is Mr. Bleeker. . . . Ursula, don't gulp. Chew the nasturtium nicely."

Mrs. Dodge appeared and took charge of the children.

Scott walked into the house with Bleeker. "I read your book on the Basque country."

"Did you like it?"

"I loved it. What comes next?"

"Mexico, I think."

"That sounds interesting."

They settled themselves in the living room, and for a time there was small talk. Then they just sat, smiling quietly at each other. It occurred to Scott that this was in the manner of old friends who have much to say to each other and yet are content to sit in silence. She had seen Bleeker only a few times, but she thought of him frequently, and always as one whom she had known long and well. It was, no doubt, because he had thought for her when she had been unable to think for herself. She wanted to thank him for that.

"Bleeker, I want you to know that I hold you personally responsible for the sane and comfortable world I live in today."

"I'm glad you think I had something to do with it, but really the baby was a very obvious solution to your problem. Of course I never guessed you were going to take on youngsters in job lots."

"They're sweet and they all needed me. I couldn't have refused them."

"Of course not. Why should you?"

A small frown puckered Scott's brow. "Maybe because I have my doubts about the kind of mother I'll be."

"What do you mean 'will be'? You're doing all right, aren't you?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes, I think I am; but, Bleeker, there are women who are splendid mothers for little ones and complete washouts in the job when the children are older. Just because I'm capable of controlling the nursery years is no indication that I'm going to be a success when Johnny comes rolling up in the gay little convertible and says, 'I want to marry Cherry'—or Linda—or Ursula."

He considered. "What will make you a flop at that stage?"

"You're being polite, Bleeker."

"Oh"—he laughed—"you're afraid you'll start telling the kids where to live, how to live and with whom."

"That's it. It isn't funny either. It's a serious matter." After a moment her face relaxed into a smile. "Here I am talking children and mother's problems as though you were a psychologist, hired for the afternoon to hear the bleatings of my maternal soul. Don't go; we'll talk about something else."

"I had no intention of going."

"Are you over at the Paiges'?"

"Sure. I plan on staying a few weeks, so they won't mind if I skip dinner tonight. Am I invited?"

"Definitely. Mrs. Dodge will be so pleased."

"It's not my aim to charm Mrs. Dodge."

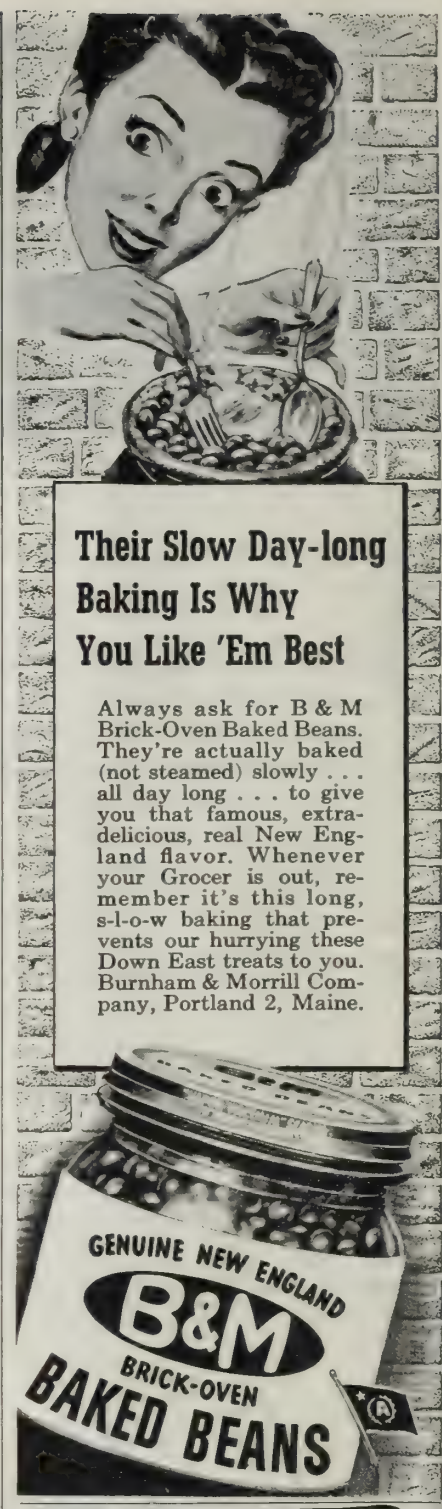
"Oh." Scott was startled. It had never occurred to her that Bleeker thought of her as anything but the Paiges' daughter-in-law, Conlon's widow.

"I'm a suitor," he said, grinning at her. "Didn't you know?"

She laughed. "I'd forgotten about suitors. I don't see any men except doctors and dentists, and they all have large families and wives to go with them."

"You don't see any men. What about people you meet in the horsy set? The gentlemen who play polo and leap over little fences and wear those pretty pants."

"They don't want me. I'm a bore. Couldn't you tell?"





"The fact completely escaped me."

"Oh, sure. I'm a raconteur of the lowest order. Somebody whips out with a beautiful remark somebody used at the Stork Club and I say, 'That reminds me; this morning Linda said the smartest thing.' I show snapshots. I carry around a magnificent drawing Ursula made of a cow. She's never seen a cow, so it's quite remarkable."

"I'm simply dying to see it."

"I have other drawbacks too. I have to be home for the children's dinner. I have to watch them bathed and help put them to bed. Then, of course, I can't stay up late at nights because I have to see the children get their breakfast."

He was intrigued by this recitation of her day's activities. "Why?" he asked. "Doesn't Mrs. Dodge oversee the children's routine?"

"Sure, she does, but ——"

"But you have to tell her how."

She glanced at him sheepishly. "That's the truth," she admitted.

He stayed all day, playing with the children, talking to Mrs. Dodge, trying to make himself an acceptable member of this very exclusive club. In the early evening Scott disappeared. When she came back she was dressed in a deep red velvet frock.

Mrs. Dodge stared. "Well, it must be New Year's."

"No, I'm only dressing up because I have a suitor. Aren't you pleased?"

Bleeker was embarrassed. Scott hadn't known he could be. She was charmed by his discomfort.

"You have no more manners than the children," Mrs. Dodge scolded, in a flurry of confusion herself. "Honestly, Scott, sometimes I wonder if you shouldn't have been spanked when you were little."

"You feel that it's too late, Mrs. Dodge?" Bleeker asked. "I don't."

When the evening was over, Scott sat alone in the living room thinking of many things. She thought of her little world which was bright with the riches she loved and cherished. And she thought of Bleeker coming into that life. They had both clowned about his interest in her, but she knew that it was real and serious. She sat there alone and said to herself, *I loved him the very first moment I saw him.* That was a truth she had always known and had never been willing to accept. She thought about the Paiges and knew they would be glad. She thought about the children and felt sincerely that their lives would be enriched by having both mother and father. *I will marry him immediately,* she thought. And she sat there, frightened and depressed. He hadn't asked her to marry him, and she had no certain knowledge that in any case he wished an immediate wedding.

She jumped to her feet and nervously looked at the fire. Why didn't she telephone him and say, "I've decided you'll marry me at noon tomorrow"? He would probably reply, "I'll marry you, my fine lady, when I feel like it." He was not a Paige or a Mrs. Dodge. He wouldn't like taking orders and he would say that he didn't. If she wanted him she must make the effort to prove that their marriage wouldn't be a tug of war between their wills.

I must try to be humble, she thought. *When he asks me, I'll say yes and I'll try to be a partner this time instead of a ringmaster.*

Bleeker stayed at the Paiges' a month. He and Scott saw each other constantly. They rode together and drove and walked and even took the children on a picnic. Scott and Bleeker went to movies and danced at night clubs and saw the sun come up out of the rosy east. But he went away without saying, "Will you marry me?"

"What kind of letter writer are you?" he asked one night.

"Unreliable. Why?"

"I'm going to Mexico Tuesday. You'd better write."

"Perhaps I will. When will you be back?"

"When I've gathered all the material I need."

"When will that be?"

"How can I tell? It's like berry picking, you know. A fellow can't guess when he goes out how long it will take to fill the basket."

She went to the train to see him off.

He said nothing about coming back to her. He kissed her, said, "Have fun." And he was gone.

She didn't cry. Her pride was hurt and she thought, *Just wait till he asks me to marry him. I'll tell him something.* But there was little satisfaction in such thoughts, for she knew that when he asked her she would tell him yes.

She did not brood too much over Bleeker's departure, for another call on her emotions came when he had been gone but a week. Ursula became ill. Scott knew before Doctor Roth began his series of examinations that a bitter cup was being brewed from which she would have to drink. There was a heart condition that indicated the need of constant rest and complete quiet.

"I know in small children it's difficult to keep them from playing hard, but it has to be done, Scott. Her only chance to reach womanhood is if she's practically chained down now."

"I'll keep her quiet."

Scott put Ursula to bed immediately and the long, hard battle had begun. Scott had the spare room redecorated for the small invalid. It would be impossible for Ursula to rest with the two other active ones swarming about.

The romps on the lawn with Cherry and Linda were uninterrupted. Mrs. Dodge said, "Darling, you can't. Ursula will hear the shouting and she'll want to be down there too."

Scott said, "Mrs. Dodge, I have three children. Two of them are normal and healthy. I will do everything I can for Ursula, but Cherry and Linda are not going to be forced to tiptoe or give up their regular playtime. That wouldn't be fair."

"When Ursula hears them ——"

"That's where you come in. Every time I'm with the other children you must go to Ursula. You must make her feel that she's getting something that Cherry and Linda are not."

"It's easy to say, Scott."

"And that's the only easy part of it, I know. We both must work as we've never worked before in our lives."

Scott had a tiny, electrically equipped kitchenette installed in the sick child's room. The idea of having a tea party with all the dolls as guests and herself reigning in solitary splendor appealed mightily to Ursula. Mrs. Dodge sewed for the guests, too, and created vast wardrobes.

Scott wrote to Bleeker and told him about Ursula.

His answer arrived, followed by a box filled with Mexican dolls and toys. "Give her one a day or a week. You'll know best. It's only an expression of good will to show that I'm thinking of that poor little kid in bed. And I'm thinking of you, Scott. If it will help your spirits any, or be of some material aid, or even if it would only please you a little, I'll leave here at once and come to you. It's up to you to say."

She wrote back and thanked him for the box and for his offer. "No," she told him. "Stay there till you've gathered enough berries to make a pie. There is nothing you could do here. I worry, of course, but my spirits are not low. Cherry and Linda take care of that."

He came in September. Scott met him at the train. "I brought you a gorgeous silver saddle, so you can play cow girl."

"What, no lasso?"

"Sure. Here it is. How do you feel about it?" He produced a small purple velvet case. "Yes or no?" he asked.

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Scott stared at the diamond. It stared back with fiery brilliance. "Yes," she said.

"All right. Fine." He slipped it on her finger and kissed her. "Fun being engaged, isn't it?"

She started the car and drove away from the station. She felt lighthearted and young.

"Shall we tell the Paiges now?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't see why not."

"Well, I thought maybe you'd like to wait. We can't be married for a while, of course, on account of the book."

"What book?"

"*What* book! Why, *the* book. The one I'm going to write. It'll only take a couple of months and then I'll be free to give you a little of my attention."

"Why, how sweet of you, Bleeker. I'll be sitting and pining for a word from you."

"It won't be that bad. I work pretty steadily, once I'm started, and I hate interruptions. But of course we'll see each other."

She drove in silence for several blocks. Presently she said, "Bleeker, I've been thinking—that was a good suggestion of yours about the Paiges. Let's not tell them for a while."

"Just as you say, dear."

She did not recognize at once the unpleasant, stinging sensation that she felt. It was something new and chill. After a time it occurred to her that she had been hurt. He was in no hurry to marry her. The book came first. She thought it would be nice to hand him back his ring and to say, "When you're not so busy, let me hear from you." But he would take the ring and say, "All right, Scott." And she wasn't sure that she wouldn't finish by apologizing.

As she rode, as she sat beside Ursula, as she romped with the other children, she thought about Bleeker and their future life together. He was hard at work on his book, but often he would stroll in to tell a story to Linda, or to carry Cherry on his shoulders, or to sit at Ursula's bedside and teach her a word or two of Spanish. Sometimes he stayed for lunch and Scott was frightened by her childish delight. To love a man so much was a foolish extravagance that could only lead to trouble.

But it was pleasant to dream about the life they would have when they were married, when he had finished the book. She was well aware that there would be other books. He had even spoken of China. That, of course, was impossible now; he would have to be closer to her and the children. The next time he mentioned China she must remember to point out that this was impractical. She wondered about Canada. That ought to be interesting. Then, too, there were parts of the United States that would make fine reading. Maybe Louisiana or even the Dakotas.

THEY would live in this house on account of Ursula. Everything had been arranged for her comfort in the room she used; and besides, moving would be too exciting for the child. Scott would have a room added for Bleeker to use as an office. She planned how it would be furnished.

She thought a lot about Bleeker's career too. Travel books were fine, but if he wrote something else there'd be no occasion for him to go away from home. Why not a novel, for instance? Or perhaps he could do a play.

From time to time she told Bleeker the things that occurred to her. She told him quite frankly that it would be impossible for him to go to China. "Of course you'd know that without me telling you, Bleeker."

"Why would I know it?"

"Well, common sense would tell you that you simply can't go so far away."

He nodded, but he did not seem to be nodding in agreement. There was a faraway look in his eyes and he seemed to be thinking of something else.

She told him about the office and how she planned to decorate it. It was annoying that he never entered into these plans with her. Even when she spoke about the travel books, he did not argue or make any comments.

"Would you like to write a novel, Bleeker? I think it would be fun."

"Then why don't you write one?"

"I mean it would be fun for you to do it. Or a play. Why don't you write a play?"

"Because I like to do travel books."

"Well, that's silly. A person can't always do just as he pleases."

"I know. Sometimes he has to write a play or a novel. Did it ever occur to you, Scott, that I haven't the type of mind that produces fiction?"

She shook her head. "No, but it has occurred to me that you have the type of mind that only turns to what it wants to do. That's wrong. You should try other things."

"Why?"

"Because that's the way you grow and progress."

HE GAVE her a very long, very hard look. He said nothing more on the subject. He talked instead about an idea he had for Ursula. A small piano when she was a little older.

"When she is about six years old and stronger than she is now she could have piano lessons," he said.

"Yes, that would be wonderful for her."

He said no more about writing novels or plays. She hoped he would think about it.

He evidently did, for he came to her house late one night. Scott hurried into a white silk negligee and ran downstairs to admit him. His eyes were more sober than she had seen them in a very long while. He walked into the living room, but made no movement toward a chair.

"I've finished the book, Scott. I'm taking it to New York tomorrow morning."

She was surprised. "I didn't know you were taking it in person, Bleeker. I thought ——"

"No, I'm taking it. I'm going to New York, and I'm not coming back."

"Why, Bleeker, what ——" She stopped right there, for she knew what he meant. There was no need to ask him. She walked toward the mantel to conceal her white face.

"Scott, we'd last together less than a month. Maybe less than a week. I'd never give in and say, 'Oh, well, let her have her way.' I'd fight, and presently we'd be miserable. Nobody's going to tell me where to sit, my typewriter or how to write or what to write."

She was able to confront him now. She said, "Bleeker, every woman who is interested in a man makes suggestions and plans and ——"

"You're a domineering person, Scott, and I couldn't live with you long enough to break you down. I never told you that I loved you, did I? Well, I do. I'll never love anyone except you, but I guess I love running my own life better than I could ever love any woman."

He walked to where she stood at the mantel. He kissed her and she did not try to stop him. She stood stunned by the suddenness of his decision.

"Good-by, Scott."

She didn't reply. She was still standing motionless, when the door closed. She could hear his footsteps echoing in the street. She felt a desolation so deep that it was a physical pain within her. It was the end of a dream. From now on there would be no more dreams. Life wasn't made for dreaming. She had always known that. Why had she forgotten?

In 1929 Scott's income shriveled in the great wind that blew from Wall Street. Her former size was reduced by three fifths and she lay awake nights thinking about Mrs. Dodge and the children.

All right, she said to herself. *You like to give orders and run people's lives. Give a few orders now that'll show how good a boss you are. Run the lives in this house so everybody gets the things she needs.*

The Paiges had suffered a staggering loss in the market crash, but they were taking it as they had taken everything else in life. They had moved to an apartment and Mrs. Paige said that she couldn't imagine why they hadn't taken this step years before

They laughed about how each of them had assumed the role of their departed servants. Mrs. Paige was cook, the countess was second maid, the younger daughter did the general chores. Mr. Paige ran errands, washed windows and waxed the floors.

Scott didn't laugh. "Why don't you all get jobs?" she asked.

The Paiges went off into another round of merriment. But after a while Mr. Paige stopped laughing and asked, "Where?" He looked a little hollow-eyed and Scott was ashamed, for it was like the Paiges to have tried and to say nothing of their efforts.

Scott consulted the Paiges' lawyer, who assured her they were not in serious trouble. "Don't worry about them, Scott. They can live. Not well, perhaps, but they'll eat."

"I only thought that perhaps they could use these bonds that belonged to Conlon ——"

The lawyer shook his head. "Forget it. They wouldn't take anything from anybody if they were starving."

After the New Year in 1930, Scott began to carry out the plans she had made during the long, sleepless nights. She had wanted the family holidays to be untouched by change, but now she could delay no longer.

"Mrs. Dodge," she said, "our lives will be different from now on."

"I've expected that, Scott."

"Do you think you can care for the house alone?"

"Yes. It isn't such a big house." Mrs. Dodge's little smile, the way she squared her shoulders, made Scott want to cry.

"And can you also take care of three children, one of them sick in bed?"

"Yes, I can, but can't you take over the children?"

"No, dear. I'll be away a lot. I have to earn some money if that's possible."

Scott wasn't too certain that she would earn enough money to make Mrs. Dodge's efforts worth while. Even the most poorly paid positions were sought after by desperate-looking people with years of experience. The employment agencies were crowded with panicked men and women who would take anything, at any wage. By the end of the month Scott was convinced that she was not going to get a job.

There was only one thing she knew and knew well; it would have to be tried. She had not sold her horses nor given up her stables because she had felt that, in the end, she would have to try earning a few dollars at the one thing she had really learned. If this proved a profitless venture, then the horses would have to go.

Mr. Wingate said, "I'm long past the place where I expect you to consult me. But, in an unprofessional and friendly capacity, may I ask what you intend to do?"

"Yes. I'm going into business. The horse business."

"Just what does that mean?"

"I'm going to do everything with horses that might turn me an honest penny. I am going to teach children and beginners to ride. I'm going to coach more-advanced pupils. I'm going to instruct in jumping. I'm going to rent horses by the hour. I'm going to enter horse shows where they give cash prizes instead of those silly blue ribbons. I'm going to do a lot of things that I've been doing for years, only now I intend to make something out of it."

Mr. Wingate said, "I see only one fly in the ointment. Horses are a luxury, and we have upon us, my dear, the most complete depression the country has ever seen."

"You've heard of Custer's Last Stand, Mr. Wingate?"

He nodded. "Good luck to you, Scott. I'll help if I can."

She advertised in the programs used at theaters and at horse shows. She canvassed private schools and wrote letters by the score.

She called Doctor Roth and said, "As a pediatrician, what do you think of children riding horseback?"

"It hasn't done Linda any harm, has it?"

"It's done her good. Would you ever advise it for a patient?"

"I have. Why?"

"When you do it again, advise Scott Paige's Stable, will you? I'm in business now. I personally handle each child, doctor. I give you my word a child will be so safe with me that the parents will thank you."

She was aware that she sounded pathetic. And she hated herself for exploiting Linda on Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings. People came to rent horses and stable space and Linda was always in evidence, riding with the perfect technique and showmanship that Scott had taught her. They would admire the little figure, perched upon the sleek horse, and picture Betty Jane riding with such confidence and poise.

"You taught her, Mrs. Paige?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I wonder ——" the mother would muse.

Scott would think, *Yes, madam, I can teach Betty Jane to ride, but don't fool yourself into thinking that she'll ever look like that upon a horse. Anyone can learn to ride properly, but Linda's grace and the manner of holding her head are things no one could teach her.*

"I suppose she wins all the children's horse shows."

"Not all of them."

"No?"

"No. I don't enter her in all of them."

There were people who had sold their horses and, because they loved riding, came to hire a mount. There were people who had

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Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Page 30.

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PEPPERELL SHEETS

*Lady Pepperell * Duchess * Countess * Abbotsford*

lost huge estates and had to rent space for a few favorite animals. The people who had always been interested in riding knew Scott well and came as a matter of course. The advertisements, the letters and the contacts she made with schools brought lots of children. She came home in the evenings so tired that she could scarcely eat, but she never cheated her children of their time with her.

Mr. Wingate and the Paiges and Mrs. Dodge all looked at her with a new respect. The profits mounted, and she bought a trailer to transport her personal mounts to shows in distant parts of the state. It was not only the matter of cash prizes, it was prestige for the stable. And she had a pair of perfectly matched bays which she and Linda rode side-saddle. It was a performance that everyone enjoyed and remembered. The two of them, dressed exactly alike in the formal riding attire of another day, would put their horses through identical paces with identical movements of their heads and hands.

Mrs. Dodge was retired from the housework and spent her days with Ursula, for Cherry did not need her. The girls were growing up.

The busy months flowed into years. Ursula sat at the piano in her room and played beautifully, and Doctor Roth and the heart specialist looked at the girl and at Scott. They said, "She's coming along in leaps and bounds. She could walk up and down stairs now once a day."

"Of course," Doctor Roth added to Scott in private, "she's never going to be a strong woman. She has a chance at a normal span, though, provided she doesn't tear around dancing and abusing her health."

"She won't, doctor."

There was such a thrill of achievement in seeing Ursula take her place at the dinner table that Scott did nothing but beam upon the girl. It was Mrs. Dodge who called her attention to the fact that dinnertime used to be more pleasant.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean Ursula. She expects the house to be run for her alone because she's been sick. She won't eat at dinner, and as soon as Martha has the things cleared up she wants a sandwich or a salad or something. She's spoiled."

Scott said, "I'll talk to her. She doesn't understand about how a house is run, you know. She's been closed up away ——"

"I talked to her. Do you know what she does, Scott, when she feels she's being scolded?"

"What?"

"I hate to tell you. She pretends her heart's hurting her."

Scott was alarmed. "How do you know she's pretending?"

"It's too coincidental, my dear. It happens every time. Criticize her and she's in pain. Give her her own way and she's fine again. I tell you that sickness ruins a child's character."

Scott looked into space and saw a girl with bleached hair and a bottle of red nail polish. She shook her head. "No, Mrs. Dodge, it wasn't the sickness."

It was time, that year, to tell Linda the truth about her parentage. Linda asked, "The other girls—are they ——"

"Yes, dear. They were adopted, too, but I'm depending on you to let me be the one to tell them."

"Oh, certainly, mother. I wouldn't dream of trying to do it. I'm sure it's very difficult."

"It is," Scott admitted. She showed Linda photographs of Edward Garth and his wife. "These are your parents, Linda. This photograph was sent to me after your father's death, along with this medal he won in the war."

Linda stared at the photograph and at the medal. "May I have these for my own?"

"Of course. They are your own."

Linda closed her hand tightly over Edward Garth's medal. She slipped the small photograph in the pocket of her dress. Then she put her arms tightly around Scott's neck. "I'm sorry for all the times I've been bad," she said.

Her eyes were dry but Scott's were not. "Linda, you've given me nothing but pleasure and pride. And I love you deeply."

"I LOVE you, too, mother. May I go now? There's so much to think about. I feel I could remember a little of my parents—in flashes, you know. Things come to me."

It was different when the time came to tell Cherry. Cherry cried. It was not, Scott knew, because she was saddened or hurt by the revelation. It was because Cherry was tender and easily moved to tears. Scott cried with her.

"You've always been just like a mother. I never would have guessed you weren't."

"But I am your mother, darling. I love you with all my heart. You're lucky, Cherry. You've had two mothers to love you. And the first one was as pretty as a picture and just as nice as she could be." Cherry clung to Scott and wept, and after a while Scott said, "You can talk to Linda about this, darling. But please say nothing to Ursula."

"Oh, I should say not. Mother, tell me, *she* isn't really yours, is she?"

Scott nodded. "Yes, in the same way that you and Linda are mine. I chose you three."

"I can understand anyone choosing Linda, mother, but ——"

"Now, Cherry, I don't like such talk. Ursula is your sister."

Cherry shook her head. "No, she isn't. That's the one nice thing about all this. I've felt so wicked, mother, because I couldn't love her. Now it doesn't really matter, does it?"

Scott wasn't too proud of herself as she said what she certainly didn't believe. "Ursula can't be judged like other people, Cherry. She's been cheated of all the childhood joys that you knew. You must make every allowance and forgive in her what you'd never forgive in Linda."

"But Linda's perfect."

"Ursula might have appeared perfect also if she hadn't had the misfortune of being ill almost all her life. Every time she does something you dislike I want you to say to yourself, 'I wonder what I'd be like if I'd been in bed for years and years.'"

"I'll try, mother, if you want me to."

Just before Cherry left the room Scott reached into her jewel case and gave the child a plain, gold chain upon which a small, old-fashioned locket hung. "This was your mother's, Cherry. It is yours to keep for always."

Cherry took the locket in careful, respectful hands. Her tears dropped upon the little gold heart and Scott wished devoutly that she had not had to lie. But Linda had the picture and her father's medal. Cherry could not be empty-handed.

It was hardest of all to tell Ursula. Scott conferred first with the heart specialist, who strongly advised that full knowledge of her situation should be withheld from Ursula no longer. "If a stranger or one of the other girls should let the story slip, it would be bad. You can tell her gently."

Scott arranged to stay away from the stables one whole day. She felt that Ursula must have all the time for conversation that

Poet

By Jehanne de Mare

I am the singing grasses;
I am the many voices
Of small things;
I am the wind and the lyre.
Ask me not why:
I am the music that passes
And will not die.

she could possibly want. But Ursula was back at her piano in an hour. She had reacted very differently from either Cherry or Linda. She had drawn herself up very straight and said with a peculiar little smile:

"You know, I always felt it somehow deep inside of me."

"You did, dear?"

"Yes. I never was drawn toward the other girls. They never seemed quite like me."

"Don't you think that's because they could lead a more active life than you could?"

"No. It's deeper. They're of different blood."

"Yes, that's true." Scott was well aware that Ursula was trying to say that she had always known herself to be of finer stock than Cherry or Linda.

"Tell me something, mother, quite honestly, will you?"

"I'll try."

"What were their mothers like?"

Scott said, "Don't you want to know what yours was like?"

"I think I know. She was tall and dark and slightly mysterious. A foreign lady, perhaps. She was musical, of course, and I picture her as belonging to a wealthy family that disowned her because she was artistic and sought a career. Did I guess right—or won't you tell me?"

"I'll tell you, Ursula. Your mother was small and her hair was—was blond. She wasn't at all mysterious, and she was very definitely an American. She was quite pretty, and I don't know whether or not she had a talent for music. She did seek a career and had been seeking it since she was fifteen. The family must have been poor."

Ursula smiled a secret smile. "Did she tell you to tell me that?"

"No. Why should she?"

"To conceal herself from me, so I wouldn't know her if we met." Ursula turned back to her piano. The secret smile was still on the sharp little face. "Mother," Ursula said.

Scott turned. There might yet be something from this child, something soft and gentle. "Yes, Ursula."

"As you go downstairs will you tell Cherry to quit that singing? She's always flat, and it grates on my nerves."

Scott smiled. It was like those moments that you feel you've lived before, only you know you never have. Scott wanted to say, "I'll pack some things for you and send them here." It would be the wrong answer, of course. Instead, Scott said, "Cherry never complained about the piano, dear, even when you played very badly, so I think she may continue to sing."

IN THE winter of 1939 Scott had a letter from Bleeker. She sat looking at it for quite a while before she opened it. *I'm thirty-six years old,* she said, *and I'm behaving like a child. I'm afraid to open the letter. He will say that he has married and that he wants me, his dearest friend, to be the first to know.* After a while she read Bleeker's letter. It was brief:

Dear Scott: I am sure that you and your houseful of females are not at all aware that the largest, most ferocious war the world has ever known has now begun. This letter is not good-by from a warrior, for I know that any army would look at me and say, "Well, gramp, why don't you go home and knit a few sweaters?" But I can do a job of reporting. Free men deserve to know what's going on. So I'm going to England and I assure you that I shall not finish up by writing a travel book about Kew in lilac time.

I'm writing this because I'm as excited as a kid. I must tell someone, and there's nobody I'd rather tell anything to than you. That's a cockeyed sentence, but you'll understand it.

I still love you and your entire family, including Mrs. Dodge. God bless you all.

BLEEKER.

She stood, holding the letter, for a long while. It was very precious to her, for it was all she had of Bleeker. Presently she folded the page and put it on her bookshelf between The Basque Country and I've Seen Mexico. She wished Bleeker were here with her now. It was not only that she loved him. She needed him. She was very tired of being boss. Or was it just that she was very tired?

She sighed, remembering that she had even thought of taking something else upon her shoulders. She had recently dreamed of a new house for the girls, but they had talked her down:

"No, please, mother. Let's stay here. This is home."

This was home. It pleased her somehow to think that this place was to them what the old Ransford house had been to her. And suddenly she realized that she, too, loved this house in which the children had grown up. It was her home too.

SCOTT found a message awaiting her one day when she came in from the stables: "Please call the Hotel Cathcart. Room 317."

She wrinkled her brow, trying to guess from whom the call could have come. "No name, Martha?"

"No, ma'am. It was a female voice. That's all the message she left."

Scott walked to the phone and called the Hotel Cathcart. Room 317 was a female voice, as Martha had said. Scott was surprised that she recognized it at once. "This is Scott Paige. You left a message at my house."

"Yes, Mrs. Paige. I guess you'll wonder why I called when I tell you who I am. This is Ursula's mother. Remember?"

Scott gritted her teeth. Of all the idiotic questions! "Yes, I remember."

"There's something I want to talk to you about. When could I see you?"

"In about fifteen minutes. I'll be right over."

Scott walked out of the house, stopping just long enough to say to Mrs. Dodge, "I won't be home to dinner. Tell the girls I'm at the Paiges'."

A seedy-looking elevator operator took Scott up to the third floor of the Hotel Cathcart and directed her down a dim hall.

Scott knocked on the door of 317. The woman who opened it was a caricature of the girl who had borne Ursula. She was plump and loose-fleshed. Her hair was a bright, startling yellow. "Come in," she said. "I hope I didn't interfere with anything or inconvenience you any."

"Not at all." Scott walked into the shabby little room and sat down. Ursula's mother sat on the bed and looked at her.

"You haven't changed a bit, Mrs. Paige."

"Of course I have. Everyone does in fourteen years." Scott waited, but when nothing more was forthcoming she asked, "What did you want to see me about?"

The yellow-haired woman reached down between her plump breasts and brought out a scrap of lace handkerchief that smelled violently of cheap perfume. She put the handkerchief to her eyes and said, "I wanted to see you about my baby, of course. What would any mother want to see you about? How is my little girl?"

"She's very well."

"I've thought so much about her. Only a woman who's had a child of her own could understand my suffering."

Scott said to herself, *If I get angry, I'm licked. I mustn't get angry.* She sat quietly waiting for the other woman to speak again.

"Mrs. Paige, I almost came to you the very night the adoption papers were signed. I knew I'd made a mistake right then, but I said to myself, 'You gotta play square with Mrs. Paige,' and so I didn't come."

"I'm sorry you've been so miserable."

"Miserable is the word, all right. Night and day I've thought about that baby of mine. I'd fight against my blues. But now I can't fight any more, Mrs. Paige."

"What do you mean by that?"

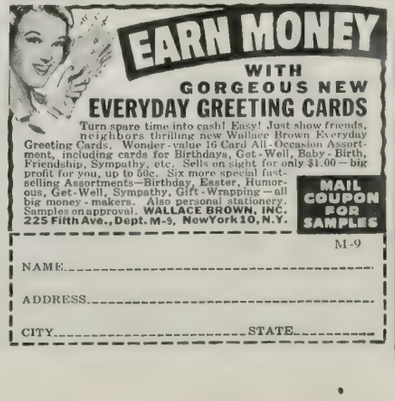
"I had to come back here. I have to ask you to let me have my baby."

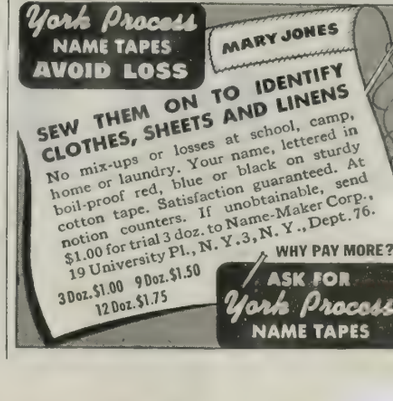
"Oh," Scott said. She nodded slowly and appeared not to notice the hard, blue eyes that were studying her. Scott made certain that no expression crossed her face.

"I've suffered all these years that you've enjoyed the happiness and love my baby's brought you. Certainly something's coming to me now, Mrs. Paige."









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"There are adoption papers," Scott pointed out. "Ursula is mine."

The woman cast her eyes down meekly. "I know you have the upper hand legally. But I said to myself, 'She won't stand by and let a mother's heart be broken.' Besides, I thought, 'If she won't give Ursula up, then I'll move somewhere near where she lives and I can see Ursula every day.'" Scott watched the sharp eyes rise swiftly to examine her face.

"Were you a success in Hollywood?" Scott asked presently.

A plump white hand waved contemptuously at the dingy little room. "Would I be in a joint like this if I had been? No, I was a failure. Do you know why? I wasn't the kind that makes a success out there. Oh, I could have been a star. I had plenty of chances to play big roles, but I thought of my sweet little girl and I said to those men, 'No, you keep your fine contracts for someone else.'"

Scott didn't know whether she wanted to laugh, be sick at her stomach or explode with rage at having her intelligence so foully insulted. She did none of these things. She said, "If you haven't been a success, how do you plan on supporting Ursula?"

"I'll scrub floors," the woman said quickly. "I'll take in washing. I'll do anything. Of course I realize it would be hard on her after the things she's had, but I'll make it up to her by being the best mother a girl ever had."

Scott stood up. "I'll think it over."

"It's a lot to think about, isn't it? Look, Mrs. Paige, I want to be absolutely fair and square with you. If you can't stand the thought of giving her up, forget it, and we'll do it the other way. I'll take a room close by your house, introduce myself to Ursula and see a lot of her just the same."

"I'll think about it tonight and see you tomorrow. Rest easy, I'll be fair and square with you too."

"I know you'll be, Mrs. Paige. It's a lot, though, for you to work out alone. Why don't you talk it over with your lawyer?"

"Maybe I will. Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Paige."

It was very late when she got home, but Mrs. Dodge was sitting up waiting for her. "Tell me, Scott."

"Ursula's mother. She wants to hold me up."

"What do you mean?"

"She wants her baby or else she'll move in the neighborhood and just generally disrupt the pattern of Ursula's life with me."

"Oh, heavens! What are you going to do?"

"I think I'm going to tell her she can have Ursula. And I'm going to bed. I'm really worn out."

In the morning Scott went back to the Hotel Cathcart. Ursula's mother received her in a red kimono that had yellow chrysanthemums splashed all over it.

"I DIDN'T sleep all night, thinking about you, Mrs. Paige. You have to break your heart or mine, don't you?"

Scott nodded. "And I've decided to break my own. You can have Ursula back. She's yours again, my dear."

The blue eyes roved frantically over Scott's face. This couldn't be happening.

Scott appeared not to notice. "I know you're in a hurry to have your daughter back, but I think it had better be tomorrow rather than today, don't you? I'll have to tell her and ——"

"But where would I put her? I haven't enough space here to more than half unpack my own junk."

"Well, you're not going to stay in this hotel, are you? You can't live here while you're scrubbing floors and taking in washing to support Ursula. You'll no doubt get a little place of your own. I'll help you look if you like."

"That would be nice of you," Ursula's mother said bitterly. "Some sentiment you've got, I'll say. After fourteen years of raising a kid you can just up and give her away without batting an eyelash. I couldn't do that to a dog I'd had six months!"

"We're different types. You're soft. I'm hard."

"You sure are. You don't even know what kind of a deal I'd give the kid. Can't you see that she'd have a rough time with me?"

Scott shrugged. "Are you taking her or aren't you? I have to know."

She held her breath. This was it now. But she stood there, flicking her gloves against her purse as though she were waiting for a salesgirl to wrap a parcel. Scott saw the sudden spark flare in the other woman's eyes, and it was apparent that Ursula's mother had remembered that she was not yet beaten.

"Mrs. Paige, now that the showdown's come and you're as swell about it as I thought you'd be, I simply can't do it."

"Can't do what?"

"I can't take Ursula. I can make sacrifices too. When it comes right down to it, I don't want to force the kid into living the way I have to live. I'll leave her with you."

"Very well."

"Instead, I'll stay in town and move somewhere as close to you as I can afford. How will that be?"

"FINE," Scott said. "I think that's the best way. Call me when you get settled and I'll bring Ursula over to see you. I hope you'll excuse me now. I have an appointment."

She walked slowly toward the door. Sometime before she turned the knob she would be called back, unless she had failed. The seconds passed, but Ursula's mother was silent. Scott thought, *I won't plead with her to stay out of our lives and I won't pay her. It has to be settled some other way.* There was the knob now. There was nothing else to do but turn it and go out.

"Mrs. Paige, can you wait just a minute?"

Scott glanced at her watch as though impatient at the delay. "What is it?"

"I just wanted to say that I hope it won't cause you a whole lot of trouble to have me living so close to Ursula."

"Why should it?"

"Well, naturally, me being her mother, there'll be a bond between us and she'll probably think my opinions are better than yours and she'll take my advice and ——"

Suddenly there was a vast weariness upon Scott. She was tired of the talking, the fencing and the farce of two women trying to outsmart each other. "Listen," she said, "I'm sick of this routine we've been going through. I don't know what you've been doing with the last ten years, but I've been working hard and I'm too tired to play games. You want a piece of money. Let's not pretend there's any more than that." The woman looked sullen. Scott continued: "I have no money with which to buy my peace of mind. You can move into our section of town; and when you do, you're due for the biggest disappointment any mother ever got."

"How so?"

"You think you'll be such an upsetting influence that I'll have to pay you to leave. Well, here's the joker. You couldn't make a friend of Ursula. After she'd seen you once she'd never see you again."

"And why not?"

"This is going to be hard to take. Are you sure you want to know?"

"Of course I want to know."

Scott drew a breath. "Well, your little girl is as hard and cold as you are. I told her something of you and she rejected you. Once you told me you wanted swell things for her. Well, she got the best of everything and she likes the best. She'd take one look at your hair and listen to you talk for a minute and she'd never consent to see you again. Move in next door to us if you can. You'll never impress Ursula and you'll never get a penny from me. Now I really do have to go."

"Mrs. Paige ——"

"Yes?"

"I know you won't deny that it's a nuisance to have me around. You'd pay my train fare to New York, wouldn't you?"

"No, indeed. I don't care whether you're here or in New York or in Timbuktu."

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"You're the meanest woman I ever met. I'm sorry I ever gave my baby to you."

"Yes, she's had a hard time with me. I've treated her dreadfully." Scott closed the door behind her and walked down the dingy corridor to the elevator. She did not feel pleased or elated. There was no longer any thrill in winning battles. There had been too many of them.

Cherry said, "I know I'm not as good with horses and people as Linda is, but I could help more than I do, mother. I could take the classes from Calfox School that you're taking now."

"Well, Cherry, you ——"

"I hope I'm not embarrassing you, mother. I hope you're not trying to think up a diplomatic way to say I'm not that good a rider."

"No, of course not, Cherry."

"Linda rides better than anyone except you, but those children only need someone along to keep discipline."

"That's the point, darling. You're only a baby yourself."

"I'm seventeen, mother."

Scott nodded. "So you are." It occurred to her that one of those situations inevitable between two generations had arisen. She was thinking Cherry too young for responsibilities, and Cherry was thinking her too old for all the work she did. *We're probably both wrong*, Scott thought. Aloud she said, "I'm not yet forty, you know."

Cherry flushed. "It isn't that, mother. You're really young and you're terribly pretty, but you've worked so hard I think you ought to rest now."

Scott reached out and took Cherry's hand. Suddenly from nowhere, unheralded and unexpected, had come the happiest moment of her life. She wondered how many women could boast of having heard the simple announcement that it was time for mother to rest because the children were now grown up and would carry on.

"Cherry, you're very good and kind. You make me happy."

"I try to, mother."

"You succeed."

"Mother, you know you mustn't fret about the things I'm going to do around the stables now. I have to learn more and take over more."

"I suppose so, dear, as time goes on, but Linda ——"

"You know she has that medal her father won, and she's awfully steamed up about this war. She'll want to go."

"Linda? Why, she isn't a nurse or ——"

"There's going to be women's outfits in the Army and Navy. Linda's been talking about it and finding out things. She'll go, mother. I know she will."

"And you?"

Cherry said, "We won't be able to keep employees at the stable, except the old men. You'll be alone, mother, if I go."

"I'd manage somehow."

"No." Cherry shook her head. "It would be too much for you."

"I'm going on forty, not eighty."

"I know, mother, but the stables are larger than they were, and we have to maintain a standard, you know. The war won't last forever, and the Scott Paige Stable is going to still have its reputation."

Scott looked at Cherry and saw that the stable was more to her than just a mess of hard work that gave back a living. It was a monument, a proof of their integrity, their honestly won place in the community. Suddenly it came to Scott that it was years since anyone had mentioned to her the Ransford Opera House or Ransford Avenue. She was not Camilla Ransford's granddaughter any more to the town. She was Scott Paige, who owned the finest public stable in the state. And she leaned over and kissed Cherry.

"I'm a very lucky woman."

"Linda and I have often wondered, mother. We've wondered if you were happy. You were so young when you were widowed, and there's never been anyone else except—except those books in your room."

"My, you make me sound quaint. Books in my room?"

"Linda remembers Bleeker. She says he was nice."

Scott nodded. "He was more than that, dear."

"Then why—or am I too fresh?"

"You're not too fresh, dear. I loved Bleeker and he loved me, but I was a very bossy woman and he needed a wife—not a manager."

"You still love him, don't you? Why don't you tell him so?"

"What for?"

"So that you two could be together."

Scott shook her head. "He walked away from me. I'd never send for him."

"That's pride, and pride is wrong, mother. It always gets a person into trouble. You taught me that."

Scott laughed. "You're old enough now to know that mothers seldom practice what they preach."

It was at the end of that summer of 1942 that Ursula went away to school. Her health was dependable enough to warrant prolonged study. Doctor Roth located a school that specialized in instruction for older girls whom illness had robbed of their early schooling, and Ursula packed and departed.

From the first her letters were filled with "Mr. Lambert." He was the French teacher. "All the girls are crazy about him, but I do think he has a little crush on me. He keeps looking at me all the time with the cutest little smile."

Mrs. Dodge looked up in consternation one day from a letter of Ursula's. "This is terrible, Scott. She's crazy about that French teacher. Do you know how old he is?"

"Thirty-four," Scott said.

"Yes. Isn't it awful to have a silly crush on a man that age? What are you going to do?"

"Invite him here for the Christmas holidays."

"What!"

Scott wrote a careful letter. It was difficult to know whether the man had really been drawn to Ursula or if her girlish vanity had made it appear so.

Dear Mr. Lambert: Ursula writes that she enjoys her French lessons greatly and I wish to thank you for your kindness and interest. She means a great deal to me and I am very grateful for your friendliness.

There was more in the same mood. He could take it either way. She knew of the flirtation—if such there was—and was not angry. Or, if there was no flirtation, she was a pompous individual who went around thanking bored schoolteachers.

Back came a letter very swiftly:

Dear Mrs. Paige: It was so nice of you to write. Your daughter Ursula is an outstandingly brilliant student. There is something about her fragile charm that enchants everyone.

And so on and so on.

Scott and Mr. Lambert exchanged a few more letters before she extended the invitation for the holidays. It was accepted by telegraph.

"Sometimes, Scott," Mrs. Dodge said, "I think you're crazy. He's thirty-four years old."

"What of it?"

"What of it! She's seventeen. Are you that anxious to get rid of her?"

"Sure," Scott said.

Mr. Lambert proved to be a slim man with a small blond mustache and an undeniable

READY RECKONER

Down in Florida a Negro woman applied for relief during a winter cold spell. She reported she had four children. She didn't remember, perhaps even know, the precise ages, but on being pressed for more exact information, said, "I got one lap chile, one creeper, one porch chile and one yard young'un."

—Digest and Review.

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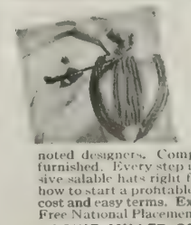


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knack for wearing clothes well. He was a gentleman and his main interest in life up to now had been books. The remarkable thing was that he really was in love with Ursula.

The first moment that he was alone with Scott he asked her point-blank if she would consider his age as a bar to approving him as a son-in-law.

"Does Ursula love you?"

"She has told me so." He smiled a little, proudly. "She does not find me dull. I can't imagine why she doesn't. I'm a bookish fellow, inclined to picnics and fishing in quiet lakes."

Scott nodded.

"You would not disapprove, Mrs. Paige?" he went on.

"No."

Mrs. Dodge was beside herself with rage. "He's a nice enough man, but I think it's just awful. I can't imagine why you've engineered this thing."

"Then your imagination is very sluggish, Mrs. Dodge."

It took Cherry and Linda a while to understand, but finally they did. And they said, "Nice going, mother."

She remembered their words in the year that followed when she was alone so much. Ursula was gone to lead a quiet life with Mr. Lambert, who was a bookish fellow and would not tire of a wife who could not dance or keep late hours. Even Mrs. Dodge saw now what Scott had engineered—a safe, secure life for a girl who, the doctors said, must never be too active. Linda was a Wave, smart and proud in her blue uniform. Cherry was showing the horses in different parts of the state, winning honors for the Scott Paige Stable.

Scott listened to the radio. Bleeker was back in America now, telling people what he had seen. *Perhaps*, she thought, *he will come here.* But the Paiges said he was going to the Pacific area and had mentioned nothing of visiting them.

There was lots of work at the stable. Jimmy, who had been with her so long, had gone to war. He was the boy who had taught manners to high-strung colts. Scott was breaking them now. She enjoyed the tussle, the hazard of pitting herself against the wild young animals, but she was dissatisfied and disappointed when they learned too easily, too soon.

"I wish you'd stop with those young horses. One of them will kill you one of these days," Mrs. Dodge said over and over.

"I don't think so."

"All right, smartie. You always know best. But when you're lying there in a heap on the ground with a horseshoe in your tummy, remember I warned you."

"Yes, dear. I'll say to myself, 'What do you know? Mrs. Dodge was absolutely right.'"

"You will if you're conscious," Mrs. Dodge said darkly.

"I'm always conscious, dear. It's only your impression that I'm not."

The girls stood at the foot of the bed and looked down at her. She saw them through the fog and the fringe of her eyelashes. They were behaving very foolishly. They had only been there a few minutes, yet Cherry and Ursula had changed their clothes at least a half-dozen times. Maybe Linda had too. You couldn't tell about a girl in uniform. The fog suddenly lifted and she could see that the girls were not crying. They were looking at her with interest and anxiety.

"Did you, Linda?" she asked.

"There!" a strange voice said. "I told you she was coming out of it."

"Did I what, mother?" Linda asked, and there was breathless excitement in her voice.

"Did you change your uniform since you've been here?"

"Yes, dear."

The strange voice spoke again. "She's fine now. Coming along just fine."

Scott was at last able to see that the stranger was a nurse. "How long have you been here?" she asked.

"Three weeks, Mrs. Paige."

"Three weeks. That isn't possible. You mean I've been here in bed that long?"

"Yes, Mrs. Paige, but you're doing very well now. You'll be up again in no time."

"I suppose." She closed her eyes and thought about being up again in no time. The girls would go then, and she would be alone once more. She opened her eyes again. Cherry was gone. "Where's Cherry?"

"Here I am, mother."

Cherry came back into her range of vision. She had walked over to the big chair in the corner of the room. If Scott had turned her head she could have seen her. But she hadn't. It was too much effort.

Her eyes moved to the shelf of books above her writing desk. She thought of something. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Eleven-fifteen," Linda said.

"In the morning," Ursula added.

Scott was annoyed. Didn't Ursula know that she could see the sun streaming across her bed? "Tell me when it's two-thirty this afternoon, will you?"

Cherry came close and leaned over Scott. "He won't be on the air today," she whispered.

"Why not? Has he gone to the Pacific theater?"

"No."

"Then where is he?"

Cherry leaned closer and whispered more quietly, "He's over there in the big chair in the corner. We've been dusting around him for weeks."

"Oh," Scott said. She knew she was laughing weakly and that her eyes were full of silly tears. After a while he'd come and stand beside her bed and look down at her and grin. And life would be rich again.

But she knew that he would not stay beside her, that always he must go. Only this time she'd make certain that he'd want to come back.

(THE END)

HOW TO PRESERVE CHILDREN

Take one grassy lot
six children
a few dogs
one small brook
some pebbles

Method: Use the grassy lot and mix the children and dogs well, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles and when the children are brown, cool them in a bathtub.

—Contributed by Blanche Hollingworth in Improvement Era: Quoted in Digest and Review.

CHASTITY AND SYPHILIS

(Continued from Page 23)

immediate effect on syphilis of all types, early or late." Its use for gonorrhea, as reported by the Mayo Clinic, produces an immediate relief from pain and attendant complications, with complete healing effected in seven days.

Thus, with every prospect that penicillin may bring the 100-per-cent safe cure, doctors now look ahead and anticipate a possible time when a venereally diseased patient, after one visit to the physician, can proceed to cure himself—and at a considerably smaller cost than that of acquiring the disease itself.

But sex education and complete medical cures are not enough to cope with the gigantic problem facing us. Doctor Stokes points out that, following the rapid cures, "the most fundamental thing in the whole treatment of venereal disease is lost—an education in social responsibility. The quick painless cure will be less of a device for the control of infection than an incitement to re-exposure and country-wide epidemicity. If sexual relations lead potentially neither to frightful illness nor to unwanted parenthood, only a few intangibles of the spirit remain to guide our children from an outmoded past into an unbridled future."

What we are really up against is an enormous emotional backlash created by our present-day civilization. To attempt to move intelligently against these powerfully insistent forces, we must understand and recognize them.

Nature used to adjust automatically the balance wheel within us by providing plenty of physical exertion to drain off our emotional potential. But we have blunderingly upset Nature. We no longer have massive physical weariness at nightfall. In the course of a few generations we have helped ourselves to machine-made leisure: we have lessened the muscular effort needed to maintain livelihood. There is no ice to break on the water pitcher in the morning, no dawn chores, no two-mile walk to school, no ax to wield. In place of them we have substituted thermostats, hot and cold running water, sit-down jobs, motorcars and oversized meals—all of which accumulate, instead of discharging, sexual and nerve tensions.

One might think worry—the incessant gnawing worry of modern life—would offset and depress these tensions. But it doesn't. The paradoxical thing about worry is its direct drive into sexual hyperactivity, and even sexual abnormality. Such activity often becomes the major mechanism of escape.

Adding fuel to our emotional fires is the elementary reversal taking place nowadays between men and women in carrying the physical load of life and family. Woman, in many cases, Doctor Stokes says, is becoming the hunter, the sex adventurer. Released by mechanical and medical aids from her old-time routine of washboard, ironing, kitchen sink and childbearing, she has often become the sexual seeker, the aggressor of the male-female combination. Where sheer fatigue, if nothing else, kept her continent before, there is now less check. This makes for rampant restlessness in all social groups. But stemming as it does from the very core of the household, this brand of restlessness is as malignant a contagion as any virus. It infects every other member of that household.

Students of human behavior tell us the cult of individuality has had its part in setting up a character problem in sexual and self control. The triumph of "I want to" and "I like to" over "I ought to" and "I should" has become the motivating force in human conduct. Add to this the great emotional bonfire lit by today's war and its devastating assault upon emotionally unstable juveniles. Patriotism, vast admiration, fervor and precocious sex urge get all tangled up in adolescent bodies that are not yet equipped with the necessary adult intellectual processes with which to make decisions.

Juvenile girls are avid to show soldiers a good time: in one meeting they become the girl friend, the pickup, with no inherent adult standard of sex conduct to offset emotionalism. Let those girls be from unhappy disrupted homes, or those where they have been starved for affection and healthy praise, and the desire to please the first man who comes along is increased tenfold, juvenile-court workers report from a mass of just such evidence. Further evidence comes from the conspicuous shift of infection sources from the professional prostitutes to the bobby-socks amateurs. Last year 11,000 girls between the ages of eleven and fifteen acquired syphilis. One fifth of all who were known to have acquired it were under twenty.

"Sexual misconduct begins," Doctor Stokes says, "at the point where the individual

(Continued on Page 80)

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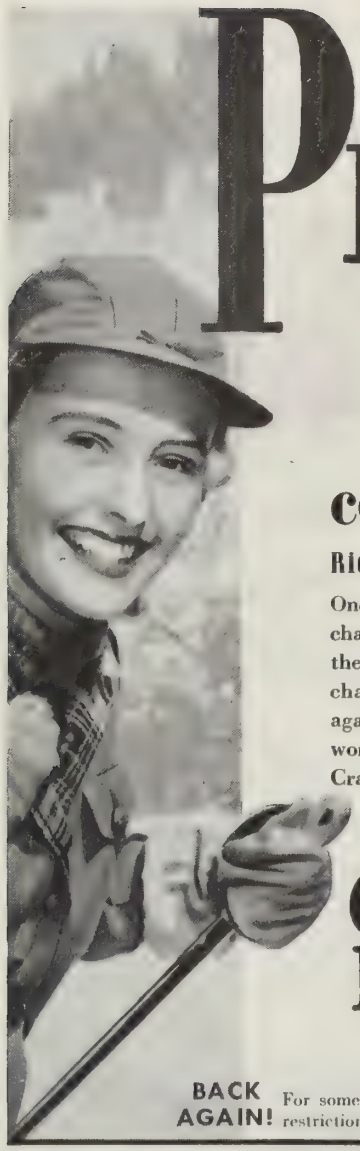
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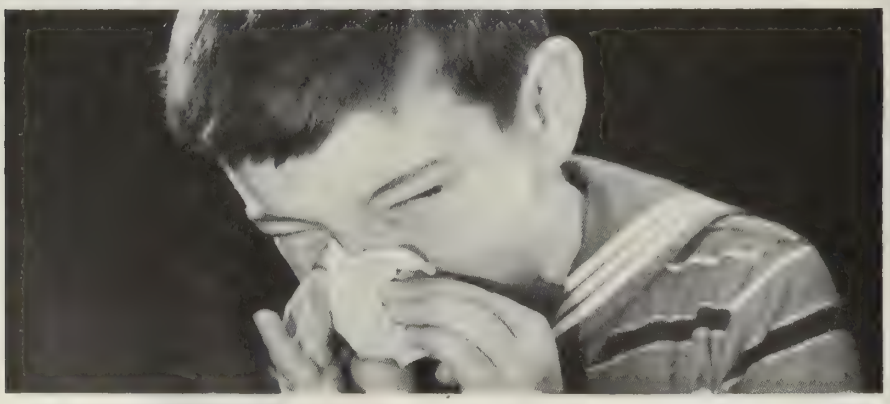
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Once cold weather comes—thousands of women change to Original Campana Balm. For this is the lotion you can DEPEND on to help prevent chapping, soften your skin, protect your skin against winter weather. Original Campana Balm works quickly—gives *instant* relief for chapping. Cracked, smarting skins show wonderful improvement *overnight.*

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Don't try to blow that cold away

When those nostrils are clogged with thick mucus, and breathing through that cold-sick nose is almost impossible—don't try to blow the congested passages open! Hard blowing makes tender membranes sore; may increase the stopped-up discomfort! No cure for a head cold has yet been found, but that smothering stuffiness, that smarting irritation around nose and mouth *can* be relieved quickly. See how Mentholatum helps.

Easy way to open stuffy nostrils . . . soothe irritation

Applied right in the nose and snuffed well back, Mentholatum strikes promptly at nasal discomforts with 4 vital actions:

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Don't go on "suffering" right through a heavy cold. Use Mentholatum for quick relief. You breathe more easily, sleep better, waken more refreshed, look like a different person! At any stage of a cold, spread Mentholatum in nostril, snuff well back, and B-R-E-A-T-H-E.



Get MENTHOLATUM!

Helps clear clogged noses . . . quickly, safely

(Continued from Page 78)

with excess energy, uncontrolled by intelligence, follows an emotion to the unsound solution of a basic need. This basic need is inescapable, and is variable in its intensity from individual to individual. But if the hereditary background has been decent, and the home associations normally good, the majority of youngsters will work out a creditable solution of their individual sex problems by the end of their adolescence *if*—and this is where every mother must function doubly—*if* girls and youths are given sufficient play to offset worry, and at the same time are given sufficient hard physical work to discharge nerve tension. With this follows the need to control loneliness and homesickness, to provide adequate substitutes for severed human ties, especially with the other sex; to provide a cause, an ideal or aim which validates effort and assures the future."

In all this Doctor Stokes sees the family as the rock of salvation. Not the sketchy on-the-wing laborless household where living schedules, techniques and entertainment all happen with the pressing of buttons. But instead the energy-absorbing, energy-expanding, energy-consuming old-time home where cooperation and abundant affection made good citizens of the whole group.

This is the democratic family which obtains a nice balance between adult and child dominance by a continual sharing of views on family and personal conduct, and where the decisions made are family-forum decisions—the result of sitting around a fireplace or a kitchen table or a garden bench discussing and *respecting* the individual pros and cons of every other member of that family group. The reward is healthy intellectual and emotional growth, for, in among other emotions, the vital sex drive gets full and careful consideration, seasoned counsel, affectionate guidance which is acutely personal always.

No school, no set of textbooks can ever substitute for this personal element. In fact, Doctor Stokes questions, along with several prominent sociologists, whether schools and the average type of teacher are adequate instruments through which so emotional and unbalanced an affair as sex conduct can be effectively reached. Far too often the approach is arbitrary, pious, a paper solution only.

"The whole fighting front of our venereal-disease control," Doctor Stokes points out, "has shifted radically in the past year with the advent of superior weapons of attack and defense. From now on the emphasis must be on the human side—the regulating of a powerful emotion, and the planning of an intelligent, a reasoned and a fulfilled human existence. Yes, we must continue to call to education and to treatment, but let us also make an equal call to sound character based upon a positive moral force."

The international phases of our postwar living will be charted for us at the peace table. No one of us expects to have a very personal voice in that. But of immediate and pressing interest to every American family is the tangled issue of the eradication of venereal disease by science—and by the intelligent and unceasing co-operation with the social aspects of that problem, in the home.

EDEN ON A ROOF TOP

(Continued from Page 21)

men stood in the shade of the buildings. They had tomatoes and squash and green bananas on the carts. With these glasses, you could even see the old alley cat leaping up on a garbage can set out at the curb for collection.

It was a long stretch, and got longer. But at night he and Buzz took a couple of girls from Poughkeepsie to the ice show at Radio City. They were very pretty girls and full of fun, Vassar girls. They talked like a five-alarm fire, and they seemed young and silly to Peter Adams. Their rouge and lipstick and nail polish all matched, and they wore those fool fishnets over their hair and Buzz thought they were very smooth.

The next day the watch was shifted. Pete and Buzz went on in the afternoon when it was beginning to cool down. Buzz had a fit, because it meant they missed their dates. Saturday was a fine time to stick them up in the sky.

As they climbed out of the little skylight opening, Buzz caught his foot on the ladder and gave it a mean jerk. He swore and limped over and sat down, nursing his bruise.

"You take over," he said. "Lemme see if I'm ruined."

Two other men climbed out and went off to the north side of the big building. Pete moved slowly to his vantage point and screwed the barrel of his glasses. Even Buzz couldn't help him today; Buzz was rubbing his ankle and muttering. He was alone in the sky, he felt, in a maddening isolation. He felt lousy. What a way to put in time!

The sky was deep and soft as the sun swung down. The river lost that polished look and was soft silver. Feathers of smoke from the plump little tugs came up toward him. He stood up, easing his long legs and squinting his dark eyes, and went over the same old ground below.

Then he did see something different. After all this time, something was different.

On Middagh Street was a line of very old four-story buildings, buildings that seemed to lean toward the street. They had crazy little areaways with potted plants growing in them. They had flat dark roofs with queer crooked chimneys sticking up all over them. As Pete's powerful glasses swung over these roofs, he saw a trap door lift on one almost under him. He could have dropped a stone on it, nearly, if he had leaned out a little.

A girl came out of the darkness and stood looking up at the sky. She could be a *saboteur*. He focused sharply on her. She was a thin girl and she carried a basket under her arm. She wore blue slacks and a yellow blouse and flat sandals. She put the basket down and vanished, and came up again. Every time she went out of sight it was like a swimmer diving into the hot black pool, and when she came back again, it was like a diver coming up. She carried up several things. Finally she carried up a little black dog.

Pete gave perfunctory glances now and then at the river and the streets and the corners of the building he was guarding, but he saw no peculiar activity at all. But what happened on the roof below was peculiar. He crouched down and watched intently.

First the girl went over to a chimney and watered some plants in a wooden box. Then she opened up a camp chair and spread a blanket beside it. The little dog sat beside her. Every little while she opened the basket and leaned over it and then covered it again carefully. She sat down in the chair and took something from a bag that was there and crossed her thin ankles and pushed back her hair and bent her head a little. She was knitting.

It gave him the oddest feeling. There she sat, up above the dingy buildings, with the little dog beside her, knitting. Summer afternoons at home, women sat in the grassy yards or on the front porches and knitted, while the little children bounced around. He turned his glasses for a sharper focus.

She had red hair. It caught the late sun and glowed with light. The little black dog was a spaniel with long curly ears. She leaned over and opened the basket and took out something and then put it back. It was a rather small kitten.

The sky grew softer, and the smell of the sea was clear and salty, and the little tugs blew soft smoky flowers up from the silver river. The lights of the Hotel St. George were like yellow primroses.

The girl on the roof put away the knitting. It was getting too dark to see. Pete could see very well, with the Army special lenses,

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Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

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that she was getting out some kind of supper and spreading it on a clean cloth beside her. She was having a picnic on that roof, and the little dog was eating from a bowl at the same time. The kitten emerged, too, and had supper and then went back in the basket.

"Well, I thought this stretch would be longer," said Pete, when he went off. "Must be the weather is better."

He didn't feel so low going back next day either. After all, if he couldn't be at the front, he could just do what he was told, and that was the Army way. The guys at the top probably figured things out all right.

Buzz was laid up with a sprained ankle and missed the watch. So he wasn't there when Pete turned his glasses on the dark flat roof and looked eagerly down. The roof was empty. He felt let down, someway. Was he going to spend all his life stuck up here on this darned building like a fly on flypaper?

Then he saw the girl come out on the roof again. Just out of curiosity he watched her. Looking down that way, he couldn't figure how tall she was. She looked little. This time she spread newspapers on the roof and carried up a chair and opened a can of paint and began to paint the chair. It was a small old-fashioned rocker, rather like the one in mom's bedroom. She was painting it apple green. She gave nice even strokes and wiped her brush on the edge of the can each time. Her head was tied up in a blue handkerchief.

Pete watched her with intense scrutiny. She capped the paint can and cleaned the brush. She sure painted well for a girl. Then she moved the chair, by putting her hands under the seat, to a spot where it caught the full sun, and she disappeared.

This time she came up with the little black spaniel and the basket kitten. He figured that one all right: the kitten might jump off the roof. The dog had too much sense.

She watered her plants when the sun got a little lower, and dug around the pots with a small tool. He wondered if she knew about that swell fertilizer mom had that made stuff grow like crazy even in poor soil. Mom could make anything blossom.

It was dark almost before he knew it. The girl had her supper and sat with the dog in her lap. Now and then the dog reached up and pawed her lovingly and she ruffled his silky ears. She never moved, he noticed, with those jumpy nervous movements like most girls. She was quiet.

The stars came over Brooklyn like open daisies, and the tall towers of Manhattan glimmered in the soft evening. All the traffic noises were small and distant as a brook far off, running over a pebbled bottom. A couple of city sparrows in brown business suits hopped on a lower ledge and talked the day over. And Pete Adams was off duty again.

The next day he hurried to his corner as fast as he could. This day the girl was late, and he felt miserable about the whole world. She ought to get home and get the dog out for some air. What was she doing anyway? *Look here,* he said to her, *you can't do this way to your dog. He'll get lonesome.* Unreliable, women were. You couldn't get around it. They just simply—well, they simply ——

She came lugging her stuff up in a hurry. She had been washing her hair after she got home from wherever she got home from. She shook it out in the light air and brushed it back. It was red as embers when the fire dies down.

She and the little spaniel played games while it dried. They played bring it back at once, and go get it, and sit on command, and find it, and other delightful games. And then she lighted a small alcohol stove, which was certainly against the fire laws, and must have made hamburgers for them all.

It was a nice evening. Pete had fun too.

Pete was about to tell Buzz, when suddenly he thought better of it. But Buzz would be back on duty tomorrow. Buzz would see his girl too. And Buzz was a wolf, that was the plain truth. Then Pete grinned to himself. *I ought to have my head examined,* he thought. *It wouldn't matter if he were a whole pack of wolves. She doesn't even know us.*

For that matter, he didn't know her either. Oh, yes, he did, certainly he did. He knew all about her, practically. Except her name and address and what she did. Work at something or keep house or—she might be married!

Pete sat back and wiped his face and felt the sweat in his eyes. Dope that he was; she wasn't married, she was alone. Unless he was in the war somewhere.

Not that it mattered to Peter Adams. Certainly not. He was going to keep Buzz looking off the other side, anyway. If he had to break a leg to do it.

They went on guard together again and it was raining. Buzz had a fit, but Pete felt relieved in a way. It rained for two days, one of those steaming summer New York rains when the water hisses down and steams on the pavement.

"We're going to get moved next week," said Buzz happily. "I got the idea right from the top. And boy, will we be glad!"

"What's the matter with this?" asked Pete crossly.

"Why, I thought you were burned up to get away!"

"Well, after all, Brooklyn has got to be protected."

"Waah," said Buzz. "Brooklyn can take care of itself. It always has."

The sky was clear Thursday. Now Buzz would certainly see the girl. Pete was more and more sure he didn't want him to. But Buzz was right beside him when they unslung their glasses and swept the scene below.

Pete took a quick look. Then he stared hard, and then he grabbed Buzz by the arm and said hoarsely, "Look! Look there."

"What's the matter?" Buzz asked. "See something?"

"Oh," Pete moaned. "Oh, Buzz, look at that!"

"I don't see the fire," said Buzz. "All I see is a girl on that roof and a marine."

"Marine!" Pete banged his fist on the coping. "A marine!"

So then Pete told him. And Buzz said incredulously, "You mean you're mad because that girl has a marine up there? You mean you're jealous about a girl who never saw you? Stick out your tongue, and say 'ah-h.'"

Pete glared down at the roof. There was some kind of square vent there and the girl knelt down and seemed to look in it, and the man disappeared for a few moments. Then a big blue arm reached up with a wire and the girl nodded and caught it, and then the man came back and hooked the wire onto a box, and Pete said:

"He got her radio hooked up through that hole."

"So what?" asked Buzz. "You don't care if she listens to a little music, do you?"

Pete sat down and held his head in his hands. He felt terrible.

"I sure don't get you," said Buzz. "First you don't like the girls you see and then you fall for one you don't know and can't see you. Personally, I think you better go on sick list."

"That's not where I'm going," said Pete.

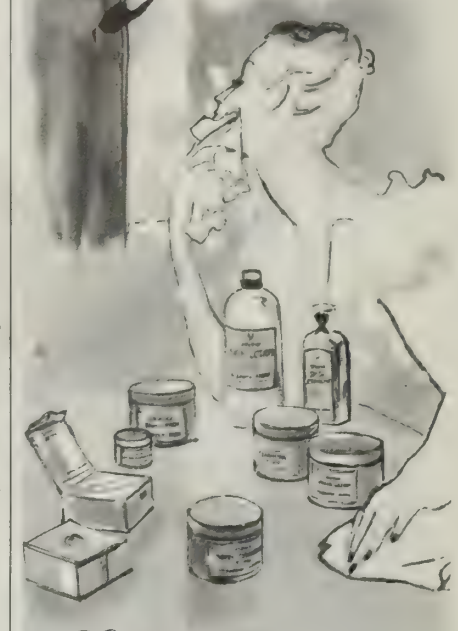
He didn't know how to start, really, but he got out the map and went over the Brooklyn streets and marked with a pencil where he wanted to go. And Saturday he walked down a narrow little street and started looking anxiously at the house doors.

It was scarcely a simple problem. He didn't know her name, he didn't know which floor she lived on. He only knew she was the one who came up on the roof—and then he had an idea. It was the top floor. *Dope that I am,* he said, *it's gotta be the top. Or else they couldn't pass up the radio wire through the roof. Thanks to the marine for that.*

He went up and down the block, going in the entryways and looking at the names on the mailboxes. It had to be either 3, 5 or 7 for the building, he figured. He began with 3. He rang the top-floor bells.

His uniform was kind of a drawback. He couldn't be a radio-repair man, or a brush seller. He told the Italian woman he was looking for a friend named Marvelli. He told the old man he was trying to rent a

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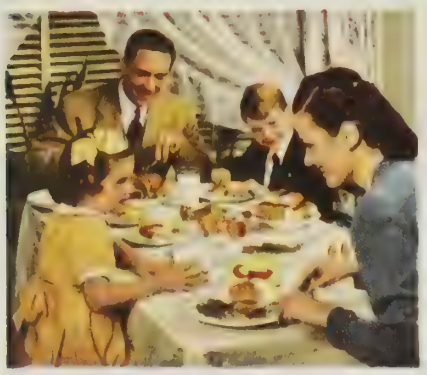
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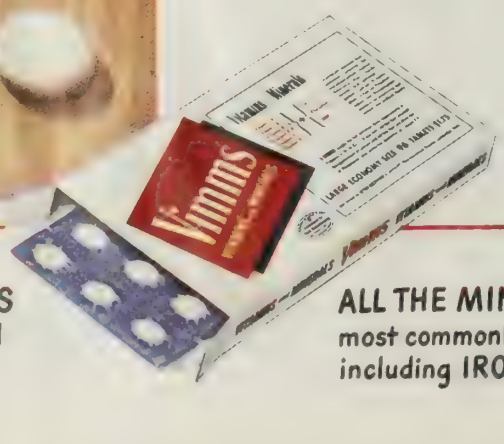


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room for his aunt. He told the little girl he was hunting for a watch repairer.

Then he wiped his brow and started on No. 5. They were very old houses, with narrow dark stairs and no elevators. After he pushed a button, he had to climb three flights without seeing anything but a pale glimmer at the top. Two numbers on the top floor didn't answer. He could go on at this rate all the rest of his life. And there wasn't all the rest of his life to do it in.

After about two hours of getting rapidly nowhere, Pete went back to the corner drug and had a chocolate soda. He had to figure something better. And quicker than this house-to-house canvass. He wanted the roof top, that was it. The roof was his clue. He was beginning at the wrong end.

He vaulted out of the drugstore and ran to No. 7 and rang for the superintendent. A very stiff hawk-faced woman smelling of cabbage and moth balls answered his ring. Pete doffed his cap.

"I got no rooms at all," she said severely. "If I had I wouldn't bother with the Army. Here today and gone tomorrow."

"Madam, are you familiar with carrier pigeons?" asked Pete, moving inside the doorway.

"Birds?"

"The Army has made a good deal of use of carrier pigeons," said Pete, with flawless truth. "It occurred to me you might like to let out your roof for a happy little family of carrier pigeons."

"My roof!" She drew herself up and snorted. "Young man, I have troubles enough with my roof without taking to birds."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Does it leak?" he asked.

"Leak!" She waved her hands. "The next thing I know it will fall in, what with people tramping around up there and carrying on. I'll have no more of it and I said so."

Pete looked warmly sympathetic. "Pigeons don't tramp around. They only ——"

"And a dog and a kitten, too," she said indignantly.

"A dog and a kitten?"

"The plaster will crack downstairs. The roof will leak. I told her this morning she could stay off the roof entirely."

"Has someone been damaging your roof?"

"Top floor," she said. "Practically living up there, that Davis girl."

"What?" Pete fell back. "You don't mean Bette Davis?"

"Ann Davis. So you see, I am not in the mood for pigeons," she said firmly.

Pete gave her his sweetest smile. "I can see how you feel. Give the birds no more thought. They are gone. But I have an idea about the roof. If you think top floor has already started a leak or a crack, I could probably fix it in no time. I used to be a roofman."

"It doesn't exactly leak yet," she said cautiously, "but it will. It's got about two inches of that gravel-and-tar stuff on it, and it was never meant to be tramped around on."

PETE was on his knees an hour later, hammering busily, and singing I've Told Every Little Star. Suddenly he looked up.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked Ann Davis. Only her head was visible through the trap door.

"I'm just fixing a floor," he said.

"A floor!"

He waved with the hammer. "It's all done except one board." He sat back. "Neat, hey? Come up and see it."

Yes, she was little. And her eyes were brown. The shape of her face was wonderful.

He said, "I got the lumber off the junkman. I figured just room enough for the two chairs and the basket and the dog and the plants. O.K.?"

She said, "Why, it's a floor!" Her eyes were wide and really a very lovely brown.

"You flatter me. But it's not bad, I think myself. Old Mother Woggle-goggle will now allow roof privileges. You don't have to step on the mush they finished this off with at all. You only step on the boards."

"It's a floor," she said, and stepped on it. "You mean I don't have to give up my roof?"

"That's what I mean."

"But where did you come from?"

"I came from a roof too. Higher up."

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Will you please explain?"

"Well," said Pete, "it's a long story. You better bring up the dog and kitten while you hear it."

"I haven't the least idea who you are," she said, "and I think you had better go away."

"You mean take my roof-top floor and creep down three flights of stairs?"

"I—I didn't say you had to take the floor."

"Where I go, my floor goes," he said.

SUDDENLY she laughed. She sat down on the canvas chair and looked at him. There was a dimple. Her lashes were dark amber. "Tell me about it, really," she said.

"It was the marine," said Pete. "I'd have gone on sitting there dreaming over you forever, at least for the week we'll still be here, except I saw the marine advance. Now the marines are fine, but where would they be without the Army? It was seeing that marine."

"What marine?"

"The one that came to see you. I almost jumped right off; I mean it seriously."

"Have you been spying on me?" she said. "How did you know Merrit was here?" She made herself very tall as she stood up. "I really think you have made a mistake," she said. "I have no idea of being picked up by a strange soldier."

"I'm not picking you up," he said, "on your own roof."

"I've never been introduced to you."

"I'll bring up the landlady."

"Who introduced you to her?"

"I did. When I was trying to locate you."

"Then she doesn't know you either."

"Now, look," he said, "fun is fun, but you can't carry it too far." He looked at her earnestly. "You can't go clear back to Adam, can you, for an introduction?"

"No, not clear to Adam," she said gravely.

"Look, I have an awful little piece of time. Are you going to marry that marine?"

"I'm thinking of it."

"All right," he said. "Will you pretend just for one evening that you aren't? Then I'll remember time stopping on this evening. You see, I know you awfully well, even if you don't know me." He grinned shyly. "I even know how you brush your hair in the sun."

They ate supper on the roof—crusty French rolls, iced coffee, a big wooden bowl of chef's salad. The little dog sat in Pete's lap afterward, poking a soft damp nose in his sleeve.

Pete told her his name, and about home and all his dreams of tomorrow. She told him about her war job; her parents were dead she took care of herself. The stars came out all over the sky and you could hear the boat whistles far away on the river.

"It's probably better than heaven," said Pete, opening the basket to give the kitten her milk. "It's funny how I thought there wasn't any place at all worth being except my home town? And here I like this old roof top as well as any place in the world. I'd as soon stay here the rest of my life. Why do you suppose that is?"

"You get such a wonderful view."

"Maybe that's it," he said, looking at her eyes and the little smile around her soft mouth. He sighed, and rubbed the little dog's ears gently.

"Merrit was pretty bored with it," she said thoughtfully. "He wanted to go to night clubs. He said it was kind of silly to stick here doing nothing on a roof."

"I can think of several things to do on a roof," said Pete. "One I'd like to try right now, before I have to go."

"It wouldn't be any use," she said.

"O.K." Pete put the dog down gently. "It's been wonderful. And I guess this is where I came in." He looked down at her. "I love you," he said. "Somehow even the way you move around seems special. It does happen this way sometimes, I guess. Anyhow, it has to me."

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She said, "Oh, Pete, you don't really know me at all! Now I've known Merrit for six years and ——"

"I get the idea. I'm not wonderful anyway. I'm just a plain ordinary guy from a small town. But look, if you've known him six years why aren't you married?"

"Merrit isn't the impulsive type," she said. "He wanted to get established in his business and everything before he took on the responsibility of ——"

"A marine? Well, it seems peculiar. Marines aren't that type usually."

She smiled. "He's not a natural marine," she said. "Only for now."

Pete nodded. "I see," he said. "He's just grafted on."

"There's no reason for you to be unpleasant about him. You've never even met him."

"I never even want to," said Pete definitely. "It might bring out the gypsy in me." In the pure light of the bomber's moon, her hair was shining. Her lashes looked dark. Her mouth was something for a man to dream of a long, long time and in many far places. "Ann," he said.

"I—I think you better go now," she said, "and I would rather you didn't—try to see me again. The way things are ——" Her voice was grave, but at the same time stubborn under the sweetness.

He kissed her. She was light and soft in his arms, and her mouth was even better than a dream. Her hair smelled of lilac.

Then she pushed him away and said, "Go now!" And he stumbled down the steep dark steps into the hot tight air below.

The streets were baking hot. He tramped up and down, going nowhere as fast as possible. Why should she like him anyway? No reason at all. He was just another lug in a uniform. You couldn't expect a girl who'd been engaged to a very suitable guy for some time to just fall for you because you were crazy for her. Things didn't work out that way.

He had to stop thinking about how she'd be to come home to. Not just beautiful—he'd been with a lot of beautiful ones with Buzz. No, it was just something special about her, quiet and gentle and yet with plenty of fire too—making that home on the old rotten roof with her dog and her kitten. So competent and—oh, well, he had to stop thinking about her.

He plunged along faster than ever, with sweat pouring down his face. Suddenly he stopped and stared in a window at the corner. It was one of those junk shops. "We Buy and Sell Old Furniture," it said.

In the window next to a livid green-glass water pitcher and a painting of cows in a meadow was a little old pewter teapot. It was round and smoothly worn, and there was a cover on it with a sort of carved knob set with a blue stone. At suppertime, with yellow candles lit, you could carry that little teapot in. It looked like a whole world to Peter Adams. Summer dusk and fresh lawn clippings scenting the air and lilacs outside and a girl with red hair and brown eyes wearing one of those frilly things.

"I want that teapot," he said, rushing into the shop.

"That's a very fine antik piece puter," said the shop owner. "A genuwine old antik with a gemstone in the lid."

"All right, don't describe it to me. How much is it?"

"Well, I was keeping it for a spashul costumer comes fum a swell store uptown for antiks. It cost me plenty. I should have to get prolly eighteen dollars, worth twenny-five any day you bring it back."

"I don't want to bring it back," Peter told him. He counted his money; by a miracle he had it. "Will you deliver it for me tomorrow morning if I add fifty cents to the price?"

"Why not?"

Buzz said, "Where have you been?"

"Just walking," said Peter.

"I had a really swell girl for you. I tried every place I could think of—USO, Mickey's, etcetra, etcetra. This girl you really would ——"

"Thanks," said Peter.

"You feel all right?"

"Sure. Sure, I feel fine," said Peter.

"Must be the weather," said Buzz doubtfully. "It's sure a scorcher."

"Hot, too," said Peter dimly.

The sky was glazed when they went on duty again up on the skyscraper. A fog of heat hung over Brooklyn and over the river beyond. Manhattan was steamy.

Buzz said, "Well, those guys in the Aleutians have something, at that. I could chop a hunk of seal off a ice cake and like it right now."

Pete sat down and unslung his glasses. He looked at the far-off baking streets, the hot span of Brooklyn Bridge swinging over the river. He watched a fire truck roll down and turn a corner on two wheels.

Every hour was a lifetime. When his glasses reached the area of No. 7 on a certain street, he swung them past quickly. He wouldn't look. There was a large block of stone where his heart ought to be.

Buzz said, "They'll give us some extra leave before we move on. How would you like to run out to Orchard Beach with a couple of those Vassar girls?"

Peter wasn't listening. He focused his glasses and held them steady. He just wanted to see if his floor showed up at all. Probably that flat ten-by-eight stretch of rough boards wouldn't even be noticeable, but he just thought he'd take a —— He looked, and suddenly he leaped to his feet shouting.

"Buzz! Buzz! Look here!" He was waving his glasses and yelling.

"What? Germans or Japs?" Buzz dashed over.

"No—no—look at there—look at my roof!" Peter was gesticulating.

"What is it? I don't see anything. Looks like someone hung out some wash is all. What's the matter with you, Pete?"

"It's a pillowcase," said Pete, breathing hard. "It's a pillowcase."

"So what?"

"It's white," said Pete. "It's a white pillowcase!"

Buzz shook his head. "The guy is definitely nuts. A white pillowcase, he says."

Pete was shaking his arm now. "Did you ever in your long and utterly misspent life," he said, "hear of a little item called the white flag? That's a white flag hanging there on that little old roof top!"

"What does it mean?"

"It means for once," said Pete, "the infantry is landing ahead of the marines!"

Reunion

BY BIANCA BRADBURY

How will I see this war-long winter through?
Spring's on the hills, but not for us, for you
Have tucked our springtime in your tunic pocket.
I wear mine safe in an old and golden locket.

Spring's not a thing of season or the weather.
For when, come wind come storm, we are together,

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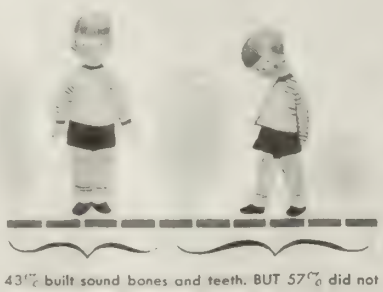
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DON'T GIVE YOUR ANIMALS A NAME

(Continued from Page 5)

gosling yard, his neck anxiously bent, his voice shrill. I shamefully remember my distrustful misinterpretation of his feelings, and that disastrous morning when I jumped in the water of the pond with all my clothes on, anxious to save a gosling who had slipped through a hole in the wire for a precocious swim and seemed dangerously approached by the big Hermann. I didn't know then that Hermann only thought to protect this gosling against me. We started to deliver each other a sea battle only to be compared with that between Admiral Scheer and Commodore Jellicoe in the last World War, and the gosling was almost drowned by the combined efforts of its both protectors.

Later, when those goslings took their first regular outdoor walk, we found that Hermann had no other idea than to take up the attitude of a perfect family father, watchful, responsible. As he bossed and husbanded the ducks before without being their regular husband, so he fathered the goslings now. So he became another one not to be treated professionally, a never-to-be-killed, plucked, fried, eaten or sold one.

Watching a chicken yard, however, from fifty to five thousand inhabitants, you might forget about your individual approach to animals, but feel a certain uneasiness or dislike with their inclination to mass movements. Yet among ordinary laying hens you'll find personalities. Five of our first six "professionals" are still alive and we know all of them from the others. They are named after (some of the) Christian names of our two daughters: Michaela, Maria, Magdalena, Agatha, Augusta, Christina. Since they were the first ones, we watched them with an exaggerated anxiety.

Even when we got used to pick up and sell the eggs per dozens a day, we still knew Magdalena's or Michaela's eggs from the others and took them aside for our own breakfast table.

During the first winter Michaela froze her toes. They became swollen with a dark reddish colour like a drunkard's nose, and she hardly could stand or walk on them. My wife insisted to take her in the kitchen for a special treatment. Having used some strong and ineffective words about a kitchen being no stable and no chicken hospital, I gave in.

"It'll smell," I said.

"Michaela does not smell," said my wife, and this was a dogma. (Confidentially: she smelled.)

Every morning for a few weeks when I came downstairs and entered the kitchen as the first of the house, I got frightened for a second (having forgotten over night the presence of Michaela) by the odd sound of an old hoarse woman's voice chatting behind the stove, something like: "Yo—yoyoyoyoyoyoyo—that's the way't is, that's the way't is."

WE HAD to stand her ceaseless and monotonous chatting. We had to stand her—well, I just smoked some more pipes in the kitchen. After some time, having lost all her claws which fell off like fingernails in a beauty shop, she walked out again on strong and horny feet, perfectly all right.

As a sign of her gratefulness, she took up her job now as a watch-Ersatz. My wife used to favour her with a special bit—sometimes even of raw meat—every afternoon at six before going to feed the other chickens. Since then, every afternoon, exactly at six P.M., Michaela appeared in front of the kitchen door—with the strict punctuality of Lassie, the dog in Eric Knight's tale—to ask with her creaking voice for her special "bouchée de protection."

"Turn Schenectady in," some of us would call. "Michaela cackles at the kitchen door!" And the next moment you'd hear: "Six P.M. We'll bring you the latest news of the day ——"

Late in last winter I suddenly had to leave for New York City and my wife, who was condemned to stay alone with the only help of a young village boy, anticipated all the horrors and catastrophes to come in a hopeless and very realistic elegy. But it came worse. The eve before my departure I found Michaela lying in the cold snow in front of the henhouse. I knew at the first look that she was fatally sick and wouldn't recover.

I TOOK her to the kitchen and we gave her all possible treatment. When I left next morning, I saw her still alive but knew that I had to prepare our daughter, Michaela, whom I was going to visit at Sarah Lawrence College, for the loss of her chicken-godchild.

Same day, after dark, the village boy came back from school and found my wife in the most depressive and disastrous of moods.

"This is a terrible day," she said. "The coal fire went out in the kitchen and I don't know how to start it again. And all the water pails are frozen in the barn and there is no more hay in the mangers and I think that a snow storm is coming. And now you are late for milking and I see that you forgot to bring the mail. Everything going wrong today and Michaela died ——"

"Oh," said the boy, not very excited. "In Sarah Lawrence?"

"Ah, no," said my wife. "Not our girl, of course! Michaela, the hen."

"I see," said the boy, hardly oppressing some disappointment.

That's the way to take life and death in the country.

But the killing, the butching, the professional murder, this is another chapter and I'll make it short, since it is a sinister one. I learned to do it in the fastest possible way, but I still hate it. Things are worse if you have to deliver mass murder, not for the immediate use in your own kitchen but for the freezer plant or for sale. Here the naming of animals suddenly became quite a different connotation, and proved to be an enormous emotional releave. I got used to give ugly and repulsive names to those birds who carry the fatal determination. I had an Adolf, of course, a Musso and a Ribbentrop, two brothers Goebbels (Paul and Joseph, both limping, both extremely shrill-voiced, with a cock-sure attitude of news and propaganda crowing), a Julius Streicher and a Dr. Ley, a Count Ciano and several dozens of Quislings. Thus the executions became more of a symbolic act instead of an ordinary and purposeful killing.

But how good that there are some animals who are of no use at all and have no other determination but to be alive and to live on, beautifully and happily as long as they will and can.

It's almost three years ago now that I found Liesi, my deer, in an old clearing, overgrown with shrubs and bushes, deep in the woods—one of her hind legs broken and badly hurt, tangled up with a rosty wire-fence. I heard the dogs barking first and just succeeded to call them back before they could have wounded or killed the animal. It was a yearling doe, and she must have hung there helplessly for several days, but, in spite of her wounds and her weakness, she kicked vigorously with her unhurt legs when I got her loose and took her on my shoulder to carry her home.

(Continued on Page 112)

LIVE AND LEARN

Marriage is a process for finding out what sort of guy your wife would have preferred. —STRICKLAND GILULAN; Quoted in Your Life.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and walk there yourself once in a while. —JOSH BILLINGS.

It doesn't make any difference how hard we look back; we can't keep tomorrow from coming. —C. F. KETTERING.



HE NEEDS YOU MORE THAN EVER IN A WAR-CHANGED WORLD

FROM THE MOMENT when first you cradle your baby in your arms, you are the all-important being in his small, new life. Today, especially, when his doctor is so busy and there are so few nurses, he needs *your* wise, loving care to help him grow up sturdy and strong.

Guard him from the "other fellow's cold"

In these first few months of his life one of the greatest threats to your baby's health is a cold. Yes, just a common cold—rarely serious with an adult—can be the start of a dangerous illness to your baby. Respiratory infections and their resulting complications cause more fatalities among infants than any other illness.

The *surest* way to guard your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to make sure he never comes in contact with it. But suppose *you* get a cold—and there is no one else to take care of your baby?

Trap germs with a protective mask

The next best thing to keeping your baby completely isolated from the person with a cold—is to reduce the risk of contagion with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, if you have a cold, whenever you are in the same room with him. And insist that *anyone else* who has a cold wear a protective mask if he must come in contact with your baby.

Tissue mask quick and easy to make

Even though you may not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can make an effective emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs—greatly lessen the danger of contagion. Remember—a cold can be a real threat to your baby's health—be sure always to take this simple precaution to guard him from respiratory infection.

You hold, in your two hands, your precious new baby's safety and well-being. With your watchful care, he need never suffer from a war-caused doctor and nurse shortage.

CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE PORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for gh cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will ts soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emer- mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an nical tissue for the whole family. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



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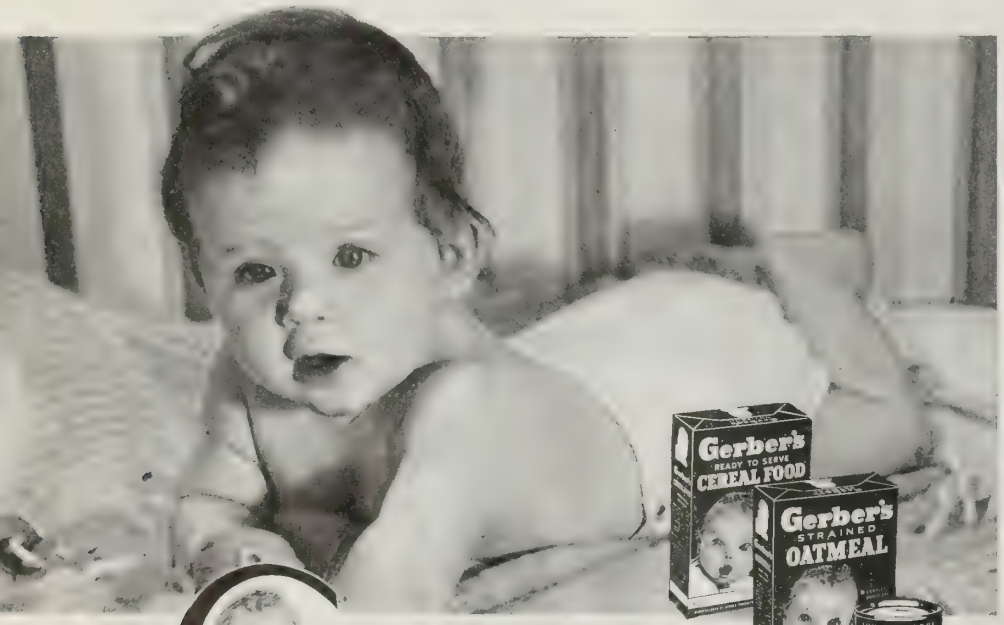


Mothers, you can buy a smile like this!

The smile of a happy, well-fed baby who *enjoys* his food! For that is one of the strong points of Gerber's Baby Foods—they taste *extra* good. Add to that their smooth, even texture, just right for easy digestion. Be sure to get Gerber's Baby Foods—cooked by steam to preserve precious minerals and vitamins to build healthy babies! *There are 15 Gerber's Strained Foods, also 8 kinds of Gerber's Chopped Foods for older babies.*

Oh, Hullo—have you heard, too?

About serving variety in cereals, I mean. Mummy serves Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next. Because variety helps babies eat better. Both cereals are fortified with iron and Vitamin B_1. Both are pre-cooked—just add hot or cold milk or formula and serve.



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H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Only a fraction of infantile-paralysis victims are paralyzed—and these may be active again with proper care.

Learn the Truth—

AVOID "POLIO PANIC"

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

MOTHERS dread infantile paralysis as a crippler of little children. When epidemics rise during the summer, "polio panic" often spreads swiftly. Fear that children will get poliomyelitis and die or be crippled then mounts unreasonably. Healthy youngsters are subjected to needless restrictions. A few sensible precautions which can be taken are often neglected.

Here are three simple facts—easy to remember—which should keep you from getting panicky when polio comes again. First—only a few children get infantile paralysis, even during an epidemic; actually it is less to be feared than measles or whooping cough, as a cause of death among little children. Second—of the children who are stricken, only a fraction (about one fifth to one fourth) are paralyzed. Third—prompt, skilled medical care improves the chances of recovery.

Poliomyelitis is caused by a virus—a tiny microorganism, or germ—which attacks and often damages a part of the spinal cord that has to do with the control of motion. But the means by which the virus spreads are not definitely known. This mystery about the way children get polio (adults rarely succumb) is one reason for the terror it causes. When the disease prevails, mothers fear everything.

Known facts, however, do point to certain ways in which the disease may be spread. Repeatedly, polio virus has been found in sewage; experiments have convinced research workers that flies can pick up and carry the disease. Then how does it pass from flies to healthy persons? These are possible answers: food, milk or water contaminated by flies; swimming in stagnant, polluted water is less likely, but still a possibility.

Evidence that polio spreads by nasal droplets sprayed into the air is unconvincing. Often children fail to get the disease after intimate contact with an infected child. Seldom are two children in the same family stricken. There is no proof that closing schools, movies or assembly halls checks epidemics. Nevertheless, nasal droplets cannot be ruled out altogether. Of course, it is possible that all these methods—and perhaps others, too—share responsibility for pol spread. An added difficulty in preven is suggested by the belief that many chil become mildly infected without ever h ing acute symptoms, but may yet spr the disease to others.

However the virus is carried, it inv chiefly by two known routes—the throat the intestines. The throat seems especi susceptible. In experiments, small amo of polio virus were injected under the in one group of monkeys and into the th in another group. None of the first g was affected, but 80 per cent of the se group developed typical polio sympt There is circumstantial evidence that sir susceptibility exists in human beings. dren who have had recent operations fo

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

removal of tonsils catch polio more easily than others; apparently the wound left after operation is an open door for the invading virus. Excessive fatigue and sudden chilling, too, seem to make children more liable to infection.

Incomplete as it is, this knowledge outlines the precautionary steps to be taken during an outbreak of polio: Banish flies. Take extra care to avoid contamination of foods. Guard against overtiring and chilling. Rule out swimming in unsupervised or stagnant pools. But, unless health authorities tell you to do so, or unless signs of infection like sniffles, sore throat or fever appear, it isn't necessary to keep your child home from school or away from community activities.

In its early symptoms, infantile paralysis resembles ordinary colds and many other infections. Children with any of these mild upsets should be kept home and watched. If fever gains, or if headache, vomiting, diarrhea or stiff neck should develop, the doctor should be called at once. These warning symptoms may last three or four days. Then come soreness and twitching of the limbs, with severe headache and rising fever, and paralysis. The paralysis may be either slight or extensive; it may be mild, or it may be accompanied by distressing pain.

Now the virus has attacked the nerve roots in the spine. (Sometimes doctors draw off and test spinal fluid in order to distinguish infantile paralysis definitely from other diseases.) And now great skill is required in the medical and nursing management of the disease to relieve pain and aid in preventing deformity. Detailed examination to determine exactly which muscles are affected is important.

Most often, paralysis affects the arms or legs. Careful nursing during the acute stage and expert aftercare are most important in restoring stricken limbs to usefulness. The treatment introduced by Sister Kenny, in which moist, warm packs are applied to the affected parts and, later, a program of retraining inactive muscles is undertaken, has gained acceptance in recent years.

There is a question about the effectiveness of polio serum. Complete evidence that the serum now available helps in either prevention or treatment is still to be obtained. In all cases, absolute rest is essential. Drugs may be used by the physician when necessary to alleviate suffering and cut down uncontrolled motion. The choice of treatment, however, will be made by the doctor. Individualization in treatment is important; no two cases are exactly alike. Mother must remember this and avoid blaming the doctor because her child is not getting some particular treatment she has heard about.

For mothers of recent victims there is hope in the knowledge that, with proper care, gradual return of function to paralyzed limbs may continue for several years or even longer. For all mothers there is reassurance in the fact that through the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, universities, medical schools, hospitals and other agencies, one of the most intensive scientific research efforts the world has ever known is focused on learning precisely how poliomyelitis spreads, and on developing effective means for its prevention and cure. Gradually the truth about infantile paralysis is emerging.

Have faith in scientific knowledge and resolve now to avoid "polio panic"—this year and in the years to come!

CHILDREN

In more than half of all marriages the first baby arrives within a year. Every tenth child is born to a mother under twenty, another tenth of all children to mothers over thirty-five. The youngest mother is Lina Medina, who at five-and-a-half gave birth to a boy in Lima, Peru.

—H. G. BEIGEL:
Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

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Here's the mattress for me — the one that helps me grow up straight and strong because it gives firm level support. Kantwet has extra center filling, flat sealed-button tufting to keep it from shifting — and a lustrous wetproof covering that wipes clean and dry in a jiffy. Yes, siree! When you're shopping for a crib mattress, look for the name KANTWET.*

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Pretty as a picture in gay new nursery patterns and carefully built to hold its shape, a Kantwet High Chair Pad means better support for baby's back. The easy-to-clean covering — as on all Kantwet carriage, play-pen and nursery furniture pads — is satiny soft and wetproof



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RECIPE

LEMON-RAISIN-RICE RENNET-CUSTARD

- 1 "Junket" Rennet Tablet
- 1 tablespoon cold water
- 1 cup cooked rice
- ¼ cup raisins
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract
- Few drops yellow food coloring, if desired
- 2 cups milk (not canned)

Dissolve rennet tablet by crushing in cold water. Mix rice, raisins, salt, and 2 tablespoons of the sugar. Divide among 5 or 6 dessert dishes. Add remaining sugar, lemon extract, and food coloring to milk. Warm slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When COMFORTABLY WARM (110° F.), *not hot*, remove at once from heat. Add dissolved rennet tablet and stir quickly for a few seconds only. Pour at once, *while still liquid*, over rice mixture in dessert dishes. Let stand at room temperature until set—about 10 minutes. Chill.





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RENNET-CUSTARDS
ICE CREAM
COTTAGE CHEESE

You can make rennet-custards with either:

"Junket" Rennet Tablets—Not sweetened; add sugar and flavor to taste. Each rennet tablet makes 4 or 5 rennet-custard desserts or more than a pint of smooth ice cream in automatic refrigerators. 12 tablets in package. At grocers and druggists.

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Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Maple

"When can I get other 'Junket' Brand Food Products?"

Here's the answer to this often-asked question:

"Junket" Freezing Mix—You won't always find all flavors. Sorry!

"Junket" Danish Dessert — Short, because fruit juices are scarce.

"Junket" Quick Fudge Mix—Temporarily discontinued, but worth waiting for!

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Make MILK fun for your children

You won't have to prod your Jane or John to *drink* enough milk, once you discover how rennet-custards appeal to appetites! For example . . . the cool, creamy dessert pictured, full of fluffy rice and plump raisins.

Yet you can make this dessert in a jiffy, without eggs. The nutrition-richness of the milk is unimpaired by cooking, and it's extra-easy to digest, too, because of the rennet enzyme.

Give your whole family this tempting, satisfying, economical dessert!

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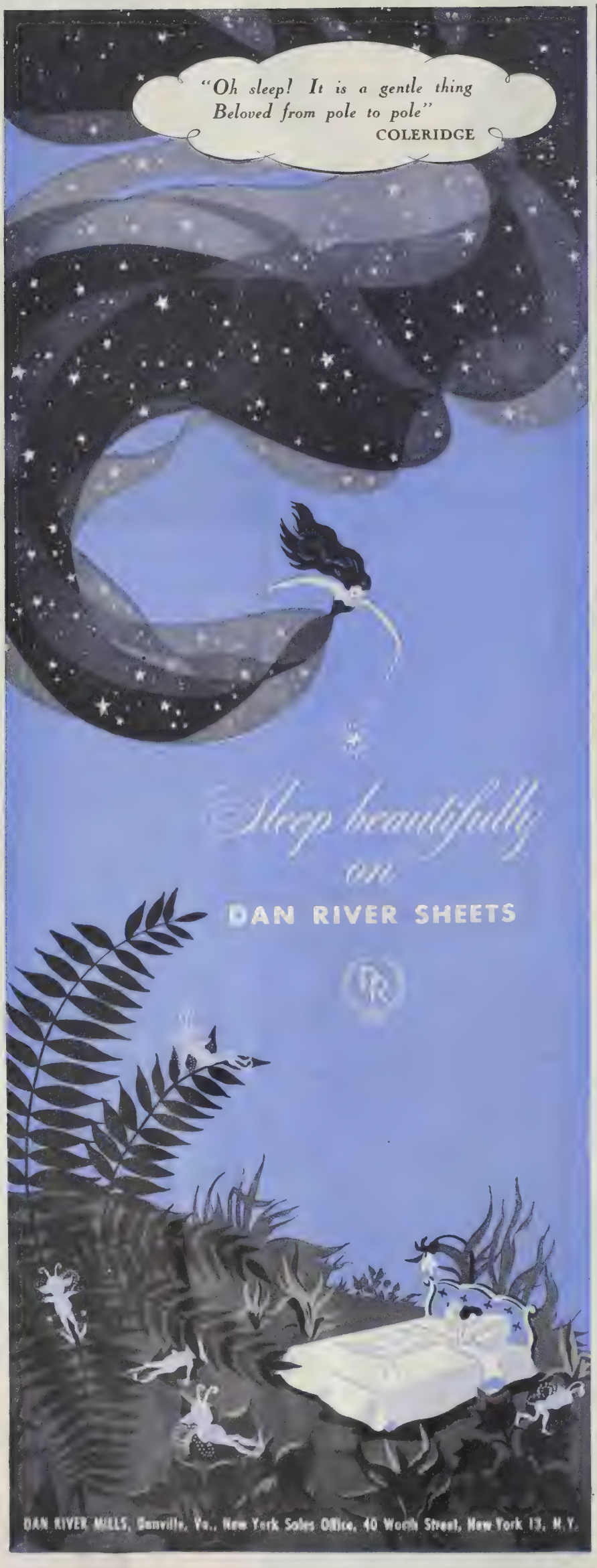
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THE LONG WAY

(Continued from Page 33)

was like a child that could not speak or gesture. Ann looked back and saw the top of her mother's head as she went quickly down toward the basement laundry.

Ann turned back to Gustave. She called to him again:

"Let me in, then—open the door for me. What's the matter with you, Gustave? Don't you want to play?"

At last he went away from the window and she ran to the back door and waited for him. She could hear him get a kitchen chair and push it to the door and climb on it. Then he undid the chain that allowed the door to be opened only an inch or two. At last the knob turned in his small hand and he opened the door and it swung in a little. He climbed down from the chair and Ann impatiently pushed the door wide.

Gustave just stood there looking at her and then his face began to work and all at once he rushed out past her and he began to cry and even to scream, hurling himself about the porch like one possessed. Ann looked at him in amazement and then she looked into the house. She could see through the open door between the kitchen and dining room, or workroom. She could see that everything was in the wildest confusion. A great bolt of raw silk had been spilled out and lay in rippling shining sheets everywhere, and the furniture was overturned—the sewing table was upset and spools and buttons were everywhere, the machine was overturned. And in the midst of it—thrown down like dolls—lay the two women, motionless, silent.

Ann stared with her mouth open. Then she, too, screamed. She was stunned with horror, and acting upon blind instinct, she caught the door and pulled it shut and the lock clicked, shutting the children outside on the porch. With a great effort Ann stopped screaming. The sound of the lock dispelled the worst of her anguish. They were locked out and she felt safe. But she was shaking. She put her hand over her mouth to stop herself from screaming again and she turned to Gustave and put an arm around him and held him.

"Don't cry, Gustave," she said in a loud voice. "Don't cry. The door is locked. I'll take you home with me. I'll take you to my mother."

Gustave could not stop sobbing. He had not uttered a sound when he was inside, but only looked at her. But he had been able to come out, to open the door, to save himself. Wordlessly she recognized the heroic effort. They sat on the porch floor and Ann wished for her mother. There was no use calling down all those stairs. No one would hear her. She did not want any stranger to come, anyhow. She only wanted her mother.

Gustave whimpered, after a little, "Your mother's not there—she's in the basement."

"I know," said Ann, "but you come with me and we will go down there and be with her. I know the way to go down, and if she isn't there we'll go up to our flat. I've been down in the back yard lots of times."

THEY got up off the floor, and after a little more urging Gustave agreed to come. The drawstring at the waist of his blouse had not been tied and Ann drew it tight and tied it and tucked the string into his tight black pants. She pushed his hair back from his face and wiped his face with her own hanky and took him by the hand and opened the gate. They descended hand in hand to the first landing, halfway to the floor below. Both felt better for this accomplishment. They went down another flight to the middle floor, one step at a time, hand in hand. Gustave had to sit down, trembling, and Ann sat close beside him. She began to talk to him about her Sunday so that she would not think of what was up there behind them.

"I could hardly wait to tell you," she said. "My Cousin Mary has a white cat and she has five kittens. They live in a drawer of an old dresser in their basement and the big cat goes in and out like it was her house! Mary is going to give me one when it is big enough. Oh, they are so little now"—she measured on her plump palm. "I'll let you share it," she said.

He looked at her, but he could only nod.

They went on down to another halfway landing and looked out into the alley. They could see the heads of a team of horses there. They passed another back door, closed and locked against them. Ann now saw that everything was reversed here—the last few stairs led in another direction from her stairs. She thought, *I mustn't get turned around.*

There before them was the fence and she saw, disappointed, that the space between the buildings, the walk across which she was lifted almost every day, was on her mother's side of the fence and closed off from this side. This fence was not so high as the one across the back of the yard, but it was a picket fence. It was too high to climb. And she could not leave Gustave a moment. She could just see the edge of their basement door. Her mother was way up in front in the laundry by the street windows, and the door was shut.

ANN held Gustave's hand firmly and turned back to the other side of the yard. In her mind was a clear picture of what she must do. Now that they were down the stairs she must go to the other side and go between Gustave's building and the one beyond to the street sidewalk, then come back to her own walk and so to her own back yard. There would be no use trying to go up the front steps, because her mother was not in the flat. The dentist did not encourage children to visit him.

Ann led Gustave into the narrow walk between the buildings. On either side the brick walls rose, almost blank, towering above their heads. Only the fronts of the buildings were of stone. Far up there was a strip of sky like a narrow bright carpet. Near the center of the walk the space widened a little to let light down into the narrow bathroom windows.

Gustave was still trembling, but Ann was not at all afraid now. She was confident she would soon be with her mother.

"Come with me now, Gustave—walk right along," she said encouragingly.

It seemed a long way from the back yard to the front sidewalk and they walked slowly, for Gustave could not come with her so quickly as she could go. He was breathing strangely, now deep, now shallow, but he never released his grip on her hand—his very grip on life itself. Then they stopped stock-still. For there on the sidewalk before the house was *the man.*

He did not see the children, and they drew quickly back. Gustave turned and cowered against the wall and hid his face against the bricks and put his arm up over his head and gave a dry little sob. Ann knew at once that however he might have felt about the man before, he was afraid of him now. She was afraid of him, too, and she remembered the room upstairs and knew at once that it was the man who had left it so. But she stiffened herself. She plucked Gustave loose from the wall. She drew him back away from the front sidewalk.

"We'll go out the back way," she whispered. "He can't see us then. Come quickly, Gustave."

He came, stumbling after her, and they did indeed come back into the yard and away from the walk. Ann carried a vivid picture of *the man,* standing on the curb watching the house, his hat pulled down, his dark coat buttoned, his eyes glittering under the shade of his hatbrim and on his face the strangest, most vivid look—of satisfaction. Ann shuddered. If he had seen them! She wanted to get away very quickly, but she could not go without Gustave.

The basement door, beyond the picket fence, was still closed. Ann could not wait here until her mother came out. Not now. At any time the man might come back

hrough the walk. She could not even call
o loudly that they were here. Everything
ad changed, become important, hurried.
he was not afraid for herself, but for Gus-
ave. They must get to her mother, and
uickly, for if *he* came he might take Gus-
ave back upstairs.

Ann looked all around. There was activity
the alley. She could see the ears of horses
ght at the back, and there was no one to
elp her. She went to the double gates and
ulled hard and one of them opened a little.
here were tall cans there—garbage cans—
nd beyond, a wagon with a canvas over its
eep pit. A brown dog on the driver's seat
aw the children and began to bark. He was
nly giving the alarm, for he would not hurt
em. He jumped down and came to Ann,
nd she put Gustave behind her. The man
fted the big cans and emptied them into
s cart and put them down and rattled the
ds on them.

The dog was standing now, with the chil-
en treed, and the man said, "What are you
oung 'uns doing in the alley? Get back in
our yard," and before they could protest he
vept them back into the yard and closed
e gate. He put the bar across the gate to
old it, stepped up on the bar and over the
p of the gate to the wagon seat. The dog
mped up beside him and they drove away.

They stood imprisoned in the yard. Ann
uld not think what to do next. She said,
Don't cry, Gustave. We'll find a way out!"
She turned to the other fence, along the
st side of Gustave's yard. She saw that
ere was a little variation there. The fence
st stopped just short of the wall and there
s a space to slide through there. At once
changed her plan. With a true instinct
pattern she had a new picture in her
nd.

"We can get through the fence," she said,
nd we can cross this next yard and go
ough their walk to the front. They's way
t where *he* is. We can go all the way
und the block and come back on the
er side to our walk. That way he would
er see us. There's always people going
we could walk in back of. Can you walk
t far?"

"Yes," Gustave said. "I can walk that
if you go with me."

Oh, I will," said Ann. "I meant to, all
time."

squeezed her chunky person through
narrow space and drew Gustave after
Her pinafore was torn a little and dirty
, and Gustave was dirty, too, from cry-
and from putting his hands and his
against the brick wall. But they were
cely sensible of these minor troubles.
y crossed the next yard almost on tiptoe
went through the walk beyond and
ped and peeked around the corner of the
ding before going out. The man was still
e, looking up at his own flat. He seemed
e far away, smaller and strange to them.
re were people going along the walk in
directions.

he children, hand in hand, darted out
ixt the pedestrians. They got in front
vo women and walked toward the cor-
apidly.

At the corner two streetcar tracks crossed and there was a big store there. People spilled off the sidewalks into the street where there was a tumult of horses and trolley cars and drays and carriages of every kind. Ann knew that she must cling to the buildings. She might have to cross an alley or two, but no street. If she just kept turning to her left and staying close to the buildings! Both children breathed easier when they got around the corner. Now, *he* could not see them.

They trudged along close to the store windows, looking around at all the people—women in long dresses with small parasols in their hands and men with dark beards and stiff dark clothes and bowler hats, or yellow straw hats.

In the street, drivers stood up to manage the great draft horses. There was one wagon of fine blue with black horses, with bright silver and red plumes on the harnesses. Ann told Gustave that her father had explained to her how the great stores downtown took pride in having fine rigs.

Now they came to another corner and negotiated it safely. The street they entered was quieter and there were tenements here, old wooden structures with gray wooden steps, and there were children swarming and playing over the walks and in the street and right under the horses. Ann and Gustave walked stiffly and warily, but no one paid any attention to them.

Ann's heart beat thickly. Suddenly and for a moment the way ahead of her seemed long and perilous. But she remembered that her mother was at the end of her journey and she was heartened.

She had never been on this street before. It looked like a mean street to her. The backs of these tenements were visible from her porch, and she knew that the houses were crowded and had no porches, no basements, only wooden stairs running crisscross back of the buildings. It did not occur to her to ask help of anyone she saw. Like a little homing pigeon, her whole instinct was to bring Gustave to her mother. The way did not seem devious to her, but plain after that one moment of panic.

They had almost reached another corner when suddenly out of the very earth beneath their feet sprang up a dogfight. It was a clamorous thing—with that horrible snarling and growling and sound of raw breath so disconcerting to the human ear. Gustave knew nothing of dogs. Ann's cousins had pets and she was not at all afraid of dogs, but made friends with them quickly. But this was different. A bulldog was fighting with a brown dog and they were at each other's throats on the wooden sidewalk. There was nothing for the children to do but run up the steps nearest them. Immediately a crowd gathered at the foot of the steps and the two little ones stood, hand in hand, and watched the men trying to separate the dogs, shouting and swearing. Finally the man who owned the brown dog had him up in his arms, and Ann saw that it was the garbage man and that his wagon stood in the street. Another man was holding the bulldog by the collar. Everyone began to

American Child: 3

BY PAUL ENGLE

Lucky the living child born in a land
Bordered by rivers of enormous
flow:
Missouri running through its
throat of sand,
Mississippi growling under snow;
A country confident that day or night,
Planting, plowing or at evening rest
It has a trust like childhood, free of
fright,
Having such powers to hold it east
and west.

Water edged with willow gray or
green
Edges the hours and meadows
where she plays.
Where the black earth and the
bright time are piled,
She lives between those rivers as
between
Her birth and death, and is in these
bold days
A water-watched and river-radiant
child.



Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

DAD'S TWO BEST GIRLS sleep sweet tonight . . . tucked away beneath their warm and comfy North Stars. And Dad, like every father-at-war, carries in his heart the picture of their loveliness.

Good blankets are an investment in good living, in beauty born of restful, peace-restoring sleep. And North Stars are the finest blankets your money can buy. They're virgin wool to the last fiber, woven to keep their luxury-softness, warmth-without-weightness through years of wash-and-wear. When you shop for blankets, look for the label North Star. Light as down, warm as Spring, a North Star sweetens sleep and . . .

NORTH STAR
All wool Beautymap
BLANKETS

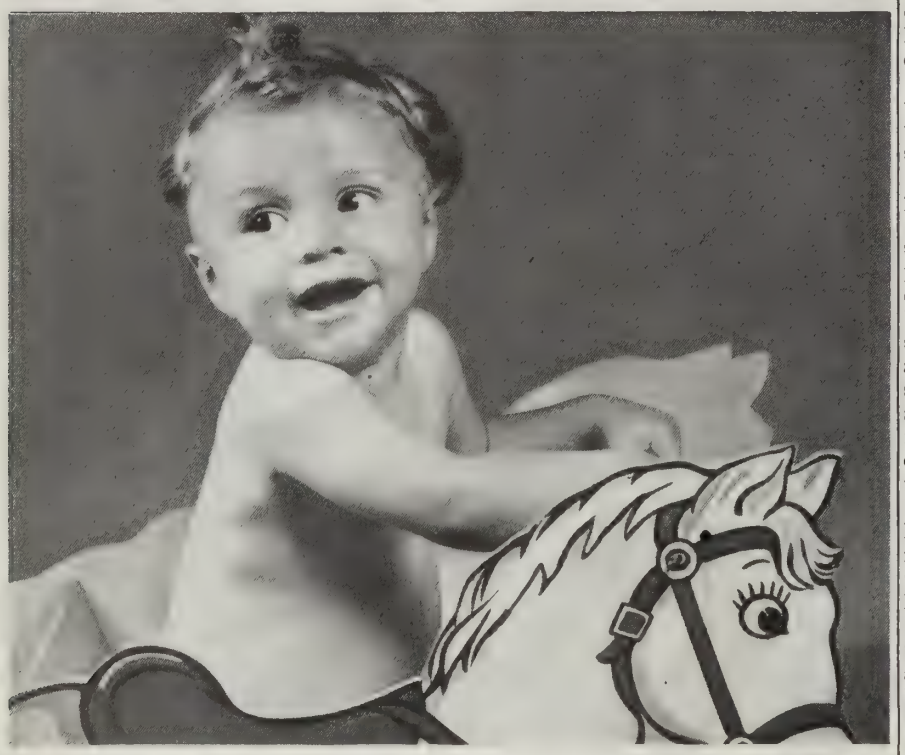
sleep is your best beauty treatment

PICTURED: North Star "Zephyr", Peach Glow. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

"North Star" is also your guide to fine baby blankets . . . superb all wool fabrics . . . hand-woven "Means Equal Grade"

PUBLIC LIBRARY

His mother's a Doctor—



John M.'s mother* is a leading doctor in New York City. It's natural that John is getting the benefit of the most modern, scientific principles of infant feeding. You can see from his picture what a strong, sturdy baby he is.

JOHN M. AT 12 MONTHS

At birth he weighed 7 pounds, 11 ounces	*At birth he was* 21 inches tall
Now he weighs 26 pounds	*Now he is* 30 inches tall

His cereal is CLAPP'S—



There's a good reason why so many doctors recommend Clapp's Baby Cereals—and feed these cereals to their own children, too!

Doctors' requirements

For Clapp's Baby Cereals were made to fill doctors' requirements for a baby's first solid food.

In addition to fine whole grains, they give a baby extra food elements—such as dry skim milk and brewers' yeast—to supply growth-promoting vitamins and minerals.

The texture is fine but definite. And Clapp's cereals are so easy to prepare, too—no cooking needed: you just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at Harold H. Clapp, Inc.

Why so many doctors recommend CLAPP'S BABY CEREALS

Every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives your baby—

3 times as much Iron as in unfortified home-cooked cereals.

2½ times as much Vitamin B_1 as in unfortified home-cooked cereals.

Every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives your baby:

Vitamin B_1	*Vitamin G*	*Iron*
100 U.S.P. units	0.18 mg.	6 mg.

Calcium	*Copper*
96 mg.	0.6 mg.

Ask your Doctor!

laugh, and the man with the brown dog jumped up on his wagon and drove away, and the man with the bulldog took him across the street and into a store.

Ann and Gustave watched the people drift away, talking, and the children who had been playing there—older children—came back to their game.

Ann was confused. She was not sure now which way she had been coming, or which way to go. She just stood there, as lost as she could be

Gustave waited for her, looking at her piteously.

Ann walked slowly down the steps to the sidewalk. She tried to bring together the pattern she held in her thought—but she could not think. Her psyche was shattered by the violence and noise of the dogfight and she stood almost helplessly on the street and turned her face the wrong way. Then she remembered something. They had been almost to the corner! So, it was this way, not that. She turned about and faced in the other direction. But something was still wrong.

Then she remembered a second thing. She had had Gustave on the other side. They must have changed hands when they ran up the steps. She walked quickly around him and stood so, with his other hand in hers, facing the nearest corner. She just stood there waiting and presently it came to her again and she felt sure. She walked forward, leading Gustave, and he came with her. Ann sighed profoundly. It had been a close thing there—but now they were safe again.

The next block was short, and when they turned into their own street and looked up at the row of identical blocks of apartments Ann felt a great rush of joy.

"See!" she said. "There we are. We've only to watch for the tooth hanging in front of the dentist's window and that is our building and our walk right beside it. We'll be in our yard and up our back stairs in a moment or two."

Gustave was lagging and Ann stooped and looked between the legs of the man in front of them.

"I don't think *he's* there," she said, "b we'll be careful. He won't see us. We don have to pass him."

They got close behind two women who skirts rippled along the pavement. The came to the dentist's place—there was th great white-and-red tooth. Ann could n see the man and so, she reasoned, he cou not see them. They pressed close to the fro steps and when they got into the areaw they ran as fast as they could run. The burst into the back yard like seeds squeeze between thumb and forefinger.

The grass was green, and on the lines the yard the laundry was waving gent back and forth in the breeze. The baseme door was closed and locked. They began climb the stairs. They were both very tire Gustave had to put his hands down once twice, like a creeping infant, to help himse Ann longed to run ahead, but she staye with him. And then they were on Ann's ba porch. They were at the door.

"Mother!" called Ann loudly. "Mother She opened the screened door and dre Gustave into the kitchen.

"Ann!" Her mother came quickly dow the hall. "Oh, I've been so frightened. I' been knocking on their window with t broom handle—and calling and calling. was just going down to ring their bell. H did you get here—you and Gustave didn climb over, did you?"

She stopped speaking suddenly. Th stood looking at her. They caught at h skirts, one on either side. But they still h to each other. She stooped quickly, a knelt between them, an arm around ea of them. A long look passed between A and her mother—a wordless look.

Ann held her mother tightly. Her bre caught, but she said, in a rush of words, "(mother! No, we didn't climb over. The m is on the sidewalk, in front, so we went the way around the block. Oh, mother, I brought Gustave home to stay. You m get daddy. You must tell the policeman go over there—over there—at Gustav house. Oh, mother, Gustave and I h come such a long way."



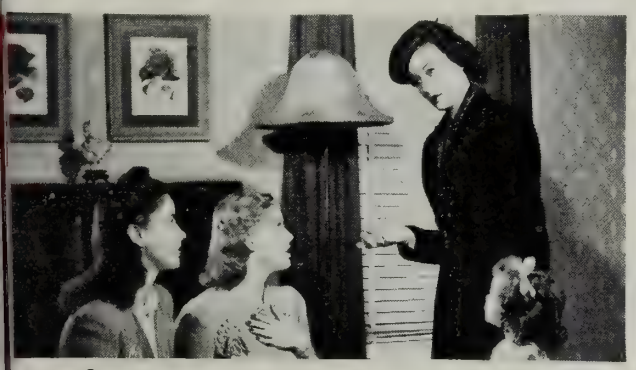
"I start a Waste Paper Drive—and stop some neighborhood gossip"



1. I'm pretty proud to be the head of our Committee for the Paper Salvage Drive that I started. Plenty of work—but it's worth it. Right now, our town's got the best record in the county! So I know we're doing a vital war job . . . *well.*



2. When I'm out of the house, my neighbors are wonderful about taking care of my daughter, Judy. But when I called for her at Sue's one day, I was amazed to overhear one of my friends say: "She's doing a swell job—but she's certainly spoiling Judy!"



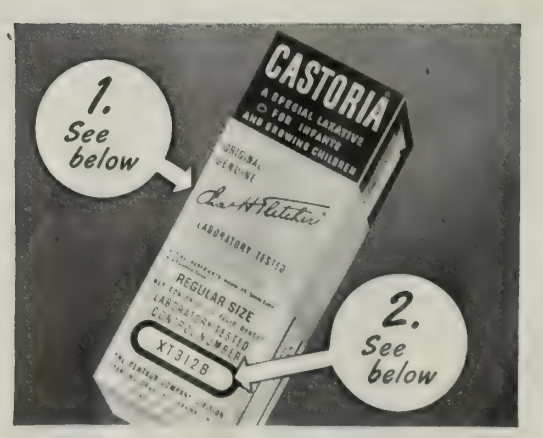
3. "Whatever makes you say that?" I demanded, walking right in. They were sorry I'd overheard them, I know, but Sue came right out with it. "Well, we all think you treat Judy like a little queen—special this and that—and even a special *laxative!*"



4. "Come now," I said, "don't tell me *that's* what's bothering you! Don't you know a child's system *needs* special care? That's why I give Judy the laxative made *especially* for children—Fletcher's Castoria. It's gentle and effective, never harsh."



5. Well . . . when Sue came over the other night, I happened to be giving Judy *Fletcher's Castoria*—which she was really enjoying. "Apologies from all of us," smiled Sue. "My aunt, who's a nurse, says you're not spoiling Judy at all—you're just treating her *right!*"



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria package:

1. *The green band* around each package identifies the new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the *three* different kinds of rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, and biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

Give *your* hair this 'Glamour-Bath' like Gorgeous Powers Models



Miss Babs Merrick — one of John Robert Powers' beauties who keeps her hair naturally bright and lustrous with Kreml Shampoo

Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In *Your* and *Every* Girl's Hair!

Those enchantingly lovely Powers Models—the epitome of beauty and charm—must take exceptional fine care in washing their hair.

And these stunning girls are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo!

Beautifying Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp *spanking-clean.* It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves the hair silken-soft—so much easier to set—sparkling with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre that lasts for days.

So take a tip from some of the world's most beautiful girls and give *your* hair a "glamour-bath" with Kreml Shampoo. It takes only 10 minutes—right at home. Excellent for *every* color and *every* type of hair whether oily or dry. All drug and department stores.



No Better Shampoo For Children's Hair

If your child's hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-looking—either oily or dry—"glamour-bathe" it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And *you'll* take pride in the way your child's hair looks.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THE PORTRAIT

(Continued from Page 18)

sudden, an electric current plugged into you. She searched his eyes closely for the truth, found them dead sober, with nothing of a lie showing. "Oh, I—I wouldn't know about that, I guess," she floundered breathlessly, yet her eyes invited more—invited more.

His eyes narrowed slightly. "I—I wonder if I might have a glass of water?" he said suddenly.

"Certainly—oh, certainly," Ellen cried, her eyes shining at something to do for him. She hurried to the kitchen and filled her best glass pitcher and brought one of her thinnest glasses.

He drank two glassfuls promptly, his Adam's apple moving the full length of his throat. Then he dried his lips with a handkerchief and touched his forehead with it. Suddenly he glanced at his wrist watch. "Well, shall we get on?" he said abruptly, crushing out his cigarette.

Ellen resumed her place with more of a sureness. Why, it seemed almost as if she had been doing this all her life. She felt warm and smug because he felt an inspiration in it too.

He worked now with an odd, almost brutal impatience, his hand striking off swift, crisp strokes. Twice he glanced at his watch.

Ellen, watching his eyes, felt the sensation of sleet striking across her. But it was merely the way of artists, she concluded, their way.

Suddenly he laid down the crayon and said, "It's finished." He picked up a crayon-stained rag and began to wipe at his fingers.

"Finished?" Ellen's voice faltered. "So soon?"

He was staring at the portrait and seemed not to hear her, and she sat, with heart pounding, trying to read his eyes. But they pinned onto the picture, and there was no reading them. He continued to wipe his fingers on the cloth.

Ellen stood up slowly, but did not move toward him. *No, I won't look at it just yet,* she thought firmly. *I'll wait until after he is gone; I'll stretch out the anticipation just as long as I can, and make it last—alone and afterward.*

He turned away and began to gather up the crayons. "Well, aren't you going to take a look?" he said rather impatiently.

She didn't want to hurt him; oh, she must not do that. Stepping uncertainly toward him, she said, "Will you understand if I don't look just now ——" Her eyes were shining as if from some quiet secret inside. "You *will* understand, won't you, if I wait a little?"

His eyes rested on her uncomprehendingly, then he shrugged. "As you please," he said.

Oh, I hope I haven't hurt him, she thought frantically. She could tell from the way he acted that the picture was good; his not making a fuss about it was just his modesty. She ran into the bedroom to get the money, noticing, in the dressing-table mirror, her face pinkly flushed.

COUNTING out the money, she hesitated, wondering if she ought to offer him a dollar extra, for all his special pains. No, she decided quickly, it might offend him and spoil everything. She handed him the three and a half, and he stood for a second holding it, then thrust it quickly into his pocket.

For a second he fingered his hat. "I hope you will like it," he said. His eyes flashed uncertainly up and down. "Good-by."

Ellen followed him to the door. "Good-by," she said bravely. As he went down the steps she wanted to say something more, thinking that if he turned around she would say, "I'll be here next year, in case you come along"; but he did not turn and so she called out a trifle weakly after him, "Good luck!" But she guessed he did not hear.

She watched him go down the path bordered by the bright tulips. At the picket gate he stopped and had to struggle with the lock that always stuck. Then he climbed into his old coupé, the motor crashed against the stillness, and he disappeared down the road that ran past the orchard.

She ran eagerly back to the picture, her heart leaping like that of a young deer. There it was, in the roll that it had sprung into when he unpinned it from the board. She touched it lightly, felt the warm rough paper in her finger tips. *I'll carry it over to the window,* she decided, *where the sun will shine in full force upon it.* She stood between the ruffled curtains as if about to perform some important ritual. For a second then she forced herself to look away, just to hold the anticipation, wild in her heart. Oh, if she could only spread some of this excitement into all time to come! There was so much of it now, so much for one moment.

Through the white curtains her eyes flashed over what seemed foreign objects in her own world: the pink-teated big white-and-black sow wallowing with her new litter in the meadow; the spotted cattle under the willows; and across the orchard, Henry, about to finish the last of his trees. The spray fell softly final in the late light. And then down the road she saw Jimmy coming from school in a skippety hop.

HER hands tightened on the picture. Now she wouldn't have time to look at it properly. She did not want to feel rushed. She would put it away until later, when there was no hurry, and she could study it fully.

Hurrying over to the magazine rack, she concealed the picture in its cradle shape, among her women's magazines there; no one ever touched those except herself; it would be perfectly safe. She stood off from it a little, to make certain, her suspense round and full and intact in her heart, and felt a certain thankfulness in having to put it off.

She sat down for just an instant. The late sun sent in a spray of warm gold, turning the room into rose-orange tones. It looked better than it ever had before: it held a kind of pulse, a mellowness, as of having been lived in. Then, rising hastily, she brought in scrub oak for the fireplace to have ready for later. The spring nights now always brought a slight chill. She and Jimmy enjoyed an open fire so much, although, for Henry's part, he'd just as lief have the steady heat from the old heater. Then she hurried to the kitchen and tied a fresh apron around her waist so that it would look as if supper were under way.

She had the plates and silver on the table and the fresh pork tenderloins frying when Jimmy's and Henry's steps sounded at the door. She turned to meet them with a somewhat guilty radiance in her eyes.

Henry's eyes were quick to catch the radiance and clung wonderingly, drinking it in. But he passed it off in bright, friendly silence and went into the bathroom to wash up.

Ellen thought guiltily to herself, *That's the first really happy look I've given him in so long.*

"Whose car was that parked out in front this afternoon?" Henry called, above the running water, his voice casual, with no prying note.

Ellen started. "Oh, just a salesman," she called, nervously shifting the plates and touching the silverware into more exact positions. She could hear Henry throwing great handfuls of water into his face.

"What was he selling?" went on Henry with the same easiness.

"Brushes," answered Ellen promptly. "Just—just brushes."

"Buy anything?"

"No—no," replied Ellen. "Nothing." She felt the lie stab inside her and promptly set to defending herself. She had to, for the surprise. Later, after she had looked at it herself, she could explain it all.

Jimmy had thrown his cap onto a nail and his books into a corner. "Gee crimany," he said, "but I wish we could go to that show. Bill Harden an' his folks went to it

Sunday night an' he said it was super. Heck, we never go to a movie or anything!" He said it in just the same fretful way he always wished for things, with no hope of being noticed.

Ellen pricked up her ears. A movie. It sounded wonderful. Well, why not! Why couldn't they drive in to a show for a change? The weather was good; it was full moon. After all, it was only ten miles in and back. Strange she had never thought of the distance as being so short before. Then, too, as Jimmy said, the Hardens had gone.

"Couldn't we, Henry? Couldn't we drive in to a show tonight?"

Jimmy was staring at her open-mouthed. The recklessness of it amazed even Ellen herself. Why, it was unheard of: a week night, with work ahead tomorrow; it would mean their being up at least an hour later than usual. Henry wouldn't, of course.

SHE heard him finish washing, dry his face, pick up his comb to comb his hair. It usually took him about that long to think something over. He came and stood in the doorway, combing down his moist hair, after separating it in its neat usual part.

"Why, I dunno," he said. "We might." Again he studied that new brightness in her eyes, and his own clear blue eyes kindled from it. "What's on?" he said.

"Why ——" Ellen started to confess that she did not know.

"Abbott and Costello," Jimmy spoke up promptly.

"Who are they?" Ellen asked.

"Geemanee, don't you know?" he cried. "Two funny guys."

"Yeah." Henry stood grinning. "We heard 'em over the air a couple weeks ago. Don't you remember? They're pretty good, all right."

Ellen was a trifle disappointed. She had rather hoped there might be some fine dramatic love story. But then maybe the laughs would be better for Henry and Jimmy. Anyway, it was a movie. It would be getting out, and she guessed there was no better reason to get out than for a good laugh.

"I could leave the dishes," she volunteered, "to get an early start."

All three were silent then, eyes passing from one to the other, simply from the amazement of it.

Henry backed the car out from the garage. They had hurried with supper and got ready with remarkable ease and speed. Odd, Ellen thought, as she stepped lightly down the path toward the waiting car, how easily things were managed when you were in good spirits.

Once, while getting ready, she had been highly tempted to bring forth the portrait and have the three of them enjoy it together. But there was a terrible fear down deep inside that they might laugh. Jimmy was just reaching that honest, often cruel outspokenness that children go through, and if he happened not to like it—well, she just couldn't risk having him blurt out something that would destroy everything she felt about it. No, she would keep it secret until she had it first alone, for as long as she wanted, until tomorrow, or the next day, or the next. Something to look forward to.

The valley lay like a deep blue saucer with the scallop-edged mountains around, and the stars were thin and bright as fine crystal. The air was cool and tangy from damp earth and swollen buds, and in the pasture lay small mirrors of water left over from the early rains.

Ellen sat in the back seat alone, on the wiry, woollen blanket lining the seat to protect the upholstery; tonight she wanted it that way, and had let Jimmy delightedly sit up front with Henry. He sat very upright, small, proud, trusting, there beside his father. Ellen noted the slight sag of Henry's wide shoulders, recalling their shape when they used to be thrown back. How easily he appeared to control the car down the smooth road, in comparison with the much more familiar jolting on the big tractor through the tough earth. How readily Henry had consented to this trip. It occurred to her, with gratitude, that he had done so chiefly to please her. They must get out more often, Ellen thought with determination. Pleasant, easy things were good for people now and then. They knew too much of the other.

ELLEN picked out the passing ranches, noting that most of the families were home as usual around their firesides, reflecting with happy smugness that they, the Martins, were going in to a movie on a week night. Her blood coursed with its new wildness beneath her skin.

The moon was coming up, full and golden through the oak trees on the Harden ranch to the left. Their yard was quite a lot larger than Ellen and Henry's, with more shrubs and trees, and then of course their house was a two-story one.



-MARTY LINKS-

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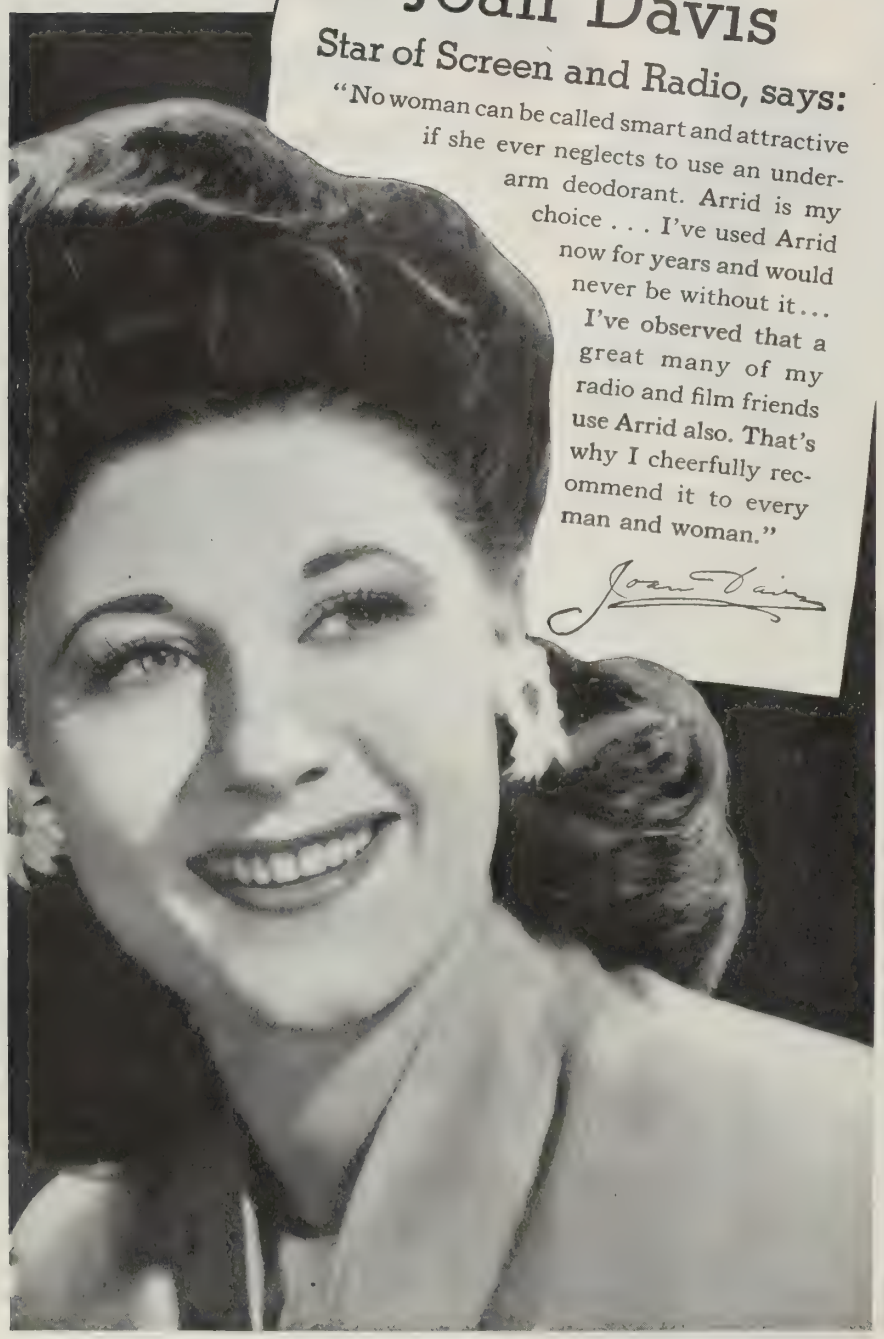
Age..... Dress Size.....

Joan Davis

Star of Screen and Radio, says:

"No woman can be called smart and attractive if she ever neglects to use an underarm deodorant. Arrid is my choice . . . I've used Arrid now for years and would never be without it . . . I've observed that a great many of my radio and film friends use Arrid also. That's why I cheerfully recommend it to every man and woman."

Joan Davis

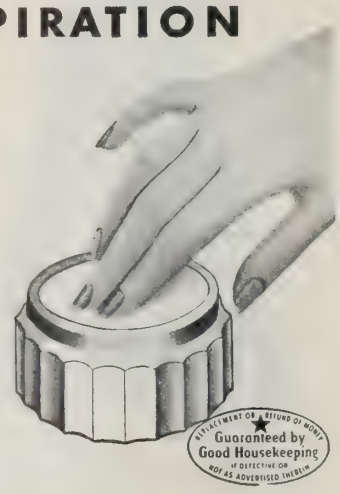


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At any store which sells toilet goods

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

"Gee whillikers, I wish we could get a big chocolate sundae after the show," Jimmy piped up.

That was a boy for you, thought Ellen. *Greedy. Always willing to try for more of anything.* She hoped he wouldn't try Henry's patience now and spoil everything.

But Henry's reply was surprisingly placid: "We'll see, son."

Ellen relaxed. There seemed no end to Henry's agreeableness. Movies *and* sundaes afterward. Ellen drew in a deep breath of the moon air.

The multicolored lights and semidarkness in the theater with people packed tightly around seemed a forgotten world to Ellen. The loudness of the music was curiously exciting. She could not help noting the full easy laughs of Jimmy and Henry, and how they completely lost themselves in the comedy. Her own mind constantly wandered from it and was made up of things she had not thought about for so long. She had forgotten how stimulating just a movie theater could be, and how it set the imagination off, and how much better it was than just sitting at home with mending or simply waiting for bedtime to come, the same way every evening.

Afterward they sat in the booth at a near-by ice-cream parlor, all showing a restrained excitement.

Jimmy picked up the menu and his eyes ran over it in wild appetite. Henry sat with his strong arms folded across the table. His hands and face held a deep sun-baked tan which never entirely left, but became ruddy each spring. The hairs on his wrists and his eyebrows were strong and black, and across the very tops of his eyebrows were the light ones that the sun kept blond. His eyes were still softly amused from the picture.

"That was a downright funny picture," he said, chuckling.

Ellen smiled. "Yes, it was good, wasn't it?"

"By golly, I just feel like ordering everything," Jimmy declared.

"Now here, Jim," Henry chided, "your eyes are bigger than your stomach. You'd better let your mother order for you."

"Oh, let him," Henry," Ellen begged. "It's good experience for him to learn to order for himself." She waited for Henry's eyes to relent and shine back their approval, which they did; then, turning to Jimmy, she said, "Now you have to make one choice and stick to it, Jimmy. You can have just one thing. Read everything over and make a choice." Again her eyes flew back to Henry's, and together they were proud.

Jimmy switched his hand through his hair, frowned, squirmed in his seat. "Geemanee, it's hard. So many good things."

"What are you going to have?" Ellen said to Henry.

"Think I'll have a big double malt," Henry said. "How about you?"

Ellen shook her head. "That's too much for me. I believe I'll have a sundae. Yes, a marshmallow sundae. I hope they put a cherry on top," she added.

"Well, we'll ask 'em to," Henry offered boisterously.

"No, don't, Henry," Ellen smiled. "They might think ——" She flushed softly and didn't finish, and picked up her glass of water.

"You mean, they might think we're from the country?" Henry grinned. "Well, we are. So what?"

"Sh-h-h, Henry," Ellen said softly.

The waitress came to take their orders.

"And put two cherries on it," Henry said unflinchingly, when Ellen ordered hers.

"All right," the waitress smiled pleasantly. "Marshmallow sundae, with two cherries." She wrote it down.

Ellen's eyes tenderly scolded Henry.

The waitress brought the things on a tray and they looked very festive: the big malt in its high glass, Jimmy's banana split, and the sundae with two cherries. While the waitress was present, they sat with their hands stiff in their laps, only their eyes moving to follow each dish as she distributed it.

They all began to eat silently and a little unbelievingly.

"Gettin' kinda fancy, ain't we?" Henry grinned.

"*Aren't* we," Ellen corrected. She ate slowly and precisely, with her small finger crooked up slightly from her other fingers.

"I like 'ain't' better," Henry protested. "It makes sense." He spooned down vigorously into the deep thick malt.

"My teacher says 'ain't' might come into use someday," Jimmy spoke up.

"See?" said Henry.

The refreshments seemed to fill a thirst they had all felt for a long time.

As they drove homeward the mountains were black and distant, the moon high, and from its early orange rising color it had lightened to a clear silver, drenching the valley with a white light.

Henry let Ellen out at the side gate, then he and Jimmy drove the car on back to the garage.

Ellen sank down lightly onto the front steps of the porch. The dark oak limbs crept up against the moonlight, letting in patterns of light upon the lawn. The flavor of the dewy grass filled the air and got in her throat. Crickets chirped in unbroken chorus along the fields.

Her eyes began to take in the finer possibilities of the yard. If only that old piece of unused weed stubble at the side were turned under, she could do things with it; it cut uselessly into the lawn and made it look smaller and gave the place an ungroomed look. Because of its irregular shape, Henry had always neglected to include it with his field when he plowed each spring. Suddenly Ellen felt a longing and need for expansion. Tonight she wanted to do all the impossible things! She drew in a deep breath of the night air and held onto it a little without letting go.

Henry, seeing the house not lighted yet, came on around to the porch. He stood, one foot on the first step, uncertain whether to go in. They heard Jimmy go on in the back way and push on the light.

Ellen reached up and took Henry's rough work fingers. "Henry," she said eagerly, "I wish we could do away with that old patch of ground there. It's such an eyesore. If you only had time to turn it under with the plow, I could plant grass and flowers there myself."

Henry turned to face the patch of ground where she pointed, and thought a little. "Well, I don't see why not," he said reasonably, his tone smooth compared with her breathless one. "It's no use the way it is," he agreed. He pulled out his pipe, slapped it across the palm of his hand, sat down for a smoke.

Ellen liked that. Moving closer to him, she linked her arm through his left one and laid her fingers across the hard curve of his left knee, rotating her fingers across its solidness. He sat looking off into the night.

"The kid sure got a kick out of that show tonight," he said.

Ellen sighed happily. "Yes." Leaning over, she silently brushed her cheek against his shoulder. "Henry, do you think you'd have time to plow that ground the first thing in the morning?"

"I reckon," he said fondly.

They sat until the crickets' song deepened in pitch with the night, then Henry pounded out his pipe gently against the step.

"Well, I think I'll turn in," he said. "Coming?"

"Right away," Ellen replied absently, yet her eyes did not quite turn to follow him. She heard Henry tell Jimmy it was past his bedtime and send him along to bed. Still sharp-eyed, she planned, *I'll have a summer bed of nasturtiums and sweet peas, and a hedge of that evergreen bush whose shiny leaves catch the frost beautifully in winter and hold red berries clear up until after Christmas, and a fall bed of asters.* She spoke the names quickly in the darkness, as if they might escape before she got her lips around them.

Henry's shoes dropped on the floor beside the bed; one, a short pause, and then the other, in their unvarying timing of the years. The bed gave a soft creak.

Ellen stood up then to go in, turning to give the night a final, lingering look, closing her eyes for an instant, to see if she could remember the night as it was.

She cleaned her face in the bathroom with cold cream, rather than with the usual rough soapy washcloth; it gave her face a shiny glow and made her skin feel soft and young. Tonight the extra trouble of doing it seemed nothing.

Tiptoeing into the bedroom, she felt in the top drawer for a clean nightgown, her fingers running through the stack as she remembered ironing and laying them away—the three cotton ones that she regularly used, and then the contrasting silk one at the very bottom, which her sister Ethel had sent her for Christmas and which she had been saving "for good." Its startling softness intrigued her finger tips; wonderingly, she felt it again. *Think of feeling all that softness next your skin,* she thought. Suddenly, in sharp decision, she drew it forth. It dropped down over her like a warm breath. She shivered slightly, not from coolness, but from the surprise of its scanty cut, in contrast to the high, somewhat prudish cotton ones. She felt naked, standing on a cool white cloud.

Quietly, she stole out to switch off the floor lamp in the living room. She realized for the first time now that Jimmy had touched off the scrub oak in the fireplace; its glow spread out from the coals just deep and red enough to see by. She walked over and sank down onto the low hassock before it. The warmth touched her, electrified the silk in the gown and made it stir about her ankles as if alive.

Inevitably, then, her eyes turned to the magazine rack sitting almost within her arm's reach. Nothing stood in the way of her looking at the portrait now, though actually her mind sought some excuse to put it off. Tomorrow —— Suddenly, a first faint misgiving swelled in her heart. What if it *weren't* good; what if it were just common, and cheaply pretty, maybe? Then all this other good that had come out of it would be destroyed. What if—no, it couldn't be, it just couldn't be. Her heart was hot, fast, rebellious in her throat.

Now she was standing up, moving in a peculiar gliding movement toward it, and she knelt and reached. Her heart stopped then, for her hands could not locate it. With an almost snatching motion they felt again, then desperately, again and again, separating the magazines where it might have slipped. Her fingers turned cool and trembling. But it simply was not there.

Gone!

Her brain tried to grasp its loss as her fingers knew it, but thought was slow and heavy. Yet as a mind must, it began to figure things out. She recalled Jimmy's starting the fire a while ago; it all began to creep through her like ice. He had snatched the portrait up with a few sheets ripped from a magazine—the torn remnants of edges there told her that—just as if it had been nothing. And it was gone, as simply as that.

She turned and stared at the dying coals, her mind tight and flat. It was strange that she could feel no more than this about it. For a moment she had a fear of emerging from this flatness and slipping back to that darkness, that loneliness that was before. That emptiness, before the painter came. The fear of it clutched her inside like a paralysis. And then she was surprised to find that as a minute of time went by, she felt a certain peace, a kind of triumph, realizing now that the portrait would always be the masterpiece she wanted it. It could never fail, because its faults, if any, lay buried in the ashes. Now she had it forever in her heart. And, more than that, she had this other too—the being alive again.

Lifting her head suddenly high, she stepped with dignity and composure, as if a thousand eyes were upon her in the room. Carefully she placed the fireplace screen across the coals, then on silent level feet walked toward the bed and Henry.

He was not quite asleep, and he let out a pleased deep sigh as she slipped in gently beside him. For a second, she lay tensely quiet, wondering if he would be cross for being awakened. Lifting her arms above her head, she lay quietly with her fingers touching. Henry's big warm hand flung from habit across her in half sleep, started slightly at the new silk, then awkwardly, surely began to enliven. At his touch, Ellen crumpled softly, welcomingly, against him. The moon lifted higher and higher, and shone almost blindingly bright across the bed.

★ ★

ASK ANY WOMAN

By Marcelene Cox

ONE thing which will go down in the records of our family is the younger sister's remark after it was discovered she had grown an inch taller than her older sister: "Mother, will she have to wear *my* hand-me-downs now?"

Every child is entitled to one parent who knows the multiplication tables.

"I-do-not-believe-these-carrots-would-be-good-for-him" is a sure method of getting any child to eat his vegetable.

Once coeducation began in marriage; now it begins in nursery school.

Just when a woman is able to iron a man's shirt in half the time she did as a bride, her son doubles the number she has to do.

A child being raised without love looks drawn together like a closed umbrella.

She ran her eye over you as if running her fingers over material.

Restaurant philosophy: It will all come out in the hash.

A good housekeeper is more often admired than enjoyed.

It isn't children who "have" pets, it is mother.

Enthusiasm: That quality a teacher is supposed to have which makes up for the salary he doesn't have.

Little girl, having her hair combed: "You don't know whether it pulls, mother. You're not wearing this hair."

Parents too often write orders in chalk so they can be easily rubbed out if the children do not approve.

Like pomander balls, some of the things our mothers dropped casually into our hearts gather fragrance with the years.

Since rationing, more than one person would be willing to be in the other fellow's shoes.

A close-mouthed woman is one who doesn't divulge what she does with her leftovers.

I have known many men, but never *one* who did not quit when he had done a day's work.

It sometimes seems that modern inventions haven't "saved" women a great deal; the time grandmother spent in ironing ruffles now goes into polishing the kitchen porcelain.

Three ways to get work out of a man: coax, scold, do the job yourself.

Each day there is some picture I would like to "freeze" and take out of storage years hence. Yesterday's was a small boy asleep with a gun by his side and a marine's cap still on his head.

★ ★



Before After

"I lost 77 pounds in 6 months!"

"At 28, I made the wonderful discovery that I didn't *have* to be overweight," says Mrs. Jane Ende of Rock Island, Ill.

"MOST WOMEN worry when their weight goes up just a few pounds," says Mrs. Jane Ende. "Can you imagine, then, how *I* felt—watching those scales go up . . . *up* . . . UP! for ten years, until I actually weighed 202. I think my greatest jolt came when I went to buy a dress and had to take a size 44. I had been thinking about taking the DuBarry Success Course. Right then was when I decided to start."

That decision was the turning-point in Mrs. Ende's life. She learned that she really should weigh about 125, and she also learned just how to work for that goal. The first six weeks she lost 30 pounds. She kept right on and went through her course again and again. Today she weighs just 125—is slim, trim, attractive.

"Life is very different now," she declares. "I look and feel as a young woman of 28 should. I can wear smart, stylish, youthful dresses in size 14 instead of matronly 44. I have the pep and vitality to keep up with and enjoy my two children. And I know that following the DuBarry way, I need never be overweight again."

MRS. JANE ENDE'S MEASUREMENTS TELL THE STORY

	Before	After	Total Change
Weight	202 lbs.	125 lbs.	77 lbs. less
Height	5'3½"	5'4½"	1"
Bust	42½"	34½"	8" less
Abdomen	44"	32"	12" less
Hip	46"	34½"	11½" less
Thigh	26½"	20"	6½" less

HOW ABOUT YOU! If *you* have worried about your personal appearance, find out about this practical plan that has helped Jane Ende and more than 160,000 other women and girls to be fit and fair, ready for strenuous wartime living. The DuBarry Success Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to bring your weight and figure proportions to normal, how to care for your skin, how to style your hair becomingly, how to use make-up to enhance your natural beauty—how to make the most of yourself. You follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

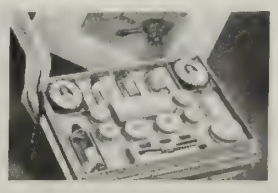
When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

DuBARRY BEAUTY CHEST INCLUDED!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations and Accessories.



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Please send me the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Longer Life

FOR THE CHARM OF PERT WOOLENS WITH COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW

. . . the "snowdrop" soap that carries protection a step farther!

WASHABLE woolens are high fashion for winter wartime—right for the weather . . . for fuel conservation . . . for the busy life you lead. Keep them enchanting . . . help keep the new springiness in them, soft and clear-toned . . . with life-prolonging, gentle Ivory Snow care!

Never was a soap more wonderful for woolens! Ivory Snow is different from cake or flake soap. It gives you gentleness *plus*—for it is not only Ivory-pure and mild, but *granulated* for quick sudsing without hot water! Even in *cool water*, its tiny "snowdrop" granules dissolve completely . . . burst into rich suds that loosen dirt and rinse easily, without the rubbing that shrinks and harshens wool. And so gentle to washable wool colors!

Wonderful Ivory Snow is the only soap that combines Ivory-purity with this granulated "snowdrop" form. It carries protection a step farther than other soaps which are not Ivory-mild. So play very safe with *your* precious woolens . . . trust them only to Ivory Snow.

★ **U. S. Needs US Thrifty!** Ivory Snow is made of vital war materials. Make each package go farther. If your dealer is out of Ivory Snow, don't blame him. We're making it as fast as we can. He'll have it soon.





WONDERFUL

LONGER LIFE WITH IVORY SNOW THAN WITH WATER ALONE!

Never let dirt get grimed into woolens. Wash them *often* the quick safe way, following tested directions on your Ivory Snow package. They'll actually keep their new feel longer, washed with Ivory Snow, than if you used water alone.



Ivory Snow is the only soap that is both Ivory-mild and granulated for speedy sudsing!

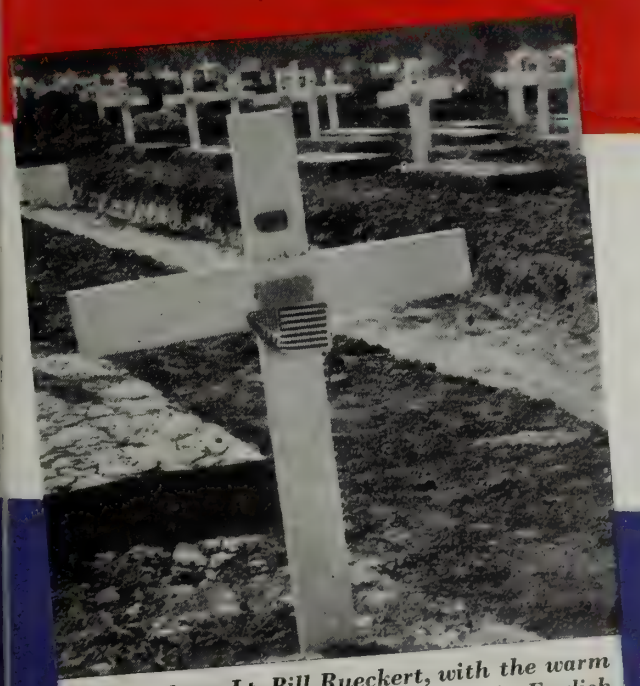
99 44/100% Pure

COOL-WATER **IVORY SNOW**

Longer Life for Nice Washables

Widow of a bomber pilot, Dee Rueckert eloped at 19. Son Billy is 2½, Dianne, 6 months.

★ MEET A WAR WIDOW ★



Illinois-born Lt. Bill Rueckert, with the warm brown eyes and big open grin, lies under English soil three thousand miles from home. He was 23.

BILL RUECKERT, command pilot of a B-24 in England, was killed in a crash on May 1, 1944. His wife, Dee Rueckert, heard the news on May eighteenth. Dee had spent those eighteen days fixing up the little apartment in St. George, Staten Island, that Bill wanted her and the children to have, and wondering whether Bill had begun to get more letters from her. He'd gone overseas in March. She had written at least a hundred letters since then—sometimes she wrote three times a day—but Bill had got only eight so far, and it made him unhappy. They were both twenty-three years old—Bill almost twenty-four—and they had been married not quite four years. People didn't usually believe they'd been married so long, because they were so much in love.

Dee finished fixing the apartment finally on the afternoon of May eighteenth. She'd had both the children down there with her: Billy, who was two and a half, and Dianne, who was just a half without the two. They were still living with Dee's family out at Castelton Corners, two or three miles away, but Bill wanted Dee to have her own place. He was very fond of her family, but he liked to think of her in their own home, waiting for him to come back. They had never had a home with any permanence to it, though they'd had a whole year in one place at Watertown, before Bill transferred to the Air Corps. He'd had to be away a lot, though; he'd had to walk twenty-two miles from a bivouac to get home for their second wedding anniversary.

They had some furniture that had been in storage since they left Watertown. Dee got it out for the new little apartment, thinking the chairs—they weren't new when she got them—would have to be done over where the cocker spaniels had scratched so, in their mad scramble to get up in Bill's lap. The other furnishings—well, there were the glass candlesticks they'd bought when Bill was stationed at Santa Ana, California, to take the curse off a particularly hideous table in the place they'd rented near there.

13.7% of American families have incomes of from $3000 to $4000 a year.



Just before leaving Kansas for overseas, Bill wired his wife, "Stay here probably short. I adore you." News of his death came one beautiful May morning as Dee was hanging up clothes on the line.



The telegram had two stars. Dee knew, before she read it. "Bill was an only child, and wanted a family so badly. He was terribly proud of his children. Those last few days together, he used to talk to Dianne by the hour, dressing and bathing her."

They carried them everywhere after that, and when the candlesticks were in place in a new apartment in California or New Mexico, Bill and Dee knew it was home. And there was the saber that Bill's college class had presented him with when he graduated—he was cadet major and president of the Cavalry Officers' Club. There was Dee's baby-grand piano. There was the pink bassinet Dee had trimmed for Dianne, and Billy's high chair, and there were all Bill's letters, and the telegrams he'd sent that began "Dearest—Dearest, orders received, come tomorrow—fly to California—wire me the train, the hotel ——" There were the anniversary cards Bill bought—"We had enough anniversaries to last twenty-five years": for the day, for instance, they intended to elope, and didn't. There were the albums of pictures of Dee and Bill and Billy and Dianne and the dogs and the car Bill gave Dee one birthday. They were all there in the apartment.

Dee left them there and drove the children back to their grandparents. The house was empty when she got there. Her mother was working in New York and wouldn't be home till six-thirty or seven. Dee found some clothes in a basket ready to be hung out on the line. She started to put them up. While she was doing this, a car drove up and a man got out and started up the walk. She came around the corner of the house to see what he wanted. She's little and blonde, and she lost thirty-two pounds after Dianne was born. She doesn't look frail, exactly, but she does look as if a strong wind could pick her right up, whirl her away. The man must have thought so.

"Mrs. Rueckert?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dee.

"Will you come into the house?"

Dee had just about time to think it was funny for him to ask her to come into her own mother's house. Then he held out the telegram to her. She looked at it. It had two red stars on it. She didn't have to open it. She knew what it said.

What she didn't know, the man told her. He'd taken it down himself. It said Lieutenant Rueckert was killed in action in England May first. That's still almost all Dee knows. The adjutant general wrote her, of course, and she's heard that Bill is to be awarded the Purple Heart posthumously. But she has had very few details. The navigator who was Bill's best friend was injured in the crash, and it was some weeks before she heard anything from him. He and the copilot, too, were both too shocked by Bill's death to write very coherently at first. The chaplain wrote to tell Dee that Bill had had a military funeral with all honors, and the navigator promised to send her a picture of the grave as soon as he could.

When Dee heard about the funeral, she was willing to believe Bill was dead. She hadn't been, up to then. He had had one crash, and walked out of it with a few bandages. He's dead now, and Dee knows it with her head. She's being very sensible about subletting the apartment and selling the piano and looking for a job—her mother adores the children and is anxious to stop working herself and look after them for Dee. But everything else about Dee goes right on as if Bill were still alive. He's the biggest thing in her life. Except for the children—and they aren't really separate from the feeling about Bill—he's the only thing in Dee's life.

They had five years together—one year of being in love and knowing they were always going to be together, and four for the "always." They met at the University of Illinois—on a blind date, on April 29, 1939. It was the Zeta Psi spring formal. And if they didn't fall in love then, Dee doesn't know for sure when they did. All the silly things that happened that night Dee remembers, of course. The car bringing the gang to pick up the girls broke down and they were two hours late. Someone else had ordered the flowers Bill brought Dee—and they were just pure mangy. Neither of them said anything until after they had been dancing awhile, when Bill said he was very pleased with his date and asked if she were.

"He was everything I ever wanted," says Dee. "You can't imagine how sweet he was. I was always so proud to be his wife."

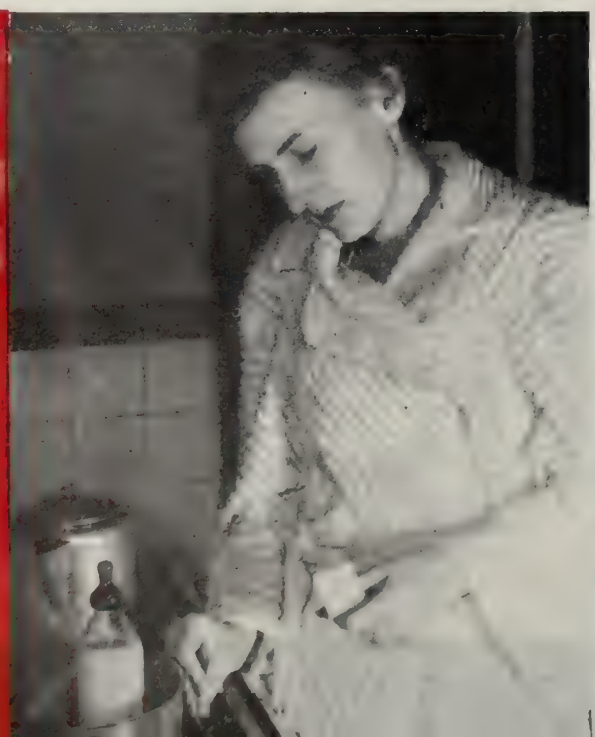
Well, they were very young, and Bill was working his way through college and looking forward to getting a law degree. He read a lot; not just his work, but other things too—things Dee hadn't been sure people really did read—like Shakespeare and Marcel Proust. He was quiet. He liked to listen to people and analyze them from what they said. But he liked to dance too. He was—well, as far as Dee was concerned, and it was she who told me about him, he was perfect. They didn't have anything to get

At 6 A.M. Dee heats the baby's bottle, gets ready for work. She's home before 7, sees the kids for 45 minutes. Then the long evening stretches ahead.

Dee's mother copes with babies and housework, washes diapers daily. Billy likes to turn on gas jets, paint himself with nail polish. When plane goes over, he asks, "Daddy?"

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

GRANDMOTHER TAKES OVER THE CARE OF THE TWO BABIES WHILE DEE WORKS TO SUPPORT THEM.



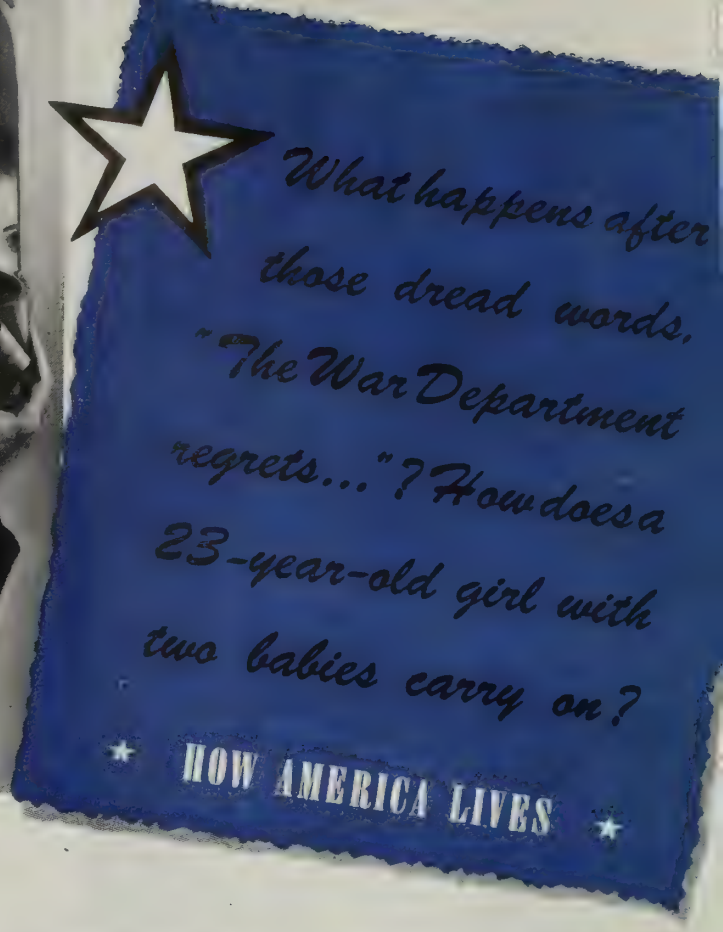




Dee's mother lost a brother in the last war, has a son in this one. "Bill was a fine boy, and Dee's whole life. She never wants to remarry."



"Well, I found a job. Office receptionist." Dee gets $55.10 a month insurance. Also, $50 a month widow's pension plus $28 for the kids.



arried on, and it was not very clear when they would. o they waited a year. They couldn't wait any longer. hey didn't expect to be able to set up housekeeping ight away—they knew they couldn't. Dee was anxious ndeed to take some home economics courses at Mary Vashington College, in Virginia. But they had to have he bond holding them together. They had to know they elonged to each other for always, their always that was our years long.

They eloped in June, 1940, from Bill's family's house in Moline. They eloped on Monday morning in the family ar on a nice warm June day. Dee had come down after he end of the semester to visit. It was the day after ill's birthday. They went over to DeWitt, Iowa, to get arried; and when they got there, they couldn't. There as no one to issue a license. So they went on to Clinton. laving to go to Clinton made it a pretty tight fit. They ad to be back by noon to go on a picnic with the family. ut they managed. They got married at the courthouse, ith people they'd never seen before for witnesses, and ie clerk didn't believe they were old enough. Dee was orried about that, but perfectly happy until she looked own and saw that Bill had got dressed very nicely for eir wedding, all but his feet. He still had sneakers on. hen they were out and driving home and it was all a lit- e incredible—like and unlike every other day they'd ed, and they were worried about getting back on time. nd Dee had to take off her lovely new hat made of pink se petals and hide it so *(Continued on Page 120)*

nce a week Dee makes herself go to soldiers' nteen, plays piano for them. She has com- sed a suite. "It seems to help—a little."





Dee shows Billy the sword his dad carried in U. S. cavalry. His nickname was "Square John" in Army. He loved fencing, riding, breaded veal chops and Ernie Pyle. "He was so sweet," Dee says. "Even after we were married, he would telephone for a date and arrive home with flowers and candy."



Bill wins his silver wings



Hollywood Palladium WONDERFUL NIGHT!

The Desert Training
Center, California
1 December 1942

To my boy on his first birthday:

This eventful year you have quickly grown from an infant into one grand, little boy, and I'm certainly proud of you, Billy.

It is time that you and I should be getting well acquainted, because we have some years of grand companionship to look forward to. I can't begin to tell you, boy, how sorry I am that I can't be with you on this day to help you celebrate--this is really one of the biggest days of your life. But your Uncle Sam (I'll tell you much about him later) is in a terrible pickle, and he has a lot of jobs to be done. I'm doing my best to help him out way out here in California. Even though I'm a whole continent away and writing in an army tent by candle-light, my thoughts are all yours this day.

Your birthday present is a War Bond enclosed in this letter. You may think it's a fine thing to give a young man of your age--it isn't even a new bill that you can crumple up, toss around, and have fun with: But it is yours, boy, to do with whatever you like! I may as well let you in on a secret right now--I really plan to give you quite a few presents like this one; I want you to learn what to do with this stuff we men call money. If I am the kind of Dad a fine guy like you deserves, you will soon know how to use it wisely.

While I am away, you are the man of the family, you know; so take good care of that wonderful mother of yours. I'll bet that you have fallen pretty much in love with her already (it certainly didn't take me long when I first met her). Remember, though, that since I saw her first, my claims have a considerable priority over yours; but I'm well satisfied that she can return both your love and mine in ample quantities. We're going to have an easy time smoothing over difficulties, aren't we, young fellow?

Well, boy, I'll close this first letter to you with two wishes--one for a happy birthday to you, and the other that we may celebrate all the many more to come together, you, your mother, and I.

Your Dad

Dee's scrapbook tells the story of a four-year marriage that "was always like a honeymoon."



Surprise shot Univ. of Illinois



First day Billy walked. Calif.



Together at last!



My two Bills

How America Lives

PART AND PARCEL OF A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

The edge Jack Frost gives to a lad's appetite







So good it "Melts in Your Mouth"–what a happy addition Nucoa is to Nutritious wartime eating!



From American farms only come the fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk and pure vegetable oils which are churned together satin-smooth in Nucoa. That's why Nucoa is so pleasing to spread . . . so good it melts in your mouth." And Nucoa always tastes *fresh*–a treat on toast, or melting into hot breads, or seasoning vegetables for Nucoa is freshly made the year round, to order only. There is no "storage" Nucoa!



Completes the goodness of other good foods

For table use, tint Nucoa golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer included in each package. For seasoning vegetables, sauces, etc., use it just as it comes—a pure, natural white.



Today's children are lucky–growing up with more knowledge about eating the balanced *variety* of foods that help build strong and beautiful bodies. Nucoa is nutritionally approved in Group 7 of the "Basic 7" food groups recommended as a basis for good daily diet. It provides as much food energy as the most expensive spread for bread–and every pound, winter and summer, supplies at least 9,000 units of Vitamin A.

Nutritious—NUCOA

A PRODUCT OF THE BEST FOODS, INC.

Postwar miracle...

THE ELECTRIC IRON THAT LIFTS ITSELF!



The famous **PROCTOR** *Never-lift Iron*

Here is an easier way to iron.

Touch a button and this iron lifts itself . . . without effort.

No awkward tilting . . . just let iron stand in lifted position while you arrange your work.

Handle pressure automatically snaps legs out of the way when you resume ironing.

An iron with every essential modern feature... Fabric Dial *plus* Speed Selector...light in weight... built for long service.

A *postwar* miracle...by Proctor.

Meanwhile . . . keep buying WAR BONDS

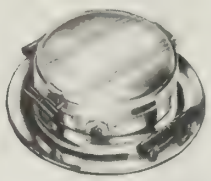


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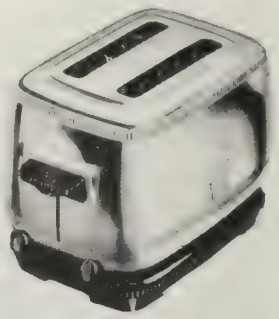
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"The War Department Regrets . . ."

BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.C., USNR

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

ON MAY 18, 1944, a two-star telegram announcing the death in action of Bill Rueckert plunged twenty-three-year-old Dee Rueckert into blackness and despair. For months, since Bill entered the Air Corps, she had lived in a kind of fearful anxiety which she had been unable to conceal and cover by the heightened joy of the ecstatically loving wife. Life had produced everything for her a woman wanted—the man she loved passionately, extravagantly and respectfully—and had blessed their union with two children that delighted her and her husband. But under all the joy was the terrible fear that all wives and mothers and sweethearts of servicemen feel. She tried to share Bill's necessary and healthy sense of miracle that nothing would happen to him. After a plane crash, during training, Bill had said, "You see, God intended that I should live for you and the children."

When death came to Bill, the panic of the months of suppressed tension broke through to overwhelm her. Sleep and appetite departed. Interest in life and living left, and bitterness and impotent rage alternated with deep and mournful depression. Her devoted and adored mother was fortunately at hand to offer the kind of silent, loving nursing that aided the family doctor in giving enough food and medicine to keep Dee from utter collapse.

After the acute, terrible impact of the tragedy was over, Dee's mother took charge in loving but resolute and determined fashion. Sound instinct guided her to help her daughter help herself out of the morass of despair. I think her rules of handling her daughter can be set down so that they may help the many others who will have to face the deep sorrow of losing their loved ones in the service of their country.

Mrs. Griffith, Dee's mother, knows that death is never easy for those left behind, and that nothing can rob it of its deep painfulness. She also knows that the only words that could give any help had been said in the single War Department letter—"It should console you that your husband gave his life in the service of his country." She, therefore, did not try to add more, but followed the first rule:

Do not try to *talk* the grieving into resignation. Time alone can and will bring acceptance of death. Words are not likely to hasten the process, because there is little need or purpose in discussion when a human being is faced with an unalterable or inevitable circumstance. Words are apt to bring an opportunity for the expressing of too much revolt, or else may plunge the grieving person into unhealthy silence.

Her second principle was a wise one:

Permit tears enough to release tension, then try to stop them. If Dee wanted to cry out her pent-up feelings, she was allowed to for a time without anyone's trying to stop her. When the point of relief and release had been reached, Mrs. Griffith often sent little Bill up to his mother's room and let him persuade her, with lisping words, that grace before supper could not be said until she joined the waiting family.

Not every family has an enticing, tactful little boy to do this kind of job, but each family can devise methods to help the grieving one to a sense of his being needed for some immediate purpose. Perhaps it may be helping with table setting, the cooking or an errand to the corner store. People stunned by grief need to be led into activity and action. The more needed the task, the more useful it will be to the mourner.

Dee's mother recognized almost at once that Dee was so deeply depressed that it might be dangerous to her health if she permitted her to live alone with her brooding. Dee, after a few days of illness in bed, was able to take complete and good care of the children, but she was doing it in the mechanical dead-alive way that made Mrs. Griffith decide to take a drastic step. She gave up her own job, moved Dee and the children to her home and said, "I'll take care of the children during the day and you go out and get a job. You'll need the money to maintain the children the way you and Bill planned to educate them, and I think you'll be of more service to them if you get yourself back into the stream of life. You and your children need a job for you." Dee, even through the gloom of her depression, saw the wisdom of this and was willing to try it, even though it meant long hours in going and coming between Staten Island and New York and reserving enough energy of good quality to give her children concentrated attention when she returned at night from work. One need not hesitate to call upon this extra energy. Mourning almost always gives the extra drive and energy that can be used for a constructive purpose.

This third rule—get the person back on a job as quickly as possible—is probably the most important of all. The danger that mourning will turn into depressive illness is all too real a possibility. Nothing is so likely to prevent the development of the depression of ill health as the turning of attention to something outside oneself and to something that requires objective attention and responsibility. Out-of-the-home contacts when possible, are good because they not only force attention to the job, but the outside world doesn't give the opportunity for too-often-repeated expressions of grief. Not every woman has a mother who is able and whom she trusts to manage her children for the whole day. Many women will find in their homes, the task of homemaking and child care, sufficient time-consuming routine to occupy their full time. I urge that no misplaced kindness relieve the person of prompt return to routine duties. Too often kind friends and neighbors do a disservice by relieving the sorrowing person of even minor household responsibilities. Under intense sorrow, what we need most is work and plenty of it.

None But the Lonely

By Alma Robison Higbee

None but the lonely hearted find
  The road that leads to the highest peak
In the mountain passes of the mind
Where the stars and the night winds speak.
None but the lonely hearted taste
  The quiet honey of the spirit's food,
None but lonely hands have traced
  The white shell of inner solitude.

Women Need Rehabilitation Too

. . . IN BODY, MIND AND HEART



PHOTO BY JULIUS AHREND

Last lovely evidence of her husband's constant tenderness: the Mother's Day roses he had ordered reached Dee Rueckert two weeks after his fatal crash.

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

IN JUNE, 1944, Dee Rueckert had every reason for feeling that the world was a big, lonely place. Newly widowed, she held fast to one steadying thought: the warm reality of her two healthy, demanding babies. She determined to do for them, alone, what she and her young husband had dreamed of doing together. This meant going out and fighting, as only a courageous woman with a heart full of proud memories can fight.

Dee is no quitter. She also realized that a good soldier must be strong in body as well as spirit. Her first task was to make herself physically fit.

Like most women who have suffered severe emotional shock, she had certain definite conditions to combat: loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of weight, loss of energy, lack of interest in her appearance.

She began, wisely, on a program of body rebuilding, knowing that a framework of sound health, firm flesh and springy muscles would also help to restore nerve and emotional balance. She needed to do this, for the strain of unhappiness had shrunk her already small figure even farther. She weighed less than a hundred pounds. Sensing the comfort there would be in leaning on professional guidance, she asked for trained counsel. Here is the prescription given her.

Build-Up Diet

First of all a depleted body must be stoked with good, invigorating food. *But*—and this is an all-important rule—you do not build sound flesh and strength by stuffing with fatty, filling foods. Sweets, starches and fats make weight, but unless they are balanced with vitamin-charged fruits, greens and grains, it becomes the dragging, pulpy kind of weight that no active person wants. For vitality, as well as curves, keep these simple rules in mind:

Start the day with a good breakfast: fruit, cereal or eggs, and whole-grain toast.

For your two other meals choose a mixed diet, with plenty of fresh vegetables, fruits, salads and milky soups.

Avoid fried foods, highly spiced foods and overrich foods which may be hard for a run-down system to digest, but eat generously of all wholesome foods which tempt your appetite.

Every day include one egg and a quart of milk. A glass of milk with crackers should be a regular midmorning and afternoon habit. A final glass before bedtime is a doubly good idea, as it helps promote sleep as well as weight.

Try to rest for twenty minutes after each meal.

Even better is a rest period both before and after eating, so that the system is completely relaxed and better able to assimilate food.

Exercise for Energy

Thin people need exercise quite as much as stout folks, and it is a lot easier for them to take it. Exercise is particularly important when the system is below par, as it not only improves muscle tone in general, but helps digestion and, especially when taken out-of-doors, whips up a lagging appetite. It also serves to ease taut nerves and untie worry knots at the end of the day.

Simplest of all exercises is stretching. It is economical of time and effort, too, since it can be productive of three-way benefits if taken this way.

Lie flat on the floor on your back. Start with arms at sides, then move them slowly in wide circle, still resting on floor, until they are above head. This should give a good feeling of stretch through chest and shoulders. Stretch your legs *hard*, pushing down, first with one and then the other, as though you were trying to be seven feet tall. Now draw your knees up toward you, keeping feet on the floor and close together. At the same time bring your arms slowly back to their original position at your side. While you are doing this, try to flatten your spine firmly against the floor. Pull in your abdomen and lift your chest while inhaling. Hold breath, and position, for a moment, then relax and ease legs back into starting position. Don't hurry. This routine will do something for your posture and your abdominal tone, and is also a relaxing treatment, through the alternate tension and releasing of your muscles.

In addition to this indoor exercise, try to get in at least an hour of outdoor activity daily. Sunshine and fresh air are better than any man-made medicine ever prescribed. Choose your own sport. The idea is not to *drive* the body to effort, but to *encourage* it.

For Better Sleep

Sleep comes when the body and mind are relaxed. Obviously, an unhappy mind makes for wakefulness. There are, fortunately, certain definite physical steps which help to lull mind and body into sleepiness. Warm baths head the list. Their quieting effects are well known. They must be only pleasantly warm. Never hot and never hurried. Leisurely, perfumed immersions are best. Stretch luxuriously in the comforting water. Think of yourself as drifting . . . floating. Afterward, blot yourself dry gently. Then, in your deepest cushioned chair, or propped up in bed, sip a glass of warm milk or a cup of herb tea. Listen to soothing music on the radio or read something that produces a sense of contentment rather than excitement. Poetry is wonderful if your ear and heart are attuned to it.

If finally, stretched out comfortably in bed with the lights out, your mind still demands occupation, let it play the game of turning your bones into jelly! Like this: beginning with your toes, think of yourself as turning into a soft, boneless, nerveless, amorphous substance. As agreeably delicate, let us say, as half-jellied chicken consommé! *Let go.* Feel the delicious formlessness creep inch by inch up your legs; from your finger tips up your arms, through your body, until it embraces all of you in a complete relaxation that means *sleep.*

A Face for Courage

Courage requires a face, a gallant look to match its high goal. A heavy heart drains prettiness away, so that a woman must make a determined effort to capture what was once her natural right. It is a rewarding effort, however, for the face a woman sees in her mirror can take her spirits up or down. If she will see to it that this reflection is that of a well-cared-for woman doing her best to carry on in a way that would have made her man proud, she will find new strength. Brave hearts deserve brave faces. And brave faces help to make brave hearts.

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209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

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*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

1. Only sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.

2. Modess is the only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year! Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they have ever used.

3. *Modess has been proved by U. S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.*

4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.

SIMPLICITY PREFERRED



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER

Mrs. Rueckert in her business suit of navy-blue twill with piqué collar and printed tie, Arpad's piqué bandeau, cotton gloves.

Another blouse for business—white crepe with eyelet edging . . . change of neckline for her navy-blue twill suit.



Candy-striped shirt with long sleeves, with or without jacket.



Navy-blue coat with new raglan shoulders and easy fullness, right to wear with suits or dresses.

Every morning Dee Rueckert must cope with a bus, a ferry and a subway before she arrives at her reception desk, where she must look well groomed and charming from nine to five.

"I always wore suits in college," she told us. "Usually pastel tweeds or plaids with sweaters; but I never realized how much I could do with a simple navy-blue twill suit."

She takes this suit as a one-and-only for business, changes it with blouses, adds a simple jersey dress for variety, wears a full-length navy-blue coat and felt cloche hat with both. For Saturday afternoon at the club or Sunday afternoon at home, she has a gardenia-white crepe afternoon dress with gold buttons. ★ ★ ★ ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**



s. Rueckert's favorite bow neckline—on her rabbit's-r-and-wool jersey dress in natural beige for business.



The jersey bow is detachable for a change to piqué.



A gray flannel skirt and bright red wool jersey shirt, favorite outfit for week ends.



A crepe dinner dress, the color of gardenias; gold buttons, gold kid belt.



Navy-blue rayon-jersey blouse worn with gay clips, a change for dinner.



With the ease of much practice, Dee packs again the magic box out of which she conjured up so many homes. Two of everything for dining—dishes, silver, and so on. A quartet of towels and sheets, a nest of pans, simple tools, iron, miniature washboard, a few pet books, spices, the candlesticks—even a sink stopper!



"Remember this, sweetie?" Dee shows Billy one of her many necessity "inventions"—how she used to bed him down sometimes in his play pen. "It's raised off the floor, so there was no danger of drafts," Dee explains. "And except for this, it would often have been a bureau drawer, like the boy in the comic strips, for Billy."



The smell of chile transports her back to her first struggles with here-today-and-gone-tomorrow housekeeping. Dee says ruefully, "The first thing I ever burned was chile, and that was on one of those hot plates that are either all on or all off, so I forgave myself!" P.S. She's never burned anything since!

Billy is trained to collect his day's problems—a chubby scratched finger, a boat that's lost its putt-putt—for mummy's consideration at night.



PHOTOS BY STUART

"Where the Heart Is"

BY JUDY BARRY

DEE RUECKERT followed her heart through many states—twelve times unpacked her Pandora's box and packed it up again. "We were just like a turtle carrying his house on his back," says Dee. Thoughtfully, she listed minimum "must-haves," assembled them with space-saving snugness into the area decided upon—a husky packing box that just fitted the luggage compartment of their car. When you hear of the various places where Dee scrubbed away, in hard water, quarter-in-the-slot machines, even sometimes in roaster pans balanced on rickety chairs, you feel like patting your washing machine and feeding it a lump of sugar, just to show that you *do* appreciate its hard-working dependable help.

Necessity mothers invention. Dee learned short cuts and labor savers. One of her pet ones was a cleaning basket to be toted from room to room as she worked. Do you have one? It's a wonderful help in keeping your house always shining—and besides, it's fun! A sort of miniature version of those fascinating little wagons that hotel chambermaids trundle about, you know. For your purposes, a small open market basket with a handle will be just about right. And here's a rough idea of what it might contain: a stiff brush and a small gentle one; treated dustcloth (or dustcloth that you treat yourself by whisking around in a glass jar into which you've dashed a few drops of polish—keep it there to soak up the "juice" and distribute it evenly. Good fire-prevention measure—keeping oily cloths in a jar!); also flannel polishing cloth; cheesecloth squares; chamois; ammonia; furniture polish or lemon oil; mild scouring powder; paint cleaner; carbon tetrachloride; scissors.

"Memos to mummy" is a trick Dee learned from her husband, whose organized mind she greatly admired. She's already training Billy to have that kind of mind too, she hopes. You know, it is amazing how much less likely we weak women are to backslide and waste time snatching a few more chapters of that whodunit, if "orders of the day" are right down in black and white. Of course, you have to be your own top sergeant!

"Slimming down" is good for a house. Dee had no more things around than it was possible to keep at the top of their form. What fun are charming little silver vases or china ornaments, if the silver is blackish, the china's delicacy clouded with dust? Their function in life is to be beautiful—but if it's just a physical impossibility to keep them that way, much better to tuck them away out of sight rather than leave them looking forlorn, defeating their purpose of adding beauty.

A double-decker of sandwich and shopping for the children—lunch hour must often include both, now that Dee is working. Exact sizes, exact needs written down, not fishing around in a tired mind to guess at them, saves time for busy mothers, busy salespeople. Resisting fussy "frills," sticking to simple sturdy clothes easy to care for, gives her more time to spend with Billy and Dianne. For of course, that's where her heart is now.

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Make it more and merrier with Jell-O!

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Well, how about *buying less* and making it *seem* like more?

See what a gay dessert you can make with one red apple—and Jell-O! Or pull another stunt! See what a good hearty salad you can make with a few carrots and peas, a hard-boiled egg or two—and Jell-O!

You'll find that Jell-O is one of the best and cheeriest friends a family paycheck can have!

And don't forget—Jell-O is one gelatin dessert that has the same high quality as before the war!

That wonderful fruity goodness, "locked-in" by Jell-O's *exclusive* process, is just as luscious and rich as ever.

So get *genuine* Jell-O whenever you can. It's a real money's worth every time!



1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
1 cup hot water
1 cup canned apple juice or cold water
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 medium red apple, cut in thin wedges

APPLE JELL-O MOLD—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add apple juice, sugar, salt, and vinegar. (Vinegar makes a deliciously tart and sassy combination with Jell-O's extra-rich fruit flavor!) Chill until slightly thickened; add apple wedges. Turn into large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with additional apple slices and fresh mint, if desired. Makes 5 servings.



1 package Lemon or Lime Jell-O
1 pint of hot water and 1 bouillon cube
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon scraped onion
¾ cup cooked diced carrots
¾ cup cooked peas
Dash of cayenne
1 hard-cooked egg, sliced

JELLIED VEGETABLE ENTREE—Dissolve Jell-O in hot bouillon. Add vinegar, salt, and onion. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables, seasoned with cayenne. Cover bottom of ring mold with slightly thickened Jell-O. Arrange slices of hard-cooked egg against sides of mold. Chill until firm. Fill mold with remaining Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce, sprinkled with French dressing. Fill center of mold with mayonnaise. Garnish with escarole and egg slices. Makes 6 servings.

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TO BY HAROLD FOWLER

Sew, read or work at your hobby in this room which doubles as a playroom for the children in the family. The room was originally a back bedroom. As you see, the furnishings are all make-overs. Only the paint and slip covers are new and the scheme supplies the style.

A Mother-and-Daughter Room

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

IN MANY houses there is one room which can be fixed over into a convenient workroom for mother. The room can function also as a playroom for the younger children of the household who like to be near mother as she works.

Mrs. Rueckert is looking ahead to the day when she and her little daughter sit together in just such a room as you see pictured here. Dianne will paint or cut out dolls, while mother hems curtains or presses a dress companionably near by.

What you want is a place to spread out your sewing and be able to leave it for a quick pickup; a good flat top on which to cut materials, wrap up packages or lay out your mending; and a bulletin board on which to pin up clippings and measurements. Add your sewing machine and a really comfortable chair or two, and the main job is done.

Make the room fresh with paint or paper, and choose a favorite color for your scheme. Green, red or blue with white makes a fresh-looking room. Yellow in a north room is pure sunshine, and green or blue will be cool. A few yards of printed fabric, such as chintz or flowered sateen, used for slip covers will give the room style—you may start with the fabric, if you like, and take your scheme from that. Here is the place to try your hand at some kind of simple, built-in convenience. For a bit of hand-painted decoration, select a motif, flower spray or leaf from your fabric and trace it off where you want it. Paint it in with the same paints you have used for your furniture.

The secret of decorating such a room to make it both useful and attractive is to harmonize all the odd but necessary furniture pieces by painting them to match. Contrast in color emphasizes objects, but painting them the same color makes them belong together.

Paint your machine if it is an old one—notice the big circular leaf we cut out of plywood and fitted onto the end of the sewing table—and also paint the assorted tables, chairs, boxes and other equipment a matching color. You will find that, no matter what the shape and style, it all goes together when painted.

In the room, you will want to have all the tools of your various crafts—everything with which to sew, paint, hook rugs, crochet, weave or embroider. Work out places to put these things, but don't allow the room to become a catchall. You may even include a practice piano for the growing-ups, if you like.

You will have plenty of ideas of your own after you start, but here are a few to help you get things under way:

- Cut down an old upholstered chair and slip-cover it neatly. Add a rocker, also, if you have one.
- Paint or varnish your floors and add a scatter rug or two.
- Big pigeonholes are handy, and you can make them just by stacking small wood grocery boxes.
- Chests made of packing boxes, painted or papered, are handy for sewing materials or toys.
- Make a wall pocket, like a shoe case, to hold your patterns.
- Hang a secondhand mirror so you can see yourself in a good light.
- Make a lamp out of a big jar or pottery vase and place it near your upholstered chair.
- An old davenport-table top—you can buy such a table for $3.50—makes a grand counter for cutting.
- A second iron—when they are plentiful again—an ironing board and duplicate scissors are luxurious conveniences.
- Keep adding ideas as you use the room, and keep it in tune with the new things you are doing.

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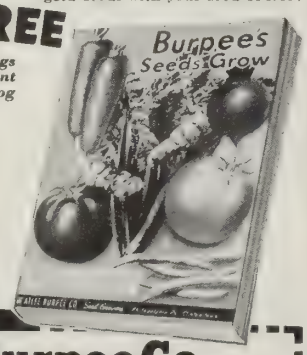
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DON'T GIVE YOUR ANIMALS A NAME

(Continued from Page 84)

The game warden looked her over and said we'd better shoot her. The leg won't heal and she would'nt recover. So said the veterinary whom I asked by telephone for his opinion. Besides, he figured the doe would never get tame enough to be treated and fed, since she was grown up in the wilderness.

But I had watched her sipping some fresh water and nibbling some hay when she felt alone, so I decided to take the risk. I made a bed for her on a part of the hayloft that we did'nt use, and put slices of carrots, apples and a bit of corn near to her, supplying it only at dusk or dawn through a crack in the wallboards, in order not to frighten her by my approach.

After a few days she would take it regularly and eat it all, although she would'nt touch it as long as she felt watched. When I had to come closer to her for supplying the water and looking for her wounds, I took my oldest and dirtiest stable clothes so I was sure that I would'nt smell a bit like a human being. I found out that the wounded hind leg had got into a bad condition, infected a few inches above the foot.

It was clear that something radical had to be done in order to save her life. I did'nt say a word to my wife because I knew that she could'nt be of any help, and that it was going to be a brute affair, to be done fast and by one man alone

I sharpened the axe, cleaned it and prepared a Lysol solution and a piece of gauze, soaked with a strong antiseptic ointment, and some bandages to stop the bleeding. Then I went straight to the hayloft, threw myself on the deer's body before she could move, kept her down with my knees and my own weight, put her leg on a chunk of wood and cut her foot off with one blow of the axe—right above the spot where the bone was split and the open wound infected. Then I washed it out, dressed it, put some fresh drinking water near and left her alone—having done the whole thing more in a state of cold trance than in full consciousness of its ghastly circumstances.

"What's the matter with you?" my wife said when I came back to the living room. "You look quite pale."

"Where's the applejack?" I answered hoarsely and took a long sip.

But then, the most amazing thing happened that I've ever experienced with an animal. I've kept some roe bucks and does at my Austrian country place, two of them I had brought up with the milk bottle. If you bring them up that way, they'll get as tame as a goat, but a wild deer will hardly get used to people if it grew up in the woods.

After the terrible shock she must have got by my treatment, I was sure Liesi would always be afraid of me—more than of anybody else—and I doubted whether I could get along with feeding her at all. When I opened the door to the hayloft that evening—very softly—I saw her standing upright on three legs, the amputated one stratched out backwards in a gracious manner, the dressing and bandages unchanged. She stood watching me, and I stood watching her, both motionless, and I think we both trembled with excitement. Now I went closer—now I stretched my arm out—cautiously—to offer her a piece of an apple.

And now, for the first time, she took it right from my hand.

The same evening I succeeded to wet her bandages without scaring her, and the next day she even licked my hand and began to follow me when I called her name. This name is a very traditional one, since in Austria a doe was called Liesi (pronounce Leezee) and a buck Hansi. I'm calling her as I heard Austrian forrest rangers calling a deer, repeating her name in soft head tones, like the lowest sound of a "joodle."

The wounded leg healed and she got used to run and to leap on three legs as easily and almost as fast as any other deer. I built a pen for her and a little wood house, but I kept her fenced in only for her own safety, for I think she would'nt run away. When she came out of her pen sometimes, her first way was to the kitchen door to beg for fruits or vegetables. She's got very greedy but I have to keep her weight down so that she has no troubles to move on her three thin and gracious legs. She's practized a charming manner to make her short leg resting upon the knee-joint of the other one.

Winter came, the snow drifted high around the deerpen, and since I was too busy to shovel snow everywhere, this drift grew almost as high as the upper level of the fence. Some morning I let the dogs out who like to roll and to play in the snow, and while I sat peacefully at the kitchen table to have my second or third breakfast, I looked out of the window and saw the dogs jumping from that high snow drift right in the deerpen. I got so frightened that I almost overthrew the table, dropped a cup of coffee and run out like mad to save the deer from the dogs. But, to my greatest surprise, I found all three of them, dogs and deer, in the most friendly and animated conversation, wagging their tails, sniffling and licking each other's noses—the deer not a bit afraid, the dogs not a bit aggressive. Since this time they are great friends with each other.

Sometimes at a foggy evening in the early fall or in the middle of a dark and stormy night, there is a deep roaring sound approaching our place, coming out of the woods first, circling closer and closer around the house and the barns. My wife was almost afraid when she heard it first. It sounds wild, grim and lonely. In the morning I sometimes find the tracks of a strong buck right in front of the house. Liesi is getting very restless during this time and she's answering the call of the "rut-bell" with a wistful, bellowing voice. But I can't give her a chance, for I think she couldn't stand bearing on her three legs. This is the only time when I feel sorry for her, who otherwise seems to enjoy life as much as any free living deer. But the good thing is that the passions of an animal are bound to a short limited period and that they completely forget when it's over.

The only serious competition for Liesi and my affection to her would be a horse. I'm dreaming of one, not too light, not too heavy—just strong enough to pull a sleigh or buggy and to carry my 190 pound personality (only a part of these 190 are fat; most of it personality).

We had a horse—which was'nt ours—for a short time, and I could'nt pretend this was a "normal" one.

Nor would a normal horse have chosen it's way of entering our place. It coughed suddenly some early morning in July at the open window of my wife's bedroom on the ground floor. It did'nt sound like coughing. It was more like the snarling of an antediluvian dragon.

My wife, who has never seen a moose, thought it must be one that escaped from a zoo or run amok down from north Canada, having lost its horns on the way. But this

LEARNING BY DOING

E. V. Lucas tells of a school in England where sympathy is taught. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one day when he cannot speak. The night before the blind day his eyes are bandaged. He awakes blind. He needs help and other children lead him about. He gets a grasp of what it is really like to be blind. And those who help, having been "blind" themselves, are able to guide and direct the blind with understanding.

—ENGLISH DIGEST: Quoted in Magazine Digest.

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beast was extremely peaceful and even humble, just coughing and begging for a little oats and for a shelter when it rained. I've never seen so deeply sunk a back, so hanging a lower lip, so broad and flat and worn-out a creature's shoes than the hoofs of this horse. It could have made a perfect illustration to the "old gray mare"—if it wasn't brown.

We found out that it belonged to an old hired man, still a little older and a little more worn-out than the horse, who could'nt make use of it in the summer when he worked for a farmer, so he just let it go free to find some pasture and some brook water. He thought fresh air and the quiet life would do good to the horse's asthma, but obviously the horse needed an audience for it's musical performance. We got so used to the tone of it's asthmatic colorature that we felt like missing something when we had to bring it back to his master before winter came.

We must be an attraction for that sort of sensational animals. There is a she-cat living with us who was a tom-cat for the first six months of her life. I really mean it. She was recognized as a tom-cat by two different veterinaries who looked for her when she had distemper and gastritis—and I am not bad in distinguishing sex myself. She—or he—was always a little sicklish during the first half year, but suddenly, after a heavy attack of feaver, she behaved very strange for a male—right in the way of a young cat girl who comes in the heat for the first time. And so it was.

Some weeks later she got a bunch of kittens and since then she's perfectly all right and "normal." Believe it or not, I think she's changed her sex. And if this happens to salamanders, sea urchins and men, why not to a cat?

Most of the human anomalies happen to animals as well. One of our goats had an imaginated pregnancy, fooling us for months with all the characteristic signs of a real one. But goats have a particular notion to behave extravagant and frivolous. There is nothing they'd enjoy more than to do something naughty and destructive—like breaking through the fence of the vegetable garden and destroying in half an hour the work of several months. Their greatest pleasure is to find and to consume something entirely indigestible—like frozen apples or rotten beets.

Generalization, of course, is always an injustice, even to goats. There is Heidi, the lady goat, a pure bred Saanen who has almost as long a pedigree as an Archduchess of Hapsburg. We purchased her for half the price because she had a very plebeian habit: she was bleating all the time so noisily that the farmer who raised her and his neighbours got nervous breakdowns.

Aware of her aristocratic descent, we were sure we could find a psychological way to improve her manners. We bought her a very beautiful collar, shimmering with nickel and chrome like a precious bracelet, and a little bell that rang with a silver voice. Decorated with such a distinction, she forgot about bleating while listening to the music of her own bell. She got conscious about her nobility and took to a dignified reserve and reticence.

Just the opposite type is Mucki, the little proletarian bastard. We got her for almost nothing because she was said to be "unfriendly" and "disagreeable." Her character seemed to be much like that of Gussy, the duck, but she even looked disagreeable—lean, untidy, shabby, almost mangy. She could'nt be bred, she did'nt give milk, she was good for nothing. Just unfriendly. Hard to say why we took her.

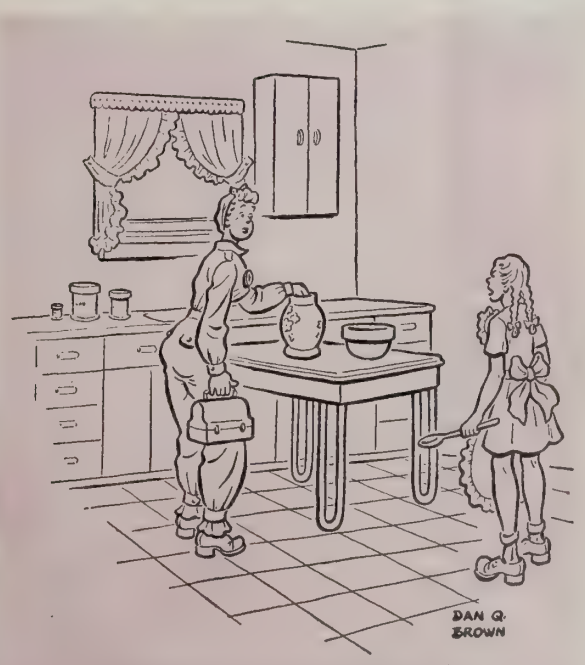
But there is'nt such a thing as a repulsive goat, after all. It was only a matter of building up Mucki's self-respect. As soon as she felt estimated as a free-born American goat, appreciated just for her very existence, though being of no practical use, she developed quite a different temper. She got fat and strong, her hair became smooth and the bitter expression of her face changed into a sort of shrewd humour and smartness. She became, not only the most entertaining character but almost the intellectual leader of the whole flock. She's still barren (maybe she's got too much brains to fall in love with a buck), she still does'nt pay back for her little grains and hay.

But some day you'll find out that all these animals are paying you back—for your work, your worries and your expenses—with so much fun, joy, knowledge, satisfaction as you hardly could get out of any human company.

Rough and tough as it is—that way of life on a remote backwoods farm—it pays back (maybe not quite in the professional sense). It makes you feel sound, free and cheerful. Your eyelids heavy from sleep, you may get up in the middle of a cold and dark winter night to put some wood on your fires—and suddenly, in the black square of the window, you will see a single star, as big, as bright, as sparkling as you have never seen one before. And you will stumble back to your broken slumber, only half awake but with a feeling of peace and promise, as if you'd have seen a sign or a miracle.

And when the sun has risen and the shadows of the trees on the snow, pale and rosy first, get blue and strong and dark, you'll think: *Today I'll start writing again.* If I would'nt have been a writer before, this place would make me to become one. And there is'nt much outdoor work for the week to come—and a great stillness over the woods—and a bunch of clean white paper waiting there on my table. This is just the moment to start for a long, good work without a stop or an interruption.

You just sit down and —— Hey? Sakra, Sakra! What's that noise? What's going on out there? Hell, blood and appletrees! The goats have broken through the deer fence, taking Liesi's corn away and bumping her around like a football. "Hurry up, hurry up!" I hear my wife crying. This will take me the rest of the day to repair that fence, and the rest of the week to restore Liesi's confidence in peace and good will on earth. You nice, clean, spotless white paper on my desk. I won't spoil you today. . . .



"Mother, stay out of that cooky jar—it's only a half hour till dinner!"

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1½ tsp. grated lemon rind
2 tbs. butter or margarine

Combine cornstarch, ¾ c. sugar, salt and cold water in top of double boiler. Stir until smooth. Add molasses and boiling water. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add a little of the hot mixture to beaten egg yolks, mix well. Combine with remaining hot mixture. Cook 2 minutes longer. Add lemon juice, grated rind and butter. Cool. For PIE pour into 9" baked pie shell. For PUDDING put in individual heat-proof dishes. Meringue: Beat egg whites until stiff. Add remaining sugar, 2 tbs. at a time, beating continuously. Pile lightly on molasses-lemon mixture whether pie or pudding. Bake in a very moderate oven (325°F.) 15 minutes or until meringue is golden brown. Cool before serving. Try this *new* flavor treat soon!



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Windy waits for someone to let him in the warm house. He loves to eat popcorn with Sister and Clover . . . and he likes it sweet.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

HERE is a strange thing: In summer I always make plans for those long winter nights. I say blithely, "Well, in the long winter evenings, I am going to really learn to knit socks. There will be time then to reread all of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan poets." On a long winter evening, we can file the phonograph records, straighten the game cupboard and really throw out those incomplete checker sets and nibbled game boards. A thousand small niggling jobs we can dash off, I think, in winter.

Every single year I go through this happy reasoning and every year, in surprise, I face the fact in January that those long winter evenings are pure fiction. Possibly the pioneers had them, but I doubt it. I imagine that after a rugged bout with cooking and weaving and scrubbing, my pioneer housekeeper simply heated the soapstone for her rope bed and climbed in and pulled the feather bed around her ears and went to sleep!

Sometimes my city friends ask me, with sympathy, if the long winter evenings aren't dreary. No theater, no concert, no ballet. What do we do with ourselves?

What does become of those long winter evenings? I often wonder. Because I find myself in January saying cheerfully and with hope, "Now when the summer evenings come and it stays light so long, I can really catch up with all those odd jobs. I'll just wait for summer."

I suspect it is just a human weakness to look forward to a season with plenty of leisure, a tranquil space between regular jobs. Much the way we used to anticipate nice restful vacations. And then actually we always wore ourselves out on those nice restful vacations.

I wish we had kept the Indian way of calling a time a Moon of Hunting, a Moon of Corn—if there was a moon of corn. I call January the Moon of Stoves. This is the time when it is pleasant to gather in the big kitchen around the old black range and lift out the bean pot from the comfortable oven.

We have a fine electric stove in the middle kitchen, and it has its own elegant streamlined personality. It is a modern invention better than rubies to own. Turning a switch and getting the immaculate, hot cooking power is a fine thing. I say my best for it.

But, also, give me an old-fashioned range. House is not home without one. The kitchen is as warm as new-buttered toast. The chunky stovewood sends a good smell out when you lift the lid, almost like burning leaves on an autumn hill. The soup pot simmers gently in the back corner. We eat at the table right near the stove and bask in its warmth.

I like the way you can get any gradation of heat by just pushing your pan an inch to the right or an inch to the left. And the way the oven cooks so slowly, the rich meat juices just seal themselves in the roast.

We have two kitchens, and we call one the back kitchen and the other the middle kitchen. This often confuses guests. I shout from upstairs, "You'll find it in the middle kitchen!" and if they are not used to our peculiar unlogical family vocabulary, they may be found later in the taproom, and nobody knows why that room is called the taproom either!

But the back kitchen belongs especially to the Moon of Stoves. The popcorn in the evening! The stuffed spareribs on a blizzardy noon! Honey by the oven lifting a golden nose to smell what mamma has inside the stove this time. Esmé climbing happily into the oven when the fire dies down. I am sure few people keep cats in the oven, but Stillmeadow has them there. It is highly unsanitary, and only people who adore belong to Siamese cats could possibly understand this.

Melody, the darling puppy, pokes a black satin head from under the range. And that is another thing. In the middle kitchen, there is no waste space under the electric stove. It has drawers and warming ovens and trivet racks. But there is no waste space under the range. It is always packed solidly with cockers! They feel, in January, that a stove equipped with a full quota of spaniels really completes the furnishing.

We had a fancy heater in the back kitchen until it rusted completely out. Every time we lighted a fire, smoke poured from a thousand places. So we retired it. Bob and Jill and I sallied to Waterbury to find a range.

It was a typical family excursion. I got lost, we almost got arrested, and we came home with not only a stove but a crate of green grapes.

We went from store to store, and, Waterbury having been laid out by some Indian who was no doubt under the influence of firewater, we never found a street that went where we wanted to go. Bob would drive madly around the block, using up gas in a horrible way, while Jill and I dived from basement to basement. All dealers keep their stoves in the basement.

Finally I ran ahead, leaving Jill to inspect one place and Bob to park. I had a la

nlight because George, the mainstay of kennel, told me earnestly I must look in- at the firebrick. As I loped down the vded street, intent on the chase, I won- ed why everybody seemed to fall back in prise and then turn and look after me. ds were craned from stores. Drivers ed from passing cars.

must have aged terribly in three days, I ught sadly. *Or maybe it's this red shirt used to be Don's. Maybe they don't feel dle-aged women should wear red shirts.*

er about six blocks, the truth came to me. re I was dashing down a blazing hot et in dazzling sunshine, holding a mam- h flashlight in my lifted right hand. I too much else in my arms to hide it, but d turn it backward.

Ve found the range. Bob parked the car. policeman materialized instantly. "It is g to cost you six dollars to park here," aid happily, getting out his pad.

was buying an antique flatiron at the nent, and a loaf of Italian bread from next shop, and I saw him.

Run, Jill, run!" I screamed. "Bob's sted!"

he ran, carrying a length of stovepipe in arms. The secondhand-store man panted r her with the legs of the stove, mutter- that his heart wasn't so good any more. he policeman gave in. And when he saw pieces of our range lying on the walk, he warmly, "Stay as long as you need to," went on.

o the stove came home. I had a feeling it was happy to be set up in a home n, polished and come to life. I wondered t other home it had lived in, how many e children had warmed their hands by it. rge came over and set it up, and Jill got stove polish, and I couldn't wait to stir nions and peppers and olive oil and get n simmering on it.

Ve always do a deal of cooking in the fire- e, and we keep the fireplaces going even ugust heat. We can always find a faint by eight at night, so we light the fire. the stove is the business center of life e days. It is the heart of family living nuary.

like to get dinner in the oven early and my cooking done. A pan of stuffed eribs may go in the range by ten-thirty get done in the slow heat to a crispy ing goodness. I broil the ribs first, after dkling them with flour, salt and freshly nd pepper. Then I lay one section flat on k in a roasting pan, and cover it high, and handsome with stuffing made of one chopped onion, a large chopped apple, of bread crumbs—or, better yet, poul- tuffing—salt and pepper. I mix up the ng well first, pack it tightly as possible, lay the top rack of ribs over, and tie the pieces together with a clean string. This needs to bake only an hour, but in the it may bake the rest of the morning o harm done either. A pan of nice light its goes in just in time to brown by the r hour, and a green salad tops off the

LASH is another fine dish, cooked on f the range. I brown two pounds of ed beef. While it browns, I drop into a f boiling salted water a pound of string , a pound of peas, a bunch of carrots bunch of celery, cut up, and four s. To this I add a can of kidney beans can of tomatoes, salt and pepper. The goes in and the pot simmers an hour half.

ost all stews and soups, I think, are improved with baby dumplings ed in at the last. I use two cups of ifted with four tablespoons of baking r and a half teaspoon of salt. A table- of shortening and about two thirds of a milk are added to the dry ingredients. the dumplings in the soup from a spoon, cover tightly and cook five s without lifting the lid. It's fatal umplings to lift the cover and peek. ecial favorite of ours for a cold Janu- ght is chile con carne. I cook three d onions in two tablespoons of salad olive oil if I have it). Then I add one and a half pounds of ground beef, one quarter cup of suet and, when that is nicely brown, a clove of garlic and a tablespoon of chile powder. Now I stir in a cup of hot water and cook fifteen minutes and then add two large cans of kidney beans. Then I turn the whole thing into a casserole and put it in the oven to finish. I let it stay about half an hour in the oven—not a high hot oven either.

To make chile con carne a party dish, I often add a can of tamales when the casserole goes in the oven. The combination of flavors is elegant.

A good idea for a party for the young people this season is a Twelfth Night Plunder party. The children are packed and ready to fly off again to school. The tree really has to come down, for it is shedding like a rainstorm. This year we laid aside extra small gifts—memo pads and homemade sweets and hankies—and wrapped them in leftover Christmas wrappings and put them around the tree. After the party began, the guests stripped the tree of ornaments and we packed them away for next year and everybody had a little gift to open, and then the tree came down and the greens were burned in the fireplaces. We had all the Christmas candles lighted to burn down to the last bit of wick, and we had a big pot of chile on the stove.

EVERYBODY fixed his own tray and filled his plate at the stove, and we had a basket of rye bread, and a bowl of green-tomato dills and carrot sticks on the pine chest, and cider and coffee. The remains of the Christmas fruitcakes finished the plunder, and then we all sat around the fire and sang. I always sing, too, even though I cannot keep to the tune.

The spicy scent of the burning greens and the warm glow of the red candles and the crisp crackle of popcorn—this, too, is January. And the night outside is as beautiful as hope and faith. The still and pale sky and the quiet pure snow and the clean-bladed air and the massed darkness of the woods with their branches sifting pearl slowly to the deep snow. All the quiet feet of the little people of the woods making delicate prints—this is January in New England.

Honey and Melody and Snow and Silver and Hildegarde sleep close to the hearth, but Esmé is inside it, right up to the shore of the flame. Tigger is away on a gentleman's business, but he comes in with his black satin fur powdered with snow, and takes a snack before rolling over and over by the door again. We never knew where he got the idea that rolling, paws in mute supplication, would get him in and out of doors, but it always works. About the fourth roll, someone gets up and says wearily, "Oh, Tigger, why can't you stay in?"

Sister and Clover and Windy and Pussy and Saxon like popcorn in a big way. But Star is a chocolate eater and a luster after the ham bone. And Esmé is passionate about sweet corn. I never heard sweet corn advocated as a diet for Siamese cats, but she advocates it loudly and long, Practically nobody, I should think, can make as much noise as a Siamese whose mind is set on some little thing. Esmé sounds like a whole zoo and several subway trains and boogie-woogie all at once.

There is only one thing to wish for this new year, and one prayer to make. God give us peace. Peace in every corner of the tired world. And may God help us all, each and every one, to make peace everlasting. May no children ever again be born in a world where toys are rationed. And may no homes be broken again, ever in this world, as the men go off to defend their right to those homes.

Home on a deep winter night, secure from the cold, safe from the wide storms. Homes, I know, are what the world is made for. We in this generation are paying a dear price for them, a dear price. All these weary years we have paid so the smoke from our chimneys may rise in the air of freedom and liberty.

A new year of peace to us all, and may God bless us and keep us valiant.



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LAST YEAR, when we asked brides to "share-the-silver," we gave you our word that you could match-and-add post-war. When we make promises, we keep them. Now we suggest that you plan your post-war entertaining, list what place-settings and serving pieces you need to complete your first minimum purchase, and order yourself a present of sterling from your jeweler.

Place-settings of six pieces average $23, incl. 20% Fed. Tax... luncheon-knife and fork, teaspoon, cream soup spoon, salad fork and butter spreader.

When the Government releases silver for civilian use, Gorham will return full-time to replenishing stocks for Americans who like things sterling. Think of it! Plenty of serving pieces, and no forks to wash between courses!

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Left to right: CAMELLIA, ENGLISH GADROON, LYRIC, CHANTILLY, GREENBRIER, BUTTERCUP, FAIRFAX

HUGH STUBBINS, JR., Architect

EASY TO LIVE IN

By Richard Pratt

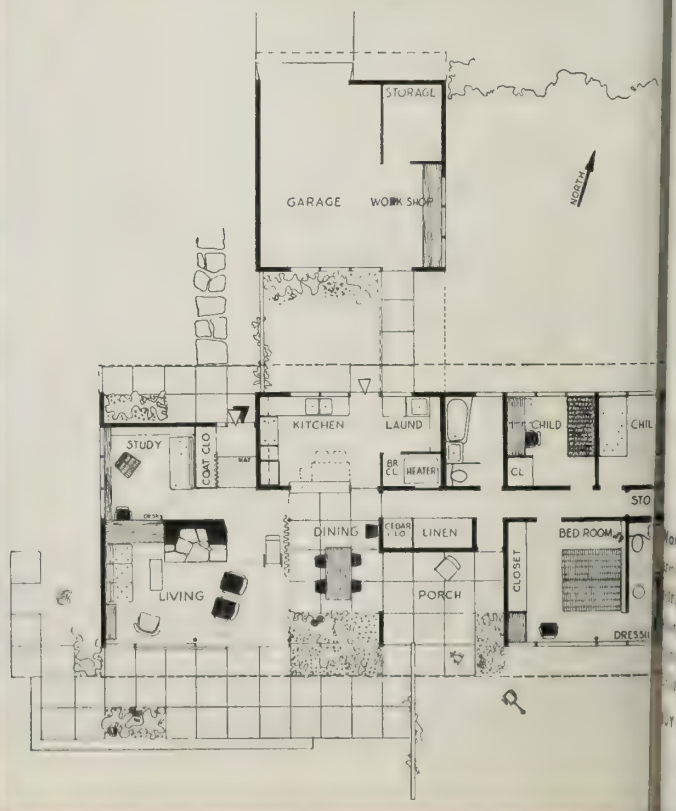
Architectural Editor of the Journal

I SHALL first explain the unusual roof, in case you are curious. As you see, the lines slope *downward* from the sides to the center—but not just to be different. For one thing, this treatment does away with all gutters and downspouts, which clog, overflow and freeze, causing upkeep and concern. Here, instead, all water runs to the middle and is carried off through inside drainpipes near each end of the house. Then, too, this type of inward-sloping roof is easier and cheaper to build than any other system—giving greater strength at less expense. In fact, "easier" is the promise that houses like this make to you from roof to foundation; and easier, in this case, means cheaper as well. That promise, of course, can be realized only if the new building methods, on which houses like this are based, become harnessed to full-quantity mass production in both manufacture and erection; which in turn can happen only if and when the building industry can count on consumer acceptance. Nothing like this house is available now. But when the time comes, houses will be easier to build, because they can be put together with comparatively few parts, all finished at the factory. They will be easier to buy, because the mass production of these parts, and the fast simplicity of their erection, will greatly cut the cost of building. They will be easier to own, because they will be more economical to heat; they will require much less cleaning than you have been accustomed to; a half-dozen door and window screens will do, and there will be no storm sash to clean, put up, take down and store away. The planning, as you will notice, gives first priority to the ease of child care, food preparation and serving. Notice, too, how the pleasure of family living is promoted. For what is actually a space of moderate size has been so arranged that it provides separated areas for dining, study and relaxation, but without creating a cluster of little rooms. By using glass instead of small-windowed walls on the sunny sheltered side, the whole living space gets full vision to out-of-doors; with abundant indoor daylight, eyestrain is finally eliminated; and winter warmth in daytime is provided free of charge by the sun. And not only will glass walls make a house easier to heat but there will be new types of heating plants which, regardless of the kind of fuel they use, will occupy no more space than a trunk and will be fully automatic. The heat will rise evenly from the whole floor—soundless, draftless, dustless. The one-piece combination kitchen units will come ready to set into place, likewise the one-piece bathrooms; all designed for savings in manufacture and for labor-saving at the site. Where a house this size would have been composed of fifty thousand individual parts and pieces, the parts for one like this will be numbered in the hundreds, all ready to fit and fasten into place. And the more you like the houses that are made this way, the sooner you will have them.

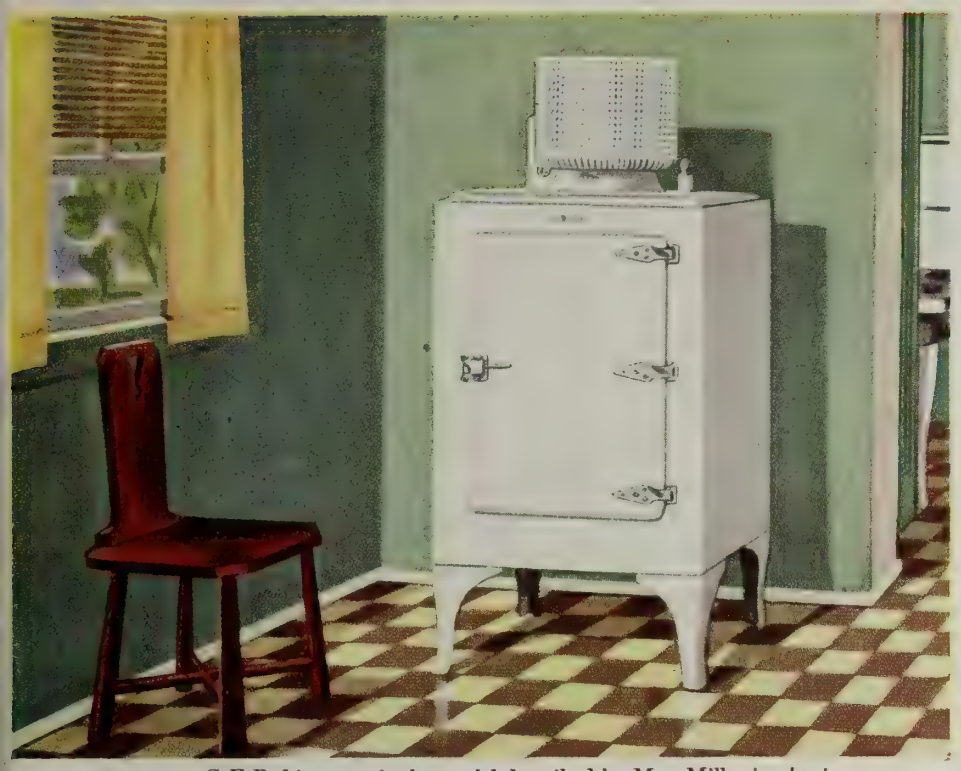


SCALE MODEL BY DEVON DENNETT; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Glass walls make possible and practical such charming feature the indoor-outdoor garden shared here by the terrace and di room; and in the plan below you can follow the living conveni made possible by the simple and flexible method of construct



With great affection, I said: "I am going to write to General Electric--"



This 17-year-old G-E Refrigerator is the model described by Mrs. Miller in glowing terms.



Few writers have ever expressed so sincere a feeling about a product as did Mrs. May G. Miller, of Bellflower, Calif., in this letter to us. She wrote:

"I was cleaning my refrigerator this morning, and as I looked at it with great affection, I said: 'Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to write to General Electric and tell them about you. Big people like to hear nice things as well as little people.'

"My G-E Refrigerator has been in constant use for going on seventeen years. It has never been idle one day, and has never had one thing wrong with it. It has in all that time just given service, service, service. Do you wonder that I feel about it as I do?"

Service—today's yardstick of refrigerators

Nothing could please us more than to know that our G-E Refrigerators have won the abiding loyalty of users like Mrs. Miller.

For today we aren't making new refrigerators. And we know that those we *have* made must keep going . . . to give the efficient home refrigeration that's so necessary in preserving wartime food.

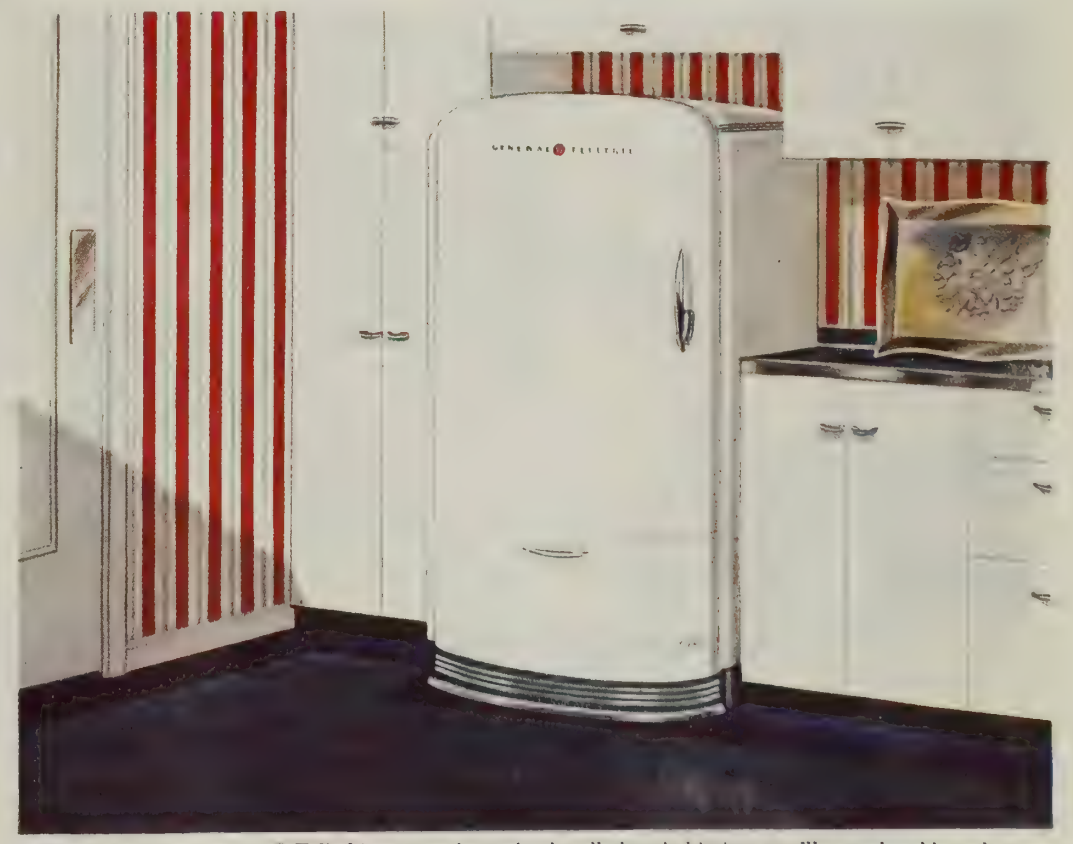
This means that the single yardstick of refrigerator value today is *service*—care-free, trouble-free service. And we're very glad that G-E Refrigerators are measuring up exceptionally well.

TUNE IN: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.



Wartime Reminder: Your General Electric Dealer is as anxious as we are to see that *every* G-E Refrigerator keeps giving efficient home refrigeration. He's doing a great job . . . but because of the manpower shortage, he's under a serious handicap. So it's up to you to give your refrigerator the best of care at all times. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS! KEEP ON BUYING THEM!



Here is the latest model G-E Refrigerator, shown in the all-electric kitchen you'll soon be able to have.

GE Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE TEN YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC



MY DREAM IS STILL A DREAM...

But not for long!

"I dream of a kitchen beautiful to behold, a dream to dazzle friends, a dream to work in. Now I'm told that dream is about to come true."

Right, Mrs. Homemaker. Youngstown, too, has been dreaming ideas that are nearing reality. Beautiful, modern kitchens at a low cost, so low every home in America can have one . . . That's the Youngstown ideal.

In the enterprise to make jobs that will bring sustained prosperity to our post-war America, Youngstown will take a leading place. Your work will be made easier by a Youngstown Kitchen. Your purchase of a Youngstown Kitchen will make work for a man who has been away . . . fighting to keep America free.

Until the last shot is fired — buy bonds — give blood—salvage fats and paper—work for Victory. Then do your part to . . .



The FREE American Way

See how easily your kitchen can be changed to a room that is beautifully modern, scientifically efficient. Send for Youngstown's Min-a-Kit book so that you can actually model your dream kitchen. The Min-a-Kit book has 46 easy-to-cut-out models of Youngstown units with wall background and full instructions for developing your model kitchen.

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BUDGET DISHES

By Louella G. Shouer

STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

(Approximate cost, 83 cents—serves 4–6)

Parboil 8–10 large outer leaves of cabbage five minutes, just long enough to wilt them. Also cook ⅓ cup washed rice until tender. Drain. Mix ½ pound ground beef and ½ pound ground pork. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon thyme and a dash or two of pepper. Add the rice, 1 large onion, minced, and 1 beaten egg. Mix well. Shape into eight to ten small rolls. Wrap each in a cabbage leaf and tie securely with string. String holds them together better than toothpicks. Put in skillet with 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon meat paste or powder or 3 bouillon cubes. Add 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and a little salt. Cover and simmer one hour. Turn rolls occasionally. Taste sauce for seasoning. Thicken sauce slightly with a little flour-and-water paste—about 1½ tablespoons flour blended smooth with cold water. Remove strings. Serve rolls with gravy poured over them.

Menuette: Stuffed cabbage rolls; parsley potatoes; glazed carrots; bread and spread; green salad; deep-dish cherry pie; beverage.

RUSSIAN BEEF

(Approximate cost, 78 cents—serves 4–6)

Cut 1½ pounds thinly sliced round steak into half-inch-wide strips. Dredge well with flour. Brown in 4 tablespoons hot drippings or shortening. Add 3 medium-sized onions, chopped, to the pan. Season well with salt and pepper. Add 2½ cups water and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Cover and simmer about an hour or until meat is tender. Just before removing from the heat add 1 cup sour cream. Reseason to taste. Serve with boiled noodles.

Menuette: Russian beef with noodles; red cabbage cooked with apple; sour pickles; lettuce salad; rye bread and spread; lemon cottage-cheese tarts; beverage.

CURRIED OYSTERS

(Approximate cost, 70 cents—serves 4)

Drain 12 large or 16 medium oysters. Save liquor. Sauté 1 onion, chopped, in 3 tablespoons shortening or salad oil until golden. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons flour and blend in. Add 1 cup milk. Cook and stir until thick. Blend 1 teaspoon curry powder—more if you like it hot—with a little oyster liquor to smooth paste and add to the sauce. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and some pepper. Lastly add the oysters, drained, and 3 hard-cooked eggs, cut into pieces. Simmer over low heat *just* until the oysters curl. Be careful not to overcook, as the oysters will toughen. As you simmer the mixture, add some of the oyster liquor to bring the sauce to the right consistency. Sauce should be just medium thick. Oysters give off some liquid as they cook, so go easy on extra liquor. Serve on rice, noodles, toast or hot biscuits.

Menuette: Curried oysters; rice ring; peach chutney; peas; Melba toast; fruit salad; beverage.

YORKSHIRE SAUSAGES

(Approximate cost, 67 cents—serves 6)

Place 1 pound link sausages in an oblong casserole or baking dish that measures about seven by eleven and one half inches; or use a round ten-inch skillet that can go into the oven. Cook sausages in a very hot oven, 475° F., for fifteen minutes. This just starts them cooking and tries out some of the fat.

While sausages are cooking, make up a recipe of Yorkshire pudding. This batter is not hard or tricky to make, as some people think. Beat 2 eggs very thoroughly. Don't stop until they are thick and lemon-colored. Add 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Continue beating with a rotary beater for two minutes more.

Now remove sausages from oven, pour off all but an eighth inch of the fat (save for gravy and fat salvage) and arrange sausages evenly in pan. Quickly pour Yorkshire-pudding batter around sausages and return immediately to oven. Bake in very hot oven, 475° F., for ten minutes, then reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking twenty-five minutes more. The pudding will be puffed and crisp and the sausages brown. Cut into six portions and serve at once with a gravy made from 4 tablespoons sausage fat, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water and 2 teaspoons meat paste or powder or 2 bouillon cubes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Menuette: Yorkshire sausages; buttered beets; green salad; French dressing; bread and spread; baked pears with cream; beverage.

SQUAW HASH

(Approximate cost, 86 cents—serves 4)

Sauté 2 cups finely diced cooked ham with 1 cup sliced onions in ham fat. (Fry the fat cut off ham at first to make drippings.) When onions are golden brown and tender, add 1 green pepper, diced or cut into strips, and 2 cups canned whole-kernel corn. Season well with salt and pepper. Simmer until ham is tender and mixture is heated through.

Menuette: Squaw hash; baked potatoes; celery; bread-and-butter pickles; green salad, blue-cheese dressing; baked apple Betty; beverage.

KIDNEY-BEAN SOUP

(Approximate cost, 57 cents—serves 4–6)

Soak 2 cups dried red kidney beans overnight in water to cover. The next morning add ½ pound raw smoked ham, or a ham bone if you happen to have one; a handful of parsley sprigs; 3 or 4 sticks of celery; a large onion, sliced; 3 bay leaves, crushed; 2 teaspoons thyme and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer about two hours until beans are well cooked and mushy. Remove the ham or bone. Put the soup mixture through a coarse sieve. If there is any ham, dice it and add to soup. Reseason to taste with salt and pepper. You might like to add finely chopped hard-cooked egg—about 3 to this quantity—and sliced lemon, as is the custom with black-bean soup.

Menuette: Kidney-bean soup; garlic bread; stuffed-green-pepper salad; fruit compote; beverage.

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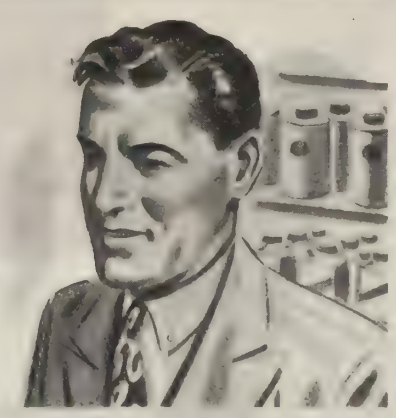
MY DOCTOR Advised ME...





...to add Vitamins to supplement my family needs. He advised me that millions of "well-fed" people do not get enough vitamins to keep up a normal resistance to colds, nervous and digestive upsets and a general run-down condition. He also said it was a homemaker's duty to give her family the vitamin protection they need and a good vitamin capsule or tablet would help insure their vitamin intake.

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Help Keep Up Your GET-UP and GO

Buy war bonds and keep 'em

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MEET A WAR WIDOW

(Continued from Page 99)

no one would suspect they'd been doing anything special. They had seventeen dollars. And the next week Dee met her mother in St. Louis, and went home to Staten Island.

Dee got out to see Bill once, on her birthday in November. The rest of the time she went to Mary Washington, in Fredericksburg, and learned how to take care of Bill, and the children they wanted. And during the summer he managed to hitchhike to New York after R.O.T.C. camp ended. After that they were apart for six months. Dee's mother knew they were married. She rather suspects Bill's mother knew too. But to everyone else, Bill was Dee's boy friend. He was on the debating team of the university and Dee managed to hear him when the team was in Chicago and the debate was broadcast. Her father liked his voice.

In January of 1941 they stopped playing at being married. Dee, with her brand-new home-economics knowledge, went out to make a home for Bill while he finished at the university. He had found one room, with a little porch, six blocks from the campus, for an incredible two dollars a week. Dee cooked on a two-burner electric stove, with no heat control at all. She took some courses that term, too, and they'd study together after dinner, or sit on the porch and pretend it was a penthouse terrace.

That was 1941, and Bill graduated that June. He was a cadet major, and a lieutenant in the reserve. There wasn't any doubt about what his immediate future was going to be. They told him he had about six weeks before his orders would come through. So Dee and Bill came east to Staten Island and settled down with her folks. He got a temporary job with the Bethlehem Steel plant on the island, to fill in.

And all that summer the Germans pushed deeper into Russia, past Kiev and Odessa and almost to Moscow. It got a bit harder to get gas—the stations closed at seven in the evening. The Balkans were overrun and there was a second battle going on in North Africa. Dee and Bill were dancing to Only Forever, to All the Things You Are, the sweet, sentimental tunes that were their favorites, being no sweeter than their love. And the boys were going. The Army was getting bigger and bigger, and a lot of girls like Dee, when it was late and there was no more dancing—Dee, who was waiting for December now and Billy's arrival—were beginning to get used to the idea of going on alone.

BUT Dee was very lucky. She says she was: "We were very lucky. We had so much. Much more than some people get in all their lives." At any rate, Bill was sent to Watertown, New York, and was there for a whole year. Dee found a tremendous seven-room apartment, the whole first floor of an old mansion. She scoured the town for furniture—the bed cost five dollars, and Bill scraped it and painted it, while she made a beautiful blue satin cover. Billy was born there on the coldest day of the year. Bill had just drawn $22,000 to pay off his men when Dee's mother, who had come up from New York, phoned to say the baby was on the way. Bill paid out the $22,000 in thirty minutes, and lit out for town in a jeep. His first words to Dee were, "Hey, you know, a jeep will go eighty!" Bill's name changed when Billy was born—he became "Rook," so they wouldn't get mixed up. In the Army they called him Square John.

His commission was in the cavalry, but the cavalry didn't seem to be doing a great deal in this war, so he applied for transfer to the Air Corps, and was accepted. Then Dee began to move. First Tennessee. Then Santa Ana, then Tucson, where they rented a whole ranch because they could get nothing else. Then Lemoore, California; Stockton, California; and Albuquerque. Dianne was born there. Bill was able to be with Dee there until a month before Dianne arrived. He went to El Paso then, and Dee was frantic, because she was pretty sure it was his last stop before he went overseas. Her mother came out to be with her again, and although Dee had a pretty bad time with Dianne—four transfusions—she insisted on getting down to Bill. Her mother drove her down.

TIME was getting so short now! Those last two months, after Dianne was born and before Bill was shipped, she'd wake up at night and lie listening to Bill breathe, telling herself that he was alive—he was so alive that he couldn't ever die. Then he left and she came home to her family with the babies.

Well, he did die, at not quite twenty-four. They'd had a lot, of course. They had the two children, first a boy, then a girl, and right off so that they could grow up with Dee, and —— There it is, you see. Now there are just the children and Dee to grow up together. And all the other things. The house they were going to build. They had a two-family house picked out they were going to buy when Bill came back. The rent from the other half would help household expenses very nicely. And Bill would get his job at Bethlehem Steel back and go to law school in New York nights till he got his degree and began to practice, and was enormously successful and they were rich and could build—the house that Dee has all the plans for now.

What's the end of the story? There isn't any end. There are Dee's plans—she's had a good training in home economics. What she'd really like would be a job on a newspaper or magazine or in an advertising office where the fashion training her home-economics work gave her would be useful. She wants to work because she will need the money, of course, and to fill her life too. Luckily, she need not worry about leaving the children with strangers. Bill, too, would approve of her arrangement to have her mother look after them while she works.

Both the children were to go to the University of Illinois—Billy was to pick out his own profession. It would be nice if it were law, like his father's—the one his father never had. And Dianne was to get married, be as happy and lucky as Dee. Whatever Dee can do to make that happen, she will do.

And after a while, some of it will begin to make sense and be really important, even down in the hurt, shocked places where Bill's constant love used to be. Dee is very young, and she has a lot of life ahead of her, probably a very full and interesting life. Right now there is only one thing she can see in the future that could hurt her any more than she has been hurt. That would be a peace at the end of the war that would betray Bill's death and her loss.

If Bill died for nothing, if Billy is going to grow up to face the same situation that took Bill and killed him before he was twenty-four—then there will be nothing left for Dee to believe in.

"War Nerves" Victim

Ed came back from the European war with blackness and bitterness in his soul, unable to sleep or eat, hating crowds, hating to be alone. His 21-year-old wife has two tots under two years. But she manages to put herself and them second as she helps Ed fight the long way back to the sweet and considerate man he was before he saw war. Watch for the absorbing story of their struggle in

How America Lives
in the
FEBRUARY JOURNAL

Printed in U. S. A

LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ★ FIFTEEN CENTS ★ FEBRUARY, 1945

Journal

PUBLIC LIBRARY



A *Fugue in Time* COMPLETE NOVEL *By Rumer Godden*
CONDENSED IN THIS ISSUE

The White Dress A NEW SERIAL *By Mignon G. Eberhart*

KAY VAUGHAN



RUMER GODDEN *(A Fugue in Time)* writes, "At one time I ran and owned a big dancing school in Calcutta. Trained in London, I went out to make this school the pioneer of its kind in India, for having written and produced several ballets, I thought first to do this work seriously—instead of writing. England was my birthplace, but India has been my home since I was six months old. I was one of four sisters and we spent an isolated childhood in small Indian towns on the banks of the great rivers of Eastern Bengal and Assam. However, we were all wonderfully happy, sailing, fishing and riding, and we all wrote books. I wrote the story of my life when I was seven."

ELLI MARCUS



MAXIM KOPF, who painted our cover design, says, "I never wanted to be anything but a painter, an ambition in which I received no encouragement whatever from my family. But my father finally allowed me to enter the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, whose entrance examinations I had already secretly taken and passed. During the last war I fought in a Czech regiment (with little enthusiasm but some honor) for His Majesty's Austro-Hungarian Empire. I got out of it more dead than alive, and His Majesty's Empire did not get out of it at all. But Czechoslovakia was born, so I went happily home to Prague and became a citizen. Although the war had made me restless and I traveled extensively, I might have settled down except for Hitler, who set me moving again, this time through prisons and concentration camps. Eventually I reached America, and here, at the age of fifty-two, I found what I had been looking for all my life. This land will one day create an art as great as the country itself. It will not be feverish, eccentric and sensational, but affirmative and grand. I only regret I shall not live long enough to paint all I want to paint, or as well as I want to paint."



E. WILLIAMS, author of *Menu for Love,* writes, "I like French oysters, English furniture and modern American poetry."

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!



Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel "Jimmy" Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read *Life?*) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert ("Hargrove") Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, "The Ruptured Duck."

★ ★ ★ ★



Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley" that you're hearing on the hit parade.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year!

★ ★ ★ ★

Which, by the way, we've wished you.

—*Leo*

P.S.
(Perfect Screen-treat).

William Powell and Myrna Loy are back again as Nick and Nora in a new, laugh-packed, thrill-fraught adventure, "The Thin Man Goes Home."





A RIVETER SURE GETS CLOTHES DIRTY — BUT DUZ CLEANS 'EM EASY!

DUZ does Everything—

ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!

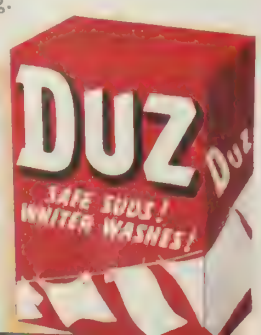
1 BELIEVE YOU ME! DUZ CAN'T BE BEAT FOR GETTING GRIMY OVERALLS REALLY CLEAN!

2 GRAND HOW TOWELS COME DAZZLING WHITE IN DUZ ALONE... NO NEED FOR BAR SOAP!

3 YET DUZ IS SAFER FOR COLORS — EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES. HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER!

DUZ does MORE!

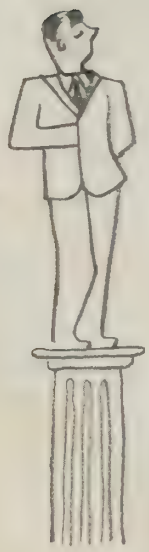
Women everywhere call DUZ a washday wonder—it just can't be beat for getting clothes clean and white easy. But that's not all. DUZ is also safer for colors than any other leading washday soap—safer even for rayon undies. DUZ really does everything.



IT'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S NEW KIND OF SOAP

A little DUZ a lot.

Don't waste DUZ—it contains vital war materials.



IF I WERE A WOMAN

BY JUDITH CHASE

JUST how man would improve on the fair sex if he were given a chance at changing genders is a topic rivaled in popularity only by woman's ideas on reforming the male.

Here are the opinions of a few well-known figures who mince no words on just what antics they'd avoid or actions they'd adopt if they belonged to the opposite sex.

Would men make better women than women men? That's for you to decide after reading what they have to say.



"I wouldn't wear slacks when I was built for a bustle. I'd never wear snoods, because I hate snoods on women, and I'd leave off those club-footed wedgies—they sound like breakfast food anyway."

—Humphrey Bogart.

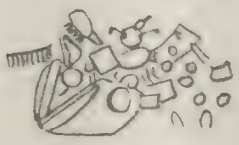
"I wouldn't try to live and function by masculine values, as so many modern American women do." *—Clifford Odets.*



"I wouldn't allow a man to see me right after I'd been to the hairdresser. A woman before her hair is combed out is a pretty grim sight. Those tight, wet, sticky curls anchored down with pins make her look like some mechanical monster. Her head looks too small for her body, her features look too sharp, and there is very little softness. I've seen women shopping and lunching, completely oblivious of how unattractive they appear to men. Maybe they don't care. But they should. If I were a woman I shouldn't give a man a chance to see me at anything but my best." *—Dennis Morgan.*

"I wouldn't run down other girls that my husband or boy friend admired. Nor would I bother people to try to get me nylons."

—Arthur William Brown.



"I wouldn't carry one of those handbags with built-in lost-and-found departments. Handbags is the cwaziest contwaptions."

—Lew Lehr.

"I wouldn't think that the only war heroes are the men with rows of campaign ribbons. A lot of fellows who would like to be fighting overseas are under orders to do an important job on the home front in the service or on the production lines."

—S/Sgt. R. W. Jackson.
U. S. Marine Corps.

"I'd try to make up my mind quicker and not hold up the line at the ticket window or bargain counter." *—Donald A. Laird.*



"I wouldn't wear an obviously unbecoming hat just because it was the latest decree of fashion. I would wear smart footgear without ruining my metatarsals. I would keep from getting fat without always talking about it, and I would not have a magpie's nest for a handbag."

—William Rose Benét.



"I wouldn't ever expose my ears. I wouldn't color my nails dark red. Old Irv Cobb said, 'It looks as if they'd been killing ticks.' I certainly would leave off those large brass octopi they pin on their chests. I wouldn't chew gum anywhere. And I wouldn't wait until I was middle-aged to recognize that I was allowing myself to get fat and ugly and then in a panic try to reduce the easiest—the dangerous way—with drugs."

—James Montgomery Flagg.

"I wouldn't do anybody else's mending."

—Joel Kupperman.

"I would not follow my husband around the house with an ash tray in one hand and a broom in the other, waiting for his cigar to overflow on the rug."

—George Burns.

"I wouldn't complain constantly of the difficulties of managing a household under rationing and the shortage of domestic help. Most men appreciate the extra burden their wives are carrying now. But when visiting friends or out for an evening of relaxation, some women seem to enjoy pooling their discomforts and difficulties in getting help, cosmetics, clothes or foods. If I were a woman and managing a home, I'd take a cue from the masters in any field and make it look easy." *—David Broekman.*



"I'd never admit to myself that man is my superior in anything except boasting and killing, and I'd vote consistently against any male candidate for political office who seemed likely to promote the world's worst psychosis, warmaking. I'd use lipstick somewhere near the color of human lips and I'd *never* use lipstick that made my lips taste like axle grease when some man kissed me."

—William Moulton Marston.

(Continued on Page 116)

IF I WERE A MAN



"I wouldn't take a woman all done up in her prettiest to dinner in a restaurant, then look too hard and too long at another woman across the room." —*Mignon G. Eberhart.*



"I wouldn't have half a dozen Tom Collinses before going out to play golf, then let profanity substitute for proficiency on the golf course." —*Lt. Patricia Berg,*
U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve.



"I wouldn't pride myself complacently on the accidental fact of having been born male. I'd not consider ability to grow chin whiskers a sign of superior enlightenment. For somehow men (and don't mistake me—I'm awfully fond of the dear things) do cling like limpets to that proposition.

"Is the lady clever enough to spell out the front-page headlines? She thinks 'like a man.' At bridge does she remember to return her partner's lead? She 'plays like a man.' She 'drives like a man' if she accomplishes the most elementary feats of parallel parking, and owns a 'masculine sense of honor' if scandal doesn't interest her extraordinarily. Nonsense! When it comes to gossip, bad driving or hidebound convictions, man can match the woman every time. Listen in on locker-room conversations. Watch the accident statistics. Notice who it is that heads a Bund or Ku Klux Klan.

"No, if I belonged to the gender which shaves every morning and runs political conventions, I wouldn't brag about it or condescend to the alleged frailer sex. For everyone knows it's a man's world—and just look what they've done to it!"
—*Phyllis McGinley.*

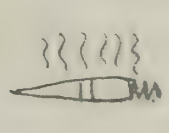


"I wouldn't walk around the house in my shorts." —*Barbara Stanwyck.*

"I wouldn't be so blandly superior when women enter serious discussions of world affairs. After all, it's a long time since grandmother's day of 'seen-and-not-heard ladies,' so I don't know why modern men have to act like grandfathers."
—*Jeanette MacDonald.*
(Mrs. Gene Raymond.)

"I wouldn't make so much noise when I cough." —*Cornelia Otis Skinner.*

"I wouldn't ever tell my love about the girls I used to know. Nothing but bloodshed comes from these revelations. I wouldn't tell my girl, 'My mother and I are great pals and you two girls will love each other.' (They won't!) A girl doesn't want to marry a good son. She wants to marry a good husband. I wouldn't give my woman into the keeping of my best friend with the remark, 'I know I can trust you, honey.' When a man trusts a woman he takes her for granted, and most normal women would rather be dead than taken for granted."
—*Betty Smith.*



"I wouldn't smoke cigars or ever call my wife 'the little woman.'"
—*Mary Martin.*



"I wouldn't keep harping on it. I loathe men who keep saying, 'You'd better let me handle this. I'm a man.' I wouldn't wear a hat unless I looked absolutely sensational in one. A man in a hat that doesn't fit either his head size, the shape of his face or his personality is the most frightening sight in the world." —*Rosalind Russell.*



"I wouldn't boast about the companionship I have with my wife, yet bury myself behind the morning paper every day at breakfast." —*Mary Livingstone.*
(Mrs. Jack Benny.)

"I wouldn't complain about women being gossips. Gossiping isn't just a woman's monopoly. Look at the male gossip columnists and the masculine maligning that goes on in the barbershops. Gossip is part of human nature—not just a feminine characteristic." —*Bidu Sayao.*



"I wouldn't applaud the equality of the sexes during the day while my wife holds a full-time job, but assume the privileges of the male in the evening while my wife does the 'woman's work' of preparing dinner, washing dishes and cleaning the house."
—*S Sgt. Agnes J. Cashman.*
U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

(Continued on Page 116)

Lovable...

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. William H. Geyer, Nutley, N. J.
"My first cake of Camay left my skin so much softer, I wouldn't think of changing."

Tests by doctors prove Mild Camay cleanses without irritation

It's exciting—to see the fresh new bloom of beauty that one cake of Camay brings to your skin! So today, change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply sparkled—looked fresher, clearer, softer! *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."*



. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet



Take only a minute, night and morning Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—over forehead, nose and chin. Rinse warm. And if you have oily skin, add a lively C-O-L-D splash!

That's all. And your skin is lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay.

Make your Camay last and last—it's made of vital war materials.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

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A Bell for Springfield

MOST of us in America grew up in small towns where everybody knew almost everybody else. From that symbolic home town to the modern city of uprooted and indifferent millions is a far cry, a long jump in citizenship. But citizens must grow with their town; if we are going to have any part in shaping new growth, we must know at least in what direction we are heading and how far we have gone.

Our Home Town, a pocket-size booklet published by Springfield, Massachusetts, is a new and hopeful step in municipal reporting, graphically revealing how the city is governed and what that government means to Springfield dwellers.

"Are you a registered voter?"—for instance—is a pointed paragraph on where, and why, the citizen should vote.

In each of the articles on city departments, expenditures for the past three years are given. Two full-page charts show where the money came from and how it was used, making the relation between taxation and services plain.

An outsider can hardly fail to be impressed by Springfield's up-and-coming virtue, but not because it is extolled in Our Home Town. Strictly reportorial, and minus glowing phrases, the booklet acquaints its readers admirably with the ins and outs of the city-hall network. At Your Service, on the back cover, is "a handy check list of often-used city services," with telephone numbers.

Springfield citizens have worked two years on the study that went into this report. Copies are given free to any citizen on request.

Community surveys have been made before, and in too many sad cases have collected dust into oblivion. But any town that really wants to know itself, and where it is going, can profit by Springfield's example.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IF YOUR COPY IS LATE

Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL *or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy, or order, has left Philadelphia.*

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

By Dorothy Thompson

I HAPPEN to be mistress of ceremonies on a radio program called Listen the Women, in which a panel of four distinguished women answer, spontaneously and without previous knowledge, questions submitted by the public. In the nature of things, the larger part of these come from women. The original idea was that they should chiefly concern public affairs, such as peace plans, military service as a permanent institution, "Should India be Freed?" and so on. Of course many such questions are submitted. But the largest category always has to deal, not with obviously great public questions, but with domestic problems; and it is clear that the questioners regard these problems of home life not only as private matters, but as pressing public issues.

I take no part in these discussions, but merely engineer the program. Each question is discussed for only a few moments, but often, after we are finished, we all go out together to continue a conversation over a question sent in by some unknown. And often I find myself mulling over one for days.

What do these women—and sometimes men—ask? They ask, for instance, whether a daughter should be permitted by her parents to marry her fiancé, who is about to be sent overseas. The wife of a man overseas asks whether she should go out with other men. Great concern is shown over juvenile delinquency, and over the manners and habits of the young who are not delinquent. In fact, the gamut of questions reveals a sense of family insecurity arising out of the war, and an apprehension that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to stabilize it again.

That is especially true of the younger-age groups, of married women whose married life has been short, interrupted by the husband's call to the armed forces, and who have never had a chance to acquire the habit of stability.

The churches, which usually favor early marriage, are greatly perturbed about war marriages. This is not because of the risks encountered by the husband, but because they have discovered the demoralizing effect of an interrupted marriage upon a young wife. Her marriage has ended her girlhood, and transferred her from the protection of her parents to the protection of her husband. When he leaves, she is a young married woman, without a man. She is attractive to other men and knows the attraction of men. She may be deeply loyal to her husband in her heart—but she is lonely. Also, there are many young men about, soldiers, cut off from their own homes, but not yet sent abroad. We must understand that the temptations are vastly greater than in normal life. The greater the woman's capacity for love—the very part of her nature which makes her a loving and devoted wife—the greater her temptation in long periods of separation and loneliness.

Old-fashioned moralists shy away from the discussion of such problems. But it is clear, from the thousands of questions which we receive on the same themes, that women want them discussed, and openly, for they are a reality of life.

Nor is it a one-sided problem, concerning only women. Soldiers also are lonely, here and abroad—lonely for more intimate contacts than they can find in a USO. Yet the war does not permit the establishment of lasting relationships. They are shifted from one camp to another, and from one country to another. It is a matter of "here today and gone tomorrow."

The whole experience of our times is, therefore, contrary to normal experience, as far as home life is concerned. All civilizations are founded on the unit of the family—father, mother and child or children. The Soviet Union had to recognize this after a few years of sexual chaos, and went in for a quite puritanical attitude toward the family and its responsibilities. But the fact that it is the basis of all good societies does not imply that the family is an act of nature. On the contrary, it demands the subjection of many natural impulses. And no society, even in the rigid theological states of early New England, ever succeeded in holding everyone in happy fidelity within a family circle.

The degree of success depends, not wholly, but to a large degree, on the normalcy of life. The maintenance of the family and of marital fidelity has, in most cases, certain *(Continued on Page 78)*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SURE YOU'LL BE PROUD OF IT..



There's a Ford in your future!

It's only human nature to be proud of things you like. And when your new Ford car arrives—some day not far away—you'll want the world to know it's yours!

. . . Your friends will call it "handsome". For your new Ford will have smart and youthful styling. It will be big, roomy, sturdy—rich appearing, inside and out.

. . . Naturally, this new car will offer the traditional Ford economy and reliability. And it will reflect all the skilled craftsmanship and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

. . . Yes, we're sure to be ready when the time comes. Our production plans will be all set. And when we get the necessary "go-ahead", we're going to start making "the Ford in your future."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford



IMPRINTS

DID you ever sculp an angel in the snow? Then turn back to wonder if it was really you? That's checking your impression as soon as you make it. Finding out how people react to you isn't so easy as that most days of the week. It takes an accumulation of casual compliments to assure you you're rating plus. Or the brutal revelations of a let's-tell-each-other-for-our-own-good session to uncover your hideous faults. But you don't have to be told. You can see by the way Jim's eyes wander that what you're saying is skimmed milk. The absence of those four invitations from your mail confirms your fear that you're not much fun at galas. You can gather from the girls' frozen smirks that they don't quite approve of the way you act in public.

Dozens of little things add up to make your imprint. Which is encouraging. 'Cause you can grapple with each one in turn. Some girls were just born with winning ways, friendly smiles, wit and wisdom. Everybody likes them on sight. But some of the rest of us have to help heredity along. And it's as easy as this.

Sharp Focus

What hits people first about you? The way you look, of course. A general idea of your bulk, color scheme and basic behavior. Then they light on your details. You haven't said a word—but they're already deciding whether to bother to listen. You can supplement a good first impression or correct an unfortunate one the moment you open your mouth. Your talk, your voice, your smile and your listening ear make your second impression. From there on what you laugh at, like or cordially dislike, the way you think and feel about things and people, and the way you behave make your third-to-umpteenth imprints. Opening the doors to your disposition and your thoughts requires more than a lightning-quick first glimpse.

So look yourself squarely in the eye and the hair-do and the angle of your backbone and the way you act. No fuzzy reflections allowed. Register your items clear and sharp and get to work. Give them a thorough inspection for flaws, and correct same. Then add them up to a grand total—and make it staggering!

Depth

A slick surface, no matter how scintillating, is not substantial. Be a bright birdie, chatter like a chipmunk—but it isn't enough. You know girls like that. And they're popular. But they dazzle the eyes and ears like a flash bulb. They burn brightly—but they burn out with a pop.

You be the glim that's not easily doused. Have something seriously interesting to offer when serious big converse is called for. Be kind in your comments and actions, considerate, generous, polite. Be a bit of fluff, but plenty responsible citizen. A girl who doesn't change steadies with the seasons. Who gets along well with young and old alike. Who is courteous without being prissy. Who keeps her poise in the pink and her gray matter in gear.

A fancy façade is fun—and helps a lot. But solid substance makes more friends. How many times have you thought that some girl improved a lot on acquaintance? That was her personality improving on her first impression. It was her make up triumphing over her make-up.

ALONE, ALONE, SO ALL ALONE?

Are you nursing a gulp because the boys don't take up all your time? Wouldn't it be fun if the girls got together in between? Are you burning with public spirit—but shy to offer your solo services? Are you full of steam for a club of your own? Have a Sub-Deb Club! Just write to Elizabeth Woodward, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pa., and I'll send you a registration blank, a handbook to get you going, and the Sub-Deb's newspaper, THE SCOOP, to keep you going! Also see page 90.

There's delving to do on your depths—and only you can do it. Limit your reading to silly stuff and you'll stay as shallow as a piepan. Parrot people's opinions without serious thought of your own, and you'll sound hollow as a drum. Be generous with your sarcasm instead of your good nature; be lazy instead of on your toes; carry chips on your shoulders instead of bouquets in your hands; be shy and ill at ease, instead of sure and comfortable. Indulge in the faults of the folks who don't appeal to you. And see how deep your own appeal digs.

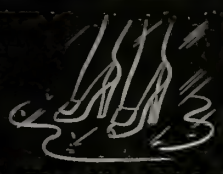
Positive or Negative

You cast a shadow behind you. It can be a radiant halo, a shapeless, colorless blob of gray or a distorted black monster. Whichever—that shadow of public opinion will run before you as your reputation.

You never know how far or how fast your quicksilver reputation has traveled. "I've heard about you!" makes you hold your breath and wonder what and if it's plus. If it is, a stranger's already presold. If it's minus, he's not likely to give you much benefit of many doubts.

You can hire a press agent at so much an hour who will toot your praises from the housetops. He can light your name in neon. He can build you up to be a legend. But you have to come through as he's fashioned you. That *you* is the product of *his* imagination. Hewing to his line may require you to be actress, chameleon, trained seal or deaf-mute. You can't relax the role he's created for you.

It's safer and easier to press-agent yourself. Then the little and the big things you do today, the stupid or the nice things you say, the superior or the sympathetic attitude you take, the serious or the trifling things you devote your time to, all make an impression behind you that runs before you too. It can be very good or very bad news, as you choose. False or true. It's up to you!



Wet Feet?

They, like cold feet, can lower body resistance so that certain germs on mouth and throat surfaces may invade the tissue and complicate the infection which may be started by a virus.



In a Draft?

Some people seem to dare drafts with impunity, but many medical men say that for others they definitely can lower body resistance and help make it easier for you to catch cold.



Direct Exposure?

One of the easiest ways of contracting colds is to kiss someone already infected. Another is to get in the path of a sneeze or cough.

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the gargle.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

Better Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Prompt antiseptic action may help 'nip trouble in the bud'. . . attack threatening Secondary Invaders before they attack you

Many doctors believe that some kind of a virus often starts a cold, and that a threatening group of germs called the "Secondary Invaders," frequently complicates it and is responsible for much of its misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes their work easier.

Obviously, the time to fight a cold is in the early stages, and effort should be directed against these "Secondary Invaders" before they penetrate the tissue.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, chill, cough, or sniffle—when you feel a cold coming on—by all means, get started early with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Bacteria

This wonderful germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . helps guard against a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues.

In repeated tests, bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces, ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, have been noted. And even an hour after the gargle, reductions up to 80% have been noted.

Fewer colds—Tests Showed

Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic has backed up its laboratory performance with an impressive record on human "guinea pigs" observed in tests conducted over a period of twelve years. Please note the result:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle, and fewer sore throats.

Take the word of outstanding medical men—a cold is nothing to fool with. At the very first symptom take this sensible precaution—the Listerine Antiseptic gargle—in the early stages. Prompt precautions may head off an unpleasant and miserable siege of illness.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

"When I lost my backache, I lost my bulges, too..thanks to my SPENCER"



In her Spencer Support and Breast Support individually designed for her.



In ordinary support and brassiere

Your doctor will tell you that there is a close connection between sagging, bulging abdomen and tired, aching back. When abdominal muscles weaken and sag, the back muscles contract, pulling spine into abnormal positions that cause backache.

Your Spencer, by supporting your sagging abdominal muscles and guiding your body into restfully erect posture, permits abdomen to regain its natural flatness; relieves muscular backache and nervous fatigue.

Your Spencer Support and Breast Support will be *individually designed*, cut and made to meet your physical needs—and yours alone. Every Spencer is *guaranteed* never to lose its shape. A support that loses its shape loses its effectiveness.

Spencers are prescribed by doctors for ptosis (dropped abdominal organs) as well as back pains and injuries; for inoperable hernia, movable kidney, maternity, after childbirth or an operation, spinal arthritis, sciatica, some forms of heart disease, spinal curvature, breast removal and other breast problems. Spencer corsetieres neither diagnose nor prescribe. If you have troublesome symptoms see your doctor. (Spencer Supports designed for men are masculine in appearance.)

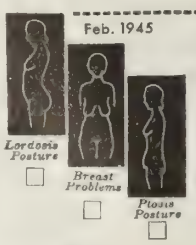
Send Coupon for Free Information

Spencer Supports are sold only by dealers who are qualified to consult with you on your special needs. Send coupon below for fascinating booklet or telephone nearest Spencer corsetiere.

Do You Want to Make Money Helping Women?

The number of women who need Spencer Supports if they are to remain active is daily increasing. Would you like to engage in a profitable business of your own that is simple to operate?
Check here ☐ for details.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.



TO: ANNE SPENCER SEND TODAY
Spencer Inc.,
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.
Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.
Name .....
(Please print)
Street .....
City & State

SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* **SUPPORTS**

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS !

Our Readers Write Us

How Many Children Can You Afford?

Orono, Maine.

Dear Editor: I have three children and, under present living costs, my husband and I do not see how he could support more. But we want more children, and I think many other parents are like us. Well, since we want more children and since more children are needed (in order to maintain the present U. S. population, each married couple needs to produce four children), we should be able to have them.

As far as I am concerned, I feel that I could manage to feed and clothe—and squeeze into the house!—a few more children if I could be sure of two things from the state: adequate medical care for their physical well-being, and provision for as much education or special training as they wanted or were fitted for.

Such a program might be managed under this country's present economic setup, with insurance the keynote. I think the Government should pay insurance for hospital, medical and dental care (in lieu of cash subsidy which unprincipled parents might use for their own selfish pleasure). Socialized medicine would not be necessary (although it would fit in well); the present setup would be satisfactory, with doctors able to lower their bills, since all bills would be paid.

Private endowment insurance now is used by many parents for their children's college education. The Government could pay the premiums for all children from birth—and cost to the taxpayer would be less than an outright subsidy. When your child graduated from high school, he could go to college if he were college material. The boy who loafed through high school and had no desire for further study would not cash in, nor the girl who plunged right into matrimony. But equal educational opportunity would be assured.

Until some form of subsidization is forthcoming, I think it is up to us parents to do the best we can without it. My husband and I have found that one way to save money is to stop paying rent. We bought a house that we love, without a cent in the bank. We borrowed the down payment, and the monthly FHA payments on the mortgage, plus the installment on the loan for down payment, totaled less than the rent we had been paying for a smaller, less satisfactory home. Now, before the children are ready for college, we'll own our own home, which will save us at least $30 a month

I think all parents should carry hospitalization insurance; it will help pay for babies when they arrive and, if you insure your whole family, you are safe against the unexpected blow that will plunge you over your head into debt. Our family of five is taken care of by $25 a year.

And I think parents should remember, too, that when you give your children brothers and sisters, you may not be able to give them large allowances or expensive clothes or individual airplanes, but you are giving them self-reliance and thrift and responsibility and industry and loyalty and unselfishness—and love. More good things than I can mention. What "advantages" has an only child?

OWENITA SANDERLIN.

No More Pretty Ladies

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Dear Sir: I hesitated a moment to renew my subscription when I thought of two more years of those pretty ladies on the covers. "Variety *is* the spice of life," and a kitten or a dog or a bunch of flowers, not to mention a baby, would be a pleasant change. Yours truly,

ELLA WARE.

Just for Reader Ware's sake we are publishing a flower cover this issue.

ED.

Nurse Your Baby

Bloomington, Illinois.

Dear Editors: The letter to Doctor Ribble from Mrs. James M. Borjes printed in a recent JOURNAL certainly had a lot of truth in it. The offspring of any mammal, including humans, have the urge to suckle immediately following birth. When this natural urge is prohibited for from eight to thirty-six hours, with sometimes a bottle being substituted for the breast, what else can be expected but that the baby will refuse the breast when finally offered?

One other thing that does not seem right to me, and I am sure it has occurred to many others, is the isolation of the new mother among complete strangers during delivery. The hospitals in this state claim it is a state law. If there is any truth in Dr. Herman N. Bundesen's article, The Needless Fear of Childbirth, in the November JOURNAL, to which I certainly agree, such laws or rules should certainly be changed. The mother-to-be should be permitted to have someone she trusts and loves with her.

REGISTERED NURSE.

It's Perfect Food

Winner, South Dakota.

Dear Editor: On question of nursing or not nursing our babies, if nurses would co-operate by not offering new babies a formula, the babies would show all concerned that they know how to get milk from mother. I know from experience that any normal woman, with normal child, can nurse it. Hospitals should do two things in this connection: provide Doctor Bundesen's wonderful booklet on the subject, and not feed the babies with artificial food between times of taking them to the mother. We are making a great mistake in not giving babies this perfect food which Nature has supplied us.

MRS. L. TYBUREC.

And Besides, It's Fun

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Dear Editors: Doctor Ribble is right about the desirability of nursing one's baby. I have nursed two, and feel that my experience may help someone else.

I was determined, from the day I knew a baby was on the way, that I would do all I could to nurse it: I watched my diet, drank a quart of milk a day, did not smoke or drink, and kept regular hours. I tried to hold a careful rein on my disposition, bearing in mind a certain slogan about the quality of milk from contented cows. This whole regimen was also maintained later during the nursing months.

The first three or four weeks were the hardest. And I mean *hard*. I wonder if many mothers who believe they cannot nurse their babies have merely allowed themselves to become discouraged and upset during this crucial period. I went through that dismal feeling each time, but the babies soon became fat, gurgly, bouncy kickers who gained and gained and gained. My own discomfort lasted only about three weeks.

I'm going to nurse all my babies. It's their right and my privilege. And besides, it's fun. Maternally yours,

MARION WEST STOER.

On the Road to Mandalay

Nutley, New Jersey.

Dear Sir: In these days of paper shortages, short tempers and irate subscribers, I thought this little excerpt from a letter sent to me from Colombo, Ceylon, might help a worn and weary editor to feel that perhaps his magazine is really doing something worth while.

"Much to my surprise and great joy, the January number of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL arrived in March. It is good of you to send this so very welcome gift each year. I must tell you that after Pamela and I have read it from cover to cover, the magazine is passed on to a military masseuse, then to two other friends and finally into the circulating library of our Nurses' Association, through which it travels to fourteen civil hospitals in various parts of Ceylon." Sincerely,

JUDY D. MEAD.

How to Run a House???

Sterling, Kansas.

Dear Madam: Are you now ready to do for housewives what Dr. Herman Bundesen has done for mothers? Can you

(Continued on Page 13)



"Hello, dream girl", he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

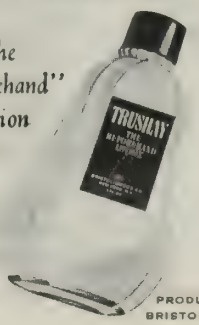
Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on *before* household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps *prevent* roughness and dryness ... guards *soft hands*, *even in hot, soapy water*.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



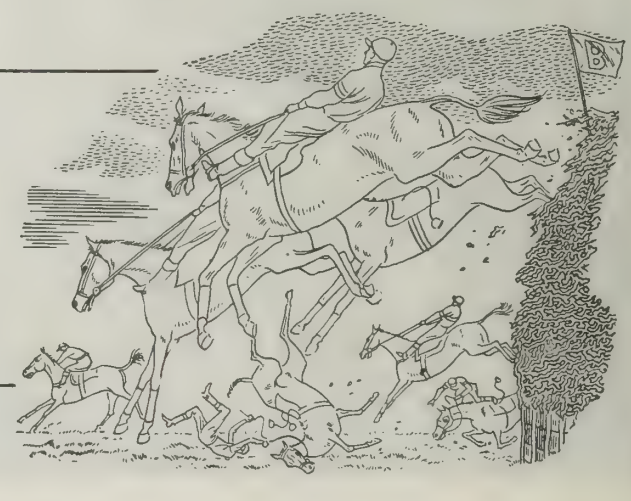
Here at M-G-M, we sincerely believe NATIONAL VELVET



is one of the finest pictures we have ever made...



and we've been making them for twenty years.



NATIONAL VELVET

A CLARENCE BROWN Production

Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold

IN TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

Mickey Rooney

with DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR • ANNE REVERE • ANGELA LANSBURY • JACKIE JENKINS • ARTHUR TREACHER

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

(Continued from Page 10)

visualize a housekeeping guide as simple and as specific as Our Babies—you might call it Our Homes—with year-round plans to cover the daily housekeeping drudgery as Our Babies covers infancy?

I shudder to contemplate rearing a child without Doctor Bundesen's booklets. I obtained what state and Federal helps I could before the arrival of my first, but was quite lost during her first six weeks. From the time I obtained Doctor Bundesen's booklets, the rearing of the child was a pleasure, and when her sister arrived thirty-three months later, and a brother twenty-seven months after that, I brought out those booklets again. You should see what healthy children have grown up "according to Doctor Bundesen."

That's what we housewives need for housekeeping plans. Very truly yours,

MERRY DEA.

Women's Work is Never Done

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor: Here is the story of a woman country doctor who has not only carried on her husband's medical practice during the three years that he has been in service, but has cared for her two children and bought and developed an attractive house and grounds in which to welcome her husband home.

She is Dr. Mildred Stone, of Berlin, Wisconsin, known as "Doctor Mildred" to countless families in small towns and rural districts. She has averaged between seventy-five and one hundred obstetrical cases a year since her husband, Capt. Grant Stone, left (he is now believed to be in German territory), and last winter during the flu and pneumonia epidemic her patients averaged seventy a day.

On her forty-acre grounds (besides a lake and lake cottage), Doctor Stone has the best Victory garden in that section, and a flower garden with prize gladiolus and roses. She attended them last year with no help except that of her ten-year-old daughter, Kathleen. Her other daughter, Karen, is three. The doctor puts on overalls far into the night, and digs and plants by floodlight. The house is old, but she has managed with a little help here and there to get it remodeled, painted and papered.

The Doctors Stone have dreamed of a "town farm" with lake since they worked their way through the University of Wisconsin medical school together, and it will be a reality when the captain comes

HUGO GORSKI



Doctor Stone and her daughters.

home. In the back yard, fantail pigeons and Muscovy ducks live in prefabricated houses, and ducks, Siberian silkies (chickens) and others are raised for eggs and meat. There is a freezing unit in the basement. Also, the doctor has put up untold numbers of quarts of vegetables, fruits and berries.

On top of her other duties, Doctor Stone was health officer until this year—she averages three hours of sleep a night. She had a very good housekeeper until a few months ago, when the woman left town, and the doctor appealed to me to help her find someone, through my problem column in the Milwaukee Journal. She wrote that it was increasingly difficult to minister to the sick because her own three-year-old was having nightmares when mamma went calling at night. Her letter got eighty-five replies, and she found a very good young woman to help her. Sincerely,

IONE QUINBY GRIGGS.

No Ivory Tower!

Santa Monica, California.

Dear Sir: Since the series first began I have read How America Lives with much interest and enthusiasm. You have done a really excellent job of reporting upon American life as it is lived outside of the movies, and have given your readers a representative cross section of their country. But there is one particular family setup which you have not yet covered—the "career at home with a family and no help," which I for one would certainly like to see reported.

I write poetry (LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, The Saturday Evening Post, McCall's,



. . . and she wants two more.

Good Housekeeping, The New York Times, American, Poetry Magazine and others), do all the work, including laundry, of a five-room home, feed (after a fashion) a defense worker husband whose appetite is as large as his hours are irregular, and have the complete care of a three-and-a-half-year-old son, a fifteen-months-old daughter, and a nine-year-old dog who is in her second puphood. My own particular problems are: an inadequate rented house (try and find anything else) with a yard which only a pioneer child would have the courage to play in, it being only once removed from a wilderness of rocks and weeds, and neither I nor my husband having time to do anything about it; a neighborhood which, because it is on the very doorstep of an aircraft plant, is so darned noisy with low-flying planes and what not that only the most intrepid poet could function in it. If you could *only* find some other would-be career woman with the same—or relative—problems, I know that your reporting of her methods could give me a few much-needed pointers.

Most sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH-ELLEN LONG.

(Mrs. George F. Tibbals.)

P.S.: Don't for a moment think I am discouraged! I fully intend to have two more children and—I hope—at least as many more poems.

We Should Love Ourselves More—in Print

Kenton, Ohio.

Dear Editors: I, for one, am not renewing my subscription, if you do not choose some better stories. As I read Our Readers Write Us, I find very few letters complimenting you on your stories.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. RUSSELL NORMAN.

When we read letter columns in other magazines we are always slightly nauseated by the letters the editors have printed telling how wonderful their magazine is. Or, maybe, we are simply envious. So *we* decided NOT to print letters fulsomely praising us. We receive lots of letters praising the JOURNAL, even letters praising JOURNAL stories. If we printed all of them, would you think our stories were better? ED.

(Continued on Page 118)



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Recipe



Armour's Star Pork Sausage with Creole Lima Beans

½ lb. Armour's Star Pork Sausage Links
2 cups dry lima beans
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 cups tomatoes, canned or cooked
1 tsp. salt ⅛ tsp. pepper

Soak beans overnight. Drain, cover with water and cook until nearly tender. (The beans may be cooked for 20 minutes in boiling water and allowed to stand in that water for 40 minutes instead of being soaked overnight.) When beans are nearly tender, drain if necessary, add onions, green pepper, tomatoes, seasonings and place in baking dish or casserole. Arrange Armour's Star Pork Sausage on top, cover and bake 2 hours. Uncovering the beans the last 15 minutes of baking period will allow sausages to brown. 5-6 servings.

So flavory and good!

Armour's Star Pork Sausage

In two new family suppers!

You'll discover there's a new and different touch to each of these meals! Just what every homemaker is looking for to wake up dull winter appetites.

And when you try these recipes, be sure to use Armour's Star Pork Sausage. While it's sizzling in the kitchen, even its wonderful fragrance adds to suppertime excitement. This sausage is made of choice cuts of pure pork, blended with fresh-ground imported spices—the finest there are! And it's made fresh daily in scores of Armour Sausage Kitchens throughout the nation, so you get it at its fresh-tasting best.

Besides its delicious flavor, there's another reason for enjoying Armour's Star Pork Sausage often! It's mighty nutritious—rich in the highest quality proteins and the all-important B Vitamins.

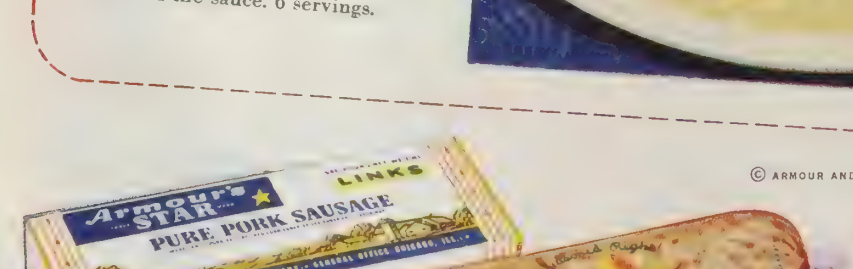
Save these recipes—try them right away!

Armour's Star Sausage Pork-U-Pines

1 lb. Armour's Star Pork Sausage (cello roll)
1 lb. lean fresh pork (ground)
½ tsp. salt ⅛ tsp. cloves
½ cup raw rice ½ tsp. salt
3 tbsps. flour ¼ tsp. cinnamon or allspice
2 cups milk

Combine first four ingredients and shape into balls the size of golf balls. Brown slowly, and thoroughly, turning often for 10-12 minutes. Add 1 cup water and simmer for 1 hour until all water is absorbed. Remove balls, stir in flour and add milk. Season with cloves, cinnamon or allspice and salt and add meat balls. Serve in the sauce. 6 servings.





1 Pound Box of Links 1 Pound Cello Roll

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

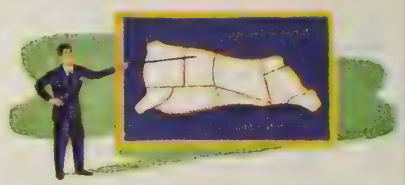
Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday Night over CBS. See Local Papers for Time

ARMOUR and Company

The American Design for Plenty

The American Way provides a magic fusion of individual effort along cooperative lines.

Management, what army men would call the intelligence center of the business unit, works ceaselessly to enable the individual



worker to fit into the cooperative process of production and distribution where he can be most useful.

The stockholder, in making available his savings to provide superior tools to aid the worker, invests on the average in American companies, $6,000 to create work facilities for each worker.

Such joining of men and machines enables the average worker in this country to turn out more units per year than the worker in any other land.

For example, the cuts of meats which feed American families wing their way to the butcher shops because Armour workers have at their disposal such mechanisms as large circular highspeed knives, electric scribe saws, the moving viscera inspection table designed by an Armour engineer and first installed in an Armour plant, and the automatic lard carton filling machine invented by Armour.

These are the typical fruits of capitalism —of the competitive society.



No other country in the world has gone as far as ours in lifting the productivity of the human worker through improving tools.

In 1880, when this modern power age was coming into being, we put 4/5 horsepower of electrical energy behind each employed person. By 1940, this was increased to 4½ horsepower per gainfully employed person.

What were the beneficial results of such increased use of mechanical energy and improved tools?

In the sixty year period the average production per year of each non-agricultural worker rose from 5 tons in 1880 to upwards of 22 tons in 1940.

Out of this stupendous rise in productivity came the upsurge in living standards of the people—the inclusion in the family budget of automobiles, refrigerators, household electric appliances, radios, better processed foods, and the whole Aladdin's Lamp of contemporary peacetime American abundance.

President, Armour and Company

Eighth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal

IN FEBRUARY, 1895, the entire U. S. Army consisted of 27,832 men, as compared with 8,000,000 today. President Eliot, of Harvard, tried to abolish the "brutal sport" of college football; the Chinese fleet surrendered to Japan. New York City already had skyscrapers twenty-six stories high, and actors Nigel Bruce and Louis Calhern were born.

"The use of face powders and rouges cannot be too strongly condemned," says the JOURNAL of February, 1895. "They stamp the person using them as silly and vulgar in the eyes of all refined and



cultured people, and do not in the slightest degree enhance or beautify."

Anyone want the recipes for these 1895 tea cakes: Rice Bannocks, Jenny Lind Cakes, Thirded Biscuit, Corn Pone?

"Dick: In offering his arm, a gentleman simply says, 'Will you not take my arm?'"

Writes Elizabeth Robinson Scoville, in a new column called Suggestions to Mothers: "An excess of meat in the diet is said to be conducive to ill-temper. Instead of giving your little boy meat three times a day, try fish for breakfast."

"Janey: A girl of seventeen wears her dresses the length that any lady does, while a girl of fifteen wears her dresses well below the ankles."



"We read in the newspapers very alarming tales of the prevalence of the germs of disease," writes an agitated reader to the editor. "I am sometimes too afraid to rest easy a moment while my children are at school, and keep them at home as much as I can. But now I hear that these germs are often in our food, especially in milk and butter and cheese. I have always thought milk very wholesome, but now I am fearful whenever I see my children drinking it. Can I do anything to make it safe?"

"Inez: The cuckoo clock in the café of the Waldorf Hotel, New York City, is responsible for the slang word 'cuckoo' which has been used so frequently during the past few months."

"L. A.: It is claimed that six drops of olive oil poured upon a pinch of mustard and taken internally upon retiring, will prevent snoring."

Journal about Town

★ ***Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.***

AS WE looked out the other day from the Workshop through one of the fifteen thousand windows of Radio City, we saw six window cleaners reclining nonchalantly on their straps at various points on the sheer dizzy face of the RCA Building. So for you, after some phoning on our part with the management, the men disappeared, then reappeared in a diagonal pattern, and ***Donald Stuart*** was down on a terrace with his camera to get the picture at the top of the page. After which ***George Irving,*** one of the men, came up to discuss window cleaning with ***Mildred Arnold*** of the homemaking staff. No, it doesn't matter any more to George whether it's the fourth or the sixty-fourth floor. The girls up high, however, have to leave their offices, he says, when he climbs out. Just clear cold water, George claims, is best—no soap. Wash with a turkish towel, chamois with the smooth side of the chamois, and polish with a hard dry cloth. "Ask him whether he likes big glass better than small panes," requested ***Richard Pratt,*** who gets a lot of letters from readers about the large windows in his modern houses. A man window cleaner despises small panes, according to George, who hesitates to make it any stronger than that; for it seems the only small-paned windows in the Center are in the private offices of ***John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,*** who owns the whole shebang.

If you want to know how things go here in the Workshop some days, the other morning it was empty barrels. ***Alice Blinn*** got an article on how to make a root cellar out of an empty barrel; someone sent ***Louise Benjamin*** a photograph of an empty barrel made

ACME



Rockaby barrel.

into a very silky tufted bassinet; a reader wrote about a beauty-table barrel chair to ***Henrietta Murdock,*** and a firm over on Park Avenue sent ***Richard Pratt*** a lot of blueprints showing how to make an empty barrel into quite a wonderful doghouse, one of which we can send to anyone who asks for it.

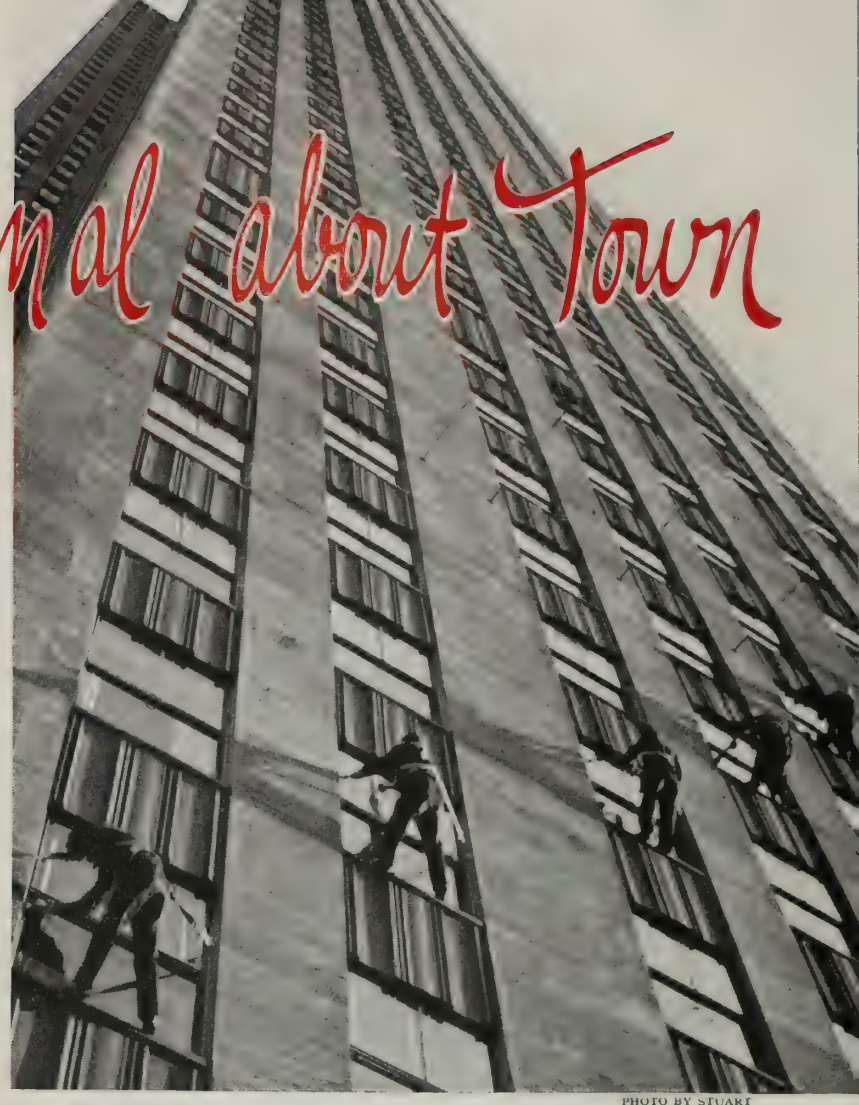


PHOTO BY STUART

A good clean job that takes a man up in the world.

This is a man's month on the birthday list: ***Clark Gable*** *on the 1st;* ***Jack Benny*** *on the 14th;* ***Jimmy Durante*** *on the 19th, and on the 23rd both* ***Ambassador Winant*** *and* ***William Shirer.***

As for books, February offers fine variety. If you can take hard-boiled realism, try LOWER THAN THE ANGELS, by ***Walter Karig,*** novel of life among the low-brows in the delicatessen circles of Staten Island. . . . Quite as real is YEOMAN'S HOSPITAL, ***Helen Ashton's*** Grand Hotel type novel about one day in a busy hospital. . . . SOUTH AMERICA CALLED THEM, by ***Wolfgang von Hagen,*** is far more fascinating than you'll believe—a history of the opening up of that continent told through the lives of four outstanding explorers. . . . THE THURBER CARNIVAL is pure joy—if you like Thurber, stories and drawings both. . . . And FAMILY ON THE HILL, by ***Ambrose Flack,*** is "nice" Tobacco Road in upstate New York.

Postwar gardeners can have a scarecrow like a hawk, that soars over the crops, from a string, even in the softest breeze. And girls can have a mouthpiece that keeps lipstick off their clothes when dressing.

When ***Geneviere Tabouis,*** the famous French journalist, told us the only trouble with this country was that the men wrote their love letters on the typewriter—that otherwise it was wonderful—we took a little poll on the sentiment here in the office. Twice as many girls as do don't mind in the least how the letters are written, though the minority minds even more than Madame Tabouis. Speaking for the majority, ***Florence Kas*** said she remembers one that was not only typed but was V-mail to boot—the best love letter she ever got. . . . It's a good thing Mme. T. hadn't heard of the man who not only typed his love letters but typed his name to them, and kept carbon copies.

There's a fashion show now over at the Museum of Modern Art. Fun is poked, of course, at what women have worn; but as ***Wilhela Cushman*** pointed out, a lot of men leave there feeling self-conscious, for there is a kind of X-ray diagram, showing a man fully dressed for winter. You can see twenty-four pockets, sixty-four buttons, most of either never used.

Mady Christians, who's got a hit here on her hands—I REMEMBER MAMA—told ***Bruce Gould*** she knows

VANDAMM STUDIOS



Mama Mady does her best.

the day, or the night, of the week by her audience. Thursday nights are best—doesn't know why. Friday night's next, Monday's nondescript (and easiest to get tickets), Saturday night's too well dined, but Thursday matinee is the best audience of all. Mostly women, who've planned ahead, and come prepared to appreciate the performance. "I think I do my best for them," she said. So never underestimate a Thursday matinee.

"Unless everyone—those at the front and those at home—keeps on the job everlastingly . . . we are only postponing the day of victory."

—GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER.

Longer Life

FOR LINGERIE GLAMOUR WITH COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW

. . . the "snowdrop" soap that carries protection a step farther



"WONDERFUL"

DUNK THEM MERRILY FOR LONGER LIFE!

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The WHITE Dress

FIRST INSTALLMENT OF AN ABSORBING FIVE-PART MYSTERY

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

He was the kind of man who was unscrupulous about love . . . and they were the kind of women who would give everything to hold him.

Tim was already ahead, and she was holding up the other passengers. She followed Tim as he bounced down the runway.

Tim Wales quite naturally was the first passenger off the plane, although he had sat in the choice single seat on the right, away up ahead. His promptness in getting back to the door and out of the plane first was not, however, because he was president of the Wales Airlines and the great, far-flung system of airlines which spanned the globe like silver threads, making a shining web over the planet with Tim Wales in its center. Nobody stood back for him in deference; the plane was one of the regular passenger planes of the Wales Airlines, but probably no one on it except Marny and André—and of course the crew—knew he was the great Tim Wales. He got to the runway first merely because it was in Tim's nature to beat anybody to the draw—whether it was a contract for a foreign air base or getting off a plane.

And this time, of course, Winnie, his daughter, and Judith, his young and beautiful second wife, were waiting. Marny knew him perhaps better than anyone except Judith and Winnie; she was never quite certain of what to expect from him. Except for his eyes—granite eyes with sparks of cold light in them—he looked rather like a fat, shiny, slightly bald but very rosy and healthy child. He was incredibly energetic, always buoyant, and coupled swift-leaping imagination with a cold, acute business sense.

He took off his hat and waved it furiously. Winnie was standing inside the gate, waving too, laughing—and so exactly like the first Mrs. Wales that it was, as always, a little astonishing to see her. Except, of course, she was young and attractive with her neat brown hair in a bun on her neck, her fresh high color, her lipsticked red mouth and even white teeth, her tanned bare legs. She had slimmed down since Marny had last seen her, in the winter—just before Winnie and Judith left for the Florida house and the stay which had been lengthened, by degrees, for so many weeks. By nature rather on the stocky side, Winnie was now reasonably slender, and it was becoming to her: her wholesome, laughing face showed very attractive lines; her bones were large and, now that she had lost some of the extra flesh that had padded them, were visibly well shaped.

Tim kissed his daughter enthusiastically, and passed her on to Marny.

"Darling," she said, embracing Marny and wafting a new and very successful perfume around her. "Judith's in the car. . . . How are you, father? . . . Marny, you always look marvelous. . . . André ——"

André Durant had followed Marny. Winnie embraced him with as hearty cordiality as she had Marny; he kissed her and pulled her arm through his. Marny saw it, naturally; but rather unnaturally she looked quickly away. André's dark head bent like that over Winnie!

But everybody always kissed everybody else on arrival anywhere. It didn't mean anything; and even if it did, it was nothing to her. André Durant was only a man she'd known—because Judith sent him to Tim Wales in New York with a letter of introduction—for exactly a week. They had lunched, dined, gone to some musicals, done the night clubs, danced. Because Tim asked her to go about with him, because André was a friend of Judith's, because Tim wanted him to enjoy New York. And if she wasn't going to like it when she saw André kiss somebody else, even lightly on the cheek, like that, then she was in for a bad time, because André would probably kiss everybody all his life. Which was an irrelevant and silly thought and had nothing to do with her.

But she listened all the same; he said:

"Winnie dear! It's grand to see you. How was the tennis match? How are you? And how is Judith?"

"Come along, come along," fussed Tim, bouncing ahead again and through the building, letting Marny and André and Winnie follow him to the long, shining car—still luxurious, still chauffeur-driven in spite of the limitations of the war—in which Judith sat waiting for them.

"Darlings," she said. Her voice was low and husky and beautiful. "How wonderful! . . . Winnie, did you see to their baggage? . . . Tim, my precious, you look too marvelous. . . . Sit by me, Marny. . . . André, how did you like New York?"

Winnie had seemed smart and pretty with her wholesome, fresh face and her white sports dress, pearls at her throat and in her ears, her new comparative slimness and new perfume, until they saw Judith. And Judith was so lovely, so sleek, so streamlined and smart and groomed down to the last fine detail that by comparison she made Winnie lapse into the thick, rather awkward girl of teen age that she had actually been. Marny got into the car beside Judith and felt Judith's slender, cool cheek press her own in the only gesture of affectionate greeting Judith allowed herself—and wondered if she, too, beside Judith's perfection, slipped back to the gangling, uncertain, awkward little-girl state.

But she liked Judith; everybody liked her. Winnie, who might have been expected to dislike the beautiful young woman who had slipped into her mother's place, and who instead from the beginning had loved, mimicked, run errands for and had adored her. Tim, who'd fallen in love with her at what amounted to first sight. The business staff; the servants—trained by the first Mrs. Wales, resenting and fearing the advent of the new and young Mrs. Wales, and then at once succumbing to her beauty and friendliness. And herself, Marny.

When she first heard of the projected marriage, two years ago, she'd been skeptical—mainly because of Judith's youth and Tim's money. She knew little of Judith, only what Tim had told her: Judith was young, she was a widow, Tim had met her during a trip to Buenos Aires and married her as soon as she arrived in New York. Marny's slight skepticism did not survive her first interview with Judith.

She looked at Judith now, as the porter finished stowing the bags in the back and the big car moved smoothly away. Judith looked remarkably well; she was only lightly tanned, as if she knew that a certain pallor was becoming to her; her black hair was done with a long, straight white part in the middle and a kind of fan on her neck—so smoothly and so neatly that you felt there was not a hair out of place. She wore white, too, simple and straight, with a green belt and green sandals and an emerald Tim had given her as an anniversary present one time glowing on her long, lovely hand. She was wearing mother-of-pearl nail polish, instead of red or pink; there was no detail of dress too small to engage Judith's lively and experimental attention.

Tim had her other hand in his own; she turned to smile at him, but he was leaning out in order to watch ahead through the space between André and Winnie, who sat on the folding seats, and drive mentally with the chauffeur. He did not return Judith's smile and, in fact, except for clasping his young wife's hand, looked rather preoccupied and grim, with the lines showing sharply around his eyes and mouth as they did when he was intent upon some urgent business problem and something he intended to settle, promptly and in any way he could employ to settle it; Tim was always within the law, but was not too scrupulous about the finer points of human relationship. Not when he wanted his way.

He'd been like that, Marny reflected briefly, for several days; probably some business deal was brewing and seething in his active mind, and he was simply not ready to tell her about it yet. It was always like that. Yet he depended upon her, in an odd way, too.

Winnie was talking rapidly: about the week's tennis match in which, it developed as André questioned her, she had won a cup; about some recent changes in the house; about their trip, and the weather in New York, and how nice it was to have them there. Winnie was always dependable socially; Judith, rarely. Tim peered ahead at the traffic. Judith smiled and listened.

They turned along Biscayne Boulevard and the smell of the sea came through the open windows of the car, and Winnie said:

"We had no idea you were planning to come, father. Did you come on business or just to see us?"

For an instant, Tim said nothing. Judith's lovely face was very still. Everyone, suddenly, in the car seemed to listen. And Winnie turned, surprise in her candid face, and repeated it:

"Why did you come?"

"Wanted to," said Tim. "Glad to see me?"

"But of course," cried Winnie. Judith said nothing. Winnie chattered on: "Charlie Ingram is here too. Staying at his place on Silver Point. He's coming to dinner."

Marny remembered and liked Charlie Ingram—a perennial bachelor of fifty-odd, of vaguely English background, who lived on an inherited income and flitted in and about society with the greatest good nature, kindliness and popularity.

"He's taken up tennis again," went on Winnie. "He's developed a really good backhand drive. He's one of Judith's admirers, this summer." She laughed, but admiringly, at Judith. "He's underfoot all the time."

And Marny thought suddenly and rather sharply: why exactly *had* they come to Florida?

It had been Tim's decision, and a sudden one. This was Monday; Sunday about noon he had announced they were going to Florida, he and Marny and André Durant, and that was all. At nine-thirty Monday they had been ushered—with some ceremony and welcome—into one of his own passenger planes. For André, of course, it was returning; it was in Miami Beach that he'd met Judith. But Tim had added no word to his announcement of the impending journey. Usually he explained trips to Marny, telling her why, telling her what he intended to accomplish, outlining her own duties. He'd had time to tell her all that on the plane, and hadn't.

She hadn't, however, given it any particular thought until then. And certainly whatever the reason was, it was a perfectly matter-of-fact and sensible one.

But the plane trip had been monotonous, yet tiring; that and a sharply unwelcome notion of something inexorable and rather frightening in the steady encroachment of the tropical night both plucked a little at Marny's nerves. Unbidden and unexpected and certainly unwelcome, again, another thought entered her mind: had Tim failed to tell her the reason for their trip because it was a personal one? Had it anything to do with Judith?

She glanced at them again: Judith's lovely hand in Tim's fat, shiny, strong one; Tim's preoccupied, uncommunicative face. Had Judith tired of that marriage?

That was unfair; merely a thought with no rhyme or reason for it. Judith and Tim were exactly as they'd always been—happy and in love in spite of the difference in their ages, in spite of Judith's look of glamour and sophistication and the romantic atmosphere that somehow surrounded her wherever she went. And so far as Marny knew—and she would certainly have known otherwise—there was no justification for that thought. If Judith had had lovers, Winnie would have known it; Marny would have known it. And Tim Wales, with his shrewdness, his intuition, his great sensitiveness to people and people's feelings, would probably have known it first.

(Continued on Page 100)

"You are lovelier even than he said!" Marny looked at the soft, trem-

bling mouth, the wild eyes, and fought against a flowering sense of fear

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTE



R for a Furlough



But who was this tall beauty Nora had brought along to meet him? Not Jendy!

What does a home-coming father expect of his family: a change of heart?

BY ROBERT AND ROSEMARY CADIGAN

THE lieutenant commander could not sleep. It was late enough and quiet enough. He was tired enough, and the bed was comfortable enough. But—the bed was in the guest room.

Ted Coleman had to smile a little, dimly aware that ten years from now, certainly not before, he and Nora would be making a hilarious story out of this day. Out there in the Pacific, he had carried a dream of it tight within him for eighteen months. Even in the terrible long days of work—patchwork on wounded men, and amputations—when his mind and his hands were intent for hours at a time, the dream of home was just under the surface. In his few hours of time to himself, he brought it out and turned it over, fitted each piece together and made it whole and clear.

This morning when the racketing suburban train had slowed down for Brookford, and he was peering out the window at the familiar back yards and garages, his heart beginning to jump a little, the dream was coming true. He swung off the train, running toward Nora. Who was that beautiful kid with her? Why, it was Jendy, and she was grown up, as tall as Nora. He didn't even kiss Nora at first, just held on to her, their cheeks together. When he drew back and looked at her, he knew he hadn't dreamed that beauty, it was real: the black cap of curls, the deep-blue eyes; so tall, so lovely. And Jendy! All that time he had thought of her as a little girl, and she wasn't at all. She was sixteen now. He hugged and kissed her; then Dick came into his arms like a homing comet and started to cry, and he'd almost cried himself and couldn't remember now what any of them had said. That part of it had been right, exactly right. Ted knew that life would hold no more than three or four such moments.

But from that point on his dream of furlough started to come unstuck, and the scenes he had worked out for himself in the lonely hours on the hospital ship had peeled at the edges and then come apart completely.

Jendy went back to school in the middle of the morning. It seemed to Ted that she might have taken the day off, but perhaps hockey practice was important to a junior girl trying to make the varsity. He and Nora went arm-in-arm out into the sunshine in the back garden to inspect the October chrysanthemums. They tried to talk, but Dick was right with them, pushing between them, interrupting, unloading a barrage of questions. When they said more than two sentences to each other, he had whined, "But nobody is talking to me."

Then Mrs. Garwood phoned and asked Nora to market for her.

"Her baby is sick, Ted, and she can't leave," Nora had told him. "She didn't know you had just come home, and she's been so kind to me, taken Dick a lot of times. I wouldn't refuse her for anything."

So Ted surrendered. "Let's go along, Dick," he said, "and while mom is marketing, I'll buy you a present. How about it?"

"I don't want mom to go, just you and me." What kind of reaction was that?

FINALLY Ted found the last football in the village, but Dick would have none of it. He wanted nothing but a blue-and-white stuffed elephant in the drugstore window. Surely at six Dick was too big for such junk. Ted bought it reluctantly, and it gave him no joy to see the excessive pleasure it gave his son.

Before they left the drugstore, Dick tugged him toward the soda fountain. "Can I have an ice-cream cone?"

It was then that Ted noticed the spots on the boy's face. "Look, Dick," he said, "your face is all broken out. You've been eating too many sweet things."

"I haven't had a cone for a long time." Again that trace of fretful whine.

"Too much candy, then," his father said. "I'll get you some chewing gum. That can't hurt you."

Jendy came bursting in at about five o'clock, and Nora brought a tray with ginger ale and cookies. "You two go out in the yard and stretch out on the deck chairs. Fried chicken for supper, chums, and that will keep mamma stove-bound for a while."

In the side yard under the copper beech, Ted looked with pleasure at his lovely colt. She was really strikingly like Nora: the same short black curls, witching blue eyes and long, slender, muscular legs. Ted had had a deep tenderness for Jendy when she was a baby, and she had responded. He remembered how amused and pleased Nora used to be, how she would solemnly complain to the neighbors, "You know, Jendy is carrying on a love affair with my husband right under my nose."

BUT his anticipated heart-to-heart talk with Jendy had too much brain in it. She simply did not give. Not, that is, on the things that matter to a girl sixteen years old. She was glib enough about her teachers, and the new way of studying history backward instead of forward, on the loathsomeness of the dogfish whose innards she was "doing" in zoology, and on the keenness of her hockey coach.

"But tell me," said Ted, "what lucky lad squires you to cotillion?"

"Oh, dancing school!" Jendy brought it out with contempt. "Helen and I usually go together. It's more fun than having to depend on some dumb boy."

He would hardly have noticed the braces on her teeth if she hadn't drawn attention to them by a rather pathetic and unconscious trick of putting up her hand to shield her mouth when she laughed.

Dinner was not too pleasant, in spite of the festive fried chicken and the fact that he had dreamed of these three faces sitting together in candlelight. Were all six-year-old kids itchy? Dick would not eat, but he would squirm and he would talk.

After dinner his offer to tuck Dick in and tell him a story fell flat.

"I want mom to do it. She tells me all about Robin Hood, and I want to hear how he rescued Will Stutly."

"We can have Robin Hood some other time, Dick. I'm sure daddy has lots of good stories to tell."

"No, I want you." Dick buried his face in his mother's lap. That whine again. "I don't want him to put me to bed."

That hurt. Before he had joined the service, and whenever he was not at the hospital, he'd always put Dick to bed, always told him a story. The picture of the little boy in blue pajamas, sitting up in bed, his mouth open a little, spellbound, had been another of his sustaining visions in the long hours of homesickness. And now he was home, and his son whined for his mother.

"Do you suppose he's afraid of the uniform?" Ted asked Nora when she came downstairs.

"No, Ted, you must be tolerant. He's a little jealous. It's merely a slight case of mother fixation; and if that's all he's got, I'll be relieved. He's feverish, and those spots on his face are suspiciously like something I've seen before. Perhaps, doctor, you'd better take a professional look at him."

Of course, chicken pox. And he had scolded Dick for eating too much sweet stuff and for toying with his dinner.

"Let's get Mrs. White to take care of him," Ted suggested. "He will be all right in a week, and meanwhile you and I have better things to do."

But Mrs. White was on a case. Every nurse he had ever known was on a case. That was that.

Reluctantly Jendy went to bed at ten, and he and Nora were finally alone. Then with the couch drawn up to the first fire of the season, he could forget Dick and his complexes and chicken pox and wagging tongue and Jendy's uncertainties. Now he could concentrate on his beautiful wife. He took her in his arms and kissed her with all the love and hunger that were in him, kissed her cheeks, her lips and her eyes. Then he *(Continued on Page 79)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER



COLLECTION ERNEST ROSENFELD, NEW YORK. REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Thunderstorm, Narragansett Bay . . . Painted in 1868 by Martin Johnson Heade

MARTIN JOHNSON HEADE. *Born a full generation after the painters of the Hudson River school, Heade reacted against their raw, tangled presentation of Nature and painted a number of formal landscapes which are notable for subtle color and sensitive handling of atmosphere. The earlier landscapists emphasized the wild eternity of Nature; Heade preferred the spirit of the fleeting hour, and painted with great precision of detail cultivated fields, a bay filled with sailboats, a dramatic stormy sky. Only recently rediscovered, he seems likely to rank among the finest of our nineteenth-century landscape painters.*

The Christmas Tree

BY GEORGE LOVERIDGE

IT WAS no single, outrageous act by her husband that led Mrs. Sadie Lucas to do what she did. It was, rather, a long accumulation of trifles, as it often is in such cases.

The Lucases had been married for thirty years, and in that time, as was natural, certain disagreements and disputes had arisen and had been settled and forgotten, or nearly forgotten. Once, for example, Joe had dropped his dirty overalls on the parlor carpet, while he read the evening paper, intending to pick them up when he was finished, but his wife had ordered him to pick them up right away, before the carpet was ruined. Joe was not one to be ordered about by any woman, and Sadie was not one to pick up after any man, so the overalls lay there two weeks, and might be there yet if Joe had not stumbled over them in the dark and cut his chin on the radiator. Then his wife picked them up, feeling that he had had his lesson.

Another time he refused to buy a piano for Ella, their daughter. But a week later he bought a power saw for his woodworking shop in the cellar. Then an advertisement appeared in the classified section of the morning World. It read:

POWER SAW—New condition.
Cheap. Box 416.

The day after that, Joe came home and found a secondhand piano in the parlor. He never did find the power saw.

But all that was while Ella was still a little girl. Now she was grown up and married, and Sadie and Joe lived by themselves in the five-room bungalow on Governor Street that they would own in a few years, if Joe's job in the city water department held out—and there was no reason that it shouldn't.

Joe was fifty-five and Sadie was fifty. They looked somewhat alike, as though they had been models for a couple of quaint figures to stand, say, on either end of a mantel—both short, both round, both short-sighted, both stooped a bit. They coasted slowly and evenly along the declivity on the other side of the middle of life, and they might have gone on that way to the end, without hitting more than a slight bump here and there, if Joe had not insisted on sleeping while he coasted.

When he was about fifty, he fell into the habit of lying on the sofa in the parlor after supper for a nap. At nine o'clock he got up and went to bed. The only variation in this routine occurred Sundays, when he slept late in the morning, napped all afternoon and, before going to bed, listened to a few radio programs that Sadie disliked.

AS LONG as Ella was unmarried and living at home, Sadie didn't mind. She and Ella had always been as close as button and buttonhole. They made dresses together, went to church and the movies together, sat and talked together, or just sat together and said nothing, and were content. Then overnight, as it seemed, Ella married and moved a thousand miles away.

For days Sadie sat around the house trying to get used to the fact that Ella was twenty-four years of age and was gone for good, barring divorce or something of that sort. Sadie tried to talk to Joe about it evenings, but he only said, "Of course. Why not? *You* got married, didn't you?" Then he fell dead on the sofa, for all practical purposes, and began to snore, and Sadie just sat there.

The first Christmas after Ella was married was the worst time of all for Sadie. While she and Joe were eating supper in the kitchen the week before Christmas, she said, "Shall we have a tree this year?"

"Tree? Whatcha mean?"

"Christmas tree, of course," Sadie said.

"Suitchaself," he told her, chewing loudly.

She bought a tree, even though Ella wasn't coming home at all for the holiday. It was a smaller tree than usual, only about five feet tall. Sadie carried it home herself from the grocer's. She fetched the wooden stand and the boxes of ornaments from the cellar, set up the tree, draped a white sheet around the bottom of it, and spent the afternoon putting on the lights, the glass balls and the tinsel. She had no heart for it, but it made the time go by.

She got through Christmas Day tolerably well. She left the tree up all the next week, with the unwrapped presents under it. There was something nice about a Christmas tree, the way it stayed so green, the way the tinsel glittered and the bubbles of colored glass grew from it, the way it reached back into childhood and, like an immense and magic candle, lighted up faces that had changed, vanished, been forgotten. Even when she had removed the presents from around the tree, she couldn't bring herself to strip off the decorations. They looked so pretty and lively.

WHEN Joe came home at night he said, "What you going to do? Save it for next Christmas?"

But she replied, "There's no hurry. It's not in your way."

Later in the week Willie Fergus, the boy next door, knocked on the kitchen door and asked her whether he could have the Christmas tree, because the boys in the neighborhood were gathering trees for a bonfire.

"Don't you think that's dangerous?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. We'll have a swell fire. We'll be careful."

"Well, I'm sorry, Willie, but we haven't taken our tree down yet."

"Oh," he said, disappointed.

She gave him an apple and he thanked her and went off.

From her kitchen window, she saw the kids dragging trees into the lot a block away. They built up a stack of them about ten feet high. Sadie was nervous. Suddenly a flame appeared against the green of the trees. It soared to the top and leaped off into the sky. The boys yelled and danced. They ran up close to the fire and curved away. They pretended to push one another into it. One boy grabbed another's cap and flung it into the fire. A great tower of flame and smoke crackled out of the field, as though the earth had opened above the fiery pit.

Then Sadie heard the clang of fire engines. The boys ran. The red trucks pulled into the lot with their sirens dying away, and the firemen quickly washed down the flames. In a few minutes the firemen were gone again. The boys came back. They kicked the charred, wet skeletons of the Christmas trees around. Then they went off to some other deviltry.

All in all, Sadie thought, she had rather enjoyed it. Then she sighed, and she said to herself that it was time she took down her own tree. She harvested the ornaments and packed them for another year. The Christmas tree stood there naked, still green, on its unpainted wooden base.

That night she told Joe he could toss the Christmas tree into the back yard for the rubbish collector, and he said he would after supper. After supper he said he thought he would have a nap first.

"But it'll only take you a minute."

"It won't take me no longer after I have a nap, will it?" he said testily. He lay down and folded his hands over his belly and was asleep in an instant.

When he got up from his nap, Sadie was in the cellar tending to the furnace fire. Joe went to bed without taking the tree down. She was sharp to him about it.

(Continued on Page 137)



SHE MIGHT CALL JOE THE PERFECT HUSBAND. HE LIKED WHAT SHE COOKED. HE BROUGHT HOME HIS PAY. HE DIDN'T TALK BACK

Menu for Love

WHEN A GIRL WANTS LOVE, NOTHING ELSE WILL DO

By E. Williams

IT WAS eleven-twenty P.M. and the two girls stood under the blazing lights in the great belly of Grand Central Station. Leaving New York, Penny felt like a soldier leaving the front lines.

"Run along, Norma," she said to the girl who stood beside her. "It's stupid for you to wait here."

Penny gazed at the stream of people who flowed endlessly to the lower levels of the vast station and the even lower subways. These people were the city's residents. They moved with the precision of straight lines. New York didn't seem to get any of them down, Penny reflected. She glanced again at her friend. New York didn't get Norma down either.

Norma stood there bareheaded and smoothly blond. A small jeweled vanity rested in the palm of her hand; furs richly hid her evening dress. "What do you think Addison will be doing while you're away on your noble experiment?" Norma asked quietly.

Penny didn't want to talk about it. "Please run along now. You're already late."

"To deliberately put on the hair shirt," Norma said, "when you might have had a mink instead."

Penny was unable to explain her urge to go, even to herself. It was as if she housed within her a second self, a self propelled by reasons without words.

"Stations are grim," Norma said.

"We used to call them depots, remember." Penny recalled that little yellow station in Arkansas that had once looked to her and Norma like the gates to paradise. Gates through which one could pass—to New York.

"Everything evolves, you know, and so will Addison," Norma said glumly.

"Addison probably thinks I need a psychiatrist," Penny said carelessly, her eyes fixed on the familiar honey-colored marble staircase that led up to the street. That staircase was surely the best-known staircase in the world. How many millions of young girls had trudged up that staircase weighted with battered suitcases, eager for their first glimpse of New York. And how many disappointed Cinderellas had walked down that staircase again!

Hastily Penny reminded herself that she was leaving of her own choice. She *had* found Addison, who, though fortyish, was tolerably handsome, tolerably rich, and in his way tolerably devoted to her.

"You'd think I was pulling up stakes for good and all," Penny said.

"If you have to do war work, you could do it here just as well as in San Francisco," Norma said. As if with sudden inspiration, she went on: "Addison would buy you War Bonds. That's helping the war, too, isn't it?"

Norma stood there, distinctly a New Yorker, Penny thought. Yet how many million girls had come to New York and remained year after year, hating the city, hating their lives in it, yet stubbornly remaining because they were ashamed to leave. This was the New York myth. The myth that all life was centered here; that New York was the front lines; that to go to any other city was retreat.

"I don't want to lecture you, pet," Norma said, "but you'd think you were married and set. You'd think you didn't know how scarce men like Addison are."

Five years ago Penny and Norma had arrived in this same overpowering station, trudged up those beckoning marble stairs. Ostensibly they had come to New York to work. The compelling reason was the same as Cinderella's—to find the man.

Their life was a long tiptoeing of experimental living—of changing jobs and neighborhoods. They moved from Greenwich Village up the Avenue. They shifted from manikins in a large department store to a small exclusive uptown shop. They took a turn in an antique shop and a season understudying on Broadway. But always the job was secondary. The real career was knowing men. It was a curriculum that began with dark tearoom dinners in Greenwich Village, on to the Italian tables d'hôte, then graduating to the East Side restaurants where the maître d'hôtel knew one by name. Penny and Norma were among the girls about town who rarely spend an evening at home. They had two distinctions. They had beauty. They were always in the company of well-known men about town.

"I wouldn't think of leaving Edward," Norma said. "And Edward's older than Addison and less likely to evolve."

"Edward will be furious if you keep him waiting any longer. Please go on to your party," Penny urged.

When Norma finally consented and Penny found herself standing there alone, the whole aspect of her departure seemed a nightmare. Midnight. Waiting for a train to take her three thousand miles to San Francisco. There she would find a job, preferably in a shipyard. And all for no rational reason at all! What was the matter with her?

Norma was going up that yellow marble staircase—back in the swim, so to speak. It seemed to Penny then that just by that mere staircase you were either in or out of New York. If she chose, she herself might this moment mount those stairs again and within the space of a few blocks find herself among friends at a party, be welcomed, begin to laugh at herself, throw off all this stupid gravity. Then the black gate to the trains opened, and Penny joined the stream passing through it obediently. Once having passed through that gate, it was inevitable: you were definitely out of New York.

When the train began to move softly as if on velvet tracks, she began slowly to undress.

For about a year now she had been thinking that she was passing her life sitting at tables—leaning her elbows on white tablecloths. The constant frenzy to arrive on time. Breathless at luncheon. Eager at five o'clock. Sparkling at later hours; her eyes, as everyone's, flickering constantly to the door to see if a new arrival might be an acquaintance.

It seemed to her that whole areas of her person were left in a dark closet. Especially with Addison, who was always jovial. And never more jovial than when he was feeling exhausted. With Addison exhaustion, fatigue were things to keep well hidden. His was the world of smart talk, double talk, the world of women always on parade. The well-being always on top. He and his friends, most of them eminently successful men, intelligent. Yet they spent their evenings leaning on tables exchanging the glazed glances of the homeless. The rootless, gathered under the night-club lights, confident they were postgraduates in sophistication.

Penny had learned to postpone Addison if she were in an unhappy mood. It was all right to look somber, a Dark Lady of the Sonnets, as Addison termed it, for that was her style and he liked it. But he was an addict of cheer and wit, and he liked the paradox of an interesting pallor coupled with bright small talk. Just so, he liked the last frivolity in hats laughing on her dark, smooth hair.

Sometimes, in the glitter of the shops, Penny felt a longing for a gingham dress and the simplicity of soap. Speaking of this to Addison, she used her gayest voice: "The Arkansas coming out."

"Better have a blood count," said Addison.

Penny turned on the small blue night light over her berth and looked at her watch. *Well,* she thought, *they'll all be at the Stork by now, playing gin rummy and watching the door. Edward just enduring it, and Norma, eyes alert, sitting at the table like an executive at her desk.*

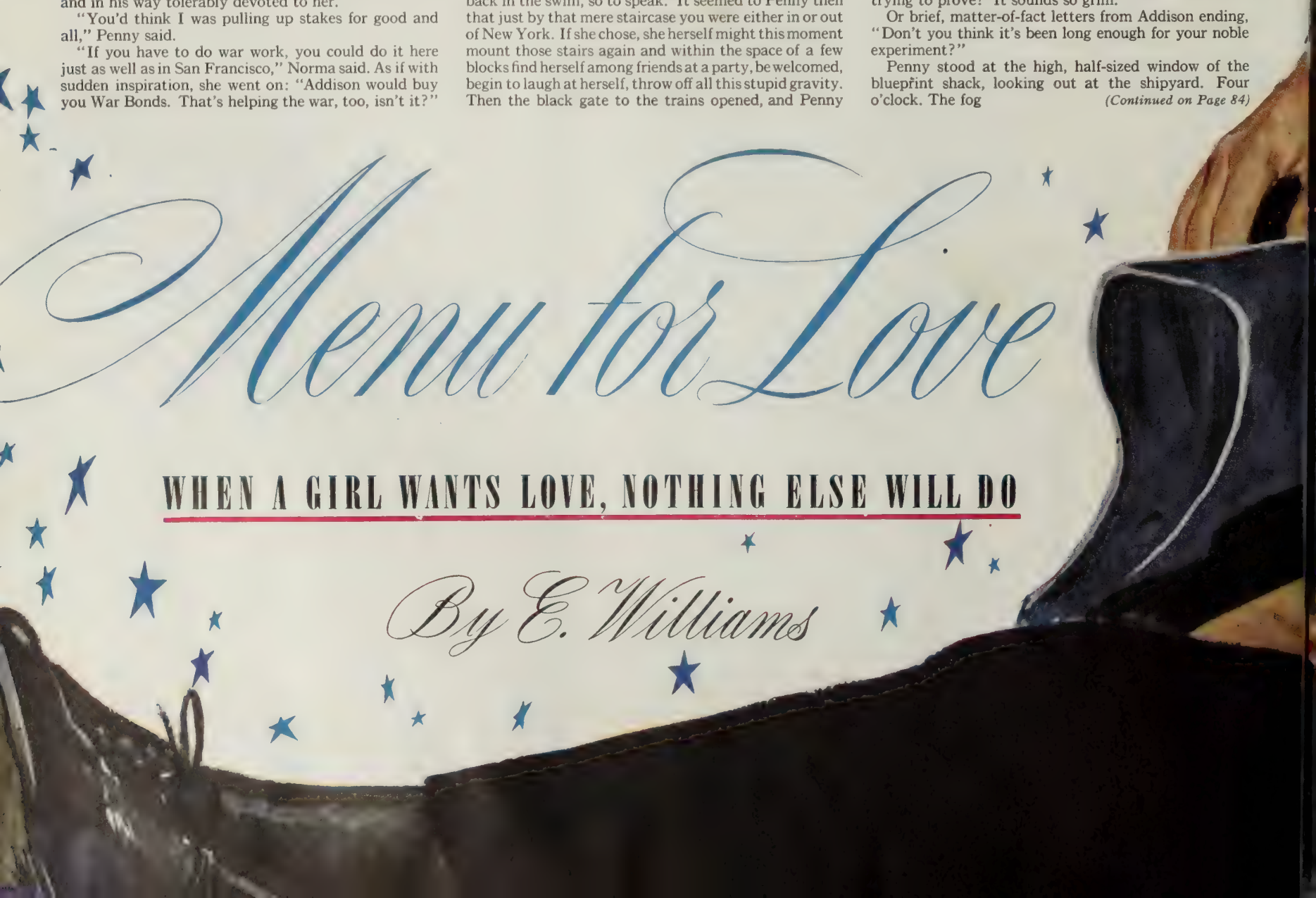
All that had been eleven months ago. Eleven months.

Telegrams occasionally from Norma: "What are you trying to prove? It sounds so grim."

Or brief, matter-of-fact letters from Addison ending, "Don't you think it's been long enough for your noble experiment?"

Penny stood at the high, half-sized window of the blueprint shack, looking out at the shipyard. Four o'clock. The fog

(Continued on Page 84)



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMO

William was not a man to feed a girl flattery. "You can't possibly be as pretty as that," he said.

Coby Whitmore

WHAT YOU CAN DO

to help the returning veteran

BY WILLARD WALLER

MEN say they believe that women take everything personally. That is just what women *should* do with the veteran problem. The woman's task is to help her own man when he needs it, to treat him as a human being who is like nobody else in the world. The personal side of reconstruction is woman's work.

Naturally, there must be large-scale plans for dealing with the masses of men who come home from the wars. The Federal Government must assume the financial responsibility for the retraining and rehabilitation of the millions. Industry must somehow be managed in order to furnish jobs. Communities must plan for the return of that one tenth of their population which the other nine tenths have used to fight a war. But after all this is done, every soldier's family must somehow see him through, help him to make up his mind about his future plans, to form new habits of civilian living, to nerve himself for the push and shove of competition, and to forget his bad dreams and battle horrors. That is where the women come in.

There are no hard-and-fast rules in such matters. An old story of a Chinese wheelwright illustrates this point. One day this workman, inclined to impudence, interrupted a mandarin at his studies with a question:

"Sir, what is the mandarin doing?"

"I am reading the books wherein is contained the wisdom of the ages," the mandarin told the wheelwright.

"Then the mandarin is wasting his time!"

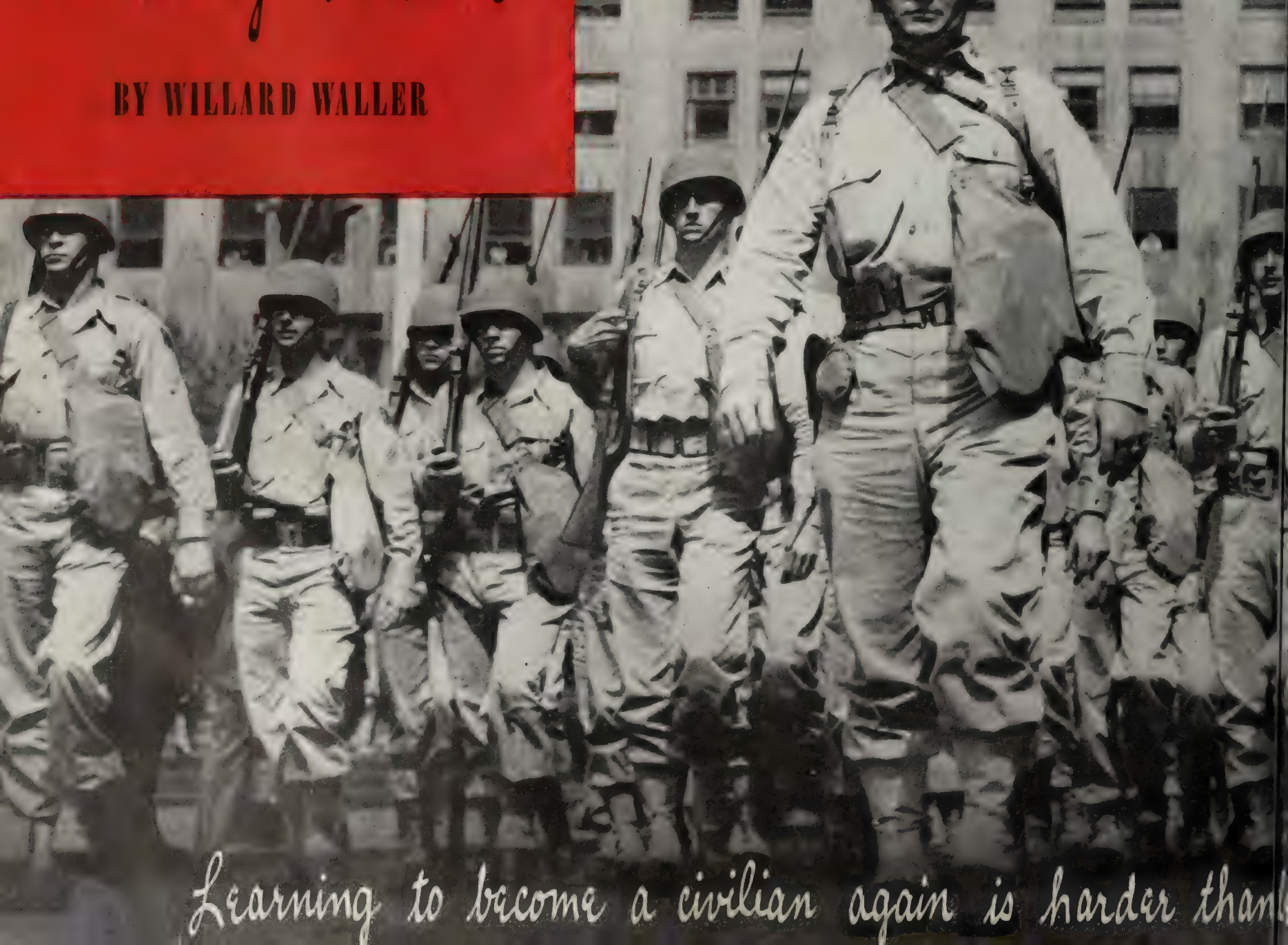
"Very good," said the mandarin. "Either you will prove that statement or you will lose your head."

"Easily, sir," replied the wheelwright. "Now as a master wheelwright I can tell my son that if he shaves the spokes too much they will be too loose, and the wheel will be spoiled, and that if he does not shave them enough they will be too tight, and the wheel will be spoiled. But I cannot tell him how much is too much and how little is too little. That he can learn only from experience."

So we must proceed in our relations with the returning serviceman. We can state no rules, only a general principle, which is that understanding will help, as it does with all human problems. The understanding of which I speak is not bookish or scholarly. It is the kind of wisdom one gains in human affairs by being able to imagine how it feels to be somebody else. It is judgment—sympathy. It is the woman's job to help her veteran by giving him this kind of understanding, and she is pre-eminently equipped to give it.

THE MOTHER

A mother whom I know has a son who went away three years ago at the age of eighteen. Soon he will return—safe and sound, we hope—aged twenty-one or somewhat more. When her son comes home, that mother



Learning to become a civilian again is harder than

must make an effort to understand him. She will need to realize that her son, who went away a boy, comes back as a man grown. She must know that she can no longer regulate his hours or control his associations, and that she must give him a grownup's latitude in deciding what is fitting and what is not. She must grant him an adult's privacy, actual and spiritual. She must respect and cultivate his sense of independence, even though he may be economically dependent upon his family for some years to come.

In a sense, these are normal problems faced by all mothers. There comes a time when the fledgling must learn to fly, and his mother must not prevent him—must, in fact, push him out of the nest if that proves necessary. This is a difficult crisis at all times, but especially so in time of war. This particular mother has not seen her son grow up; this particular son has aged rapidly and in an abnormal manner.

And this mother and this son have other problems over and above the normal problems of emancipation. The son has had an experience which has somehow changed him, an experience beyond the ken of his mother and all others who have stayed at home. Every soldier has been affected by his experience; all will be, to some extent, maladjusted in civilian society. At the very least, every soldier has left his home not knowing that he would ever return, and taken leave of his family and friends with no certainty of ever seeing them again. Perhaps the soldier has faced death and learned to master fear, horror and guilt. He has been used as a means of war, has been sharpened into an instrument of death.

The man who has been in a war, be he eighteen years of age or sixty, has shared in the fierce loyalty of fighting men. Whatever later disillusionment may come, he will never forget that at one time "his heart has been touched with fire." His life long he will remember this fellowship, and will seek a peacetime equivalent which does not exist. From this fellowship, this solidarity, arise many of the traits of the soldier and the veteran which civilians find hardest to understand. Sometimes it makes the soldier feel guilty when he is on leave, and he drinks or becomes rowdy in order to overcome the feeling. When the war is over, the veteran preserves his loyalty to those who "have drunk from the same canteen," and often he prefers their company to any other. Veterans' organizations are really very useful in giving the veteran a sort of bridge to civilian living. The veteran's mother may be inclined to take a jaundiced view of such associations, but she will be wrong. It is normal and healthful for ex-soldiers to stick together for a while after a war.

In the Army, the soldier's individual will does not count. An army is a machine for fighting, a machine which enables a million men to act with a single will. An army produces its effects by annihilating the individual will of the soldier. No one says "please" or "thank you" in the Army. Therefore the soldier, accustomed to giving and receiving commands, forgets how to make his own decisions and yet rebels against those who make them for him; he carries over into civilian life this need for an outward prop to his will, this dependence upon authority, and at the same time he bitterly resents being ordered about after he has been released from the Army's regimentation.

In the Army, too, one becomes accustomed to ordering and forbidding, and fails to acquire mastery of the arts of persuasion and consent. The soldier loses touch with that civilian world where one must plead and persuade and permit others to argue with him. But the veteran, long repressed, feels an urgent need to express his own individuality, though he is probably awkward in those unfamiliar realms where everything depends upon consent, and he may be, like Wellington, "defective in the minor art of persuasion."

With the annihilation of will goes boredom, which in war attains its highest point. It has been said that war is boredom organized, that war is simply long periods of boredom relieved by acute periods of fear. The veteran is a man who has known the crushing weight of ennui for what seemed to him like a very long period of time. And he has also lived a long time with the knowledge that tomorrow he may die. Small wonder that he demands amusement in postwar years, and often cultivates the cruder, coarser forms of recreation. *(Continued on Page 92)*

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y.



learning to become a soldier... Help wanted — Women!



A Fugue in Time

. . . . two, three or four simultaneous melodies which are constantly on the move, each going its own independent way. For this reason the underlying harmony is often hard to decipher, being veiled by a maze of passing notes and suspensions. . . . Often chords are incomplete; only two tones are sounded so that one's imagination has to fill in the missing third tone. ***(A passage describing Bach's fugues, written by Lawrence Abbott.)***

THE house, it seems, is more important than the characters. For almost a hundred years, for ninety-nine years, it had sheltered the family, but the lease was up. "And the owners are not prepared to renew," said Mr. Willoughby, putting his brief case on the table.

Rolls Dane—old Gen. Sir Roland Ironmonger Dane, K.C.B., D.S.O.—looked at young Mr. Willoughby with dislike. "Not renew!" he said.

A lease of this sort, a ninety-nine years' tenancy, was a most unsatisfactory sort of lease, explained Mr. Willoughby. The tenant was always the loser; all assets accrued to the owner, who in this case was not prepared to renew.

"You need not say that again," said Rolls.

Leases run for ninety-nine years; no more. Was that because, after a hundred years, some change takes place? A hundred years. A century. Rolls remembered the turn of the century. 'Before you were born,' Rolls could have said to young Mr. Willoughby, whom he disliked. "Will they sell?" he asked abruptly.

"You wouldn't want to buy just now?" said young Mr. Willoughby, of Willoughby, Paxton, Low and Willoughby, who had been solicitors to the family for the lifetime of the firm. "Besides, I hear it is to be pulled down."

'But they can't pull down my house!' cried Rolls, but he cried it silently because he was perfectly sensible of the fact that they could, and that it was not his house. He was sensible and at the same time he was outraged. He said in a voice that was muffled, for all its calm, "I don't want the family to go out of the house."

The only remaining family was Rolls himself, but Mr. Willoughby could hardly point that out. "We could try for a lease of occupation," said Mr. Willoughby. "But I am afraid it would not be for long—say six months or a year."

Six months. A year. Ninety-nine years. 'It is all comparative,' said Rolls, sitting heavily in his chair. "How long have we got?" he asked.

"The lease runs out on the fifteenth of December of this year," said Mr. Willoughby.

There is in London a Wiltshire Square, a Wiltshire Crescent and a Wiltshire Road, Wiltshire Gardens and Wiltshire Place. The house is No. 99 Wiltshire Place.

This is a condensation to 27,000 words of the full-length novel soon to be published by Little, Brown & Company, under the title, Take Three Tenses—A Fugue in Time.

"I shall marry you when I come back." . . . "And if I



The street door is still open and the Place, as it shows beyond its arch, pale, lighted by the lamps, is imprinted on Rollo's mind forever.

"LOVE IS MOST NEARLY ITSELF WHEN HERE AND NOW CEASE TO MATTER"

★ ★ ★

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL

★ ★ ★

By Rumer Godden

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

In the house, where the old man sat, the past is present.

All the houses in the Place are built alike. They are joined in pairs through their dining and drawing room walls and separated by area paths that lead down steps between walls to their back doors.

The kitchens are in the basement—and all along the Place the curtains are uniformly, meticulously drawn to a distance of three feet and a table of plants put between them. The kitchen windows at No. 99 are shaded by creepers that give a green reflection to the metal dish covers in summer, and dark shadows to the room in winter. The kitchen, and its range and boiler with its cumbrous thick-painted pipes, is the core of the house; the burning of the fire, the boiling of the water keep a warmth and continuity that are like breathing. The kitchen has a warm, pungent smell, flavored with cinders and onions and nutmeg and starch and warm linen and ginger and coffee.

Outside the kitchen, in the passage that leads to the cellars, the scullery and the butler's pantry, is a row of bells, each numbered for the rooms upstairs. Three generations of butlers have answered those bells.

Proutie was in the house still. He came down in the raw foggy morning to unlock the doors and let the cat out and let Mrs. Crabbe, the charwoman, in.

Stairs go up, oilclothed, brass-bound, steep, to the ground floor that, like most London ground floors, is raised up from the street and from the garden. The stairs are so designed that it is nearly impossible to carry heavy trays from the basement up them, but heavy trays are carried up them several times a day.

The ground floor is a different world. The basement stairs are hidden by cream-painted banisters and a mahogany handrail that rises with serpentine twists up the well of the stairs. The carpet is trodden nearly threadbare in places; the brass rods that fasten it are thinned and fine with polishing. There is no need to polish the handrail; the hands do that, though the children leave marks that are sticky: Roly sticks a lump of toffee under the rail in the crack where it meets the banister; Lark finds it and recognizes it as toffee eight years later—very faintly it still tastes like toffee. The hall and the stair paper is blue, a satin paper that the Eye buys in ambitious extravagance; like most of his investments, the paper turns out well: in its hundred years it has only faded and soiled to a pleasant Wedgwood blue. The Danes are good at making investments, careers and money; they are faithful lovers, but keep their heads in love: Selina keeps hers so well that she never falls in love.

There are three doors on the ground floor, doors with white handles and white china door plates, embossed with gold forget-me-nots and roses. They lead to the dining room, the drawing room and the study.

The curtains in the study are drawn back, the light is bleak but clear. The study is an uninviting room, with something ambitious in the importance of the desk put halfway across it, and the green walls, the maroon carpet, the black sheepskin rugs, the bookcases full of heavy ornamental books. There is a safe, a bust of Claudius Caesar crowned with laurel, and a picture.

It is light enough to see the picture. It is of a young woman and a group of children, a large group of children: *Mrs. Griselda Dane, wife of John Ironmonger Dane, Esq., and their children: Pelham, John Robert, Lionel, James, Selwyn, Selina, Frederick, Elizabeth and Rollo. 1861.* Visitors are always surprised to see, on looking into the picture, that Frederick, Elizabeth and Rollo are all of the same size. There is an explanation for that: the first two are twins, Rollo is painted in the picture afterward.

The sizes are recorded and the names repeated in penciled handwriting, still faintly to be read, on the wall by the dining-room door: there the height of every child at two and five and ten years old is recorded. Rollo is the tallest of the boys, Pelham the shortest; the twins are not recorded after five years old; and in the corner, by the lacquer cabinet, is another height marked by a crooked line and a name in big round writing: *Lark.* There is no Lark in the picture. There is not, anywhere in the house, a picture of Lark.

Though it is painted with deliberate stillness, styled, the picture seems alive in the room. Rolls, last night, was looking at the picture, looking at Griselda's eyes; at the well-set-up, sturdy little boys; at his own head as it was when he was Roly with his hair cut round in a pudding-basin shape. He looked at himself and he asked a question. There was nothing in that: when he is that little boy he perpetually asks questions; later he ceased to question and to wonder.

'Why?' asked Rolls. 'Because I knew everything? Was always right? Hadn't the wit to be uncertain?' Now, once again, he tingled with questioning as had that eager little boy. Can one remember before one is born? No, manifestly not. 'But,' said Rolls, looking at the picture, 'but I do remember, and I experience what happens; not only what happens when I was not there, but what was not there at all. What did not happen. What only might have been. . . . Might have been.' At the very words this new, revivifying warmth crept into his veins again. He could not repress it. He had to let it come. 'The house is a repository of secrets,' he excused himself. 'Then can't mine repose here too?'

He went upstairs. He had meant to go to bed, but he picked up the book with the poem, and the words *Love is most nearly itself when here and now cease to matter* seemed to rise to meet him from the print.

Upstairs, on the first-floor landing, is the room that belongs to Griselda, Rolls' mother. Griselda is spoiled; it is a beautiful room with a Morris paper and Morris curtains and colors of blue and peacock blue and brown and wallflower brown. Next to it, now inhabited by Rolls himself, is the Eye's, his father's, dressing *(Continued on Page 44)*

here when you come back?" asks Lark.



Suddenly a shudder quivered through Sara's body.
An impulse too strong to reason or understand flooded her.

Such Little Faith

BY BERNADINE KREIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

MRS. ALLEN turned from the window with a sigh, her eyes resting on her husband, lying asleep—quietly asleep, with arms outstretched like a child. Like their child. So like Dan. "Tom," she called softly, "Tom, honey, time for breakfast!" She saw the new lines in his face and the grayness of his skin. And she longed to comfort him, but their fear lay like a still thing between them.

Another sigh heaved in her chest and was gone. Everything brought back the remembering. *Missing in action—Dan—missing in action!* She couldn't escape those words, try as she might. They were there—in the house, in the garden, in her thoughts and in her heart.

Tom opened his eyes and glanced at the clock. He smiled sleepily and then stretched his long body, animal-fashion. "Golly, you're dressed already. I thought we'd loll around all day. Going somewhere—Sara?"

New and terrible was the way he carefully avoided calling her "mom." Tom had called her "mom" from the moment Danny was born twenty-three years ago—until the message: "Lt. Daniel Allen, missing in action." . . . *There they are again,* she thought wildly, *those words!* She bit into her lip.

"I'm due at the hospital," she said. "Shall we have breakfast together, or would you rather stay in bed awhile?"

"Breakfast with you," he said, yawning, "and a full day of nothing. I can't enjoy a vacation if I sleep. I want to *feel* idle."

Sara Allen tied a starched apron over her simple navy dress, and stepped quickly past Danny's room and down the stairs.

Later, when Tom whistled his way into the breakfast nook, the combined aroma of coffee, toast and crisping bacon was there to strengthen his appetite. He looked around the gleaming kitchen, fashioned after the many they'd lived with in France when he was a European correspondent and Danny a little shaver.

HE BLINKED his eyes to shut out the nostalgic pictures. *It won't do,* he thought, *it won't help.* With a fierce concentration he turned to watch his wife moving about, efficient and graceful in her preparations. She was small and trim as always, with the same soft chestnut hair; the same sweet, intelligent face; only the humorous twinkle in her eyes was gone, snuffed out too suddenly by ——

"You know, Sara," he said, "you're very pretty."

"You usually say that in the kitchen," she teased. "I don't think I like it. It deflates my ego. Which of our French kettles do I most remind you of?"

"You ended a sentence with a preposition. Tsk, tsk." He laughed. "The wife of an editor should be more careful. Dan was so careless too ——"

Startled, they looked into each other's eyes, both struck numb by the automatic use of the word "was."

"So you *do* think he's ——" Sara Allen could feel the coldness of the table under her clenched fingers, the breath squeezing in and out between her teeth.

"I don't know," he said dully. "It's not knowing anything that makes it so hard!" He jumped up and paced the floor. "But, Sara, what's happened to us? Since the telegram, we haven't mentioned it until this moment. Just as though it never came. Just as though we were strangers. That's the part I can't stand!" She could see the muscles along his jaw line tighten. "It's been two weeks, and you've put on a beautiful act," he continued. "But remember me? I'm the man who loves you." He stopped his pacing and lit a cigarette with unsteady hands. "We've always shared bad breaks before; why can't we share this one?"

"I GUESS because I'm afraid to show you just how I do feel," she said slowly. She stood erect, facing him. "You see, Tom, I have nothing to give you. I'm not brave. I'm not even trying to be brave. Do you know what I picture? Horror—all horror." She spoke more quickly and grief shrilled in her voice. "Don't you realize that Danny may be lost and alone in that Godforsaken country?" Her eyes were wide with fear. "Can't you see him too? Sick or wounded—just going on and on because there is nothing left to do."

Helplessly, Tom stood there. The laconic description was worse to bear than any detailed picture. So much was left unsaid.

"Or maybe," she went on, her lips trembling in the telling, "he's in a prison; maybe at the mercy of the Japs who took those other pilots!" There was a long silence. Then she shut her eyes and whispered, "Or maybe he's dead." She sank into a chair, tearless and spent. "I just can't talk about it, even to you."

Tom went over and gathered her in his arms. "But you did talk, dear, and it's easier already, isn't it?"

"Tom, I haven't any faith," she told him. "I'm ashamed, but I haven't any faith at all. I try to think of all the other mothers—oh, it's no use. . . . Why did it have to be *our* boy?" she cried. "Why?"

"Somehow, we'll find a way to live with this," he said huskily. "We must. There might be months of waiting ahead." He tilted her head to look deeply into her eyes. "We'll muddle through—but don't leave me out again, please!" Tenderly his lips brushed across her forehead as she nodded. "O-o-h, smell that bacon," he said. "Lucky I like it shiny and black, Mrs. Allen!"

And as so often happens in life, the moment of exposed pain passed into the routine of living.

It was an hour later when Sara Allen reached the hospital. Doctor Griffin came along the corridor and waved a friendly hand in greeting.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Allen," he called. "I want to see you." He was a tired man with gray hair receding from a fine, high forehead and fatigue etched in his face. "Sleeping tablets help any?" he asked, kind eyes studying her intently.

"Frankly—no, doctor. Nothing helps," she said tonelessly.

He patted her shoulder. "I'd like to ask a favor. Would you mind going up to Maternity for a few days? I've a case that needs watching. We're dreadfully shorthanded there, and you're one of our best nurses' aides." He bent over and whispered, "Rumor has it that you are *the* best."

"Thanks, doctor, I'd love it," she assured him. "That's one floor that keeps you hopping."

"I knew we could depend on you, Mrs. Allen. Report there as soon as possible." There was a flash of his warm smile before he vanished into the elevator.

She rather liked the idea of helping in Maternity. Usually a gay floor, alive with relaxed motherhood, formulas and the sweet, poignant cry of newborns. Mrs. Allen changed into her uniform and entered the Maternity Pavilion.

IN PASSING the waiting room, she caught sight of a small figure sitting on a chair's edge, sturdy little legs hanging halfway to the floor. Automatically she stopped to see who was with the child. He was quite alone, looking very tiny but very determined. He stared at her, his brown eyes somber.

"H'ya, where's your mummy?" asked Mrs. Allen. It was a strict rule that no visitors under fourteen were allowed in the hospital.

"She went in there." He pointed a grimy, square finger vaguely.

"I see," said Mrs. Allen, not seeing at all. "Where's your daddy?"

"Oh, daddy's in the war. My daddy is a captain." The big round eyes gleamed with pride.

Mrs. Allen knew that bluntly asking his name wouldn't do; children resent that question from strangers. So she said instead, "I had a little boy. He grew up and is a pilot now."

"I d-don't think I'll be a pilot. I hate carrots."

"My boy's name is Lieutenant Daniel Allen. But we call him 'Danny,'" said Mrs. Allen, sitting in a chair opposite the little fellow.

"My daddy is Captain Rob Michaels. He's bigger'n your boy. He has two bars."

Mrs. Allen smiled and leaned forward in a very confidential way—the secret way children love. "Say, down that hall there's a kitchen. And in that kitchen there's a box of cookies and other things. I could bring you some."

"You could?" His interest flickered.

"Sure." She jumped up, resisting the desire to hug him, smudged face *(Continued on Page 162)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER



Beautiful beige woolen suit, fragile-slim, with a black satin sash with jeweled pin and lace-trimmed blouse, by Adele Simpson; John Frederics' beige felt picture sailor with black tulle.



The slim surah suit for daytime or dinner with Braagaard's important bulky turban in white sheer.



Norfolk-jacket suit in royal-blue shantung with gold buttons by Rose Barrack; Edward Paine's white piqué turban.

FASHION POINTS TO SPRING

Spring, '45, will be a headstrong season. Fashion is in a mood to exaggerate, to be decorative and elegant, and not always practical. Most women will adore the new dressed-up look—but you'll soon discover the temptation to overdress, and the challenge to keep your own identity in the strong winds of change. We report as new and equally beautiful: the pale beige woolen suit with a black satin sash, definitely for very special occasions, not for a one-suit wardrobe; AND the gray flannel with a bolero-length cape which can well become your new basic, with changes of blouse and gloves. Slim lines and wartime L85 limitations on yardage are still with us. But designers have magically achieved a new feeling of bulkiness and ease with capes and capelets, full sleeves, skirts and tunics with soft fullness, coats with a voluminous look—balanced by bulky turbans, big berets, wide sailors. You'll see many of these fashions in exaggerated versions, but your own sense of proportion will tell you what is becoming. Shopping this spring calls for a cool head, the constant question: Is this right for me?

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Casual coat of many purposes has a new silhouette with a swing-back flare, new seven-eighths length; big pale beige Breton sailor by Lilly Dache.



Important gray flannel daytime suit by Adele Simpson has bolero-length cape, belted waistline, printed blouse and gloves. John Frederics' big beret in belting ribbon.



tle wardrobe: checked wool cape-and-skirt with a ow crepe dress; Lilly Dache's felt hat with quill.



Newest ensemble is a soft tunic coat lined with print to match a dress, by Adele Simpson, with John Frederics' beret.



Coat in the news: wide, rounded shoulders, full sleeves, belted waistline, George Carmel's design.

TAKE THREE..AND MAKE A WARDROBE

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Using Hollywood Patterns, you become producer of your own wardrobe. It's something like producing a play. First you parade your old favorites—coats, suits and dresses from last year—and decide which ones are good enough to remain in the new production and what parts they will take. Then you fill in with new stars. Three additions will provide the news, the glamour and the balance that any wardrobe needs. For your prima donna: a checked surah suit, slim and elegant; or the bright young bolero suit with the sash blouse. Either of these will be well supported by the slim, wrapped coat and an afternoon dress in black crepe or print. Another adaptable threesome would be the wool suit with a tied waistline, the jacket dress and sheer-wool peplum dress. Make your own combinations. The result will be a successful wardrobe.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER



Slim, wrapped coat, No. 1517; make it in bright shade lined with black, brown, navy.





Dress with the new longer peplum; in sheer wool or crepe. 1465.

Hollywood pattern 1519, a simple suit that lends itself well to this dressy rayon-surah version; John Frederics' high-crowned straw hat.



Buttons like jewelry, designed by Peter Mitchell; brilliant colors.

Two-piece sleeveless dress with a jacket, 1519. Same pattern as surah suit.

This spring's bolero suit, pattern 1521, to make in aralac-and-rayon fabric, with a printed sash blouse. Koret's satin bag.

Your simple, many-purpose daytime suit with a tied belt; wool, faced with piqué, 1518.

Your sleeveless afternoon or dinner dress with bow neckline, 1500. Braagaard's sailor, Koret's bag.

One-piece afternoon dress with the new draped hipline and bow, 1508.

Same pattern as black dress, 1500, can have three-quarter sleeves; in print

For other views, sizes and prices for these Hollywood Patterns, see page 61

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THE SUN SHINES EAST . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



Beige linen-weave rayon pajamas with a plaid design of gold sequins in the blouse, by Rose Barrack; worn with high clogs. Miriam Haskell's coral bracelet and earrings.



American linen makes an entrance in the Chinese-neckline suit with Mexican-silver buttons; Dorothy Cox design; wide-brimmed burnt straw sailor.



Superbly simple cardigan suit and blouse by Rose



The sleeveless print for summer afternoons is a very elegant little dress, in pure silk with matching fan and gloves.



Seashore or country cotton: bare back with a black t and a tied bolero jacket; matching bags are fashio

THE SUN SHINES WEST

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Somewhere in America the sun is always shining. East Coast, West Coast, Gulf of Mexico—somewhere there is summertime all the year round. Every year American designers bring out collections of clothes to be worn in the South in the winter sun—and always these clothes are prophetic of summer fashions to come.

This year there is a new formality in sun fashions, running parallel to winter and spring town clothes. A beige linen-weave pajama is trimmed with gold sequins and worn with flowers in its belt; a brilliant orange-plaid cotton beach dress has a bustle silhouette that might be seen in a black taffeta dance dress; a black-and-white printed-crepe evening gown is elegant and sophisticated in feeling.

Other fashion forecasters are: the superbrief, two-piece bathing suit with shortest-ever shorts and bra tied with a narrow halter; the slim, straight cardigan suit in bright sheer wool with a jeweled blouse; the bare-back dress with a tied bolero jacket; the Chinese-neckline suit with a short straight jacket.

Colors are vivid pinks, turquoise blues, orange reds, black with chalk white. New American linens and all linen-weaves are important. Afternoon and evening prints are matched with printed gloves and fans; dramatic clogs with five-inch heels are favorites on boardwalks and beaches; picture hats of the year are wide-brimmed sailors with big exotic flowers. These are your sun-drenched fashions—your preview of summer fashion trends.



Southern nights or summer nights: dramatic black-and-white printed rayon crepe dinner dress, designed by Rose Barrack . . . and you'll carry a fan.



The newest beach dress has a bustle bow and back full-



Brief and beautiful swim suit in South Sea coral-red



Black-and-white, bright as sun and shadow: Tina

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

What do you do when you're talking to someone whose name you have forgotten?

I try to find out from the conversation what he or she is interested in, and sooner or later that suggests who the person is. If I cannot find out and I am not sure of finding out afterward, I usually end by frankly saying, "My memory has grown poorer with age and I remember your face very well, but I just cannot recall your name."

How can I convince my mother that twelve years old is not too young to have dates?

I doubt very much if you can. I have a feeling that only a very unwise mother would consider that a girl of twelve should have dates. You are still a child and should have a good time as a child and stop thinking or wishing that you could grow up before your time. You will have a much better time in the future if you do not try to grow up too quickly.

What do you consider the characteristics of intellectual maturity?

It seems to me that intellectual maturity requires a recognition of the fact that the world is full of things which no one human being can possibly know all about. The intellectually mature are usually anxious to learn and they know that not all wisdom is attained in university degrees.

More and more women seem to be taking up the habit of handshaking from men. Do you shake hands with both men and women upon being introduced or upon leaving?

I certainly do. It has never occurred to me not to do so. I was taught as a child that handshaking was an expression of friendliness, and I do not think of necessity it has to be limited to men.

I think it is a crime the way girls go barelegged and bareheaded in the wintertime these days. Here in Wisconsin a doctor says that young people can catch rheumatic fever that way. What do you think could be done to change this fad?

I think the use of the word "crime" is a little extreme. I do not happen to think that bare legs are very pretty, but I doubt if it follows that all these young people who go barelegged and bareheaded acquire rheumatic fever or commit a crime

I went without a hat in the country most of the time until I was completely grown up, and even now, winter or summer, I rarely wear a hat or cover my head in the country. It has been pretty much the habit to let little children go barelegged even in cold weather. Probably the only reason it has become a fad of late for older young people is the shortage of stockings, so that I doubt whether we need worry about this continuing when it becomes easy to get stockings again.

CARTOON BY SHERMUND, REPRINTED COURTESY THE NEW YORKER



"Now this little scarf is just to give you that completely dressed feeling."

We have been told by a serviceman that he was charged for coffee and doughnuts served by the Red Cross on the fighting front. Is this true?

The Red Cross makes no charge for anything which it brings to the boys on the fighting fronts in clubmobiles.

Where there are established clubs back of the fighting lines—such, for instance, as we have in London and various other large cities—a charge is made for rooms and for food. It is kept very low, but the Army prefers that this should be done, and so do most of the men, as they like to feel that they are paying their way and not receiving charity when they are on furlough and having a good time.

How can you consider your husband's "gift" of the Hyde Park estate to the Government as a real gift when you and your children can occupy it tax-free with upkeep paid by the Government?

You apparently have not understood the terms of the gift. The President reserved the right to live in Hyde Park as long as he wished, and if either I or the children wish to live there, we may do so, but as long as we enjoy this privilege we must pay taxes in full to the Government, and the upkeep on the place, as well as all the running expenses.

Why do we hear nothing of the Arthurdale Housing Project, on which so much money was spent? Was it not a success financially?

You probably made no inquiry about the Arthurdale project. There was nothing hidden on this typical type of housing program which was undertaken at that period. The houses are all in the process of being sold to the occupants if they wish to buy, or to other people as soon as they can be liquidated.

I do not think there ever was any intention that they should be financially successful, since they were one of the many experiments inaugurated to relieve distress and to prevent the Government's having to support a number of people in prisons, hospitals, insane asylums and tuberculosis institutions, as well as through direct relief. Some of them, of course, cannot hope to be financially solvent, but you can never evaluate the actual profits and losses of any undertaking which has as its objective the salvation of people from complete despair.

My husband is training in the infantry. He tells me that the men are required to buy their own soap, cleanser, brooms and mops to clean their barracks. Aren't these men paid little enough without having to pay for these items?

The Army does not require enlisted men to buy their own soap, cleanser, brooms, mops to clean their barracks. It is possible that there have been instances in which enlisted men "chipped in" to buy additional supplies of this nature to supplement the "Government Issue" supplies which are furnished by the Army, but such a procedure would be on a voluntary basis, with no Army sponsorship. Adequate supplies for cleaning barracks are furnished by the Army on the basis of experience showing how much of such supplies are required.

How can the Army change the classification of men drafted for limited service to general service and overseas duty when the original physical defects exist? The soldier I am thinking of is my husband, who has one eye.

After induction, the Army does not use the term or classify men as "limited service." A more accurate description of those men who are not physically fit for general service would be that they are "limited assignment," meaning that the possibilities of their assignments are limited by certain physical incapabilities, and they cannot be used from the viewpoint of their physical condition for all types of general service.

Under current regulations, the test as to whether or not an enlisted man is physically qualified for overseas assignment is: "Can he perform his military occupational specialty in his current assignment satisfactorily under field conditions?" This, of course, is also dependent upon the fact that the unit commander desires to take this man with him overseas, knowing his physical defects. There are certain exceptions to this rule, such as a man with an enucleated eye, in which case overseas assignment is prohibited.

What happens to packages sent overseas when the soldier dies before they arrive? Can't they be given to some other soldier and not take up shipping space coming back?

Packages sent overseas which arrive after the death of a soldier are returned to the sender. They cannot be given to some other soldier, inasmuch as they are the property of the sender and the intended recipient, and are not the property of the Army.

Is it true that Army nurses who have been Jap prisoners are being returned to the U. S. and that they have had their arms and legs cut off, their tongues cut out, and are pregnant from Jap soldiers?

The Army Nurse Corps says they have no information to substantiate the correctness of such a statement. They have had no prisoners returned from the Philippines, but they have had a record and a report from a young civilian nurse who was returned and who had been interned in the camp with the Army nurses. She worked right with the nurses and said that there were no atrocities committed on the Army nurses.

Is it true that Nazis in internment camps here insist upon many "rights" not to be found in the Geneva Convention? Isn't it true that at the detention station on Ellis Island the Nazis objected to being waited on by American Negroes and the Negroes were removed?

It is true that some Nazi prisoners of war demand privileges and special courtesies not to be found in the Geneva Convention. Because these privileges and special courtesies are not in the Geneva Convention they are not rights and the War Department, therefore, does not grant them. The War Department adheres strictly to the provisions of the Geneva Convention and does not go beyond these provisions in its treatment of Nazi prisoners of war.

There is no detention station on Ellis Island for prisoners of war, nor is there any other prisoner-of-war facility on Ellis Island. There has not been a prisoner-of-war facility on Ellis Island in this war.

We civilians don't care if we can't get butter as long as our boys overseas do. But is it true that our boys in France are getting a butter substitute while we are sending real butter to the Soviet Union?

The Army does not send butter substitutes to its troops overseas. Troops in some areas, particularly in the tropics, receive a canned butter to which certain ingredients have been added in order to make it stable under extreme climatic conditions. Under the Foreign Economic Administration a moderate quantity of butter is sent to the Soviet Union and larger quantities of butter substitute are sent.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.



BUTCH'S BUSINESS



By William L. Worden

NOBODY would ever have accused Butch of knowing the score. A collie, intelligence behind those liquid eyes, might have known. A German shepherd, although he was plotting a treacherous snap or an unexpected charge, might have recognized a crisis when he saw it. Even a cuddly spaniel might have barked because he knew he had a part in it. But Butch? You had only to look at that great dewlap already hanging like the chin of an aging trencherman. You needed only a glance at those enormous feet, at the jaw which stuck out and the nose mashed in, at the useless tail stub which could not wag without taking most of the unsteady rear end of the dog with it.

Butch had no idea of crises, of unco-operative landladies, of apartment rules or of jobs which should have been given up long ago. All in the world Butch knew was that there had been too many pups in the kennel and that doing a running slide across a polished hardwood floor—throw rugs sliding gleefully ahead—was more fun than anything he had ever discovered before. Others might have been painfully conscious that there were scratches where there had been no scratches before, abjectly ashamed of the puddle where no puddle should be. But not Butch.

The one in high heels spoke first. There was a strangled sound to her voice. "He looks," she said, "exactly like a pig."

The one in sneakers—already familiar from all the time he had spent hanging over the kennel fence, looking first at one, then another, going away, coming back again, permitting his finger to be chewed some, scratching ears, making longing and unintelligible sounds—the one in sneakers said, "Yeah, I guess he does. Like a fat pig." The one in sneakers scratched a match on the seat of his trousers and exhaled smoke through his nostrils, like a double-barreled teakettle.

High heels said, "George, look at that floor!"

Sneakers said, "Uh-huh. Puddles. He was in the kitchen, but I guess the iceman let him out."

Heels said, "I'll never dare let mother see her rugs again."

Sneakers said, "Huh? No. No, she wouldn't like it. She'd be unpleased."

"Mrs. Duryee will have a fit," Heels said.

Sneakers said, "Uh-huh" again. But he said there were good lines. You could see them in the lower jaw. Maybe Mrs. Duryee wouldn't find out for a while.

There just weren't any other apartments, Heels said. Sneakers nodded. Heels said maybe her brother would take him out on the ranch. Sneakers blew more smoke and looked unhappy.

There was some more talk. Sneaker-talk about well, it wasn't a very good apartment, anyhow; talk about hang that lousy office job anyway, because you couldn't do any of the things you wanted to do. Sneakers scuffed some and looked younger and stubborn. Sneakers said you couldn't judge a pup so young. "You just ought to see the old fellow," Sneakers said. "He'd break your heart just to look at him. Must have weighed fifty pounds, all in the shoulders, and not

(Continued on Page 127



He was too stupid to know a crisis when he made one. He could even waddle through a jealousy test and feel nothing but a slight itch above his tail.



ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

WHAT THEY LIKE IS WHAT THEY'LL GET ★ BY ANN BATCHELDER

Menu

Shrimp Cocktail

Broiled Steak French-Fried Onions

Fresh Peas Corn on the Cob

Mashed Potatoes

Homemade Rolls—Jam

Green Salad—French Dressing

Chocolate Cake

Vanilla Ice Cream

Coffee



From the Navy hunter, our scout a vote for roast beef, the rarer the better, and creamed potatoes.



Ah, but we'll get to the Navy! Ji boy who goes all out for Newburg, hard rolls, gree

Nice to Come Home to





Our Tommy likes steak and roast beef too. He thinks the Navy fares pretty well for meat, but they don't run much to curried shrimps! Though he's a radio technician 2/c, he makes first-class biscuits.

WELL, no one can claim—if anyone ever dreamed of doing it—that our fighting forces lack definite ideas about eating. And they don't go all out, as one militant unit, for steak and roast beef, either. Still, these two old stand-bys get a pretty big hand. Get one from me, too, when I manage to get into their neighborhood.

You'll be surprised. I'd bet that when you find out some of the things "our boys," as we call them, like—you'll be surprised. Take tapioca cream, for instance. If you think of that as something to put over on a six-year-old at her birthday party, it isn't. Not any more. Why, we've got a U. S. Navy man right now on a baby flat-top who dotes on it, and I guess *that* will revise any ideas you had that tapioca isn't he-man's food. It's real comforting, isn't it, to know that along with apple pie and ice cream, tapioca has made the Army—or, rather, the Navy? And that an officer out there at sea somewhere dreams of great gobs of this dessert, and of the day he'll return to find it cooling in the kitchen and a free hand is all he needs!

Other eye openers in store. And what do you think of shrimp cocktail? No ladies' luncheon this, where they pick at their food and count the calories. Three out of eight of our picked crew went for shrimp cocktail. Curried shrimp (plenty hot) got a break too. It seems that the armed forces don't get around to shrimp to any extent, and I can just imagine a man in some far-off post thinking of when he gets home and can lay his hand on cans and jars of shrimp—not to mention the fresh little rascals, and more of them. Nostalgic but nice.

Did my heart good. You can imagine that in the midst of steaks and roasts—*and* shrimp—how it must have made my heart beat a little faster when I saw *Lobster*. Yes indeed, one brave lad came right out for Lobster Newburg, and of course I felt pretty good, for *there's* a dish. And someday I shall tell you more about it. Maybe I have already, six or eight times, but I've got some bright new ideas and am dying to spill the beans, as they say.

And speaking of beans, the dear familiars got no votes in this symposium. One boy felt that beans ought to show up oftener on Army tables. But he *asked* for broiled chicken. And I'm sure he'll get it.

Some things you look for. There are certain things you expect when men select a meal. The funny thing is that, except for the dieting ladies, women like the same dishes. I'm thinking of French-fried potatoes, the same in onions. Salads run true to form, and ice cream never fails.

Chocolate cake is another first favorite. And how about corn on the cob and hot rolls and coffee? These all come into the servicemen's longings, and they'll have them all—when they come home.

I mustn't forget or neglect. One thing I mustn't forget to speak of in this brief review of what some, at least, of the soldiers and sailors are dreaming of. And, by the way, I think this is as good a time as any to tell you that our little cross section of armed men sort of belongs to the JOURNAL—well, anyway, by marriage. For they are husbands and brothers of some of our girls. That makes them related, doesn't it? To the rest of us, I mean? I think it does. But that is how we found them and learned so much about them.

Now to our menu. First I must tell you that this meal of ours is a composite, made up of dishes taken from the favorite meals of our eight men. With votes for shrimp cocktail coming in like a R--se--lt landslide in Maine and Vermont, we naturally started out with *(Continued on Page 99)*

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



...and give up a date for Likes to cook it too.



Reports from Old England: "No roast beef here." One thing the boys don't want: Brussels sprouts.



Rusty says boys from Panama want fresh fruits and vegetable salads and quarts of fresh milk.



Bill's fighting in the Pacific, where we used to get tapioca for his favorite pudding. He'll get it back.



Ron never tires of steak; gets plenty on his sub. Looks forward to more eating room.

Line a Day

1 Night Unto Night, the story of an enigma, and that one is death. The first part of the book deals with a situation such as I, at least, have never come across. The rest is a philosophical novel of the first class. Philip Wylie wrote it.

2 At Plymouth, when they celebrate Forefathers' Day, as they are wont to do, they have succotash. And it is done with corned beef and other strange things—strange for *succotash.* But it's a noble dish.

3 With a roast duck, serve baked stuffed oranges in sirup. Have baking-powder biscuit made with orange juice and grated rind. These are good ideas.

4 *Advice to brides, spinster division:* Don't let them fool you on sweetbread salad. Might as well put them in a roly-poly. They are not for either.

5 Something pretty special with roast lamb: artichoke bottoms sauté—covered with hollandaise sauce. Or, better, with chopped mint and lemon.

6 And that brings us, as the orators say, to the point, or *points,* of a crown roast of lamb. Filling the center of said roast is the trick. By the way, put a cube of salt pork on the ends of the ribs.

7 Well, take some asparagus tips, a can or two cups of peas, a nice lot of small white onions and as many mushrooms, tossed in butter, as you have about. Season. Fill your roast, pipe with mashed potato. Garnish with—so you had *parsley* in mind, eh? Forget it and go along with lemon quarters and mint or cress.

8 Ever have any truck with buckwheat? Ever smell it as you drive around the bend or see it waving its lovely bonnets in the full sweet sun of August? If you have, you are experienced in as subtle an experience as you come across in this world.

9 Maple sirup is a natural for buckwheat cakes. We all know that. But, if you have a chance, try buckwheat honey. Bee-and-buckwheat collaboration.

10 Is there any controversy about lemon juice improving applesauce as well as apple pie? And how about a little grated rind in the sauce *and* the pie? Probably been doing it all your lives.

11 *More advice to brides*—beefsteak dept.: Keep away from fancy sauces on steak. Stick to salt, pepper and butter. With French fried onions and mushrooms? Sure, I approve. But they aren't sauces.

12 An omelet to remember has hot black cherries folded in. The sauce—the cherry juice heated and thickened a little with arrowroot or cornstarch thoroughly cooked. Pour over the omelet. This is a dessert.

13 *Out of an almanac, where much good is found:* Baste a johnnycake, after it starts to brown, with melted butter or margarine. The hoecake is done that way, on the shovel or in the oven.

14 That reminds me of smothered chicken. I don't know just why. Split young chickens and lay them in a pan. Dust with salt and pepper and dot all over with butter or margarine. Bake, basting often with the above, liberally combined with orange juice. Glazed sweet potatoes go well with this.

REMINISCENCE

There was a time a while ago—
How long ago I will not tell—
When blew the wind and blew the snow,
I'd listen for the postman's bell.

Then pink and white the letters came.
Anonymous? Well, as to name.
O Valentine, are there today
Other girls who feel the same?

Or do they now expect a ring
Of rubies—
or some other thing!

15 *Tip for teas:* Split yesterday's baking-powder biscuits or English muffins. Spread with equal parts of butter or margarine, brown sugar and chopped walnuts. Pop in the oven to brown. This is good on toast too.

16 *From an old cookbook:* "Noodles should be rolled as thin as may be, cut in strips and hung on a chair or sofa back to dry. Take care the cat is excluded from the room meanwhile." Just to make the cat jealous, I suppose.

17 Custard pie is a divine dish. Two and a half cups of rich milk, four beaten eggs, a little salt and half a cup of maple sirup will make a custard. Bake in a deep shell, slow oven, until a silver knife comes out clean. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serve cold.

18 What about the old-fashioned floating island we used to have for supper, in a silver or crystal bowl? A rich smooth custard, suitably flavored, a meringue like a ruching on the bosom, and home-made jelly—ruby, garnet, royal purple—over all. You ought to *see* what they claim is floating island around here.

19 *News. Biscuit File No. 21A:* A wafer that's pretzel on one side and a saltine on the other. Beats the Dutch what they dream up.

20 Two-chapter receipt—if you don't mind. Half a pound of blanched almonds are chopped *very* fine (or ground up) with the white meat of a large steamed chicken. Put in a saucepan with a cup of cream and season highly. That's *that* part.

21 Part, or Chapter, II: Now add three cups of real honest chicken stock. Taste and add a very little curry and salt and pepper if need be. Cook in a double boiler for an hour. Serve in a tureen with fried croutons. End of receipt.

22 *Appetizer note:* A little curry blended to a paste with cream, a little grated onion, salt and pepper—add to cream cheese spread on crackers.

23 *Supper suggestion:* Waffles, pork sausages and applesauce or chopped apple browned in sausage fat.

24 I was going to head this one "simple and simply delicious." Excuse it, please. Anyway, beat up a glass of raspberry and one of currant jelly, with two stiffly beaten egg whites. Add half a cup of powdered sugar to the whites. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses with soft custard.

25 When they're baked, filled with creamed spinach, covered with buttered crumbs and browned, little acorn squashes put something over on Dad.

26 *More news, and for epicures too:* Sweet pickled pineapple for ham—the elusive, the coveted ham. Spiced kumquats—wonderful in fruit salad and with chicken.

27 Are you doing right by oysters? It's February, you know. Choose the finest oysters and put them in a casserole. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Set in a pan of hot water, cover and steam. Serve with tartar sauce and hard rolls.

28 This I read somewhere: "If your husband's night shirt is smoothed in front, who is to know whether the back has been ironed or not?" Well, I really couldn't say.

By Ann Batchelder

Just a good plain cook—that's me



. . . with pride in my fluffy biscuits and deep-dish apple pie. That's why I serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup, too—because it's the kind that always brings a smile from Harry (he's my husband)—and gets him fondly saying, "Thank my lucky stars I married a gal who's got a knowing hand in the kitchen."

And let me tell you, when this war is a thing of the past, and I can spend eight beautiful hours a day in my own kitchen if I want to, Campbell's are *still* making the vegetable soup at our house! It's every bit as good as the finest my mother ever made! Matter of fact, the joke's on me—for when I told Mother so she said, "Goodness, you've eaten Campbell's Vegetable Soup all your life!"

Campbell's

VEGETABLE SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White label



A Rich Stock simmered from fine beef and 15 different kinds of luscious garden vegetables, fixed as fussily and cooked as carefully as you would do, in your own kitchen—that's what makes Campbell's Vegetable Soup rate high with home cooks everywhere!

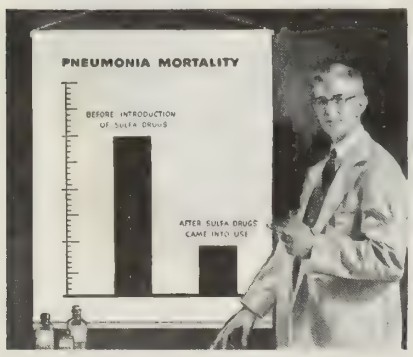


What's this new word "Chĕm'ō thĕr'a py?"

Medical science is full of strange and unusual words.

One of the most exciting is "chemotherapy." As it may mean a lot to you—you might like to know more about it.

1. Many of our badly wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines owe their lives to new drugs...sulfa and penicillin...which have had spectacular success against perils like gangrene, terrible burns, and blood poisoning. Chemotherapy—which takes advantage of the effects of chemical action upon body tissues and invading bacteria—is ages old in theory. But its modern, most effective practice began soon after 1900 with the discovery of salvarsan.



2. For the 20 years after that, research brought no striking discoveries. Then a strange chain of events revealed that a patented dye possessed a life-saving element. And so, the sulfonamide drugs were made available to the world. In the less than ten years they have been in common use, they have saved countless lives. Some forms of meningitis, streptococcic infections, and other dread diseases including the common forms of pneumonia, have met a powerful adversary.



3. You know the dramatic story of the next discovery, penicillin. Although not strictly a chemical, it attacks some of the same germs as the sulfa drugs—and others against which these drugs have little or no success. But the search for other "specific" chemicals is far from over. Medical scientists constantly seek to improve existing ones and find new germ-fighting elements. There must be long and careful experiments for each discovery, for sometimes the "germ-poison" is poisonous to the human body, too.

4. But chemotherapy is no cure-all. Because it does so much to reduce the deadliness of some of our worst diseases, some people may expect it to perform miracles. It must always be remembered that these chemicals should not be used without sound medical advice, otherwise there may be detrimental results. But chemotherapy, rightly used, is a tremendous gift of medical science to our civilization.

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A FUGUE IN TIME

(Continued from Page 29)

room. It communicates with Griselda's by an inner door: Griselda is spoiled, but she is always under the Eye.

Next again, past the bathroom, is the room that is Selina's—Rolls' eldest sister. Her room is like her: it is white, it is blue, it is prim; it is full of a clutter of things, but the effect is chilly and strangely empty.

On the second-floor back are the nurseries. The nursery furniture is still there. Empty nurseries should be forlorn; these are not. They have a definite sense of an inner cheerful life of their own.

The night nursery has been converted into a bedroom. The old nursery furniture is there—the white-painted chest of drawers; the white-painted bed, only wide enough to hold a very slender person. There are rugs put down on the carpet, newer rugs, and the dressing table has been looped into skirts, white muslin ones tied with ribbons that are faded and frayed. There are still brushes on the dressing table, and a pincushion and a little china tray of pins. There is a bookshelf and two rows of books. On the shelf there is also a writing case and, if it were opened, there is still a piece of blotting paper that bears the upside-down imprint of a letter. It begins: *Dear Pelham, As I have decided it is better for me to go away* ——

Rolls did not go into the room; he knew it all by heart. He stayed on the landing reading that poem.

The two flights of stairs, one going up, the other going down, give on the first floor landing that is wide enough to make a sitting room. It has an alcove with a window that looks down on the Place, with a window seat and by it a table and chairs and writing desk. The sound of the traffic in the Park Road comes in, and when Rolls had read the poem he sat down in a chair and listened until he fell asleep.

"Don't disturb me," he was always saying these days to Proutie. 'Don't disturb me,' said the old man, and he pushed back in his mind that date that the objectionable Mr. Willoughby had mentioned: the fifteenth of December.

There was no one to disturb him. Mrs. Crabbe had been gone for hours, and Proutie was out. Three nights a week Proutie was a special constable. Now it was Proutie who had the uniform, Proutie whose comings and goings must be obeyed.

But the bitterness had gone from that. Rolls did not care now. He was in retirement, he had been retired—hung, so the papers said, in his own red tape. There was a portrait of him and five other generals of his own day and kind, published in an illustrated paper with six German generals on the opposite page. The comparison was not kind. "My photograph was taken in 1911 when photographs did look wooden. The Germans were taken today." That was all Rolls had said in his defense; now he would not have said even that. He did not care. 'Don't disturb me,' said Rolls. 'I don't want to be disturbed.'

He thought or dreamed that he was in the drawing room. There is a smell of live flowers. That means it is summer. The crystal in the chandelier gives out a chime; that means that somebody is singing, but it is not the somebody that Rolls wanted to hear. Rolls scowled and moved restlessly in his chair. Somebody is singing a hymn. Who is it? His mother? No. She is dead before he ever hears her sing. Selina? It does not seem to be Selina. A governess? Perhaps; but whoever it is, she wears a flower in her dress.

"What is its name?"
"Fight the good fight, with all thy might——"
"No, not the hymn. The flower."
"It has an easy and a difficult name, but that is too hard for you. I will tell you the easy name."
"No, I want the difficult name."
"It is too hard for you."
"I want it. I want it. Tell it to me."
She tells it.

Rolls could not remember it. He could remember only the tiny, purple, fragrant flowers in her dress, and that nostalgia stirred in him again, a nostalgia that was as foreign to him, or as forgotten as the creeping warmth that visited his veins. 'I can't remember the name, but it is somewhere—somewhere here in the house. . . . Then I delighted in difficult things. My mind then was incandescent.' He is an incandescent little boy: Roly remembers easily, but Rolls had far too long been disciplined and schooled, and nowadays his mind refused.

"There are so many flowers," said Rolls. "I didn't have time for flowers, but I seem to have learned them lately. Lime flowers; smilax and lilies and roses; Solomon's lilies; the kitchen chrysanthemums. Roses. Did I say roses? Yellow ones. Why can't I remember that name?"

"Hush," said the voice. "Hush. Listen."

"It wasn't you who wore the flowers," he persisted. "Why wasn't it you? You love them. That is what you said."

"They are the only things that give you comfort without any worry or pain," the voice told him.

The bitter little speech hurt Rolls. "I gave you pain, Lark."

"You gave me pain. But hush," said the voice. "Hush. Listen."

Rolls sank back in the chair and his hand, an old, swollen, dark-veined, dark-freckled hand, opened on the arm of the chair. A feeling of warmth, of indescribable comfort filled his body. What was it? It was bliss, and in the quiet, the lateness, in the house, the song went on.

The poem lay open on the bookshelf where Rolls had left it open at that page:

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,
A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).
Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.
Old men ought to be explorers
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity

NEXT MONTH

Can a war marriage survive the shock of home-coming? What happens to love when

—a man like Kim finds that he has changed, but Julie has not?

—a man like Jack comes home and finds Nora more in love with a baby than with him?

—a man like Bob, who needs to talk, finds Flora Lee, who needs the love of every man?

Read this understanding story, complete in the February JOURNAL, of what happens in ten days at the Air Forces Redistribution Center, at Atlantic City.

We Got Back

BY DOROTHY THOMAS



Dry clothes and a warming cup of

HOT B-V

He's had a swell time getting soaked to the skin! Now, take care that he gets some good hot B-V to warm him up. Wilson's B-V is a healthful, highly concentrated combination of rich meat juices and selected vegetable flavors.

Simply stir in hot water





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AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR DECORATIVE ART POTTERY

Combining lovely color tones with graceful new art forms, Roseville achieves a decorative beauty unsurpassed for charm and interest. Illustrated: "Clematis" vase — one of 48 lovely items in handpainted Autumn Brown, Ciel Blue, Forest Green ... on display at department stores and gift shops everywhere.



ROSEVILLE POTTERY, Inc.
Dept. L-25
Zanesville, O.

For a further union, a deeper communion. . . . . In my end is my beginning.*

And in the house, the clocks tick, the beams in the night grow hot, grow cold, they creak; a late train runs; a late pedestrian, returning, walks down the Place; a clinker drops in the grate, and a gleam of starlight, coming through the Venetians into the drawing room, catches the little shepherdess on the clock as she lies dreaming.

Rolls slept in his chair.

MORNING

Before eight o'clock the house is given over to the servants and the children. Again the past is present. Roly is being coached by Selina before he has his breakfast and runs off to school.

"Take three tenses," says Selina.

Roly sighs.

"Past, present and future."

"Must I?"

"Yes, you must," Selina answers him.

* * * *

Before eight o'clock Proutie came down the back stairs and into the kitchen and raked the fire and made it up and opened the boiler to heat the water for Rolls' bath. Then he stroked the cat, opened the door to let it out, and let Mrs. Crabbe in.

"Good morning Mrs. Crabbe. A quiet night, I am glad to say."

"Good morning, Mr. Proutie."

"I am just taking up a cup of tea to Mr. Rolls. I shall make one for us too."

"I could do with one," said Mrs. Crabbe. "It pulls your body toward you, don't it?"

Proutie went upstairs with Rolls' tea. He knocked at the dressing-room door.

It is half past eight.

* * * *

The Eye and Griselda come out of Griselda's room. They have separated while they dressed; now they go down to breakfast together, and the Eye unnecessarily guides Griselda with his hand under her elbow.

He is a very large, very well-made young man of twenty-nine with a large clever forehead, pale brown hair and pale blue, shrewd, steady eyes. By the side of his pallor, Griselda glows. Perhaps this is what first attracted him to her, her warmth and color that he lacks. He knows that he needs it.

Griselda this morning is seventeen: very young, very eager and singularly unalloyed. She is tall, but beside the Eye she seems little; her eyes are dark blue and her hair is chestnut, brilliantly rich and dressed in curls each side of the parting. Griselda is dressed this morning in a blue dress. The skirt is fashionably full, the neck is low and the sleeves short; she wears for warmth a little tartan shawl and she has a set of heavy jewelry in gold with a mosaic of blue and red: earrings, bracelet and brooch.

Breakfast is laid on the table in the dining room where the sun catches the wedding silver, an October sun.

The Eye pulls out her chair. "This is your place, love."

"Yes, John."

The Eye goes to his, and picks up the paper that is lying by his plate.

Griselda looks at him and hesitates. "Do you take sugar, John?"

He laughs at her over the paper. "Don't you think you should remember after all this time? A whole honeymoon, Griselda?"

But she is serious. She flushes. "I was thinking."

She imagines he is reading, but he is watching her. He would like to know what it is she thinks of. A woman's thoughts are a new idea to the Eye; he had not known they had them, not thoughts such as he suspects Griselda's to be. If he asked her what she was thinking of, he knows, after six months of engagement and their honeymoon, that he would not succeed in getting an answer. He sighs.

Now she turns her face, that glows so vividly, so beautifully with life that it catches his breath, toward him. "Think,

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PHILIP MORRIS
are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat.

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat — due to smoking — cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in an authoritative medical journal.



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FAR FINER FLAVOR PLUS
FAR MORE PROTECTION



John! This is the first breakfast! No one has ever eaten breakfast in this house before!"

"Except six servants for three weeks," says the Eye. Occasionally the Eye loves Griselda more than he can bear. Then he has to hide himself and be brusque.

"Have we really six servants?"

"Yes, my dear, and your mother chose them, so they are sure to be paragons. They are yours to direct and command."

"I don't think I am very good at directing and commanding," says Griselda.

The Eye is reading the paper. She lifts the heavy cover off the dish that is embossed and twined with silver grapes. It is hard to believe that anything so weighty and important-looking is hers. Her nose wrinkles at the steamy smell that comes out.

"John, do you like haddock for breakfast?"

"No," says the Eye immediately. "You must tell cook."

Griselda hesitates and looks at him and at the haddock. "Have you seen cook?"

"Yes."

"You tell her," says Griselda.

The Eye laughs at her, but there is no answering laugh on her face or in her eyes.

"I have been thinking—seriously. This is a very big house for only two people."

"There may not always be only two people, my little dearest."

She looks at him as she understands his meaning; the color in her cheeks deepens, but still she does not smile.

"What is it, Griselda?"

"That—is part of what I mean," says Griselda. "I know I shouldn't say things like this to you, John, but it—all this—seems as if it might swallow people's lives."

He comes round the table to her at once, dropping his paper on the floor. "I won't let it swallow you."

She turns to him and he feels she is fierce in the way she clings to him and looks at him. "Promise! Promise!"

All at once, for some reason he prefers not to know, he cannot look back at her. He would rather not look at her and meet her gaze. He holds her in his arms and kisses her and smooths her hair.

"Promise."

"I promise."

Perhaps she feels his mood. She asks, "John, are you laughing?"

"No, I am not laughing."

"One day," says Griselda suddenly, "you won't drop your paper. You will go on reading it. You won't hear."

He looks at her gravely. "I think you will have to trust me, Griselda."

She is disarmed at once. "Oh, John. I do. I do."

"I want a big house," says the Eye. "My ideas, my schemes are big. Very ambitious and very, very big."

GRISELDA is still doubtful. She cannot tell John—who still, besides being her lover, persists in being a stranger—she cannot tell him that sometimes since she was engaged, since she was married, she feels as if she had been put in prison with a life sentence. She says involuntarily, hastily, "Don't be successful too quickly, will you, John?" He does not answer and she says as if she were discovering something, "Sometimes, John, you remind me a little of my father." The Eye laughs again, but Griselda says thoughtfully, "I never very much liked my father."

"You will always like me," says the Eye quietly and confidently. "Can I read my paper now?"

"Of course. I want you to," says Griselda. "I know brides are supposed to mind that, but I don't. I mean to read the paper myself every day. I want us to be well informed—about everything, John. I want every day and every year to enlarge my mind and try and understand a little more. I could be your equal in that, couldn't I, John? That wouldn't be—presumptuous?" She seeks his face, but can see only the top of his well-brushed pale-brown head, bent into the newspaper. Her eyes widen. Then they harden. "Of course," says Griselda after a minute, "to begin with, there ought to be two papers."

IT IS eight o'clock. Before the grownups are awake, the children are out of bed. They step into a secret, servant-ridden world that their elders do not have a chance to see.

Roly, jumping down the stairs, jumps into Mrs. Sampson, sweeping on the landing. "Good morning, Mrs. Sampson. How are you?"

"Poorly, thank you, Master Roly," says Mrs. Sampson. "Now you must get out of my way and get on yours. It is time for your lessings."

Roly goes slowly toward the table.

Mrs. Sampson stiffly stands up. Then, with a sigh of which she is not aware, she gathers up her brush and dustpan full of carpet fluff and goes downstairs.

'What a great deal of dirt and dust must be taken out of this house and put into the dustbin,' thinks little Roly at the table. "Are we only dust when we die?" he asks suddenly.

"Certainly not," says Selina. "We are angels."

Ever since Roly was born and Griselda died, Selina has been shaping him, patiently, quite gently, but implacably to her will. Selina is very like the Eye; she is a large, well-made young woman with pale coloring and a steady, clever face. Roly is like Griselda, with her warm skin and brilliant eyes and hair, but he has not the straightness of Griselda's nose or eyes. Roly gives in.

"When I grow up," says Roly, "I am going to be a tailor like Mr. Cheep."

"You will go into the army like Uncle Bunny," says Selina. Uncle Bunny is Roly's godfather, an exalted godfather.

"No, I won't," says Roly. "Soldiers get killed. And they have to kill other people."

"The killing is only a small part."

"What else is there?"

"Brains! Strategy!" cries Selina.

Roly looks at her. He does not ask her why she was not a soldier, because he knows that girls are never anything, but he wishes for a moment that he had been born a girl. This is the last time he ever wishes that; he quickly sets into the fact of being a boy. There is very little that is feminine in Rollo or in Rolls. Selina does with him all that she hopes and wants, but in some curious way he still eludes her; he prefers the Eye to her, and yet the Eye can hardly bear to notice him, though he fulfills punctiliously all that he did with the other children.

When Roly goes to school and is called Rollo, the nursery is empty. Empty nurseries should be forlorn; these are not. They have a definite sense of an inner cheerful life of their own.

As soon as Lark follows Selina over the threshold of the nursery, she is in touch with the other children. To begin with, though she has nothing to do with them, as Selina is always reminding her, she inherits their things: she sleeps in their bed; her clothes are, some of them, their clothes; and she eats off their old china with their nursery spoons and forks.

Lark is a lonely child. There is no one to notice her in the house; the Eye, who brought her there, is too busy and too sad.

It begins early one late December morning at the end of 1879.

Selina is asleep when Athay wakes her, knocking at her door. "Miss Selina. Will you get up, miss? The master has come. Will you come down to the study at once?"

(Continued on Page 48)

MIRACLE WORKER

When his mother beats him, the really smart youngster of the future will trot to the drugstore asking for a few ounces of prolactin to slip into her coffee. Prolactin is a hormone which regulates the maternal instinct in animals. In experiments, it has caused roosters to set on eggs and tomcats to give milk.

—YOUR LIFE.

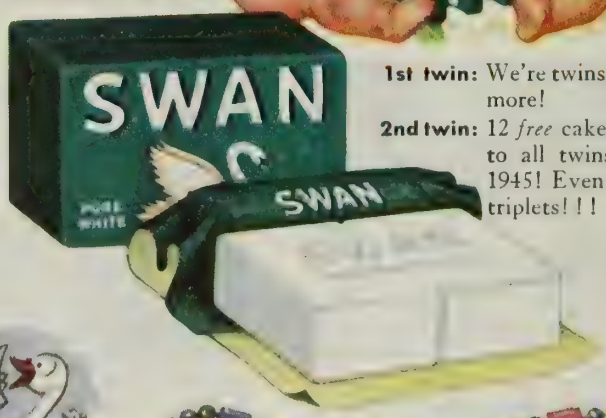


HERE'S a Happy Birthday present for every baby born in the United States during 1945! A *FREE* cake of pure Swan!

Now your baby's first baths can be a joy with this mild and sudsy floating soap. Now gentle Swan can help your baby keep that gorgeous pink 'n white perfection!

Doctors everywhere will tell you Swan's grand for babies. Pure as fine castiles! Angel-mild!

So if you have a new baby, born any time from January 1st through December 31st, 1945, just fill out the coupon below. Or get a Swan Baby Coupon from your grocer. And mail it in. We'll send your baby a cake of Swan Soap *absolutely free!*



1st twin: We're twins, so we get more!

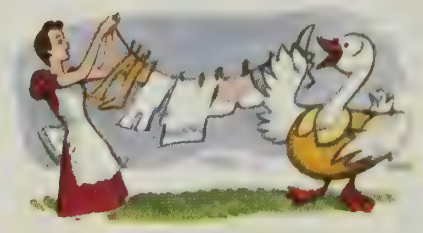
2nd twin: 12 *free* cakes of Swan to all twins born in 1945! Even more for triplets! ! !



Baby-smooth complexion for Mama, too! Want that fresh-cheeked, baby look yourself? Steal some of baby's pure, mild Swan lather and see what wonders it does for your skin!



You'll love the way Swan "babies" your hands in the dishpan. Helps keep 'em smooth and velvety. And, oh joy—here's one mild floating soap that really suds up *fast!*



Delicate fabrics need baby care! Gentle Swan helps dainty lingerie and baby clothes look lovely, last and last! Get your *free* cake of Swan Soap for your new baby—and buy three more cakes for bath, dishes, duds!



This coupon entitles your new baby to a *FREE* cake of Swan Soap! Paste on penny post card and mail to Swan, Box 3, New York 8, New York. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1945.

SWAN, Box 3
New York 8, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Please send my baby a cake of Swan Soap *absolutely FREE.* (Only one free gift to a baby.)

Baby's name_____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

Baby's date of birth_____

Mother's full name_____

Doctor's name_____

Professional Hints for an amateur curtain-washer

(that's you!)

Never again will you say: "Oh dear, it's so tedious to do up those ruffled curtains!" Never again, lady!

For these six hints will give you a fine, expert's hand with even the trickiest, ruffled-est curtains! Here's what to do...



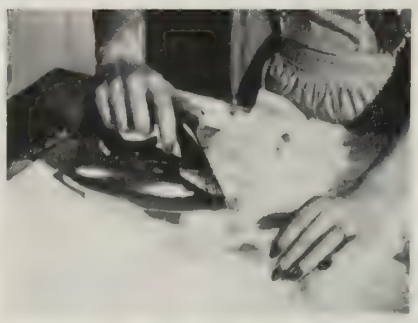
1. Before washing—Shake your curtains gently, to remove loose dust and dirt. If they're cotton, and very soiled, soak 'em 10 or 15 minutes in cool water. Wash 'em gently and quickly in mild suds. Make your starch—and most important, add Satina *to make ironing easier!*



2. Use medium starch—Make basic starch your usual way and add Satina—to prevent sticking and give a super-smooth finish. Then thin, using 2 parts warm water to 1 part basic starch-Satina mixture. (Always use starch *hot*. The hotter the starch, the better it penetrates the fabric.)



3. Use a table top, well-padded or a wide board instead of your regular ironing board. You'll find the job is easier and the curtains won't get as mussed as they might on a narrow board.



4. Iron ruffles first—Do a few inches at a time, first finishing the edges, then nosing your iron into the gathers. Notice how Satina prevents the iron from snagging and pulling.



5. Proceed ironing a few inches along the selvage edge as you go, then ironing up and down toward the ruffle. Avoid stretching. S'wonderful how Satina takes the tediousness out of ironing!



6. Whisk! Zing! Your curtains are slick and smooth and clover-fresh! Satina gives a fragrant "like-new" finish to *all* starched things—dresses, shirts, linens—for just a few cents a month. Get some and see!

SATINA

Tune in: New, comedy-mystery thriller—"Two On a Clue," every day, Monday through Friday, CBS.



No stick!..So quick!..With SATINA in your starch!

(Continued from Page 46)

"Father?" cries Selina. "But he is in Edinburgh!"

"He is here. In the study, miss."

Selina does not wait to put up her hair. She comes with a long plait hanging down her back to the end of her shawl. She has a dressing gown of Indian silk.

Athay has lit the fire, but it is still new enough to crackle and flare and send out a cold, blue smoke. The coals are still untouched and the room has no warmth in it. The Eye has not taken off his traveling coat. On the hearthrug stands a little girl, well wrapped up and dressed in mourning.

"A child!" cries Selina in the doorway. There is nothing but dismay in her voice.

"Lark, this is Selina."

"How do you do," says Lark politely. Her voice is almost extinct with tiredness. Lark is seven and she is at the moment filled with one overwhelming need, a body that needs to be laid down somewhere to sleep. Her longing flows out like a wave to Selina, and like a wave it recoils back again on herself. She can see at once there is no help for her in Selina.

"Who is she?" asks Selina.

"Her name is Lark Ingoldsby. Her father and—mother were killed in the Tay Bridge disaster, night before last."

Selina's quick mind is caught at once by that infinitesimal pause in his voice before "mother." She has not really heard the rest.

"It will be in the morning papers. It was a dreadful night," he goes on with an effort. "Violent and wild. They think—the covered way of the bridge offered—too much—resistance to the wind. The people waiting in the station saw—the lighted train go into the bridge—then there was darkness."

"It—it never came out?"

"It never came out. The bridge was gone." The Eye turns away to the mantelpiece and covers his eyes with his hand.

Lark hears it being said over her head. She has heard it over and over again in the past twenty-four hours. She is looking at the hearthrug because tears have begun again to slide down her nose, but her black hair falls each side of her neck and hides her face and nobody can see.

"Then all the people, father?"

"No one was saved." He takes down his hand. "You will have to know," he says in a flat, weary voice, "that her father and—mother were singers, opera singers. She—had a beautiful voice. That is why I went north, to hear her sing."

"Father!"

"Yes," says the Eye without the least emotion in his voice. "They had taken an engagement in pantomime in Stirling for Christmas week. Dundee the week after. I had business in Dundee, so I went on by the morning train and took Lark with me. Else I should have been with the company in that train. And so would she."

Lark has ceased to hear what they say. Their voices sound and resound over her head. She is now not even conscious of being tired.

"I went down by chaise, but there was nothing"—again he turns away and Selina waits and does not prompt him—"nothing to be done. So I brought Lark here."

"Why?"

"She has no one. No relations."

"There is an orphanage over the way."

"She is to live here always."

Selina does not answer. She has grown very white and faces the Eye as he faces her.

WASTED EFFORT

Big, smiling, affable Liza Jane, surrounded by her dusky brood of twelve, was being contacted by a typical spinster from the city social-welfare settlement house. But Liza Jane just kept on laughing. "No, ma'am, thank you," she declared. "Ah wouldn't be interested in birth control. Maybe hit's all right for ladies like you-all, ma'am, but Ah is married and Ah don't need it!" —DIGEST AND REVIEW.



MOTHER OF 4 EARNS $1,000 ON HER WRITING

"I have been able to earn $1,000 since graduating from N.I.A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, haphazard health and war work, I am sure I could have made much more. After only two lessons I sold a garden series to Baltimore American." —Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

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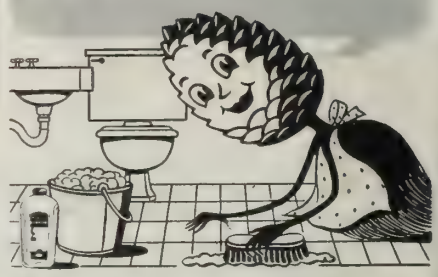
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It brings a breath of the pine woods



WITH pine-fragrant Sergeant's Disinfectant, you'll do a *thorough* job of cleaning all over the house.

This *pleasant-to-use* cleaner disinfects, deodorizes and kills many germs as it cleans *thoroughly*. But it doesn't irritate the hands, leaves a fresh pine aroma.

Used in warm water, Sergeant's Disinfectant makes bathroom fixtures, tile, floors filmless and sparkling. It's *the* cleaner for the kitchen where sanitation is a *must*, and for floors and woodwork, too. Pour a little full-strength down the sink drain and in the cellar toilet. It's fine for cleaning the garbage pail.

To clean pleasantly, get Sergeant's Disinfectant—at drug or department stores.



to all your cleaning chores

Sergeant's DISINFECTANT

the pleasant household cleaner

"Her past is over, Selina. It is nothing to do with you."

"Is that all you can tell me, father?"

"That is all I intend to tell you."

The clock ticks. A coal drops in the grate where the fire is warm now. The black hillocks rise and tumble in front of Lark.

"Her mother is dead, Selina."

"So is mine."

At that moment Lark falls on the hearthrug. The Eye picks her up and she lies across his arm, her small white face drowned in her hair.

"This is my house," says the Eye sternly over Lark's head, "though I have let you give orders in it. It is my house and I intend to be obeyed. Lark is to live here as your sister. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father."

"You are to write and tell Pelham and the boys and Rollo."

"Yes, father."

"Then what is that expression on your face?"

"I was thinking that sisters are born, not made. I don't think you can expect, father, that we shall feel her to be a sister."

Selina is quite right.

It is another day, five years later, on a June morning. Selina is giving her orders. She is dressed to go out, and as she crosses the drawing room to the desk her dress trails fashionably after her along the carpet; its dark green fullness is looped and gathered behind. Her hat has a fall of feathers, brilliant green and russet, and her hair is dressed high, showing her ears; it gives her a commanding look. There is an engagement pad on the desk with spaces closely filled in. It is headed *The second of June, 1885.* It is Selina's thirty-fifth birthday.

In the years since Griselda died, twenty-two years ago, there has hardly been a blank hour for Selina. She has kept house for the Eye since she was sixteen, and she is far more efficient than Griselda, though the house is, strangely, not so comfortable. The Eye shuts himself away in the study. Pelham, and Rollo when he is home on leave, are almost always out.

Beyond the table Mrs. Proutie is waiting. She is the cook. They are discussing Selina's birthday dinner.

"Now what about the sweet? I want something rather special," begins Selina.

"What about a trifle?"

"We always have a trifle."

"An' why? You ast for something special and special you know very well that trifle is, Miss Selina. It is me grandmother's grandmother's recipe, and you don't get a trifle like it in any other 'ouse that I do know."

"Very well then," says Selina. "Trifle. . . . I shall be out for lunch and tea. Professor Freyburg is coming at five; he may want tea. I shall see him when I come in. I think that is all, Mrs. Proutie."

But Mrs. Proutie has something to say. "Miss Selina, it is not my affair, but 'aven't you any orders for Miss Lark?"

"For Lark?"

"Yes, Miss Selina. I must say the child doesn't look cared for at all. Agnes 'asn't time to see her. Besides, it isn't reely 'er work. She did ought to 'ave a governess or be sent to school."

"Father won't send her to school."

"Well, I don't know about that," says Mrs. Proutie, "but I do know that she is in your charge, and the way she looks doesn't reflect no credit on you, Miss Selina. She doesn't look like a lady's child at all."

'She isn't a lady's child,' Selina almost said, but she checked it just in time. "Send for her, then. But I have to see Miss Dunn."

Lark appears. She is looking pale and her hair is unkempt and her dress is stained and rubbed at the elbows. She certainly does not reflect, like the rest of the house, Selina's efficient, shining care.

Selina turns to Lark. "You haven't brushed your hair."

"No," Lark agrees politely.

"Why not? You have a hairbrush." She does not wait for an answer. "Put on a clean



ENCOURAGE HIS TASTE!

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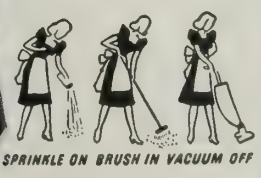


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"How a Bridal Bouquet gave me the right start"

MISS LIL AND MISS TIL POINT THE WAY



1. Miss Lil and Miss Til were oohing and ahing at the bride—but me with my one-track mind—I could only stare at the fresh beauty of her white flowers. To me, it was just the end of another washday, and I was tired and jealous.



2. "So lovely," sighed Miss Til—meaning the bride. "So white," I said enviously—meaning the flowers. "I wish I could get my laundry as white as those flowers without all the tiresome fuss of an extra bluing job."



3. "You *do* have to blue!" said Miss Lil. "But you don't *ever* have to do a separate bluing job. Get La France. It blues automatically *right with your regular soap.* And you'll have a wash every bit as white as that bride's bouquet!"



4. Well, next washday was almost too good to be true. I used La France bluing flakes along with my regular soap, and La France blued *while I washed.* No extra bluing job, not a smitch of extra time—and now my washes are always lily white, with not a bluing streak or spot in sight!

I'm going to send that bride an extra special present! After all, she gave me a whiter, brighter wash every washday—even if she doesn't know it! (And *you* can have one too—with La France!)

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Why *stick* with the old kind any longer? For smo-o-th ironings—quick starching—join the thousands changing to this special powdered mixture. Get Quick Elastic—*that quick starch*—the only one in the yellow box. Instantly prepared . . . gives a lovely finish . . . wonderful for ironing. Get your yellow box, today.

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2 NOW, STIR AND POUR BOILING WATER INTO IT.*

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A new user writes: "My first box of Quick Elastic . . . it is a pleasure to iron after using it. No bother of adding anything and my iron never sticks now."



Says a California woman: "I sure admire the idea of not boiling the starch. I ironed my first set of dresses today and they ironed so smooth and even."



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A lady writes this: "Everything you say about Quick Elastic is true. It's amazing to be able to do away with the old cooking method and save time and energy."

*Be sure to pour your boiling water *into* your Quick Elastic and cool water. *Do not* pour the creamed Quick Elastic into the boiling water.



WHY STICK WITH THE OLD KIND ANY LONGER?

dress. I won't have you going about like this."

"I haven't a clean dress. This is my winter one. The other is too thin."

"You can put on a jacket. What are you going to do today?"

"What?" asks Lark in alarm.

"Surely you must know what you have to do?"

"Oh," says Lark in relief. "Nothing."

The content in Lark's voice arrests Selina. "Do you like to have nothing to do the whole day?"

"I do things. I read—and I go out in the garden."

"But nothing organized?" says Selina. "You must have lessons. Don't you want to get on, to learn lessons? Isn't there anything you want to learn?"

"I used to have music." Lark does not often mention to Selina what she used or used not to have. "I should like to learn music again."

"Music lessons are expensive."

"You have plenty of money."

Selina looks across the desk at Lark. She sees that Lark is getting tall and slim; she sees the black hair complained about lying like a web on Lark's shoulders and she sees suddenly that the pale, serene small face has contours that are unexpectedly beautiful. Lark is looking down and her eyelashes are long and black and curling, but when she makes her answers she lifts her eyes and then there is a flash of brilliant violet blue. Selina sees all at once that Lark is an unusually beautiful child and she is outraged.

She says with a surge of extraordinary unkindness, "You don't understand your position, Lark. You are a penniless orphan. You are very lucky to have been given anything at all. Your father and mother were paupers."

"They were not. They were singers."

"They didn't leave you a penny. You might have starved but for father. You might have had to be in an orphanage, like little Harry Proutie."

"He seems to be quite a happy child," says Lark judiciously.

"How dare you!" cries Selina. "He is not nearly as happy and as lucky as you ought to be without asking for expensive lessons."

"I didn't ask," says Lark. "You asked me. I will ask the Eye," she says with sudden spirit.

"You will call him Mr. Dane." Lark looks back steadily and Selina cries, "He spoils you. That is the trouble. He gives in to you."

"He forgets all about me," says Lark in a low voice.

Slater comes in. "Miss Dunn is here."

"Ask her to come in," says Selina. "Lark, I haven't time to go into all this now, but there will have to be an alteration in your manners and behavior."

Slater opens the door and Miss Dunn comes in. She is an elderly, single woman who knew Griselda. Selina calls her an old maid and, because she is poor and insignificant, she allows her to come out early on any parish errand. Today she has come about the parish magazine; she has the proofs in her bag.

"Good morning, Selina. Good morning, Lark, dear child."

Selina already has a peremptory hand out for the proofs. "What is it you wanted me to see? I have a meeting at ten."

"They are not quite right," says Miss Dunn as she turns over the proofs, and her beatific expression fades and her face looks like a worried, wrinkled walnut. "There, dear, do you see? If Hitchcock's advertisement goes under Gryce's, he will be offended, but Gryce gave twenty pounds to the organ fund. Do you see how difficult it is?"

"It isn't difficult," says Selina, taking a pencil. "Put it like this, and this." The pencil makes smooth lines and arrows on the paper. "That paragraph moved up here. Now the two advertisements are parallel and neither of them can grumble. It is quite simple."

"Yes," says Miss Dunn, "now I see you do it. You are a clever girl, Selina," she says

Beautify a wall in no time at all WITH DEX TRADE MARK READY-PASTED BORDERS



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thoughtfully, as Selina briskly rolls up the proofs and gives them back to her. "What a pity it is," says Miss Dunn, "that you can't do something big."

"Big?" asks Selina in surprise.

"Yes. You are so capable. You have such a good brain. You are young, Selina, but not so young; one day, before you notice it, you will be old. I am old. I have often wanted—to speak to you. Oh, my dear, why don't you do something before it is too late?"

Lark's eyes, wide with interest, go from one face to the other.

"But—I am always doing things," cries Selina. "What do you mean?"

"That is what I mean," says Miss Dunn sadly. "You are always busy doing nothing at all. Puffs of empty wind."

Selina is tempted to laugh, but she is a little angry. "I am sorry," she says stiffly, "but I shall be late, Miss Dunn. I must go."

Miss Dunn pays no attention. "That was why I was always glad to see your dear mother," she says. "She knew."

"Mother?"

"Yes. I loved your mother," she says defiantly. "She was rewarded. She was loved." In silence she puts the proofs into her big, ridiculous bag with its loops across her arm. She bends her head so that the brim of her dark gray bonnet hides her face. Then she raises her head. "I didn't intend—when I came in—but you see, Selina, I know."

She goes and the room is silent. Then Lark, in her deep interest, asks a question. "Is it so important to be loved?" asks Lark.

* * * *

Proutie turned away from the dressing room door. He was bewildered, and then he saw Rolls asleep in the armchair across the landing. "Mr. Rolls! Have you been there all night? Oh, Mr. Rolls! That isn't good for you. You haven't been to bed at all."

Rolls opened his eyes. They were heavy, but they had a look of peace, of satisfaction, until they saw Proutie standing with the tray. "What d'you want?" growled Rolls.

"You haven't been to bed, not all night."

"What the deuce is that to do with you? Can't I do what I like?"

"At least have your tea," said Proutie.

"Blast you, Proutie," said Rolls, but he took the tray. "Very well. Now go away. Go away and keep away, d'you hear?"

Proutie smiled stiffly and went downstairs. Rolls sank back in the chair. He forgot the tea.

There was a ring at the front door.

IN THE house there were Roly and Rollo as well as Rolls. Selina tries to possess Roly and fails. Rollo is not so easily possessed, though he might have been. 'Might have been,' said Rolls. It was odd how those words recurred.

He opened his eyes because he thought he had cried out. He was sure he had cried out loud, but there was silence. His eyes were heavy and puffy and old, but the cry he had felt go through him was young, and it was far more fresh and cruel than when he had felt it for the first time. 'But I didn't feel it,' said Rolls. 'I was a young puppy. I couldn't feel. I hadn't the feelings,' and he could not believe he had not cried out aloud.

"Mr. Rolls, sir! I am sorry ——"

"Blast you, Proutie," said Rolls.

"I had to disturb you," said Proutie. "Miss Dane has come."

Rolls looked at Proutie under two horns of eyebrow. "What?"

"She is Mr. Pelham's granddaughter, Mr. Rolls."

"That was a boy," objected Rolls. "My nephew. He is in America."

"Mr. Pelham had a son," said Proutie patiently. "This is that son's daughter."

"Why has she come here? What does she want?"

"SHE wants to see you. She is in uniform. Some United States corps."

"I don't like belligerent women," said Rolls. "Tell her to go away. Tell her I shan't see her. Tell her to go, I say."

"She is a relation," said Proutie.

"We don't want new relations here. No one, no one on any pretext is going to force themselves into the house just now. Tell her we are giving up the house. Tell her that it is full. Tell her there is no room."

Grizel sat in the hall and waited. Occasionally she took out of her pocket a little case that held a mirror and a comb and looked at herself, as if to reassure herself that she was there, the same Grizel. She did not normally need reassurance. She was independent, very efficient and self-contained. She was successful too. From her training school she had been sent straight on to an officer's course, and now on each shoulder she wore a gold bar. Grizel's universe was usually as bright and as promising as their gold, but last night, her first night in London, she had been rattled. 'Rattled is a good word,' thought Grizel, looking at the tips of her polished brown shoes.

She had thought she knew what England and London would be like, and she did not. She had thought that in the night there would be an air raid, and there was not. She had thought she would experience a thrill, and perhaps a little exaltation in that she and her corps, the Americans, had come with their ambulances to help, and she had not. She was thoroughly disconcerted. In her room in the house in which she was billeted was a case of stuffed owls: all night when she lay awake wondering for the first time how she, Lieutenant Dane, of the U. S. Women's Volunteer Ambulance Corps, might or might not behave in a raid—'and I am only human,' thought Grizel—all night the owls watched her with eyes that she knew were only glass and that looked sagely human. She had a feeling, in her confusion, that the owls' eyes were far more human than her own.

She had decided in the morning that the cause of her feeling uncomfortable was not herself, but the owls, and, as she could not explain this to her commandant as a plea for an exchange of billets, she decided to call on her Great-uncle Rolls in Wiltshire Place and ask him to give her a room.

'I shall be comfortable here,' said Grizel, looking round. 'It seems a nice house.' She

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Strange House

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

We shall not know this house till we have known
Within it how the four full seasons fall:
How the cold ivy quickens on the stone;
What blades break from the winter; what birds call;
How the gold angles of the sun will change,
Slanting into a room, now here, now there;
What trees blow full with summer, and what range
Of shadow blurs the blinding noonday glare.

Here we must stand with autumn at the sill
To mark which veins run scarlet and which gold,
And lay the hearth fire when the first blue chill
Creeps down the valley. We must face the cold,
And feel how warm the four stout walls that close
Around us through the bitterness of snows!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN
your biggest wash comes
WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

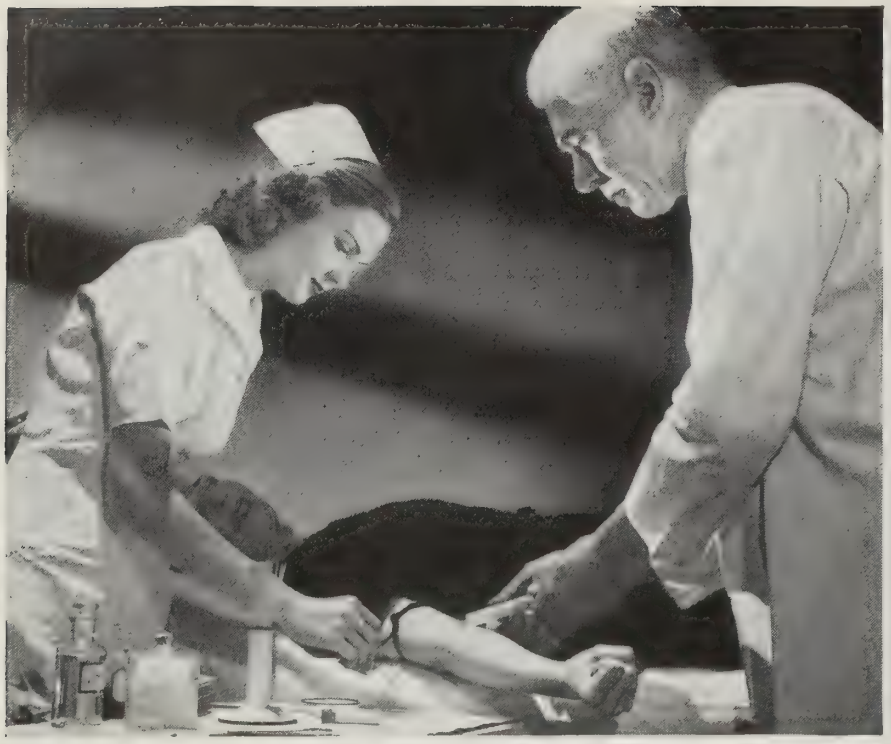
Its new "Hustle-Bubble" Suds LIFT Out Dirt!

Make this test next washday! Just use Oxydol instead of your present soap. See if you aren't delighted the way Oxydol gets even your biggest, grimiest wash sparkling white and clean! That's because Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so lively, so active they *lift* dirt out. Sheets, towels, shirts—all your white things, except of course for unusual stains, come white without bleaching.

Saves Clothes In Wartime! With Oxydol there's no need for hard rubbing or harsh bleaching, so clothes last longer in these wartimes. And Oxydol's so safe—safe for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Use Oxydol for a wash that's white without bleaching!



AVOID SOAP WASTE! Soap is made of vital war materials, so soap waste is war waste. Make your Oxydol go farther!



Iron necessary for good red blood—plays vital role in body's energy processes

VITAMINS

For full benefits minerals are needed, too

WELL-KNOWN is the United States Department of Agriculture's discovery that millions of persons—rich, poor and in-between—were not getting enough vitamins and minerals in their diet.

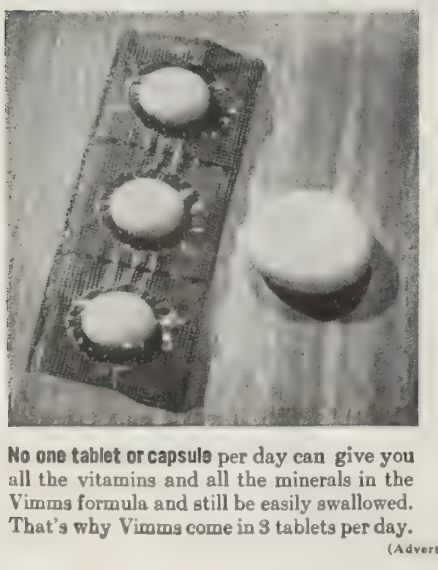
Americans who think of dietary supplementations in terms of just one or two vitamins should remember: Lack of one vitamin usually means lack of several.

Secondly, certain vitamins play their full role only in the presence of certain minerals and vice versa. Thus, multivitamin formulas that also include commonly lacking minerals are today's preferred method of diet supplementation.

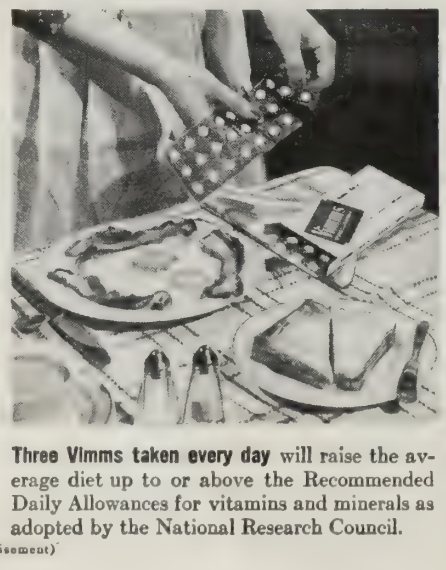
Unlike so many vitamin products, Vimms give you minerals as well as vitamins. For Vimms contain not only Vitamins A and D, not only the important B Complex Vitamins and costly Vitamin C, but *all* the vitamins Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet—*along with commonly lacking minerals, Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.*



Buoyant health goes hand in hand with sound bones, teeth and body tissue. To this end, vitamins and minerals must work together. A leading medical publication states that the presence of Vitamins C and D is necessary to the body's proper use of Calcium. Phosphorus is also needed for full Calcium assimilation. Vimms contain *all* these vitamins and minerals.



No one tablet or capsule per day can give you all the vitamins and all the minerals in the Vimms formula and still be easily swallowed. That's why Vimms come in 3 tablets per day.



Three Vimms taken every day will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals as adopted by the National Research Council.

(Advertisement)

had no doubt that she could be anything else but acceptable in it.

But she was still not feeling quite happy; in fact, she was still feeling unhappy and she had an increasing feeling that the owls were the symptoms and not the cause. She could not find the cause.

Though she liked its colors and shape, the hall looked gloomy to Grizel; it looked grimed, used. She looked up the stairway to where the well showed daylight up above. 'It is all unknown to me,' thought Grizel.

She waited. Down the well of the stairs came voices and argument. Her great-uncle, it seemed, was not in a hurry to see her. She listened to the clocks, she looked at the hall and at the stair carpet. 'I wonder how many stair carpets wore out,' thought Grizel, but she thought that the brass stair rods must be the same. She looked at the rods with respect and thought how strange it was that small unnoticeable things should often hold such venerableness. The brass rods went up, one after the other, until they disappeared from sight. They shone. 'I wonder who keeps them clean.'

She stood up and walked calmly, resolutely up the stairs down which the voices came.

"You can tell her there is no room," Rolls was saying. "I-will-not-see-her-do-you-hear?"

"Good morning, Uncle Rollo," said Grizel.

Rolls stood up slowly and she could see him against the light—a huge old man with thick white hair, massive white eyebrows, crumpled collar and a tweed coat. He held the back of the chair he had been sitting in, while he straightened his stiff back and glowered at her.

She smiled gently as she said, "I am very pleased to see you, Uncle Rollo."

Rolls waited until Proutie had gone before he answered. "In England we usually wait until we are asked before we walk into people's private rooms."

"In America, too," Grizel agreed. "But this isn't a room and I didn't know I should walk straight into it."

"What is your name?"

"Grizel."

"Grizel. Short for Griselda? That is my mother's name."

"I am not Griselda. I am Grizel."

"Why did they call you that? After her, of course. Daft! She is herself, not you."

"And I," said Grizel pleasantly, "am myself too."

There was a silence.

When Grizel considered it had gone on long enough, she broke it. "Uncle Rollo," she said, pleasantly still but firmly, "you must forgive me for coming so early, but I have to report at nine. We only arrived last night."

"Dear me!" said Rolls. "You must have been in a great hurry to see me. You want something, don't you? I had a letter from your father, now I remember it. He said you would come and see me if there was anything you wanted. What do you want?"

GRIZEL only looked relieved. "I am not very interested in families and relations," she said, looking Rolls straight in the eyes. "I would have come to see you, Uncle Rollo, honestly I would. One day I would have come, but I have come now because I want you to give me a room and let me stay here. My billet is impossible, Uncle Rollo. I shall go crazy if I stay there one more night."

"If you are in the Army," said Rolls disagreeably, "—and I suppose you consider yourself in the Army—you take what billets you are given. You have to make the best of what you are given in the Army."

"Yes. When it is necessary," said Grizel in her same unmoved, soft, polite voice. "How many rooms have you in the house?"

Rolls' eyebrows twitched.

"Your man, Proutie—that is his name, isn't it?—told me there were only the two of you in the house. Only you and he."

"Did he? Nevertheless, all the rooms in this house belong to somebody else."

"But they are empty! Why shouldn't I come? I belong to the family."

"And you have only just thought of that, haven't you?" said Rolls. "You didn't think of it when you came. All you wanted was to get out of an uncomfortable place and make yourself comfortable. You didn't for one moment think of the house."

"But—does one think of houses?"

"I KNOW you." Rolls was angry. "You will go all over it and poke into every corner and discover and piece together and ask questions and want answers. I know you."

"I shall when I have time," answered Grizel, surprised. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't? Has anything happened here, Uncle Rolls? Anything unusual?"

"To be born and to live and to die is quite usual," said Rolls. And he added, "We have to leave the house, in any case."

"When?"

"When? Shortly. It wouldn't be worth your coming."

"Let me come," said Grizel.

"We don't want to be disturbed. Do you know what you would be?" he flung at her. "A discord."

"I shouldn't be," said Grizel steadily. "I should complete the chord."

Rolls was silent for a moment. Then, "Come here into the light," he said. "Let me see how you look." Grizel came up to him. He seemed hugely tall as she stood beside him. The light fell on her face. "You have Pelham's narrow head, and you have his hair, that mouse-brown stuff." He put his hand under her chin and turned her face up. And he added, "You have Griselda's eyes. I never saw them, but they are in the painting of her downstairs."

"You have them too. Uncle Rollo, let me come."

He moved away from her and went to the bookcase near the wall and rang the bell. "It will be your own fault if you do," he said. "Don't complain about it afterwards."

"Why should I complain?"

"There is very little room. You will have to fit into your place. You can't be so"—he looked at her—"self-contained. You won't be alone, you will find. You may even lose yourself, and you won't like that."

"I don't understand," said Grizel.

"Listen, because I shall not explain this again. There are these people in, connected with, the house: first there is my father, your great-grandfather, John Ironmonger Dane. Ironmonger is a family name, not an occupation. We called him 'the Eye.'"

"Why?"

"My mother called him that: '*Thou God seest me.*' She married him when she was seventeen. I have never been able to make up my mind," said Rolls, "if she was unhappy or not. I don't think she could make that out either. Perhaps she knew how to be both. Pelham, your grandfather, was their eldest son. There were four more brothers. Then came Selina, my eldest sister. Then there were the twins. Griselda had too many children, but I believe she set her heart on one, on the second twin, Elizabeth. They died of diphtheria when they were five years old. I was born two years later and Griselda died when I was born. That is all, not counting the servants, and of course they are very important. That is all that is necessary for you to know."

"Necessary?" asked Grizel, puzzled.

"Yes. The Eye; Griselda; Pelham; Selina; the twins; me. That is all that it is necessary for you to know."

(Continued on Page 54)

WHAT IS MAN?

When I consider the rulers, the physicians, the philosophers that the world contains, I am tempted to think man considerably elevated by his wisdom above the brutes; but when, on the other hand, I behold augurs, interpreters of dreams, and people who can be inflated with pride on account of their riches or honors, I cannot help looking upon him as the most foolish of all animals.

—DIOGENES.



"Keep your eye on the Infantry . . . the doughboy does it!"

"Milk! Real milk from a cow!"

Yes, it actually happened. The excited soldier had just landed in the U. S. A. after a year in the lonely Aleutians. But he might have come from any other front.

At Mitchel Field, N. Y., where thousands of wounded have been flown in, officers report, "The first request is almost invariably for a glass of fresh milk."

In the South Pacific, a Marine combat correspondent asked a number of men what they missed most next to their families and got answers like these:

"Fresh milk and the morning paper." "A lettuce-and-tomato sandwich, with cold fresh milk to wash it down."

This GI appetite for milk has been officially encouraged from the start of training for the sake of good nutrition. Service menus provide generous portions of all dairy products — and help make service men huskier and healthier than ever before in history.

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CREOLE MEAT PIE

Flaky, tender pie crust every *time* with Crisco!

4 tbsps. Crisco • 1 medium onion, diced • ½ green pepper, diced
2 cups leftover cubed meat • 2 cups cooked cubed vegetables
2 cups tomatoes, juice and pulp • 1 cup water • 1 tsp. salt • ½ tsp. pepper
3-4 tbsps. flour • Single-crust recipe Crisco Pastry

In hot Crisco, lightly brown onion, green pepper and meat. Add vegetables, liquid and seasonings. Thicken with flour mixed with a little water. Pour into casserole. Cover with Crisco Pastry cut in circles. (No guessing *now!* Use Crisco and follow the new, easy Pastry Method on the Crisco label and you'll get flaky, tender pie crust *every time!*) Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 20 minutes, or till top is brown. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

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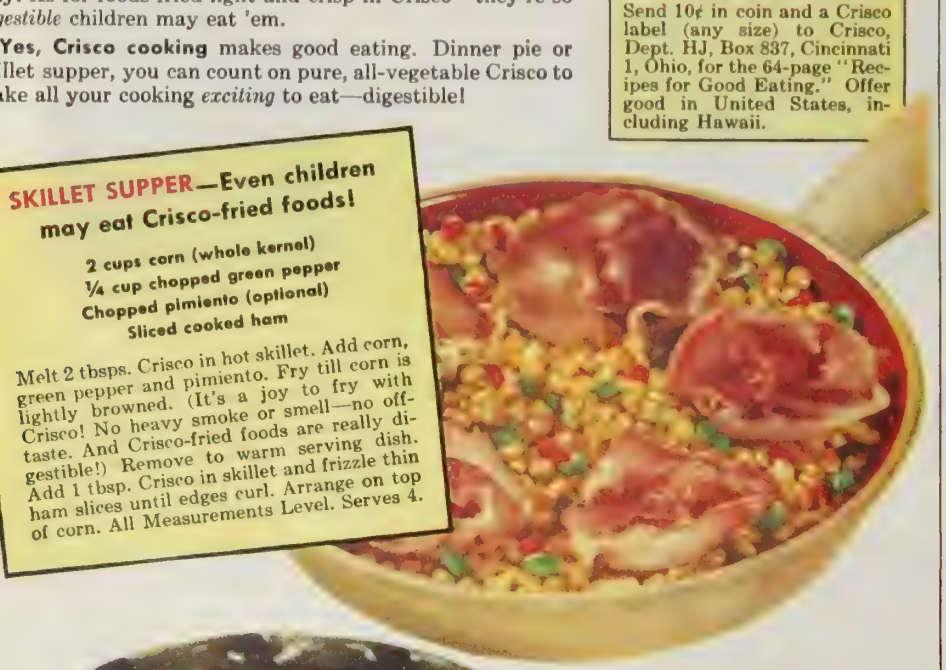
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SKILLET SUPPER—Even children may eat Crisco-fried foods!

2 cups corn (whole kernel)
¼ cup chopped green pepper
Chopped pimiento (optional)
Sliced cooked ham

Melt 2 tbsps. Crisco in hot skillet. Add corn, green pepper and pimiento. Fry till corn is lightly browned. (It's a joy to fry with Crisco! No heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste. And Crisco-fried foods are really digestible!) Remove to warm serving dish. Add 1 tbsp. Crisco in skillet and frizzle thin ham slices until edges curl. Arrange on top of corn. All Measurements Level. Serves 4.



MACARONI MEDLEY —Full-flavored and digestible with Crisco!

4 tbsps. Crisco • 2 tbsps. green pepper, chopped
2 tbsps. onion, chopped
4-6 mushrooms, sliced
¾ cup hamburger or chopped leftover meat
2-3 cups cooked macaroni, or leftover macaroni and cheese
½ cup cheese, cut fine • Salt and pepper

Melt Crisco in skillet. Fry green pepper, onion, mushrooms and meat. (Always use Crisco for frying and you needn't worry about upset digestions. Foods fried in Crisco are so digestible children may eat them.) When well-cooked, mix in macaroni, cheese and seasonings. Fry till macaroni is heated through. Serve in casserole with catsup. All Measurements Level. Serves 4.

(Continued from Page 52)

Proutie had come up and was waiting by Rolls' elbow. Now he said, as if he had not heard Rolls, "Which room shall I give Miss Grizel, Mr. Rolls? Miss Selina's, or would she go upstairs in the night nursery like Miss Lark?"

"Lark?" asked Grizel. "You didn't tell me about Lark. What a beautiful name! Why didn't you tell me about her?"

"Put Miss Grizel in Miss Selina's room," said Rolls. "Go and look at it with Proutie, please, Grizel."

"But who was Lark?" asked Grizel.

Her question was not answered. Proutie led the way toward Selina's room. Rolls turned to the window. The question hung on the air. Grizel waited. After a moment she followed Proutie toward the door.

NOON

Grizel occupied Selina's room. That exactly expressed it. She could not feel it was her own. It was white, it was prim; it was full of a clutter of things, but the effect of it was chilly and strangely empty. Even when Proutie had cleared the dressing table to make room for Grizel, when she had put her clothes in the cupboard, still the room did not belong to Grizel. It was still Selina's room.

'I think this Selina must have taken some defying,' thought Grizel. The impression of her was still so strong. 'Most houses change,' she thought. 'Most houses don't keep the same inhabitants for generations. The life in them changes and ebbs and flows; the rooms change—they are not usually, for as long as this, one person's room.'

The room opened on the landing above the stairs. The landing led forward and widened into its sitting room alcove. There Grizel liked to sit and sew and think. She preferred sewing to reading because it was not easy to read there, she found. She could not concentrate; she was interrupted, though no one interrupted her, and she continually lost her place.

Grizel's unit had been posted to Metropolitan London, and for the first fortnight they had been learning it, so that they could drive it at night with no lights, even under bombing. It seemed incredibly difficult to Grizel. Now she had begun to drive by night.

She returned in the small hours to the silent house, letting herself in by the latchkey Rolls had given her. In her time off she did not go out. She did not want, she felt, to see any more of those streets, and the house drew her like a magnet. She liked to take her sewing to the landing window and sit there on the window sill.

PROUTIE came up and plugged in the electric fire. "You look peaked, Miss Grizel, and I know your people keep their houses very warm. There is a draft here. Miss Selina used always to need a shawl. Of course we didn't have electricity then. Mr. Rolls had it put in with the heating, even though he wasn't here. He always took a great pride in the house, though when he was in London he stayed at his club. He kept it up wonderfully. It doesn't seem possible, Miss Grizel, that we really are to go."

"Can't anything be done about it?"

"Young Mr. Willoughby, of our solicitors, miss, says they are trying their best. They can get a short lease, a lease of occupation, but Mr. Rolls won't take that."

"A lease of occupation," said Grizel thoughtfully. And she asked, "So Selina sat here?" She was not, it seemed, to get away from Selina.

"Miss Selina liked to sit at the table with her letters and accounts. If you had seen the Place then, it would not have been so quiet. It used to be more fashionable. The house was like a hive then. As I remember it, it used to hum from top to bottom, but I remember thinking that the further up the house you went, the quieter it became. The kitchen was full; the family was not large, but there were always visitors and guests, but at the top there was only Miss Lark, and she made hardly a sound."

"Proutie, who was Lark?"

"She was Mr. Dane's ward."

"John Ironmonger Dane?"

"Yes, Mr. Dane. She ran away."

"Oh, Proutie! Why?"

"There were a lot of stories."

"Didn't she ever come back?"

"No," said Proutie. "It is funny. No one ever made less stir in a house, as far as you could see, than she did, but nothing was ever more felt than when she went. She was happy in herself, I think. She used to sing. I suppose we listened more than we knew. I never knew what happened to her, except for the bits we used to read in the illustrated papers, and see her photographs." He thought for a moment and then said with resentment in his voice, "I used to ask Miss Selina for news of her, and she always said, 'None whatever, Proutie. None.' Miss Selina didn't like even to speak of her. Well, I must get on. You will be in to lunch, Miss Grizel?"

"NO, I HAVE to be down at two," said Grizel. "I can get lunch in the canteen."

"I can manage it for you easily."

"No, I will go, thank you, Proutie. I don't know how you do manage, only you in this great house."

"There were six servants living in," said Proutie. "Sometimes when I am working now I feel that I am not doing only what I am doing, but what has been done before; as if a thousand hands were working there with mine. I have almost run upstairs expecting to find—well, I couldn't say quite what, but it would be a shock to find the stillness empty." And he said slowly, "It is noticeable since Mr. Rolls came back. When he was retired, he turned from everyone and everything, and hid himself here. I was worried. You see, all these years he was so active and so important, Miss Grizel. His work and his responsibility, they occupied all his time and thoughts. He came back here with nothing to do all day long but brood."

"Is he brooding?" asked Grizel. "He doesn't brood."

"No, he doesn't," said Proutie. "But why not? I don't know what he is up to." He turned to Grizel. "You don't know how glad I am that you have come, miss. We need you. The house needs you."

"Needs me? But I have promised not to interfere."

"You won't be able to help it," said Proutie. "A house recognizes its own."

When he had gone downstairs Grizel continued to sew. She had another three quarters of an hour before she need get ready. Into the quietness of the house as she sewed came the sound of a cuckoo clock. It struck twelve times, and then sank with a whir to be quiet again.

* * * *

It is a bitter, dull morning, thick with fog at twelve o'clock on a January day. The fog has not lifted for two days. This morning it is worse than ever. The air is raw, and in the house the windows are tightly sealed and fires are lit. Though it is only twelve o'clock, Pelham has come in after trying since ten to reach the city. Jamieson, the coachman, has just been told to put the horses away.

Pelham comes into the drawing room where Selina has rung the bell for sherry and plum cake. Slater brings it on a silver tray a plate of cake, dark and heavy and rich, its spiced smell filling the fire-warmed air; three glasses and a decanter full of clear gold-brown wine.

WHAT THEY PRAISE

In the Englishman, that he is the most chivalrous husband; in the Spanish man, that he is the most romantic lover; in the Russian man, that he is the most tolerant spouse; in the Frenchman, that he is the most concentrated one in love; in the American, that 39 per cent of the husbands do the dish-washing for their wives.

—H. G. BEIGEL:
Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

Taste the Real Tomato Flavor in this lusty Soup



Heinz condensed cream of tomato Soup

Heinz own "Aristocrat" tomatoes blended with rich country cream

"I shall go upstairs," says Selina, "and put on a jacket. It is cold this morning, isn't it?" She goes out and Pelham hears her high, clear tones, asking Slater in the hall, "Hasn't Miss Lark come in yet?"

'Lark? Is the child out in this?' thinks Pelham, but concern does not really touch him. Lark is only a wraith to Pelham, an irritating wraith who has to be paid for. He stands with the fire warming his legs, and looks out of the warm gracious room to the garden outside. He sips his sherry and stands by the fire with its warmth on his legs that are covered neatly with speckled gray trousers; he is a neat, small man with neat, brown hair brushed back from his forehead; he is sedate and inclined to be pompous, very timid and careful over money, but he is kind.

The door opens suddenly and it is Lark. She says, in a breathless tired voice, "Selina, I couldn't get the silk. I couldn't." She sees Pelham and breaks off at once.

Pelham, with his wineglass in his hand, stares at her. She is soaked. She has been lost in the fog for two hours and she is white with cold and her eyes are large with fright. Her eyes seem enormous to Pelham: 'Like anemones, those flowers with black centers,' he thinks suddenly; and suddenly, also, he thinks that she looks like a nymph, a water nymph with her wetness and her whiteness and her hair clinging round her forehead. He sees how tall she is, how fully curved in the clinging sodden coat. 'What curves,' thinks Pelham, 'and what a mouth! It is trembling now, but what a full red bow. A nymph?' thinks Pelham. 'Why, the child is a perfect goddess!'

"Lark!" he says aloud. "Why, Lark! I thought you were still a little girl."

"Isn't S-selina here?" asks Lark, and he sees that she is shivering.

"Come here. Come to the fire at once," he says.

"I c-can't. I'm s-soaking."

"Come along at once. Take off your coat."

"Can I? I am c-cold."

"Come. Come!" She is taller than he as she stands beside him. She holds out her hands and he sees that they are small for her height and finely shaped, though they are red with cold. He also sees that her coat sleeves are so short that they are halfway up her wrist. "Take off that coat!" he says. "My dear child, you are wringing wet. Where have you been?"

"S-selina sent me out for some silk she wanted for Agnes to finish her dress, but I c-couldn't find my way even as far as Oxford Street."

Pelham does not answer. She has taken off her coat and her dark blue cap and he sees that her hair is still down, hanging to her waist, and that its darkness looks darker still because of the sparks of wetness in it; that wetness clings to her lashes, too, dividing them into points. 'That is why her eyes look so big,' thinks Pelham.

"Do you mind if I kneel down?" asks Lark politely. "It is warmer."

She kneels down and Pelham is more at ease, less taken aback, as soon as he can look down on her head. "I am going to give you a glass of wine," he says.

"O-oh!" Lark's eyes light up. "But won't Selina mind?"

"It doesn't matter if she does," says Pelham, and he pours out a glass of sherry and cuts a heavy slice of cake for her. Then he sits down, feeling the fire on his face.

Lark is wearing a dress that, though he sees it is old, has colors that are beautiful for her: it is a faded dress of amethyst-colored velvet that gives her eyes a darker violet blue; it has a fitting bodice, a little too fitting because it is growing too tight, and Pelham finds his eyes keep straying to Lark's breasts, rounded and breathing as she leans forward to warm her hands. Her skirt is turned back to show an underskirt, a fisher-girl skirt in stripes of purple and black. She has black stockings and black shoes, and in the sole of one shoe, shown as she kneels, there is a large crack; Pelham looks at it and feels guilty, but at the same time he notices that it is a small shoe.



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MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

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For Sanitary Napkins—*Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

"Are your feet wet?" he asks sharply with concern. "You mustn't get a cold. You have a hole in your shoe."

She looks back over her shoulder at it, turning her neck. "Oh, well, they are old shoes," she says reasonably, and Pelham feels a deep twinge of shame.

"Does Selina often send you out on errands?"

"Of course." But she adds in extreme fairness, "But quite often she sends Agnes."

"You—and Agnes!" Pelham cannot remember feeling so unpleasantly and pleasantly stirred. "When did you grow up like this, Lark?"

"I have been growing up steadily all the time," answers Lark, wiping the tips of her fingers on her skirt. She is losing her whiteness, and the heat of the fire is giving a flush to her face like rose on ivory. "Do you think I could have some more cake, Pelham? It is such heavenly cake."

Pelham, as he hands it to her, feels gloomy; his gloom is compounded of feeling old and of jealousy and of a sense of hopelessness, as if he were sliding down some place that was too steep for him, and with it all a strange excitement. "How old are you?"

"I am seventeen," says Lark, and she looks at him under her eyelashes, a look that is as mature as it was childish when she asked him for more cake. "Seventeen is grown up," she says, and as she looks at him Pelham's blood seems to run more quickly and boisterously.

The door opens again and Selina comes in. Her face hardens and her eyebrows go up when she sees Lark kneeling by the fire. Lark makes a movement to stand up, but Pelham puts his hand on her shoulder and presses her down. Her shoulder is warm and firm and smooth under his hand.

"I c-couldn't get your silk," says Lark.

"Why not?"

"I couldn't find the way. You don't know what it was like, Selina. I could barely move a step and a man spoke to me, followed me. I was frightened."

"Frightened! A great girl like you!"

"Well, a policeman came and took me part of the way and told me to go home," says Lark. "Truly, it was frightening."

"And I suppose it doesn't matter if my dress isn't finished for tonight."

Lark is silent. Her lashes are on her cheek as she looks at the fire. Pelham is silent, too, watching, waiting for them to lift.

"And may I not have a glass of sherry?" asks Selina. "Lark, you have taken my glass."

"There were three glasses."

"Rollo said he might drop in if he could find his way through this."

"Rollo?"

Pelham sees the quick upward flicker of Lark's eyes, the flash of blue, and again he has that unaccountable pang. "Rollo?" he says sourly. "What is he doing in town?"

"He said he had to fit a pair of boots."

"Can't he get boots in Worcestershire?"

"Fetch another glass." Selina's voice, when she speaks to Lark, is accustomed to be peremptory. She does not realize herself how harsh it sounds. "And take your things," says Selina. "You needn't come back here."

Lark does not go. She stands up slowly on the hearthrug by Pelham and faces Selina and she does not go.

Selina pours out another glass of sherry and then she glances up. She asks, "What do you want?"

"I don't see," says Lark, "why one person should have food like this and another in the same house have food like mine."

"And what is wrong with your food?"

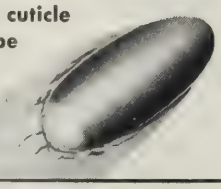
"It is too young for me." It is a surprising answer and she goes on, "I am not really talking about food, Selina, and neither are you. I am seventeen. I am too old to be shut away any more. I should come out of the schoolroom now. Pelham thinks I should come out."

"Pelham?"

"Yes. Pelham," Lark answers calmly. And again she gives Pelham that look, mature and intimate, from under her lashes.

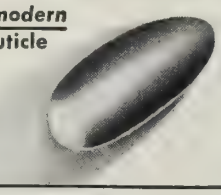
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Selina sees it, and bright, quick redness, a sign of anger, comes into her neck and cheeks.

"Yes," says Pelham. "Yes, I think she should come out."

"Why?" Selina's voice is cutting.

"She is hardly a schoolgirl any longer."

"No?" asks Selina. "She looks like one." Her eyes travel slowly and scornfully over Lark. "Muddy shoes. That poor old dress. Really, Lark, what do you do with your clothes?"

"I never have new ones, decent ones."

"And a hole in your stocking. No," says Selina, "I am afraid I can't agree. Lark is hardly ready for the drawing room. There is another thing," says Selina. "A thing you might have thought of for yourself. I am sure I should have in your place, but you were always insensitive. That isn't your fault, of course. It is your breeding."

"My breeding?" Lark does not quite understand. Then she asks, "What is wrong with my breeding?"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

We learn the art of loving as we do all other arts, by practice and experience. One must be a genius to do it well at first sight. —GELETT BURGESS: The Romance of the Commonplace (Bobbs-Merrill).

"Well," says Selina with a little laugh, "it is rather delicate to put into words."

"You have never been delicate. Please say what you have to, Selina."

"Your parents were provincial singers. We can hardly expect too much niceness from you. You are their daughter, in spite of your advantages of upbringing."

"My advantages of upbringing!"

Pelham, watching, sees Lark's eyes burn with temper, her hands clench her dress.

"As I say, were you more sensitively bred, your one desire, when you do leave the schoolroom, would be to try and repay something of what you have received, not to make claims for more."

"Selina, really, I am not going to—really, I must ——"

"One minute, Pelham. Hush, please." Lark holds up her hand. "I must say something first, something about these advantages of upbringing." Her voice is very clear in the room that is quieter than usual from the silence of the fog. "Of my upbringing and my education—only there wasn't any education. The Eye gave you, Selina, responsibility for that. I can remember my mother. She was a singer. She sang, as you say, Selina, in the provinces, in little towns, but the Eye gave me her albums and her books. He had some of them, and her press notices were in them. If she hadn't married my father, she might have been a great singer. She sang in Milan and Rome and Paris and London. I can remember her. She spoke four languages and sang in them; she played three instruments; she painted. Though she had none of your advantages of upbringing, Selina, she did all these things and she was beautiful and witty. And what can I do? I have taught myself a little from your old books, but I have not had a lesson that had to be paid for since I came here. You are always telling me, Selina, how lucky I am to be here. Perhaps the Eye meant it to be lucky, but you haven't made it so. You wouldn't even give me singing lessons. There is nothing at all that I can do."

"You are quite useful in the house," says Selina. "You could be a companion or—not a governess, of course, but a children's maid."

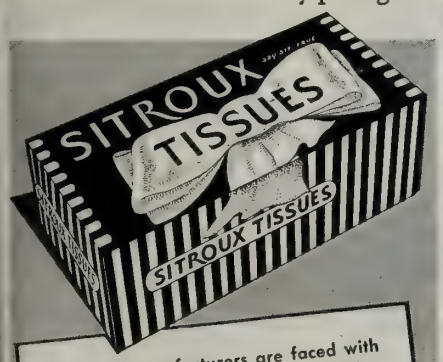
"A children's maid!" It comes back a whisper into the room.

"Yes," says Selina. She watches Lark's face with a curious satisfaction. "You have a great opinion of yourself, haven't you, Lark?"

(Continued on Page 59)



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* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

Lovely Constance McCormick

Leading in California society are the Alister McCormicks, whose impressive Spanish house in Santa Barbara faces the sea on one side and the mountains on the other. Mrs. McCormick, Constance's mother, has been a Pond's devotee since her teens, and her charming, high-spirited daughter is quick to understand why. "The very first time I tried a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I knew I could forget my make-up problems," explains Constance enthusiastically. "In the sixty seconds of Mask-time, my face not only looked fresher and softer—it *felt* quite different! Smoother and ready to take powder *evenly!*"



Miss Constance McCormick says, "A 1-Minute Mask is ideal make-ready for make-up!"

How to "re-style" your complexion in one minute

Mask your whole face—except eyes—in a white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. *Leave this cool, creamy Mask on* your skin for just one minute. Its "keratolytic" action goes after scuffy, powder-catching little roughnesses and imbedded dirt particles. Loosens and dissolves them! *Now tissue off the Mask. See the thrilling results!* Your skin looks definitely fresher and cleaner—even lighter! Now pat on your powder. It slips on smoothly . . . evenly . . . and for keeps!

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Blonde, adorable Viki Day lives in New York City. Although only 4 years old, she already knows she wants to be a ballet dancer. Viki also takes skating lessons. And she's a regular little bookworm; she has a library of her own.

Whee! Rinso GETS OUT MORE DIRT from Whites or Colors! No wonder Mommy whistles!









"NO WONDER THE MAKERS OF *BENDIX HOME LAUNDRY RECOMMEND RINSO. IT GETS DIRTIEST CLOTHES SPOTLESSLY CLEAN, YET IT'S SAFE FOR MY BEST COTTONS AND LINENS!"

IT'S ANTI-SNEEZE
(PATENTED PROCESS)
The only granulated soap
98% free of sneezy soap-dust

*Makers of 33 Leading Washers Recommend Rinso



Amos 'n' Andy say:



"Folks! This is Amos 'n' Andy, reminding you to tune in our show FRIDAY NIGHTS for a half hour of fun over NBC."



"An' I'd like to remind you folks to avoid soap waste. Help on the home front by saving vital materials."

(Continued from Page 57)

Lark stands a moment longer. Any defense from her is new. She has not learned that she, too, has power; at the moment Selina's is overwhelming. Lark also is never to be good at fighting; she does not fight, her battles are fought for her. Pelham will fight one for her in a minute and he will win and Selina will not forget or forgive Lark for that. Lark is right; she does nothing, there is nothing at all that she can do. But now Selina's taunts have pierced to her. In spite of herself, tears come into her eyes. In a moment she is blind and she puts out her hand, tries to say something more, and chokes and runs out of the room.

After she has gone there is silence except for the noise of the fire and, from somewhere outside, the noise of a bell ringing in the fog. The clock sounds on the mantelpiece and Pelham bends forward and picks up the poker and stirs the fire.

"You are unkind," says Pelham. Selina gives a shrug. "And you are wrong. She is deeply sensitive, deeply ——"

"How do you know?"

"I can see. She is a young girl, just unfolding ——"

"How poetical you are, Pelham, dear."

Pelham is not a poet, but he knows what a poet feels like; he has often a poetical nostalgia that he inherits. Pelham has never given rein to it; he is too timid and conventional to give full rein to anything, but it stirs him at moments still. Now he slowly reddens.

"You have a horrid tongue, Selina."

Sunday morning in Wiltshire Place is distinguished by its quiet. The bells sound a chorus that begins before nine o'clock and continues until midmorning. Carriages and cabs driven to the church stop at the west door in the Square, but all morning a gentle traffic goes on between the houses in the Place and the iron gate in the railings opposite. In pomp, at eleven o'clock, comes morning service. Whole family groups, marshaled with sons and daughters, governesses and tutors, nurses, go in at the church door, all in their best Sunday clothes.

In the drawing room at No. 99 someone is practicing her singing. It is summer and the windows are open and the bowls hold yellow roses. Why do yellow roses smell more strongly than the other colors?

"Ah—ahahahahahah—ah
Ah—ahahahahahah—ah"

sings the voice. It changes to thirds:

"Ah—ah
Ah—ah"

It is Lark. She is standing by the piano and the sun on the carpet reaches to her feet. She is wearing a dress of thin cream muslin that hangs in long, fluted lines to the floor; it is tied at the waist and wrists and neck with velvet ribbons of sunflower gold. This is one of the first dresses that have ever been made new for Lark. She has grown so tall that she can no longer wear Selina's castoff dresses. Her hair is up, though she has not learned to cut it to a length that she can manage and it is a little uncertain and heavy and often tumbles down. Though she is so tall and her figure is magnificently full and rounded, she does not look quite adult; she is not. It is the same with her singing: each note is correct, full, even powerful, but she sends them out into the air as if she were not quite sure how they will sound.

She stands so still, so earnestly, that the folds of her dress might even be chiseled, except that they fold down a little farther when she bends to strike another note on the piano and take the scale up from it again. Then, sitting down at the piano, looking out across the garden, she begins to sing:

"Oh, Mary go and call the cattle home
And call the cattle home
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."

The door opens so quietly that Lark does not hear it and Rollo stands there against the darkness of the hall.

Lark is usually only too much aware of Rollo when he is in the house. The house becomes different: it is more alive; stirred; more interesting. His step rings in the hall; he laughs, and Lark realizes how seldom it is that she, or Pelham or Selina, ever laughs. He has a way of calling for the servants instead of ringing that sounds cheerful and that they like. He brings in new elements: he plays cricket, and no one else does; he rides, and no one else does; he goes out in the evenings and comes in late—Lark sometimes hears him come upstairs and go past her door. He does not often come down to breakfast, but neither is he often in to lunch. He seems, Lark thinks, to eschew the house as much as possible while he is on leave.

Rollo could have told her that the house to him seems gloomy and boring. Selina spoils him, if he will let her bully him; Pelham spoils him but cannot help grudging it. It has not occurred to Rollo to notice Lark.

Because of her old intimacy with Roly, Lark is shy of Rollo. She keeps far out of his way, but she knows almost as much about him as she knew about Roly. His clothes, for instance: they are quite different from Pelham's. Rollo has uniforms. Of course Pelham cannot be expected to have those, but Rollo has a cloak lined with white wa-

For Katharine

By John Ackerson

An old song only, Love, I sing for you
From quiet ruins in a London street,
While pulsing manuals of my heart now meet
And mingle with my voice, sustained and true;
I pour out toward you all I have to give:
My faith, my soul, my hope, and from the past
The sturdy memories that bless and blast;
Receive me, Sweet, for while I sing I live.
Across the ocean hurling up red foam,
I drive through clouds that loose the steel-clad rain,
For moments I may heal the stabbing pain,
And fill with melody our lonely room.
From London, where the soul of man takes wing,
An old song is the only song I sing.

tered silk, Rollo has gardenias waiting on his dressing table and he chooses one when he has dressed. In the corners of his mirror he puts invitation cards: *Lady Emily Chase . . . Mr. and Mrs. Henniker Grey.* Notes are left open: *Dear Mr. Dane: . . . Lt. R. I. Dane: . . . Dear Rollo: . . . Rollo dear, I wonder. . . .* There are programs, gilded, with miniature pencils, pale blue or pink or green or white or scarlet.

There is, to add fuel to Lark's secret fire, much talk just now of Rollo in the house. She knows his shortcomings that Selina takes so seriously and she knows his successes that Selina takes more seriously still. Now he has been transferred to the Indian Army, to the —th Punjab Cavalry.

"Better pay. Better prospects," says Pelham.

But—and at last Lark, unable to bear it, has to point out, "But he will have to go to India!"

This vista, so appallingly open to her and to which they seem to blind themselves, is now close. In the autumn Rollo will sail for India.

In spite of the qualities Lark and Selina weave round him, Rollo is truthfully a presentable but not extraordinary young man. He is very big, very good-natured and averagely quick-minded; he has a big, strong, healthy body, sunburned cheeks, Griselda's chestnut hair and blue eyes that are lazy and even-tempered and easily amused. He has, as well, the Eye's high forehead and Griselda's straight nose and something of her straight, direct gaze. Rollo is not quite so lazy nor so even as he seems; he is ambitious and he has the Dane way of leaving nothing undone that might help him in his career. But with this he is moody and seems to turn even against himself as if he despises this ambition.

"Why do you do it?" asks Pelham. "Don't you care about your work? No one forced you to go into the army."

"Didn't they?"

"You could have come into the business."

"Business! What does anyone ever get out of business except a packet of money?"

"Well, what do you want out of life?"

'Life,' Rollo might have answered quite simply, but he does not. He feels it, in moods that fluctuate.

This morning Rollo is in evening dress and a little disheveled; he has not taken off his hat and it is on not quite straight. Rollo is not drunk, he is only elated. Now he stands in the doorway, listening to Lark. The room is full of light and sun and flowers; he blinks a little in the light and listens quietly.

"The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she. . . ."

Lark is turned slightly away from him, singing toward the window.

'Lark?' says Rollo to himself incredulously, because he has not noticed or thought about the little girl enough to realize that one day she must grow into a woman. He watches her at the piano and he sees the line of her face turned away from him, the too heavy dark hair, the sunflower ribbons. He has in this moment a perception of Lark: if he had not come at this moment, he sees, he would not have seen her ever again as she is now. 'Women grow in minutes, not in years,' thinks Rollo. 'Yesterday she was a child; tomorrow she will be complete, a woman.' And as surely as Pelham saw, as Selina all these years has seen, Rollo, who is more fastidious and discerning, sees that Lark is beautiful. He sees, as well, how much more beautiful she will grow to be as she matures. He does not think of nymphs and goddesses; he thinks of himself. He is surprised at the feeling that has started up in him.

"Across the sands of Dee."

The front door opens and shuts with a slam. Quick steps cross the hall, and Selina brushes past Rollo in the door.

"Lark!" she calls peremptorily. "Have you forgotten it is Sunday?"

"Sunday?" says Lark vaguely. She barely hears Selina. She is looking at Rollo, and the color in her cheeks deepens, pales, deepens more vividly again. Rollo comes into the room.

"Take off your hat," says Selina to Rollo, and to Lark, "They could hear you at the end of the road!"

"I thought you were at church," Lark says absently. Rollo has come up to her, leaning on the piano lid.

Selina has now to speak to Lark past Rollo's back, and he seems to intercept her words so that they do not reach Lark. "You thought I had gone to church! I had, but I had to come back for a handkerchief. So this is how you behave as soon as my back is turned! You were positively shouting. What will everyone think?"

"They will think that Sunday morning in Wiltshire Place has lost a little of its depression and gloom," says Rollo, turning round on her. He turns back again to Lark, across the yellow roses, and says softly, "I know now why they called you Lark."

She answers still more softly, "Were you there, listening all the time?"

Selina has been looking closely at Rollo. "Rollo! Are you going out, like that?"

"I am not going out. I am c-coming in."

"At this time of the morning?" She looks at him again and comes closer and recoils.



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"Rollo! Your breath! You smell of wine and spirits—terribly."

"I have been drinking them," says Rollo reasonably.

Selina is angry. "You should go to your room, not appear before ladies, before me or a young girl. Take no notice of him, Lark. It is too much! Rollo, you must have met everyone on their way to church!"

"I d-did."

"Oh, no! What did you do?"

"I l-lifted my hat and said 'G-good night,'" says Rollo gravely.

Lark laughs an infectious rich peal and Rollo begins to laugh too.

"This isn't funny," cried Selina. "It is perfectly disgusting. What will people think? What will they say!" Then Selina thinks of something else. Lark sees her face change, her eyes go rapidly over Rollo. A possibility has occurred to her. "Well," she says, and now her voice has altered, it is coaxing. "Oh, well. I suppose it is no use being cross with you, Rollo. But you must be punished. You must go straight upstairs and change, and then you must come with me to church."

"You will be very late," says Lark idly. "The bells have stopped."

"Be quiet," says Selina. "You will do that for me, won't you, Rollo?"

"No, I won't."

"Rollo, please. To please me!"

"But why do you want me to?"

'Because,' Lark could have told him, 'because if you appear in church with her, groomed and respectable, it will perfectly correct the scandal of your appearance in the Place this morning. That is what Selina in her mind is saying,' Lark could have told him. 'That is what is in her mind.' But Lark does not say anything. She watches to see what Rollo will do.

"No, I won't," says Rollo again, and he says, uncomfortably because he is not given to explaining himself, "I don't believe in it. I won't hurt you by saying what I think, but I don't believe in it. You know I don't."

Selina brushes his words away as if they were flies. "That doesn't matter," she says. "To please me, Rollo! Please!"

"Oh, very well."

"Dear, dear naughty boy!" says Selina, delighted. "I shall go and tell Proutie to put out your clothes and help you; but you must hurry. Hurry!"

She goes out quickly. Rollo lingers. There is a silence. Lark says nothing. She looks at her hands on the silent piano keys.

"It is no use defying Selina," says Rollo defensively.

"It is of use," says Lark. "And you are free of them," she points out.

"I am not. I can't live on my pay."

"You could."

HE COULD. He knows that. "And I hate asking Pelham for money." He does not realize that he has said that aloud.

"Then why do you?"

"Because he always has some and will always give some of it to me," he says disarmingly, but she does not smile. "Once ——" says Rollo and stops. He seems lifted by a feeling of freedom, as if with Lark freedom would come. "Once I asked him to give me five hundred pounds and let me go."

"If I had money," says Lark thoughtfully, "I would give you five hundred pounds."

"But I wouldn't go now for that," says Rollo, laughing; he has withdrawn. "Do you know that you are beautiful? Beautiful?"

"Rollo! What are you doing? We must be quick." Selina sweeps between them into the room.

* * * *

At half past eleven Proutie came upstairs again. "Miss Grizel, I am sorry to disturb you, but a young officer has called." He held out a salver with a card. "Pilot Officer Masterson, miss. He asked to see Mr. Rolls, but Mr. Rolls is in the study and gave strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. It seems the gentleman has a very special message. Would you see him, Miss Grizel?"

"Of course, Proutie. Show him up here."

Proutie went down and came up with a small, dark-skinned young man in uniform. He had his right arm in a sling and his hand in bandages. Grizel stood up to meet him.

"My great-uncle is busy," she said. "Can you talk to me instead? I am Grizel Dane."

He gave her a quick look of surprise and took her hand. "But how do you fit in? I haven't heard of you. You don't belong here, do you?"

"But I do," said Grizel, surprised.

He gently released her hand. "I didn't mean to be rude. I'm sorry. Can I explain?"

"COME and sit down," said Grizel. She led the way to the window seat, but he did not sit down. He stood, looking round him. Grizel watched him curiously.

"I remember the geography," he said, and looked at the doors. "There is Mrs. Dane's, Griselda's, room. That is the dressing room, and that room is Selina's."

"Now it is mine."

"And do you drive Selina out? I bet you don't. She was a dragon, wasn't she? And," he added gravely, "she was unkind."

"She doesn't worry me," said Grizel. "I don't think I have much sense of the past, or of family. I like people—not ancestors."

"Ancestors are people," he answered, and he studied her. "You are a Dane. How do you manage to be an American?"

"I was born one. My grandfather, Pelham Dane, went to America in 1891."

"And you have no sense of the past? Then why did you come back here?"

"What has that to do with it? I didn't come here for the past. If I came for anything, I suppose it was for the future. The past has gone."

"Has it?"

"Of course it has. It is over. . . . What are you smiling at?"

"You."

"At me?"

"Yes. You are so glib," he told her.

"Glib?" Grizel could not say more for her astonishment.

"It must be wonderful," he said, "to be able to divide everything up separately and label it so certainly and put it away in such airtight, thoughtproof boxes."

"What makes you think I have—boxes?"

"Haven't you? 'This is the past. I am not interested in the past. Shut it up, put it away. This is the future. We should think of that.' What about the present? Where does that begin and end? I suppose you know that too?"

"You are very rude," said Grizel. "I think ——"

"You don't," he said. "You don't think." His face softened as he looked at her. "Probably you won't think. Try it. Try thinking."

"Pilot Officer Masterson, you have known me five minutes ——"

"And nothing can happen in five minutes?" He stopped and there was silence. Then he came closer to her and said, looking out over her head as she sat on the window seat, "Again I am sorry. I don't know how this argument began. I came here in a perfectly normal state of mind. I don't usually beard people like this."

Grizel did not speak.

"I am stationed at Hornchurch," he said, "and we have had a bit of a party these months. I suppose it is that and I am not quite normal. It was a strain; people not coming in and the waiting all the time. Then I got my unlucky shot."

"You crashed?"

"Yes, off Margate. Slap into the drink. Fortunately for me, the lifeboat people saw

(Continued on Page 62)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE

More divorces are caused by women who talk too much than by any other one thing. Men learn, when they are small, not to say everything they think. If they do, somebody knocks their block off. Nobody knocks a little girl's block off, and she says what she pleases until she is a garrulous old woman.

—JUSTICE OF PEACE CHARLES CLAYPOOL.

"I remember, I remember—" says Kate Smith



"Back in the days when this picture of me was taken, I loved to visit my delightful Grandmother.

"She made such wonderful treats for me! All through the years I've remembered the luscious flavor of her old-time chocolate pudding.

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(Continued from Page 60)

me come down. I was back at the airdrome in a few hours. All I got was this." He showed his hand. "Burned. I have to have an operation, but they say I shall use it in a fortnight."

"Don't!" said Grizel, more sharply than she meant. She stood up beside him. "I get horrors over this war," said Grizel slowly. "Sometimes I don't think I can bear it. I don't think I am very good at being brave."

"Why didn't you stay in America? Why are you here?"

"That is my business," said Grizel, and there was a different tone in her voice, a shyness.

"It is your business," he answered her. "Your business. My business. Everyone's business. I don't think anyone is meant to escape this time." And he added, "It wasn't so easy for me. I am half Italian."

"That must have been hard."

"It continues to be hard," he said lightly, and Grizel thought that he spoke particularly lightly when he was particularly moved. "The mechanics were easy. I was in the RAF in '36. My father was English, you see. My childhood was spent in Italy. I was brought up there by my uncle because I was his heir. He had rather large estates. He was the Marchese Zacca del Laudi. He is dead now."

"Then," said Grizel, "besides being Pilot Officer Masterson, you are the Marchese—I can't remember the rest."

"I am both of them," he said. "But I am Pax, myself, as well." He smiled briefly. "And you know this house. When were you here?"

"I was never here."

"But you know it!"

"The Marchesa, my uncle's wife, was English. She lived in this house as a child. She and I were very dear to one another. We used to play a game, hide and seek all over this house."

"But you——"

"Oh, we were not here. Neither of us. I think she was homesick. She taught me the house from top to bottom. I could show you your way in it, I think."

"Where is she?"

"In Italy. I don't suppose anything would happen to her," he said again lightly. "She has been there among the people for too long. No, she will be down at Laudi in Tuscany. That was the country home of ours that she loved, and I left it to her to live in. She made a garden there, a famous one. I think she had almost forgotten this house until lately."

"Lately?"

HE TURNED away from the window, looking down at Grizel. "I haven't seen her for two years," he said slowly. "I haven't, perhaps, thought of her very much, or felt the thought of her, but lately it is as if she has been nagging me to come here. No, not nagging, reminding. Don't laugh at me. She told me to come here and I came. . . . Where is General Dane? Where is—Rollo?"

"I called him that," said Grizel, "and he said, 'Rollo was my name when I was young. Only one person calls me that.'"

"She had not seen him for fifty years," said Pax, objecting.

"But it might not have been your aunt, the Marchesa, who calls him that," said Grizel. "Why do you take it for granted? . . . What was her name?"

"Her name is Lark."

FOUR O'CLOCK

It was four o'clock, and on the landing Pax was having tea with Grizel. It was ten days since Pax had come into the house, ten days that had passed with wings, and tomorrow was the eleventh of December, when Proutie was to start packing and Grizel and Rolls were to leave the house.

Grizel said slowly, "I still can't believe we are going. And if I can't—after being here three weeks—what must it feel like for Uncle Rolls?"

It had turned colder and already the afternoon was growing dusk; outside the window the light was gray, and presently, in the twilight, it began to snow. Grizel turned her head and watched the flakes coming down.

She was confused and she was frightened. She was not accustomed to being anything but clear and firm, and secure. That first night in London she had confessed to being rattled, but it was more even than that. She had been shaken and continued to be shaken. Why? She glanced across at Pax and away again. She refused to think of him.

IN SPITE of that firm refusal, she found she was looking at Pax again. The landing, in the increasing dusk, was lit by the glow of Proutie's electric fire; the glow spread over the carpet, was thrown up to the edge of the white tablecloth, onto the chairs, and up the blue of Pax's trousers to his knees; it was reflected in the tea things.

On the evening of that first day Pax had written Grizel a long apology. 'You needn't have answered it,' she told herself. 'If you wanted to be quit of him, that was a crazy thing to do. And you went and had lunch with him next day and then you went and saw him in hospital.'

Pax was talking. "And so they built me two fingers," he was saying, "out of a little piece of my thigh. McCullough says they will look quite normal when it has all grown in. The man in the next bed to me had new lids to his eyes. They graft the skin on. Sometimes you give yours for someone else."

"If I had to be done," said Grizel, "I should prefer it to be my own thigh."

Pax laughed. "Oh, Grizel!" he said, "What a funny little self-contained creature you are."

"I was," said Grizel slowly. And she said, before she could check herself, "I sometimes wonder if I contained anything else but self."

Pax looked at her in surprise, and she stood up and pushed back her chair and went to the window. He did not move. He asked gently from the firelight, "What is wrong, Grizel?"

She said after a moment, "Pax, when you told me that they said they thought you would be all right, you meant all right for flying, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"I have seen planes all my life," said Grizel to the snow. "Seen them and traveled in them. I remember in New York, looking up from our balcony at night and seeing them go over with their lights. On a clear night it looked as if the stars were loose. But of course you don't have lights."

"No, we don't have any lights."

"Are you ever frightened, Pax?"

"I hope my particular fright won't happen to me," he said. "Possibly it may not. Probably it will. One day I may be sent out over Italy."

"I hadn't thought of that." Grizel turned round to him.

"I have," said Pax, and he went on steadily, "I have thought of Italy more lately; almost continually. I wonder if it is that that has brought Lark so vividly to my mind."

'Don't talk about Lark now,' Grizel wanted to say jealously, 'when you—when I ——'

"Laudi and Lark," he went on. "I don't think I have ever thought of them as vividly and realistically as I do now. It is so vivid

Not for Sale

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

He offered love. I questioned
The quality and cost
As though the gift were
merchandise.
And thuswise, love was lost.

For while I took its measure
And asked if it would wear,
He tossed it to a pretty wench
Who passed us in the square.

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE

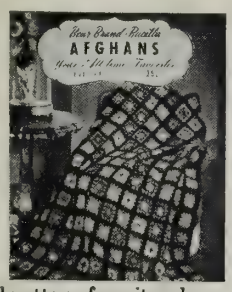


by Ann Bucilla

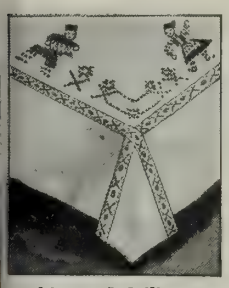
MONEY SAVING...EASY TO DO...
NEEDLEWORK IDEAS



• Bandeaus are new and smart for spring. I whipped up this adorable bandeau—in no time at all! Costs almost nothing. It's fun, too. 100% pure wool felt in vibrant colors, already stamped—complete with embroidery thread and head clips! Plenty of smart styles—some with sparkling sequins. Ask for **BUCILLA** bandeaus at your needlework store.



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• I have the jolliest people dancing 'round my dinette table. Gay Russian "peasant" figures (which I embroidered in a simple cross-stitch) in red and blue on a sturdy white Twilette cloth, already finished with a novel colorful braid and buttonhole edge. I did the matching napkins and doilies too, then apron, towels and potholders. Be sure to get your **BUCILLA** set at your favorite needlework shop.

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LHJ2

that I have wondered if anything could have happened. We arranged, if anything did, that I could be reached through Switzerland where my cousin, Arno, is working in the Red Cross. I think of her so much," said Pax. "Before, I thought of her as a child thinks of a grown-up person, as we are apt to think of people we have known all our life; now I think of her as a man of a woman."

Grizel had another pang of jealousy and this time it was so sharp that it hurt her, and then Pax said:

"I think of her, and the thought is bound up in you."

"In me?"

"Yes. You," said Pax, looking at his hands.

"Pax"—Grizel had turned back quickly to the window, but she did not see the snow now; her eyes were fixed, deep with thought—"Pax, after the flying, after the excitement and the power, does anything seem real or desirable any more to you?"

She did not have to wait for his answer. It was immediate and quite certain. "Real? Desirable?" said Pax. "The earth? I think it is." He gave the four little words their full exact weight. "More than ever," said Pax, "do I realize and desire." And then he said, "Grizel ——"

The dressing-room door opened and Rolls came out, his coat changed, a fresh handkerchief in his pocket. He looked perfectly cheerful and unperturbed.

"Here is Uncle Rolls," said Grizel quickly. "We must ask him to have some tea. It is our last day here, you know, and he must feel it terribly."

"He doesn't look very disturbed," said Pax.

"Well, he ought to be," snapped Grizel, and she called, "Uncle Rolls, come and have some tea. You remember Pax, Pilot Officer Masterson? He came to see us because of Lark."

"Lark?"

She thought a beam of light, a spark quivered in his eyes, and she went on insistently, "The Marchesa Zacca del Laudi. Pax is her nephew and he is the Marchese now. You remember him, Uncle Rolls."

"I remember," said Rolls, considering her. "But why are you so excited?"

"Have you done your packing?" asked Grizel, leading him to the table.

"No," said Rolls shortly.

Grizel poured out his tea and filled Pax's cup. "Pax," she said, "you talk so much about her, tell me what she is like."

There was something intrusive and clamorous in her words. Pax looked across at Rolls and Rolls looked at Pax. There was a sympathy between them from which Grizel was shut out.

"Tell her," said Rolls.

"You would think she was a very tall old lady," said Pax to Grizel, watching her gently. He put out a hand and pulled her down in her chair. "Sit still, Grizel. She is tall and—upright; yes, that is the word for her. Though she is old, her figure is young, but her left hand has a perpetual little shake. She is vain and she tries to hide it by using a stick, a carved ebony stick, and she always holds it in that hand."

Rolls smiled. Grizel, watching him minutely, saw that smile.

"Her hair is white and she wears it high with combs. And she wears earrings. She has exquisite filigree ones and they emphasize her eyes and the bones of her face. I told you she was vain."

Grizel saw Rolls, still with that smile, nod his head.

"Her eyes are startling," said Pax. "They always were?" he asked Rolls.

"They were startling, memorable eyes," said Rolls.

"I think they are even more noticeable now that her hair is white," said Pax. "They are beautiful eyes. They are blue; not true blue like yours, but half violet."

"Are mine true blue?" asked Grizel, but Pax was still telling of Lark.

"She is quite all right, quite safe. She is down at Laudi. She would have Ranulph with her. Ranulph is our St. Bernard dog.

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She will see hardly anyone but Leonarda, her old maid, and Battiste Volpi. Battiste Volpi is the head gardener and he is devoted to her. She liked to be there alone in the garden. Of course, I haven't seen her for two years."

"I don't need to see her," said Rolls, and it sounded to Grizel as if he crowed over Pax, and, looking at him, she thought suddenly of the first day when he had turned up her chin to see her face. 'Uncle Rolls, you are jealous!' she said to herself and he looked up and met her look. "Why don't you have a romance of your own?" he suggested kindly.

Grizel was immediately confused and half angry. "I am—busy," she said gruffly.

"You must be," said Rolls gravely. "She is the youngest officer in the whole corps," he told Pax and his voice was half derisive and half proud. "In my day you worked ten years and not ten minutes before you got promotion, but—well, I expect they are proud of you," he bantered Grizel.

"They are not," cried Grizel hotly.

"What? Don't they like you, hey?"

"They call me the 'great Dane,'" said Grizel.

"So they did me," said Rolls, chuckling.

"Pax, you ought to go," said Grizel. "Your appointment is at five."

"Yes, I shall have to," said Pax, looking at his watch. "I have to see my beauty doctor, sir, and get to Wimpole Street." He looked at Grizel. "Come with me?"

"No," said Grizel.

"Yes," said Pax, getting up.

She hesitated and then stood up too. Rolls' eyes were surveying them both. His eyes, she thought, looked extraordinarily tired.

"Proutie says you have been sitting up all night," she said. "You shouldn't do it, Uncle Rolls."

His eyes at once lost their dreaminess; they glared. "There is one rule in this house, Grizel, and you are going to keep it; or even for this remaining night you can go. I don't wish to be disturbed, and I shall not be disturbed. Do you understand? You can sleep at the hotel."

"This is my night off," said Grizel, looking straight back at him. "But I shan't sleep at the hotel."

"Wouldn't it be best," said Pax, "if you came out dancing with me?"

"No," said Grizel.

"Yes," said Pax.

Rolls smiled. "I think that is a goo idea. It will get you out of the way. Bu won't you come and dine here with u first?" he asked Pax. "It is the last time can ask you. Dine with me, but after dinne you must go out together and leave me i peace."

"I shall come back after the doctor," sai Pax. "Thank you, sir. . . . Come along Grizel." He took her elbow to turn her t the stairs.

"Don't pull me about. I can go alone, snapped Grizel, but Pax took no notice. H led her to the top of the stairs.

"Get your coat," he said. "Be quick. And Grizel went quietly into Selina's room

Rolls watched them; he watched Grize come out with her coat and stand waitin for Pax. Together they ran down the stair Rolls crossed the landing and went to th window and watched them go away dow the Place.

"Rollo?" It was a whisper.

"Lark? We have been talking of you." H plunged into his objections. "You like tha boy, don't you?"

"And what about your little minx, Grizel?" said the cool, musical voice that always seeme for Rolls to make everything clear. "You lik her too."

"I didn't at first. I do now. She seem necessary," said Rolls.

"She is necessary," said the Marchesa re gretfully.

"You don't like her, Lark?"

"She is a cold little fish. I hope she doesn hurt my Pax. She is a Dane. Her head stronger than her heart."

"She is learning," said Rolls. "She is pretty thing. That makes it easy for me t like her."

"She isn't half as pretty as I was at her age I was a beauty. You should have seen me m first winter in Rome."

"I saw you," said Rolls. "Lark, those two this afternoon ——"

"Don't envy them," said the Marchesa "We mustn't envy them. It isn't safe."

"But they still have their chance. We migh have been so happy."

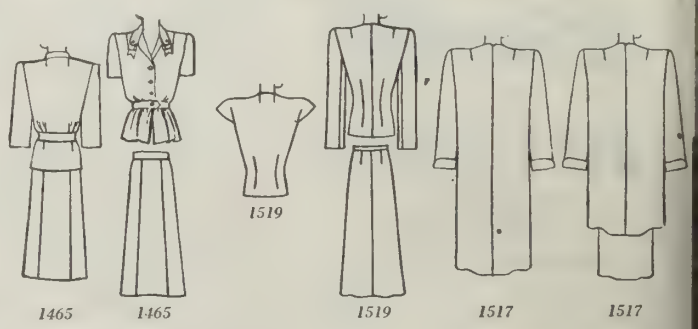
"Hush," said the Marchesa, "What is th use of disturbing it? We are happy now."

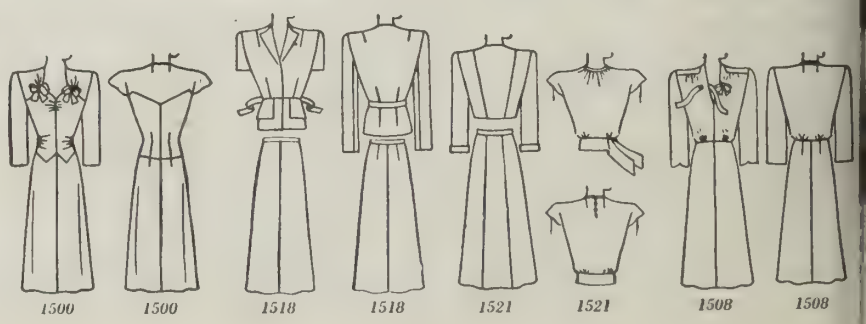
"All the same, I wish, I wish it were yo who were dining with me tonight, really, actu ally, and not those two." There was resent ment in the way he continually said "Thos two." *(Continued on Page 66)*

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 34 and 35

1465. Two-piece dress. 12 to 20. 25c.
1519. Two-piece dress and jacket. 12 to 20. 25c.
1517. Coat. "Sew-Simple" design. 12 to 44. 25c.
1500. One-piece dress. 12 to 20. 25c.
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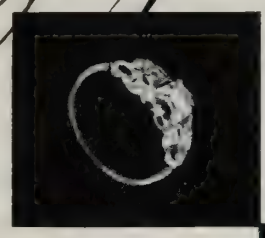
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HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.

FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced by her mother, last May.

Pretty as a picture, with shining brown eyes, lovely dark hair, and a complexion so petal-*clear*—you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says very positively, she *keeps* it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin *needs* regular care," she declares. "I love my daily Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious. It *looks* fresher, too."

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First—she *smooths* snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

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Get yourself a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in the luxurious, *big* jar.



SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin *so* baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream for giving that beyond-a-doubt cleanness and sparkle."



IS FURLOUGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. e he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the for One" canteen, and at the Halloran Hospital.



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LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
MRS. JAMES J. CABOT



(Continued from Page 64)

"My boy? Your girl? Don't be angry with them. They continue us and so they are us, Rolls. I shall be dining with you tonight. This is an occasion. And I shall sing for you."

As Rolls stood there by the landing window, from far down below in the house there seemed to come the sound of singing.

It was nearly dusk now on the landing. The glow from the electric fire fell softly on the carpet and it made a smaller circumference in the increasing darkness. The house, outside that small circle, was in less than twilight: half light. Rolls stared at the gathering darkness; at the glow of the fire, at the dusk of the Place outside the window, where the snowflakes showed themselves white for a moment as they fell. He opened the window as Grizel came upstairs. He could not see more than her figure and the oval of her face.

"Look, Grizel," he said as she came up to him.

"What are you doing, Uncle Rolls?" Her voice sounded muffled.

"Looking for the lamplighter," said Rolls and then chuckled as he drew back his hand and sleeve. "But look, Grizel. Real snow."

EVENING

Now it was evening. In every window of every house the curtains and blinds were drawn more meticulously than any parlormaid ever draws them; they were drawn to the cracks, sealing them. On the pavement the street lamps were in darkness and a car coming along the Place had its lights hooded, deflected down on the road. Evensong was going on in the church, but it had no bell to make it known. No bells, no lights; only a hush and darkness.

The post came. The big double knock sounded through the house and Proutie came upstairs to collect the letters. There was an air-mail letter for Grizel from New York with gay blue-and-red edges. There was one letter for Rolls; on the flap of tl envelope was printed a firm's name, *W loughby, Paxton, Low and Willoughby.*

Proutie took it up to Rolls in his dressi room. "The post, Mr. Rolls."

"Go away," said Rolls. "Leave me alone

Proutie put the letter on the table a went away.

* * * *

Years before there is another letter, letter written by Rolls in answer to many Selina's. She reads it in her room, sitting the blue-and-white armchair on which tl afternoon, dressing to have tea with Pa Grizel tossed down her pajamas and left pair of swansdown slippers that she call "scuffs."

Selina, as a girl, has a swansdown mu dyed violet with a rose in it, but she keeps tidily in tissue paper in the cupboard. S does not throw her things about or lea them on the floor. As she reads Rolls' lett Selina is not a girl; she is an elderly woma *You ask me, Selina, why I don't come hor That is a question that is rather difficult answer. I seem to have a distaste for the hou*

'And for me,' thinks Selina, staring stif over the muslin blind. *A distaste.* There nothing dramatic in the word that Rolls h chosen, but it is deadening to Selina.

That is the truth. Whether it is the wh truth I can't tell. I should like to see you. C you lunch with me? I shall be sailing son time next month.

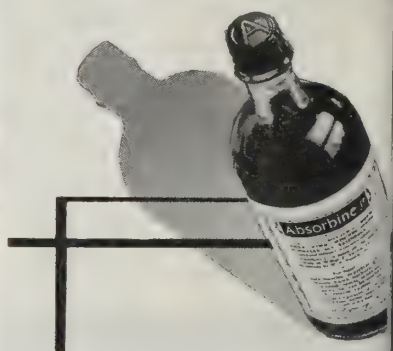
'Lunch with me! My Rollo!' says Seli and her hand, holding the letter, is cold.

Now Selina goes to the window. S looks down on the garden. It is autumn a the leaves have been raked into a pile a tomorrow or the next day there will b bonfire. In the bed are a few Michaelr daisies. Selina has seen it so every year fifty-eight years; she has seen the gard more than twenty thousand times, but never remembers seeing it as quiet a empty as it is now. Suddenly she seems see the little comic figure in a dowdy bon of Miss Dunn.



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ABSORBINE Jr.

"What is there to show for it?" says Miss Dunn. "When you are old and perhaps left alone. You haven't been anywhere, done anything and there is no time left." And it was Miss Dunn who said of Griselda, "She had her reward. She was loved."

"Is it so important to be loved?" asked Lark.

Lark! It was all because of Lark, thinks Selina, as she has thought so often. Lark went and Pelham went and Rollo never came back. What weapon had Selina against Lark? And yet Lark had no weapons; she was defenseless. Lark had nothing at all.

Still Selina thinks of Lark. Lark, she remembers, is now only thirty-six. Lark has been in London that summer. *Among the visitors the beautiful young Marchesa Zacca del Laudi in a toque of Parma violets. . . . I saw the attractive Marchesa Zacca del Laudi —— . . . —— wearing the del Laudi emeralds. . . . The Marchesa Zacca del Laudi in gray lace was in the Royal box. . . . The Marchese and his beautiful English wife ——* "Have you news of Miss Lark?" It is Proutie who asks that.

"None whatever, Proutie," Selina answers.

"You have always hated me," says Lark.

'I have always hated you,' Selina agrees. 'I always wanted you out of the house. I thought you were gone, that I had dismissed you, from my thoughts and from the house,' but after Lark has gone her presence grows stronger. 'Pelham felt your power that last summer, and Rollo. Nothing ever really happened between them,' argues Selina, looking at the daisies. 'Nothing happened. It only might have been. It was slight. It was impermanent. Lark ran away; Rollo went out to Afghanistan with Fitzgerald; Lark married the Marchese: it was made impermanent.'

It is an evening in November, 1890, and Rollo has been to a levee. He comes in afterward to surprise the family, but the family is out.

Slater, eying his magnificence, says they will not be long. "There is a dinner tonight," says Slater. "It is Miss Lark's birthday, Mr. Rollo."

"Lark's birthday?" asks Rollo, and for a moment he is silent. Then he asks, "How old is she, Slater?"

"She is eighteen, Mr. Rollo. A lovely young lady, if I may say so. She came out this spring. She has been much admired."

"Has she?" says Rollo, and more thoughtfully, "*Has* she?" This is disconcerting. Admirers. That, of course, rouses Rollo and pricks him. It really is very inconvenient of Lark to have grown up just now. He is filled with a burning desire to see her and to know who those admirers are. "I suppose she goes to dances, Slater?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Rollo. They are going on to a dance tonight. In Orme Square. Mrs. Kingdon Charles."

"We had children's parties there. Will you have a note sent round for me, Slater? I should like to go too. Who is dining here?"

"Dinner is for ten. There are Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Cresswell. Sir Arthur and Lady Bartram. Major Allison and an Italian gentleman, the Marchese Zacca del Laudi."

"Zacca del Laudi?" says Rollo in surprise, and whistles.

"He very often comes these days," says Slater with pride and with meaning.

"The devil he does," says Rollo. "Wait, Slater. I shall give you that note."

LIFE

Life is a flame that is always burning itself out, but it catches fire again every time a child is born.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:
Quoted in The Speaker's Desk Book, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)



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KEEP this handy Spry Pastry Mix on pantry shelf ready for instant use. You can make oven-fresh pies any time by just adding water to Spry Mix and rolling out. What grand piecrust it gives you! *Tenderer*, flaky, delicate-tasting, digestible. Like Spry itself, the Pastry Mix keeps fresh without refrigeration.

Mix 7 cups sifted ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR and 1 tablespoon SALT. Divide 1 pound (2⅓ cups) SPRY into two equal parts.

STEP 1 for Tenderness—cut in first half of Spry until as fine as meal. So quick!

STEP 2 for Flakiness—cut in remaining Spry until size of *large* peas. Makes 10¼ cups Spry Pastry Mix. So easy!

Store in any container with a tight-fitting cover. Make a batch today! To make a 2-crust pie or 12 tart shells, use 3 cups Spry Pastry Mix. Add 5 tablespoons water and mix to a dough. To make a 1-crust pie, use 1¾ cups Spry Pastry Mix and 3 tablespoons water.

Change to Spry for *all* your baking and frying. New Spry, with its quick blendability saves you work—makes possible lighter, more delicious cakes that stay fresh longer. Foods fried the Spry way are *so* digestible!

VALENTINE CHIFFON PIE



Delicious and so pretty! To make pie shell and heart—add 4 tablespoons water to 2 cups Spry Pastry Mix and mix to dough. Roll out ¾ of dough for shell; roll remainder and cut out heart. Prick. It's ready to bake in a jiffy . . . What a saving of time and work. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) till brown—shell 10 minutes; heart 5 minutes. *Filling:* Heat 3 cups thick sweetened applesauce; pour over 1 pkg. raspberry-flavored gelatin. Stir till thoroughly dissolved. Chill till slightly thickened. Pour into Spry shell. Chill till firm. Top with pastry heart. Garnish with cream cheese blended with cream. You'll win praises galore.



IT'S SO EASY TO BE A
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WITH NEW EASY-MIX SPRY

PATRIOT'S PIE



Make your usual cherry filling if you can get sour cherries—or make this tangy raisin pie and cut a sprig of cherries in top crust, putting maraschino cherries in holes as shown. *Raisin filling:* Combine 1½ cups seeded raisins, 1½ cups water, juice of ½ orange; simmer till raisins are tender. Mix ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt; add to raisins. Remove from fire and add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind. Cool. Use Pastry Mix for 2-crust pie. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 50-60 minutes. See what mouth-melting pastry you get . . . Spry Pastry Mix actually gives *tenderer* piecrust.

Notice the delicate flavor of Spry Piecrust. No off flavor when you use pure, all-vegetable Spry. It gives you such digestible pastry.

SAVORY MEAT PIE



Exciting way to fix point-free utility meat . . . Cut 1 pound utility steak in 1-inch pieces. Roll in a mixture of ¼ cup flour; 2 teaspoons salt; ⅛ teaspoon each of pepper, allspice, ginger; ½ teaspoon paprika. Brown in ¼ cup hot Spry. Add 1 cup onions and 3¾ cups boiling water; simmer until meat is tender (about 2 hours). Add 1½ cups diced raw potatoes; cook till tender. Pour boiling hot into casserole. Top with pastry made with Spry Pastry Mix. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Do *all* your baking and frying with Spry—for such tempting, digestible meals.

When he has written it, he draws circles and faces on the blotting paper. Rollo can see, with the dazzling clarity which all the Danes possess when assessing money or position, the exact difference between himself and the Marchese. That the Marchese is a funny little man does not occur to him; if it did, it would hardly seem to affect the position. 'But how did she meet him?' thinks Rollo. 'Pelham or Selina must have been wangling some good invitations.' To him there does not appear to be anything reprehensible in this; wangling, and using friends, or making friends to use them is merely sensible to Rollo. Was not his own godfather, Uncle Bunny, chosen to be of use to him, and is he not being of extreme use?

He tries to remember Lark exactly and finds he cannot. As a matter of fact, no one afterward can remember Lark that summer. The reason is that she is never the same. There is no idea or mood that lasts for more than a day. Meanwhile, she behaves with a gaiety that is attractive and that has a spice of wantonness in it. "That little Ingoldsby girl is a flirt," say the mothers disapprovingly, and they could shake Edith or Mary or Dorothy, sitting there, while that little nobody walks away with anyone she chooses on the floor. Of course, Lark really should not be at these dances, but that Pelham —— "Pelham," says Selina bitterly, "Pelham is bewitched."

PERHAPS he is. Afterward, he finds he cannot remember Lark then either. Was she serious or gay? He knows that she was gay, but the remembrance is oddly one of seriousness. Nor can he remember her face. Her dresses, yes; her voice, her hand with his birthday bracelet on its wrist; but he cannot remember her face. She kisses Pelham good night and he horribly resents that sleepy, trusting childish kiss, but he can never bring himself to stop it; he remembers all day the scent of her skin, the brushing of her hair against his and the light, unnoticing touch of her lips. Pelham is a mild little man, but he could sometimes hurt Lark physically for the way in which she kisses him good night.

Lark wears a pale green dress; a white one; white taffeta with a chenille fringe; she has a cream tulle dress with ribbons of petunia and black. She has fans: she leaves one on the hall table; it is white, of ostrich feathers, with an ivory handle. How does Lark come to have such a beautiful fan? Pelham gives it to her. Pelham is bewitched.

"You are ridiculously extravagant over Lark," says Selina.

Flowers come for Lark on ball nights. Flowers arrive in long white cardboard boxes with a card, and always, lately, there is a card with a small gold coat of arms. Proutie takes them up to her. "Solomon's lilies," says Proutie gravely, as he hands them to her at her door. Proutie is fond of Lark, but if he, too, were asked exactly what she looked like then, he, too, would not be able to say.

Now, as Slater takes Rollo's note, Lark herself, with Pelham, comes into the drawing room. She stops just inside the door, looking at Rollo, and Rollo, at the writing table, looks back at her. Slowly, still looking, he stands up. Neither of them notices Pelham as he comes past Lark into the room.

"Good Lord!" says Pelham, as he sees Rollo. "Good Lord!"

Rollo does not notice him. He looks at Lark. She is wearing a long, dark green coat and the ermine cap and stole and muff that arrived for her that morning.

"Ermine," says Selina reverently as she turns back the tissue paper. "Ermine!" She picks up the card that has again the small gold coat of arms. "The Marchese! But you can't accept this from him, Lark."

"Why not?" asks Lark.

"No lady could."

"I am not a lady," says Lark serenely. "You must remember how ill-bred I am, Selina. You are always reminding me of that. And if someone nice—and he is nice, poor little man," says Lark with her eyes gentle, "if it makes him happy to give me things, why shouldn't I accept them?"

"But you should take him seriously. He is serious."

CHICKEN *n* WAFFLES
...family style



There's a *new* angle to making this old favorite. Instead of measuring and messin' around, try DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX. Complete! Fully-prepared. Makes 8 waffles!



REMEMBER ME?

I'm "THE CHORE GIRL"—the handy, knitted, copper pot-cleaning ball. I'll be back when copper's available. Watch for me!

METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.



A·1
SAUCE
For Kitchen Sorcery!

Just add a few drops of A·1 Sauce to such wartime familiars as *hash, stew, fish cakes, chicken croquettes, baked beans, gravy*, and watch your man start sniffing, the moment he enters the door.

NOT RATIONED

The DASH that makes the DISH

"I know he is, and I am sorry," says Lark and then she laughs. "But I could put him in my pocket."

Now the fur looks brilliant against Lark's skin and hair and happy eyes; she does not attempt to hide the happiness. It is there as she sees Rollo.

"Is this new?" asks Pelham, walking round Rollo. "I have never seen it before."

Rollo is in full dress: high black boots, white breeches, dark green tunic, frogged with black, and a crimson sash. He looks immensely tall, a huge young man.

"Hullo, Rollo," Lark says as she comes to join them.

He does not answer. He is perfectly still. Then, "I have been to a levee," he says suddenly, transferring his attention to Pelham.

"A levee? Well, really, Rollo, my boy, that new dress is magnificent. Look at the sash, Lark!" He becomes aware that he is talking into a silence. Lark and Rollo in the same instant hear that too.

"Was the Queen there?" asks Lark.

"It is much colder," begins Rollo. He breaks off, and Lark asks again:

"Was the Queen there?"

"No, only the Prince of Wales. The Queen is at Osborne."

"Yes, of course. The Marchese told me."

Pelham looks from one of them to the other. "Lark, it is time you were getting dressed," he says slowly.

"Why wasn't I told about this birthday?" asks Rollo.

"We didn't think you would be interested."

"You were wrong," says Rollo, his eyes on Lark. "I have just written to Mrs. Charles to ask if I can join you tonight."

"Oh-h-h!" That escapes from Lark's lips and there is no mistaking it. It is a sigh of bliss.

Pelham objects. He has to object or stifle. "Is that very polite to Mrs. Charles?" he asks. "At the last moment?"

"Oh, Pelham, dear!" says Lark. "Don't be so stuffy."

Stuffy. The word rings on the air and Pelham reddens to the tips of his ears. "Well, at any rate," he says, "it is time for you to dress."

"I shall have to come as I am," says Rollo.

"That won't matter," says Pelham, who is always fair. "There will be plenty of full dress there. Lark, dear ——" He is at the door.

"You go," says Lark.

Neither she nor Rollo notices when he goes.

"Did Pelham give you a birthday present?"

"THIS." She shows her bracelet, a little chain locked with a heart of sapphires and small rose diamonds.

"Oh, ho!" says Rollo. "How poetical! Quite expensive, too—for Pelham. He was done, though. The stones are poor."

"How can you be so horrid!"

"He is no judge of a stone, old Pelham," says Rollo. "And the Marchese? What did he send?"

Lark slowly blushes. Suddenly and sharply she regrets the ermine. She recognizes that this large young man, whom she has idealized into a cardboard hero, possesses a very real power to make her behave. She thinks back over her behavior that summer and her blush grows deeper.

"Look at me, Lark."

As she looks, she sees that he is freckled lightly along his cheekbones and down his nose, and that seems to make him more real too. She is delighted, lifted again on wings.

"So you will live in Italy, and spend your time eating macaroni and going to the opera."

"I shall if I want to."

"I shouldn't, Lark," says Rollo, coming close to her. "They eat Larks in Italy."

"I—must go and get dressed."

"What are you going to wear? Wear white."

"It is white; white tulle with knots of black velvet and white marguerites with black centers. It is French. So lovely, Rollo!"

"Did Pelham give you that too?"

"Poor Pelham has to give me everything."

THAT should come as a warning to Rollo, though he has a surge of desire to oust Pelham. "Well, I am going to give you a birthday present, too, do you hear? And it will make Pelham open his eyes."

Lark works on extravagance like yeast on dough, but now she says, "No, Rollo. Don't, please. I don't want anything at all."

"Want it or not," says Rollo, "you are going to have it because I want to give it to you. And no one is going to give you a better one. Not even your Marchese."

'Oh!' thinks Lark with a pang. 'Ermine! And Selina will tell him. I know she will.' She shuts her eyes because she is too happy to keep them open any longer. 'Keep calm,' says Lark. 'Help me to keep calm,' she prays. 'Help me to keep my face, and my head. This comes to everyone. I must remember that. It is a common experience. Everyone falls in love.' She opens her eyes and smiles dazzlingly at Rollo.

* * * *

Grizel was crying on the landing. Rolls, as he came out, changed, from the dressing room, heard her and went to her where she stood.

"Why are you crying, Grizel?"

He put his arm round her and, as he touched her, emotion surged up in her and she sobbed out, "I love Pax."

Rolls' voice was calm. "Is that something to cry for?"

"Yes, it is," sobbed Grizel fiercely. "Now I won't know a minute's peace, night or day."

"Don't be so old for your age," said Rolls. "You shouldn't want peace yet."

"But I do! I have always wanted to be peaceful and tidy and settled. And if I love Pax, I can't be any of those things. I can't arrange anything!"

"No, you can't arrange it," agreed Rolls.

"This hideous, hideous war!"

"But that isn't the war. That is life, my dear child—not the war. You can't arrange life. It doesn't let you. I tried," said Rolls. "I failed."

Grizel did not answer. At this moment she was interested solely in herself and Pax. "I was horrid to Pax just now," she cried.

"I expect you were. I told you you were a shrew. You are Selina's niece, you know."

"Don't keep talking about old people—old people who are dead and gone and useless now. This is Pax and me!"

"Must you cry again?" said Rolls testily. "I cheated myself of love. I was a fool. Don't you be a fool. Be young! Be ardent! And don't cry!"

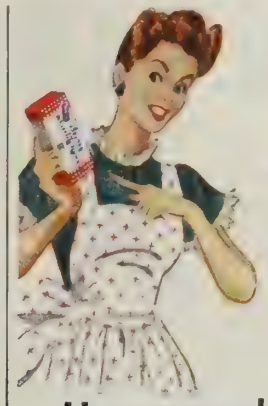
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Without Medals

By Bianca Bradbury

What did you do in the great war, mother?
Not very much. Just cooking and cleaning.
I spoiled and scolded you and your brother,
And tried to say what it was meaning,
Our window star that shone to greet
The other stars along our street.
I wrote the letters, and never a word,
But oh, such sleek and lovely lies
For a tired and homesick soldier's eyes.
Wounds? Yes, maybe, maybe so,
But little ones that didn't show.
Medals? No, no medals, son.
Now wouldn't that be quite absurd
For staying home, just listening for
The sound of a hand upon the door?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



This time-saver is tops for flavor

Hearty and nutritious, it's a fine dinner dish



The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

There's a big difference in pork sausage, as you'll appreciate when you taste *Swift's Brookfield* brand. All PURE PORK, Swift's Brookfield is seasoned to *bring out* the good pork flavor. So DELICATE, yet ZESTY . . . here's the *perfect* seasoning blend. Ask your dealer soon for this finer sausage, in the package with red-plaid ends. A HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN food, it's grand for speedy dinners.

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Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

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Elizabeth Arden Powders are Precision Blended

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ILLUSION POWDER, 1.75 and 3.00
CAMEO POWDER, 1.75 and 3.00
(prices plus taxes)

Arden

Far above the house, into the quiet night, came the sound of an airplane. There was no alert. No gunfire. It was a plane flying alone. It made a loud droning that filled their ears.

"You see ——" said Grizel.

"Well?"

"I can't endure it," said Grizel loudly. "Maybe other people can, but I can't. It is no use, Uncle Rolls. I have quite decided. I am not going to marry Pax."

NIGHT

It is night. There is a moon, and because there is no reflected dome of light over the city, the moonlight marks it very plainly. It shows, like a map, roofs and domes and spires and the open spaces of parks, and the gleam of the Thames and lines of bridges over it. The moonlight exposes the whole city to the sky.

Along the walls and up the stairs of No. 99 Wiltshire Place are gilt sconces for candles. Selina kept them when she put in gaslight, because to remove them meant ruining the paper. They have survived and now candles were burning in them, candles in threes, knots of lambent yellow flames up the staircase wall, along the hall and landing, and in the drawing room.

"And so I was born here, nearly eighty years ago," Rolls was telling Pax and Grizel as he went before them down the stairs. He looked at Grizel and hoped that she would marry this slim, dark, somehow notable young man. In spite of her protests, he thought that she would. "Grizel," he said.

She stopped and he thought how much he liked her face with its clear skin and straight small nose, the pretty mouth, the direct blue eyes and well-brushed, fine, brown hair. "Yes, Uncle Rolls?"

But he said nothing to her after all. 'What is the use?' he said to himself. 'Why worry? Tomorrow we must go.'

"I had the whole house very nearly right," said Pax in that moment. "But now it is all crystallized in my mind. Thank you for taking us over it." He looked round as they came into the drawing room. "There is a crystal quality about the house this evening. As if this were the moment—no," he corrected himself, "as if all the moments were crystallized in this."

"How could they be?" said Grizel crossly.

"Stop wrangling," said Rolls, and he went on, speaking to Grizel. "Wait here—I have something I want to give you, for our last night. It is in the safe upstairs. I shall be a few minutes."

When he had gone, Grizel moved away from Pax to the fire and stood with her back to him, warming her hands.

"You have been delightfully cross all evening," said Pax.

"I wish you would go away."

"Why?"

"You know why. Do we have to start arguing all over again?"

"I am afraid we do."

"You have turned me into a worse coward than I used to be." Her voice was shaking. "I tell you I can't bear it! I don't want to be attached or concerned or intimate."

"Selfish little beast."

"Yes, I am selfish. I want to be. I want to be like those people who come through a war without a scratch."

"No one comes through a war without a scratch, not this war, anyway. You can't, so why go to all this trouble to try?".

"Ever since I arrived, ever since I came to this house, everything has made one long attack on me."

"Well, why should you escape?" asked Pax unsympathetically. And he said seriously, his eyes bright, "No one is going to escape this time."

"Judgment Day?" asked Grizel flippantly.

"If you like."

"I do nothing but cry," said Grizel angrily. "Why? There is nothing to cry about." She squeezed her handkerchief between her hands. "Why? Look at me now. I am starting again." She bit her lips, but the tears ran down her cheeks. "I am a mediocre person," she said angrily. "I didn't ask for heroics. I only want to be comfortable and enjoy myself."

"Then why did you come here? This is a country fighting for its life. Didn't you expect it to be heroic and uncomfortable?"

"I expected it to be exciting," said Grizel defiantly through her tears.

"No, my darling," said Pax. "You are not as young as that." He came to her and put his arm round her. "Why not be truthful, Grizel? You love me and I love you. That is the truth, isn't it?"

Grizel nodded dumbly and her tears dropped onto his hand.

"And there is nothing we can do to stop it, is there? However much we try?"

"Nothing we can do," said Grizel.

"Kiss me," said Pax.

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "Oh, Pax, I love you. I love you so much, but it is silly, stupid to be vulnerable and hopeful now. Talk to me, Pax. Help me. Comfort me."

"Things are serious just now," said Pax with his cheek against hers. "You have to treat them seriously, but it is of no use to be afraid. I should be afraid if it made us any safer, but it doesn't. You have to think, I think, that anything we do in any time, the smallest thing, like ordering the paper to come every day or promising to go out to dinner next Wednesday, or getting a new tube of toothpaste—particularly the large size that lasts twice as long—is an act of faith. It is an act of faith to think or hope or plan, but I intend to go on doing it. There are dozens of things I want. I intend to go on as if I shall get them all."

"What are they, Pax? What do you want?"

"You first. I want to be married at once. Then I want a child. Immediately."

"Are you—so fond of children?"

"Only of my own. Yes. I want a child. I want to make quite sure of that while I am here on earth."

"Don't, Pax."

"It is only an act of faith. And whether it is a boy or a girl, I want us to call it Verity."

"Verity," said Grizel, sounding it and testing it. She liked it. "But he won't live here in this house," she said regretfully.

"Then in a house like it," answered Pax, "if he can't live here. But you never know, Grizel. I feel he will live here. Here and at Laudi. That would be a link."

"All the new children ought to be links," said Grizel. "He would link us all up. Link Lark and Rolls again through you and me. Shall we tell Rolls?"

"No," said Pax slowly. "I don't think so."

The door opened and Rolls came back into the room. He had a small leather case in his hand. "I wanted to give you this, Grizel," he said, "tonight."

Grizel looked at his face. He seemed rapt, away from them, so that he did not really notice them. He did not see that they stood in front of him, hand in hand. Or if he did, it seemed to him so natural, as it seemed to her now, that it called for no remark.

"Tonight is important," said Grizel slowly.

"Tonight is our last night, and you and Pax dined with me," said Rolls. "Isn't that enough?"

"It is enough," said Grizel judiciously. "But it isn't all."

From the front door a bell rang through the house. "Proutie is out on duty tonight," said Rolls, moving toward the door.

"Wait. I will go." Grizel ran past him. They heard her open the door and heard voices and then she came slowly back along the hall. "It is a telegram for Pax."

"For me? But nobody knows I am here."

"Somebody does," said Grizel, holding it out to him.

Pax took it and opened it. He read it with his back to them in silence, and when at last he spoke he looked at Rolls. "It has come through Switzerland. From Geneva. It is from my cousin. I—am sorry, sir."

"Lark?" asked Rolls.

PAX nodded. For a moment he could not speak and he bent and stirred the fire. Presently he stood up again. "She died last month. Before I came here, she was dead." Then he turned back to Rolls. "You know," he said. "You knew."

"I didn't know," Rolls answered. "I guessed." He took Pax gently by the shoulder and turned him from the fire. "I think," he said, "this is the time that you and Grizel should go out dancing."

"Dancing. Now?" asked Grizel.

"Yes."

"No, Uncle Rolls."

"Yes. Quite apart from any other reason, I want you to leave me, please. Pax wants you, Grizel. Wait, though. There is something else. Two other things. I found this when I went upstairs." He showed them a letter. "I had forgotten to open it, but I answered it at once. It will concern you, not myself." He gave the letter to Pax, not to Grizel. "He will be the head of the house, I hope," he said. "You won't let her rule, will you, Pax? . . . Willoughby is my solicitor."

Grizel read the letter over Pax's shoulder: —— *after a great deal of correspondence and several interviews . . . the owners . . . changes of circumstances and present conditions . . . the difficulty of getting materials and labor . . . am delighted to be able to inform you . . . the house is now for sale, subject to the . . . if you* ——

"For sale! We can buy it," cried Grizel. "Oh, Uncle Rolls! Will you?"

"I have," said Rolls. "This is the answer and the check is in it. You can post it on your way tonight. In return, you can leave me that." Gently he took the telegram from Pax's hand and put it in his waistcoat pocket. "The house," he said, "is to belong to you."

"Why, Uncle Rolls! To us and you. Ours," said Grizel. "Forever."

"It is only a lease of occupation, mind," said Rolls.

"But you said—you have bought it, Uncle Rolls."

(Continued on Page 72)



"Why don't you just let your wife take care of the baby?"

"Not only quick-but wonderful!" New Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes



Kate Smith says—

"Beating cut in half!"
"No creaming!"
"Fewer dishes to wash!"
"Richer taste!"
"Keeps fresh longer!"

HEARD THE TALK going around about the new Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes?

Would you believe it...these new quick cakes, with no creaming, with beating time cut in half, are as soft and tender and even-grained as any cakes you ever saw!

And that's not all! Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes taste richer...keep fresh longer.

Try this Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Ribbon Cake...isn't it a beauty? You'll have the thrill of your cakemaking life when you frost it...cut it...serve it...taste it.

Swans Down guarantees it'll be a success...but not with any other flour! Double the cost of your cake back if you aren't pleased pink with it—when you use Swans Down!

"MIX-EASY" RIBBON CAKE

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease two deep 8-inch layer pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375° F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar

Measure into bowl:
½ cup vegetable shortening

Measure into cup:
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
2 eggs, unbeaten
1½ tablespoons molasses
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon cloves
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
(*All measurements are level.*)

Now the "Mix-Easy" Part! (Mix by hand or with electric mixer on low speed.) Stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ½ of liquid and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute.* Add remaining liquid, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and beater or spoon often while mixing.)

Turn ½ of batter into one layer pan. To remaining ½ of batter, add molasses and spices, mixing only enough to blend; turn into layer pan.

Baking: Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes, or until done. Spread Raisin Filling between layers and Lemon Icing on top of cake.

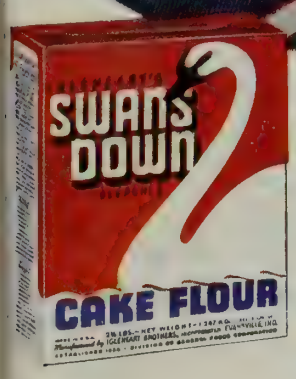
RAISIN FILLING

Mix together 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ⅓ cup sugar, dash of salt, ½ cup raisins, finely chopped, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind. Add ⅔ cup water and mix well. Cook gently 3 to 5 minutes, or until thick and clear; stir constantly. Add 1 teaspoon butter and blend.

LEMON ICING

Cream together ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind and 1 tablespoon butter. Measure 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar. Add part of sugar gradually to butter, blending well. Add dash of salt. Add remaining sugar, alternately with 2 teaspoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon water, until right consistency to spread; beat until smooth.





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Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!

New "Mix-Easy" recipes...developed and tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods...are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

Bake a better cake with Swans Down

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To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier . . . wooed from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine... give it daily care with these two unique creams . . .

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

SKIN CREAM ... CLEANSING CREAM

HERE is care so kind...so soothing and smoothing...it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams...a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright. In addition, both contain smoothing, softening oils . . . cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it *care*—call it *caress*—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM—*Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream and satin-smooth base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM—Feel *its richness*—see *how cleanly it tissues off, removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings. That's why it leaves your skin feeling sparklingly fresh! 60¢, plus tax.*



(Continued from Page 72)

hurts herself. "I think of it, and you, and of myself. It will be exciting for you, of course. Think of all the things you will see: wild animals and queer flowers; queer religions; the Taj Mahal and Fatephur Sikri and the Ganges and crocodiles. I can see you, Rollo, on a pony under a palm. You have been playing polo, I expect. I see a minaret, and a peacock." And she catches her breath as she says, "Of course India is very gay."

"Need you say that?" he says angrily. "Need you tease me now?"

"What else can I do?" She stands up and comes so close to him by the fire that her eyes are on a level with his face, and he can smell the scent on her skin and on her hair and the firelight on her dress. Her eyes are dark with feeling, her lips have stopped laughing and he can see her throat move as if words welled up in it, but she does not speak. He does not speak either, but he puts out his hand as if he would take hers. "Don't touch me," whispers Lark. "Please, Rollo, please don't touch me."

He says with a helpless groan, "Oh, Lark! Oh, Lark! What can we do?"

She turns her head and he bends his and before they know what they are doing they have kissed. Lark gives a little sob and tries to take her lips away, but Rollo holds her to him.

"I love you, Lark. I love you," he says with his lips against hers. "How much I love you, Lark."

When he lifts his head, Lark stands against him unutterably happy, even though in her happiness there is a quality of surprise. She leans against him, feeling his arms round her, and she looks down into the fire and round the room. The room is still the same.

She murmurs, "I can't believe it is true. Is it true?"

"It is true," says Rollo.

"We shall have six children and a million pounds a year," Lark says.

"What did you say, Lark?"

"Nothing." She shuts her eyes. "I was thinking."

He looks down, watching her lashes against her cheek. "What are you thinking of?"

"Of us, of course."

"How we shall always be in love?"

"How we shall always be in love."

"Even when we are old?"

"Even when we are old."

The door opens and Selina comes in. Rollo and Lark cannot help it; they spring apart like guilty children.

Selina has come in full of triumph; her face is lit by it. Her dress of black gauze over taffeta rustles importantly and the candles pick up the fire of her rubies. She rustles in full of triumph and stops as she sees Lark in Rollo's arms. Her face hardens into an icy coldness. For a minute she stands petrified and then, on a wave of angry disgust, she comes forward. Lark, after she has sprung away, goes back to Rollo and puts her hand into his. Rollo moves closer to Lark and puts his shoulder behind hers and bends his cheek quietly, privately, to feel her hair. Violent words seethe up in Selina, but by an extraordinary effort she does not say them; she says nothing at all, but turns from the sight of them to take off her gloves beside the piano.

"Well," says Rollo like a dangerous bull.

"Well, Rollo, I congratulate you," says Selina lightly.

"Congratulate me?" Lark and Rollo stare at her.

"Yes. It is all settled."

"What—is all settled?" But Rollo knows. A dual set of feelings rise up in him: excitement and a gratified pleasure; and with them, a defiant obstinacy against Selina and them all.

"My dear boy! Uncle Bunny saw Lord Fitzgerald last night. He will be taking you to call there tomorrow at eleven, but that is only a formality. It is settled and it will be confirmed. I must say you are very lucky, Rollo. Uncle Bunny is so delighted."

"What is it you have accepted for Rollo?" That is from Lark.

Selina says coldly, "Rollo is to be on the staff of Lord Fitzgerald, who has been lent to Afghanistan on a special mission. It is a wonderful opportunity for Rollo. They sail on the Hindustan next week."

"Next week!"

"It is dreadfully soon, of course," say Selina's lips. 'Not a moment too soon,' say her eyes, jealous quick eyes.

"Lark and I love one another," Rollo says defiantly. "We are going to be married."

Selina is not often wise in her dealings with Rollo, but now she is instilled with an insidious serpentine wisdom. "You can be married, of course," she says. "You can wait five years."

"Five years!" Lark seems powerless to do anything but repeat Selina's words.

"The appointment under the Afghan government is for five years," says Selina. She sees Lark's eyes, startled and frightened.

"I can't wait five years," says Lark. "Selina knows I can't."

"I refuse to go," says Rollo.

Selina curbs herself. "You can refuse, of course, but if you did that at the eleventh hour, it would rather reflect on you, wouldn't it? Uncle Bunny, for instance, wouldn't be pleased. You have to remember, too, that it is more than just an appointment. You will—if, of course, you go—be working with a great man. Lord Fitzgerald is a great soldier. You will get your majority too. Think of it—a major at twenty-seven!"

Rollo looks at her and he cannot help smiling. Lark sees that smile. She says:

"The Duke of Wellington was a colonel at twenty-four."

Rollo's smile fades. He looks hostile.

"If Rollo plays his cards well ——" Selina says, but Lark interrupts:

"I thought he was a soldier, not a card player."

"You are being very silly," says Rollo sharply.

"Of course, if you refuse to go, you can be married," says Selina, "but what will you live on? You can't live on your pay. A captain's pay isn't a great deal, you know, and you are only just a captain. After five years things should be very different."

Rollo is perfectly still behind Lark.

"She knows that I can't wait five years," says Lark. "That is why she suggests it. She knows I can't." And she cries in desperation, "She hates me, and Pelham is in love with me, and it is intolerable for me here! I can't wait, Rollo. Don't listen to her! She means to spoil it. Let us marry and be together and manage our lives for ourselves. I am not afraid. Rollo, listen. Listen to me!"

"I think Rollo would regret it," says Selina.

It is Selina's calmness and her understatement that win Rollo. It has the effect of sounding wise and Lark's vivid, eager speech sounds improbable. And she gives herself away to him over and over again and he knows, or he thinks he knows, that he is safe in arming himself against her for the present. 'She will wait,' thinks Rollo, and aloud he says:

"Lark, dearest, I love you ——"

Lark looks into his face. "Second-best love," says Lark slowly, drawing herself away.

STORK TRUTH

The best Polish story concerns three soldiers who were practicing their English. They were discussing the wife of a colleague who was unhappy because she was childless.

"She is unbearable," said one.

"No, that is the wrong word. She is inconceivable," the second corrected.

"No, no. You too are wrong," said the third. "What you mean to say is that she is impregnable."

BERNARD NEWMAN: One Man's Year. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd.)

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"It has to be second," says Rollo with a curious honesty. "But I love you, Lark. You must trust me."

She cries, "How can I? I know that look, that Dane look in your eyes."

"I shall marry you when I come back," he tells her.

"Will you?" asks Lark with an edge to her voice. "And if I am not here when you come back?"

"You are making things impossible for me," says Rollo angrily. "Don't you see, I have to go."

"If you have to, you have to. It is for you to decide."

"Lark, promise me you will wait."

"I haven't decided, I haven't decided," says Lark in a faraway little voice, proud and jerky and broken. "I haven't decided yet what I shall do."

"Lark. Listen ——"

"It is no use to listen," says Lark proudly. "I have heard."

"Will you be reasonable?"

"It isn't a question of reason. It is feeling," says Lark. "I can't help it, can I, if you have more reason than I have, and I have more feeling than you?"

"It is impossible to talk to you."

"Why talk, then? It is settled. You have settled it, completely, haven't you? Why go on making excuses?"

"I am not making excuses!"

Rollo spins round furiously to the mantelpiece. Lark is still, withdrawn from him to the other side of the fire, drawing a circle in the hearthrug with the toe of her white slipper, holding the mantelpiece with one hand, the other caught in the loop of his pearls, twisting them in her fingers.

"You will break them," says Rollo suddenly.

Lark lifts both her hands and undoes the clasp and drops the necklace on the mantelpiece.

"Lark, what are you going to do?"

"I haven't decided. But I don't think I shall wait for you, Rollo."

"Lark, you are angry now."

"No, I am not angry," says Lark, and then the unreality in her voice breaks and she comes back to the real moment and she cries, hiding her face in her hands, "But don't you see, we shall be lost! Lost!"

* * * *

"But I didn't cry for you, Rolls," said the Marchesa. "Griselda's tears are in this house, and Grizel's, but not mine. I didn't cry for you. I wouldn't. I have always refused to be unhappy."

"Unhappy? Happy? I don't know," said Rolls.

The gunfire was getting nearer. Now the house shook. He listened to the guns.

"But we didn't live—not as we might have done. That was my fault."

"Mine, too," said the Marchesa. "I was proud."

"We deserve to end," said Rolls.

"There are Pax and Grizel," she reminded him. "We are not alone."

Rolls moved his chair farther away from the window. The glass rattled now to the guns. The candles were getting low. One of them began to gutter.

"Were you afraid to die?" he asked the Marchesa. "Were you prepared?"

"We are always prepared more or less," said the Marchesa judiciously. "Death comes every minute. Guido took a long time dying and they were always exhorting him to prepare for death, but in the end he was much as usual. Your death is a part of your life," said the Marchesa to Rolls.

He went to the shelf of little books over the writing table—Griselda's books, Selina's books—and took down a prayer book so much used that it fell apart in his hand. He turned the flimsy pages over until he came to Page 192: *The Order of the Burial of the*

(Continued on Page 77)

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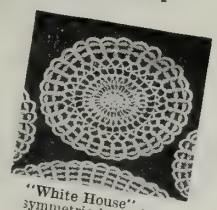


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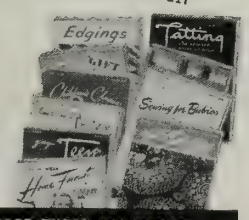
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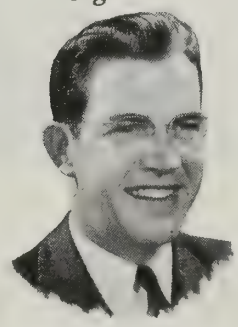
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(Continued from Page 75)

Dead. 'If I am found reading this,' said Rolls, 'how suitable that will be!'

Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live. . . . He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay.

Rolls was not a poet, but he knew what it feels like to be a poet, and in this critical suspense—the noise outside was hideous—he could be stirred to pleasure.

In the midst of life we are in death. . . . Well, that was commonly known; the Marchesa, Lark, had pointed that out just now; but there was a line later that arrested him, and for a moment, grimly. 'We shall be lost! Lost.' Lark's cry rang in his ear. *The bitter pangs of eternal death,* read Rolls; and then into his mind came the thought of Grizel.

He thought how much he liked her face with its clear skin and straight small nose and pretty mouth, the direct blue eyes and well-brushed fine brown hair. . . . "We thought it was going to end, after tonight. And it isn't. It is going to live," said Grizel. "Do you subscribe to that?" asked Rolls of Pax. . . . "Yes, I do," said Pax.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, Rolls read calmly. He was calm now. . . . "Are we dust when we die?" asks Roly. . . . Rolls read to the end of the service, quite calm, quite undisturbed.

The heading on the opposite page caught his eye. *The Thanksgiving—of Women after Childbirth.* He remembered now that one followed after the other. *Children and the fruit of the womb are an heritage and a gift. . . . Like as arrows in the hand of a giant, even so are the young children* ——

'Arrows,' thought Rolls, and he went to the windows, the French doors, and, holding the book still carefully, without disturbing the folds of the curtains, slipped between them and the glass to look out. The raid was drawing nearer; the sky was not dark, but radiant with moonlight and the crossed patterns and beams of searchlights, moving, crossing, fixing; the air was a heavy pandemonium of sound.

Close to him the windows shook and the floor under his feet shook, too, as if train after train were running underneath. 'But the trains are stopped,' thought Rolls helplessly. He was frightened, though he still possessed that undisturbed deep inner calm.

'WELL, I have shot my bolt now,' thought Rolls as the noise unfolded itself across the sky and seemed to gather and thunder over his head. 'I am ready. I was born almost eighty years ago.' And he wondered why he had been afraid. 'Your death is a part of your life.' Heads and tails on a coin that you spin every day; any day; not only this day. 'To be born and to live and to die is quite usual. Perfectly fair.'

He steadied himself by the window and watched the searchlights that hid the stars completely by their near brightness. The whole sky and the city were fraught with death and life.

An airplane swooped down closer, so close that it sounded as if it swooped down across the garden. Rolls could not see it, only hear, in the lit darkness, that deafening swoop; the gunfire that followed it seemed to crack in his ears, and there was a deafening shock and the house shook again, the glass rattled loudly and Rolls covered his eyes. Then came a lull and he could hear his own breathing. He uncovered his eyes, and now in front of him he could see a glare behind the roofs and chimneys opposite. 'Near,' said Rolls. 'Edward's Square, I should think. I hope Proutie is all right.'

THERE is something that no one knows in the house except Rolls himself and Proutie. It is so long ago that Rolls did not know if Proutie remembered it, but Proutie did remember.

* * * *

It is Rollo's last night before he leaves for India and Afghanistan, with old Fitzgerald. He is miserable and sulky and, when at last the interminable evening is over and he goes up to bed, he cannot go to bed. He comes downstairs again and flings the front door open and stands on the steps, and presently he goes outside and spends an hour walking, walking, up and down. It is a cold night and he has no coat, but he does not notice that except for a slight extra unconscious misery that comes from being chilled. The fronts of the houses are bland and indifferent, all with dark windows, and an overmastering desire comes to Rollo to see if Her window is dark; if She can sleep. He goes down by the area steps into the garden.

There is no gleam of light. Rollo goes back into the Place. 'If she can sleep, then I can too'—but he begins to walk up and down again.

Now Lark, Rollo supposes, is asleep. How can she sleep? 'I have avoided her, of course, but then she also has avoided me. We have avoided one another, but how can she sleep? Surely she doesn't mean to end it there? Surely, we must at least be going to say good-by. We haven't arranged anything,' cries Rollo. 'There is so much to arrange.' His guard falls down and, with it, his prudence and his fears. 'Good God!' says Rollo. 'What a fool I have been!' He comes bounding up the steps just in time to prevent Proutie from bolting the door. Proutie is in a brown dressing gown.

"Proutie! Not in bed?"

"I had a feeling about the door," says Proutie. "I thought maybe I hadn't put the chain up, so I came down and found the door wide open."

"I did that, not you," says Rollo. "Proutie, you are going to do something for me."

"Of course, Mr. Rollo. Anything."

"Go up to the nursery and wake Miss Lark. Go very quietly and wake her and ask her to come down. Tell her it is important and urgent. And Proutie ——"

"Yes, sir?"

"It is important and urgent," Rollo repeats.

Proutie goes and Rollo waits in the hall. The candles have burned down. There is only one left on the stairs and it burns low, shedding light only around itself. A stair creaks, but it is not Proutie coming down. What an age, an age is Proutie. Rollo strains and cannot hear a sound.

He walks to the drawing-room door; back again; close to the clock; he looks up the stairs: there is not a sound. The street door

Song Beyond Words

BY LOUISE OWEN

Not held between the covers of a book
Shall be my truest and most living verse:
No silver pennies in a silver purse,
Nor rainbow fish upon a barbèd hook.
But they shall run on free and unbound feet,
Those poems, live as laughter, free as rain;
The ripple of the wind in each refrain—
The richness of the blood in every beat.

Not drawn in cool and lucid black and white,
But in the colors of the very heart;
Of sun; and open flowers; and deep-sea waters;
Truer than words can say, than pen can write,
Are these, my dearest works of more-than-art—
Tall sons like sonnets, lovely lyric daughters.



"How about bridge this afternoon?" I said to my friend Betsy, deep in the dishpan at the moment. "Goodness, Susan, I'm too busy," says she, "besides I look like last year's dishrag. Did you ever see a worse case of dishpan hands?"



"Never," said I, "and no wonder, using that strong soap. Why don't you change to Lux?" "Because I stay up nights watching pennies, darling." "I bet you don't know how thrifty Lux is," said I.



So we made a bet. She kept track of how long her soap lasted—I kept track of Lux. Lux won, hands down! Ounce for ounce, Lux does up to twice as many dishes as ten other leading soaps tested!





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is still open and the Place, as it shows beyond its arch, pale, lighted by the lamps, is imprinted on Rollo's mind forever. Proutie comes running down the stairs.

"Where is she? Proutie, won't she come?"

"Miss Lark is not in her room," says Proutie. "Her bed hasn't been slept in. There is a note for Mr. Pelham, Mr. Rollo. She is gone!"

* * * *

"It is so peaceful to talk to you now," said the Marchesa. "Those questions and actions were like thorns and wounds in our minds You hurt me, so I hurt you. But that is all over. It is so peaceful to talk to you now," she repeats.

"I love you, Lark. I love you. How much I love you, Lark!"

The candles are burning quietly along the walls; they shine on the picture frames, on the gilding of the chairs exactly as they did before; they are reflected quietly in the polished piano lid, in the tables, in the mirror; the shepherdess on the clock is still dreaming and the hands of the clock have only imperceptibly moved.

"Then?" says Lark wonderingly. "Then? And now?"

"What are you thinking of?" Rolls asks her.

"Of us, of course."

"How we shall always be in love?"

"How we shall always be in love."

"Even when we are old?"

"Even when we are old."

There was a shock of impact and noise and the glass of the window was blown in, straight in Rolls' face. The drawing-room wall sagged inward, covering him as he fell. The balcony and steps rose up and tore away into the garden in an uprising of bricks and earth. The house shuddered to its foundations. The bomb had fallen on the garden wall between the lines of houses. The house on either side of it seemed to sway apart, but it was the house in Wiltshire Crescent that fell, hidden in a cloud of dust. No. 99 still stood.

Presently the all-clear sounded. In this hour the outside sounds had lessened and the din of the guns died down. The searchlights had ceased to play over the sky and the stars showed. The garden was full of rubble and broken glass and dirt. The steps lay at an angle. The creepers, torn loose, swayed and stirred. There was a dead silence.

But the house was not silent; nor was it dead.

"We thought it was going to end tonight, but it isn't. It is going to live."

"They eat Larks in Italy."

"Is it so important to be loved?"

"I should prefer it to be my own thigh."

"We are having a lovely party."

"A lease of occupation."

"When did you grow up like this?"

"Why not be truthful, Grizel?"

"Do not disturb me. I don't want to be disturbed."

"—— as your sister. Do you understand?"

"Real snow, Grizel."

"Heliotrope, and they call it cherry pie."

And the house continues in its tickings, its rustlings, its creakings; the ashes will fall in its grates, its doorbells ring; trains will pass under it and their sounds vibrate; footsteps will run up the stairs, along passages; the piano will be played and books taken down from the shelf; brushes will be lifted up and laid down again on the dressing table; the medicine bottle will be shaken and flowers arranged in a vase; children will play and mice will run in the wainscot and the family will set traps for them.

"In me you exist," says the house.

(THE END)

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 6)

requirements. Individuals with strong characters can solve almost any domestic problem, even under the most abnormal conditions. But in statistics it is different. They show that marital fidelity depends on the continual cohabitation of husband and wife. It is recognized in the divorce laws of most states, which will dissolve a marriage in case of prolonged desertion.

So there is no blinking the fact that a serious result of war is to put the family off its axis. This is one of the terrible costs we pay for war; and individually, it belongs to the risks of war. And about all that can be done about it now is to prepare the minds of our young women for what they are up against in war marriages. Certainly no one can give advice in so private a matter to any individual; but the young woman who knows what she is up against, faces it clearly, and asks herself whether she has the character to carry through her marriage vows even under such abnormal conditions, is certainly better fortified than the lighthearted girl who doesn't think before she leaps.

But one day the war will be over, and our men will be back, and the question then will be of readaptation and re-education of deconcentrated people. For marriage is a concentration—of two people on each other and on their children. Again, in thousands of cases, marriages will be resumed with an enhanced appreciation and an enhanced concentration. But for the majority a habit will have to be formed, after the normal time for fixing it has been passed. It will be a miracle if we can avoid the kind of libertinism and excess that followed the last war, not only here but everywhere.

And here again it will be wise to foresee the situation. Last time we were not prepared for it. This time we can at least anticipate it.

The psychoanalysts have correctly discovered that nothing can be overcome in the personality until it has been made conscious. Every person has a desire for happiness. The psychotic personality follows his instincts blindly, grasps after every passing whim that promises some moment of happiness, and ends up with a wrecked life. The healthy personality directs his life to a goal, and selects those experiences which reason tells him—or her—will bring it nearer. One great love in any person's life, even if it is accompanied by pain and hardships, is worth a dozen or more fleeting relationships. And this simple truth must be explained over and over to the inexperienced young, by their parents, by their teachers, and even by radio commentators and journalists.

The young wife must understand, in advance, that her returning husband may be nervous, irritable, restless and "lost." If she anticipates this, she can help him. If she waits until it happens, she will probably blow up. She must know that if in his absence her own life has been as unsteady and adventurous as war is, in its very nature, there is no hope for the future of her marriage when he returns. For in every family somebody has to be a steadying influence, and in the war marriage it must be the wife.

The young war wife is invested with a social dignity and a public mission, if she cares to assume it: namely, to be a supporter and preserver of American civilization. She must live for what her man is fighting for, and not betray him, his cause, her country and herself. He endures terrible hardships and undergoes unaccustomed disciplines for his country. She can share his endurance and his disciplines. The young woman who sees herself as part of a community, with a duty toward it and a standard to uphold in its behalf, will find it easier, much easier, to meet her problems, for she can to some extent depersonalize and sublimate them.

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PRESCRIPTION FOR A FURLOUGH

(Continued from Page 21)

cupped her face in his hands and looked at her.

"Dearest," he said, "you're burning up. Have you got a fever too?"

Nora laughed and kissed him again. "I have a fever for you," she said. "It's been coming on for a year and a half." But a moment later she looked at the fire and shook her head. "You may be right," she said. "The andirons are beginning to jitterbug."

The thermometer showed an unmistakable hundred and three degrees, and Nora, alternately weeping and cursing fate, undressed and found the telltale watery pocks on her shoulder.

"At my age! It might at least have been something dignified, like a broken arm. On this day of all days in my life—chicken pox."

So here he was—just as he had been every night for the past year and a half—sitting in bed, smoking his pipe, thinking about his family. The only difference between then and now was the difference between the cramped officers' quarters on the Anthony Paule and the spacious guest room at home. For all practical purposes, Ted thought, that was no difference at all.

That had been Monday, and in the week that followed Ted found the grim realities of war supplanted by the grim monotonies of home. As chief medical officer on the hospital ship, he had moved surely and swiftly through one emergency case after another. As chief nurse and errand boy at home, he seemed to be bogged down with two light cases of chicken pox.

REAL JOY

Such happiness I've never known,
Today has been Red Letter:
A friend showed me her new fall hat
And I liked my own much better.

—EVELYNE LOVE COOPER: Quoted in The Speaker's Desk Book. Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Drake, Publisher.)

Nora ran high temperatures, had only isolated spots, felt rotten and asked for nothing. Dick had practically no temperature at all, blossomed with a nasty, ubiquitous rash, felt fine and demanded everything. For him Ted fetched and carried every five minutes: a glass of ginger ale, a wood-burning set, a building set, a glass of ginger ale, plastic clay, toy soldiers, a coloring book and another glass of ginger ale. Dick more than welcomed his father's stories now, and Ted gained some satisfaction from the thought that, as in the old days, his son valued his originals more highly than the classics prescribed by the mothers' club.

On Wednesday night he got Dick ready for bed and was about to swing him in when the little boy clutched his arm. "I haven't said my prayers. I know the grown-up one now."

"Do you? What's that?"

"You get down on your knees, you know. It's more rerevant."

"Reverent, Dick."

"That's what I said." He flopped down, carefully fitted his palms together and began: "'Our Father which art in heaven.'" He paused and Ted was about to prompt him when he went on, his head still bowed: "Daddy, I didn't think about you much when you were gone."

"Didn't you?"

"No. 'Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come.' You know why?"

"No, tell me."

"Because"—Dick pressed his face into the bed—"when I thought about you I missed you so much, so I tried not to. 'Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.' And I hope you didn't think much about me either, so you wouldn't miss me so much. 'Give us this day our daily bread, and for-



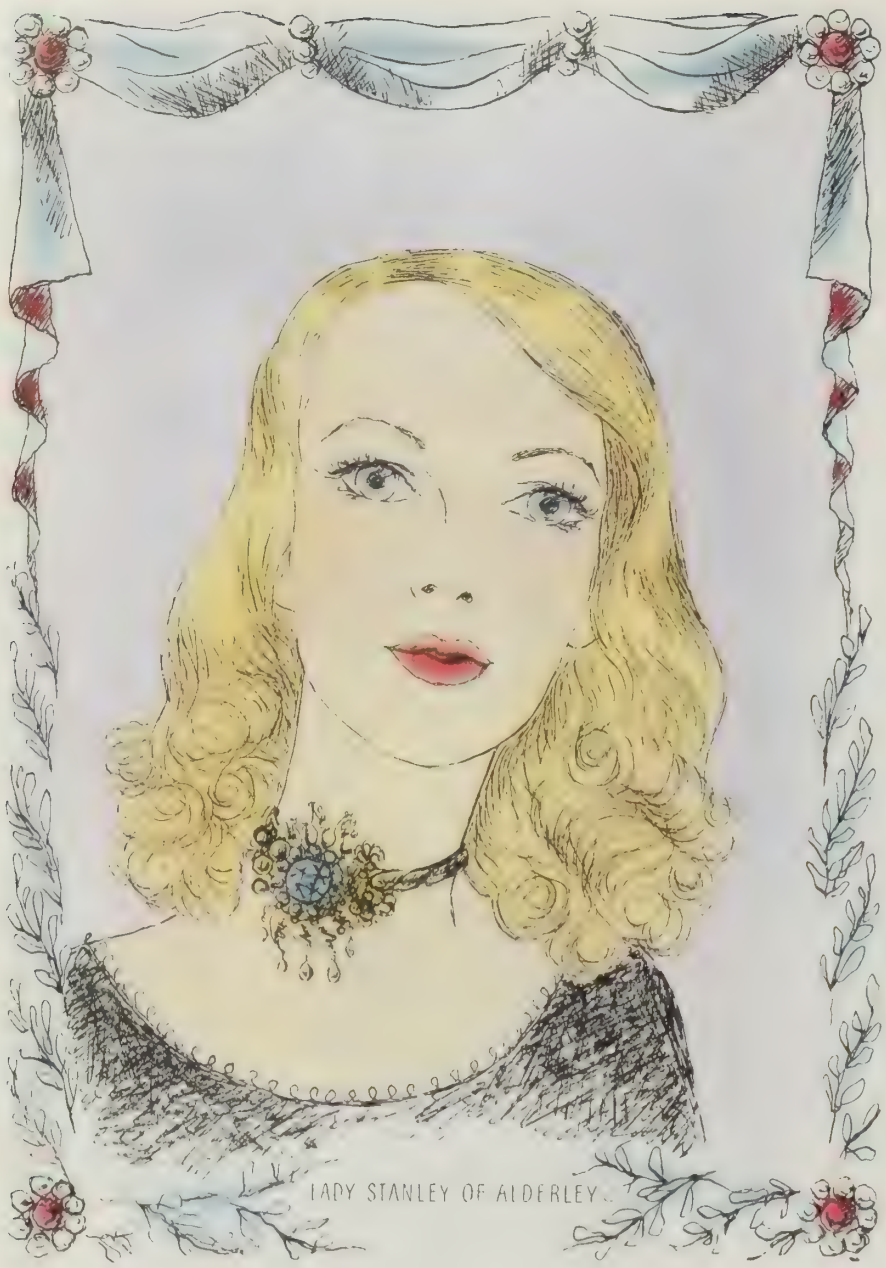
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give us our trespasses . . .'" He finished the prayer, and it gave Ted time to swallow hard before he picked him up, whacked him on the bottom, kissed the back of his neck and tucked him in.

Nevertheless, whenever Ted and Nora were together, Dick continued to show his curious resentment. Alone with either of them, he was sweet and at ease, but with both of them together he was querulous and jittery.

Jendy's before-school and after-hockey services were indispensable. Cheerfully she tidied the whole house, prepared dinner and attacked the day's accumulation of dishes. Fortunately, Mrs. Garwood did the marketing for them now, but it was Ted who struggled with the short orders that passed for lunch. As he went about the house he lined up several postwar projects. He would get rid of that capricious, ornery bucket-a-day hot-water fire and replace it with an automatic gas heater, trade in the refrigerator for a new one with at least five more cubic feet and a filing system, get an electric juicer, install a laundry chute, and extra telephones all over the house—and while he was at it, build an escalator.

At night he stood by with a towel while Jendy washed the dishes. She knew his low taste in songs and gleefully taught him all the words to Frankie and Johnny.

He loved to look at Jendy. She didn't yet have the breath-taking quality of Nora's beauty, but she was handsome, and she carried her height with no apology, as straight as an exclamation point. Her self-consciousness about her braces was rather painful. When her hand flew up to cover her mouth, several times he resisted the impulse to say sharply, "Don't do that!" But Jendy was good fun, and he enjoyed the evenings in the kitchen with her.

She came home jubilant on Thursday. Ted caught the shining announcement in her eyes that something special had happened. He did not probe, but waited, and he smiled at the speed and ease with which she speared the roast from the oven.

After dinner, when they were working together, he asked her, "How did things go today?"

"Pretty good. I had a good day, today."

"Something nice happen?"

"Uh-huh, two things. Liza"—the keen hockey coach—"told me I'm to start at left wing against Brinton tomorrow."

"That's wonderful." Ted was really proud. "So that's why you're so happy?"

Jendy emptied the dishpan and vigorously scrubbed the sink. She looked out the kitchen window when she answered. "That's what I have wanted more than anything else in the world."

"Golly," said Ted. He remembered two weary winters of bench sitting before he had finally made his high-school basketball team. "What was the other thing?"

"Oh, nothing much, really, except that I was elected chairman of the B Bounce."

"The B Bounce?"

"Sure. That's our name for the class dance. You see, everyone was tired of calling it the Junior Prom. At school they letter the classes instead of numbering them. Ours is the B class, so we decided to call it the B Bounce. Isn't that neat?"

Ted laughed. "Being chairman of the dance committee—that's quite an honor, but more of a responsibility, eh? When is this dance?"

"Two weeks from tomorrow. We're going to have a five-piece orchestra, the Regal Esquires. There are lots of things to do—tickets, publicity, refreshments, decorations and stuff. But as far as the honor goes, the girls simply slipped one over on the boys. You see, I was the only girl nominated, and the other girls made sure there were three boys up for it, so the boys would split their vote. The girls were solid for me, so that's how it happened."

"The League of Women Voters, hey? Well, you and mother will have to go to town on Saturday and pick out a new evening dress. Something slinky and strapless?"

"No," said Jendy, "not for me."

"Why not?"

She walked over to the closet and took off her apron, her back toward him. "I probably won't be invited," she said. She turned, her face flushed, and her hand stole up to shield her teeth as she tried to smile.

Ted walked over and took her in his arms. "What is it, baby; do those braces get in your way?"

That did it. She wept like a child. "I hate them, oh, I hate them so."

"Jendy, punkin, let's get rid of them. I'll talk to Doctor Snyder and see if you aren't ready for removable ones you could wear just at night."

"Mother asked him about it. He said he could do it only it would be expensive. But I keep thinking about that crack in the knock-and-compliment book."

"What was that?"

"Buddy Weaver—he comes to about my shoulder—wrote that I was a chicken-wired bean pole."

"That settles it," said Ted. "To my roving eye you're better than Rita Hayworth, but I suppose you care more about the opinion of some illiterate fullback than that of your aged father. All right, punkin, we'll change those braces if it costs a hundred, and we'll send you to that dance looking like a million. We'll splurge on a dress that'll knock their eyes out—the blind buffoons!"

Nora was on her feet again by Friday, a little wobbly but strong enough to resume control of the kitchen. Dicky was allowed the run of the house and spent some time at his workbench making an airplane that turned out to be a raft. At four o'clock Ted took them in the car to the end of the hockey field, where they watched the last half of the game. Leaving them in the car, he went up to the players' bench at midfield and learned that Brookford was well out in front with a three-point lead. Time after time he saw Jendy streak down the side lines to break up a play, then turn and skillfully take the ball back toward the Brinton goal. Seeing her natural grace and confidence on the field, he became more than ever determined that she should hold her own on the dance floor.

After the game he met Liza, tall, fine-looking. She pumped his hand with real pleasure. "I'm thrilled with the way Jendy plays," she told him. "I don't dare let her know how good she really is. She's a grand girl, Doctor Coleman."

With all four of them again at the table that night, dinner was a celebration. And in the next week the shadow of his dream of home became form and substance. For Dick he made a bow and six arrows and taught him how to shoot them. With a piece of left over linoleum and a couple of small blocks he made a quiver; from Jendy's discarded hockey stick he fashioned a stalwart sword. Armed with these weapons, Dick, still property-bound, strutted around the garden looking behind every bush for the Sheriff of Nottingham.

With the aid of a miracle lotion that Ted had had prepared at the drugstore, Nora's spots were vanquished, and by the end of the week she was lovely again, her skin clear, a little pale, luminous. They had the Nortons and the Wilsons for dinner on Thursday night and went to two parties on the week-end. One of these was given in Ted's honor by Bob Gibbs, his former chief at the maternity hospital, a bachelor who prided himself on his lobster dinners.

"I've been wondering when you were coming down to see us at the hospital," said Bob. "I should think you'd be afraid of getting rusty. Drop in next week and perhaps we can arrange triplets for you."

COURTESY

Courtesy is the quality that keeps a woman smiling when a departing guest stands at the open screen and lets the flies in.

—ANON: Quoted in The Speaker's Desk Book. Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke, Publisher.)



"Glad I'm not living in the days before Tampax!"

Many things seem to have been more cumbersome in the days of our grandmothers—and even in the time of some of our mothers. Women's shoes were usually heavier, their clothes were bulkier and there were more supports, harnesses and contraptions than in 1945 . . . We feel credit should go to Tampax for its share in the streamlining of its millions of users on "those days of the month" because this form of monthly protection discards the belts, pins and external pads completely.

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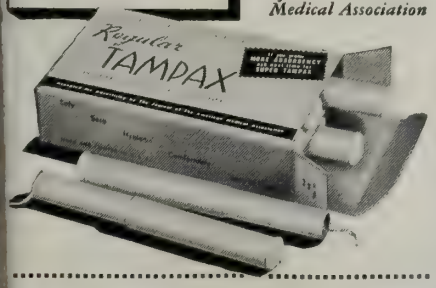
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"O.K.," said Ted. "I'll show you I can still give pointers to the rest of you storks." It was wonderful to see these men again, to hear the talk of birth and not of death.

Doctor Snyder promised to make a new brace for Jendy and removed the old one. Nora and a beaming Jendy went shopping and came home with a dress. It was a deep, geranium red, perfectly plain, full-skirted, with a square neck. Jendy modeled it for Ted, and her face was shining when he looked at it critically and then remarked:

"Looks exactly right to the old man."

"Isn't it perfect for her?" asked Nora. "Oh, Jendy, can I borrow it once in a while?"

There was only one thing needed—a date for the dance. The days passed and Jendy talked less and less about the tickets and the refreshments and her correspondence with the Regal Esquires.

Nora was worried. "Ted, I think my heart will break in two pieces if she has to stay home. After all the work she's done and that beautiful new dress to wear."

Ted, too, felt a deep and impotent anger in himself. His words were calmer than his tone. "You wait; she's the kind of girl they'll stand in line for four years from now."

Nora answered practically, "Small comfort when this dance is four days away."

But after dinner that night the telephone rang, and Jendy answered. They heard her say, "I'd love to go with you, Buddy," and they each silently shook hands with themselves like winning prize fighters, across the living room. They hastily composed their faces before Jendy came back. "Well," she said, "that's that."

"I knew you wouldn't have any trouble," said Ted. "Who is Buddy?"

"Buddy Weaver. He's very popular, I guess."

"Isn't he the boy who wrote them sentiments?"

"Yes. But he's all right."

"Never mind," said Ted. "He's an admission ticket, and once there you'll be the belle of the bounce."

THE next morning Ted went in town to his old hospital and found Bob Gibbs looking fagged and harassed. "I've been up all night, Ted," he said. "We've had twenty-two babies in this hospital in the last twenty-four hours, and they phoned from emergency that a new case has just been admitted to the wards. Wouldn't like to have a busman's holiday, would you?"

"Sure," said Ted. And he did.

At noon, when the new baby boy, weighing in at eight pounds, ten ounces, had been safely and uneventfully checked into the nursery, Ted and Bob went across the street for lunch.

"This is the stuff," said Ted. "When all your work on the ship has been repairing, you get a bang out of starting in a new human being, perfect, free from any sort of injury."

They were lingering over their coffee when Ted saw the tall, red-haired, blue-eyed ensign moving toward their table. He recognized him immediately.

"Glad to see you, Tony."

"Hello, commander. Didn't know whether you'd remember me, sir."

Ted was pleased to feel nothing missing in the firmness of the boy's handshake. "This is Doctor Gibbs, Tony. Bob, this is Ensign Sanders. Tony picked up the Navy Cross and a compound fracture of the right arm off Kwajalein."

"Doctor Coleman fix you up all right?" Bob asked.

"Certainly did, sir." He smiled at Ted. "When I got to the medical center, they couldn't say enough for the job you had done. I've been at the convalescent center here and came in this morning to face the board. They gave me a clear bill for full duty."

"Congratulations," said Ted. "How about coming out to Brookford and having dinner with us tonight?"

"Gosh, there's nothing I'd rather do, sir, but I can't make it tonight."





"How about Friday at seven?"

"Fine. Thank you, sir."

And so when Ted suggested to Jendy at breakfast on Friday that she dress for the dance before dinner instead of after, she made no protest. As for Dick, he was agog at the thought of seeing a real Navy flier.

Nora was a little nettled. "After all, Dick, he's only an ensign, and daddy is a lieutenant commander."

"You mean he has to do whatever daddy says?"

"Yes," said Ted. "When I tell him to take a nap, he has to do it."

"Even if he wants to sit up and play?"

"That's right."

"Well, maybe," said Dick. "But you can't fly a Hellcat."

"O.K." Ted laughed. "He can be your hero tonight. Tomorrow is my turn."

When the doorbell rang at seven, Dick ran to the door and opened it, then stood at rigid attention, his right hand grooving his forehead in a violent salute.

"At ease, bos'n," said Tony. "Why don't you pipe me over the side?" Then, when he saw the boy's delighted grin he went on gravely, "May I assist you topside, sir?" He picked him up and swung him high above his head. "Golly, you're even heavier than my kid brother." He put him down and saluted Ted smartly. "Good evening, commander. Ensign Sanders reporting."

"Hello, Tony. It's good to have you here." Ted looked around for Nora and Jendy. "I guess the girls are upstairs. This is a big night for my daughter. She's going to a dance at the high school. Would you like a cold drink, ensign?"

"I'll keep you company," said Tony as they moved into the living room.

Ten minutes passed before Nora came down. She was mad, fighting mad, and Ted recognized the signs—her lips tight together, her blue eyes snapping. She greeted Tony distractedly and murmured something about dinner having to be a little late.

"Is something wrong with the new dress?" Ted asked.

"Jendy's crying," said Dick.

Nora laid her hand on his shoulder. "Now, Dicky, we'll just keep quiet about that."

"She's crying because that Buddy boy told everyone the teacher was making him take her to the dance because she'd done so much work."

"Dick, be still, you hear me?"

"You know it's true. I heard her telling you all about it."

"Well, now we know. I persuaded her to go anyway. I told her she'd have a good time in spite of the wretched boy."

Jendy came down slowly, her head high, almost regal in the geranium dress, and when she smiled at Tony, Ted walked over and proudly took her arm.

Tony dropped his gay and carefree manner; throughout dinner he seemed thoughtful and not quite so young himself. When Nora mentioned that Jendy planned to go to Mount Holyoke, he became animated and boyish again.

"That's swell!" he said. "I had a year at Amherst. Used to go skating at Mount Holyoke sometimes. There's a place between Mount Holyoke and Amherst where we'd take our dates and dance, called The Notch, sort of a juke-box place, wonderful hamburgers. When this thing is over, I'm going back there and finish college. I'm really homesick for those hills."

"I guess it'll be about two years before Jendy gets there," said Ted.

"I'll be there," said Tony. "Tell you what, Jen"—no one had ever called her that—"let's make a date for the Junior Prom in 1947. O.K.?"

"O.K." Jendy laughed and looked at her plate, but Nora looked at Tony as if she wanted to kiss him.

(Continued on Page 84)

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

LIKE banyan trees, many parents want to keep their young always attached, denying them the glorious privilege of putting down shoots by themselves.

A child can never be better than what his parents think of him.

Portrait: Wac doing her work with enthusiastic himpetus.

In these days of making our clothes do, the average women's club resembles a garden of stolid perennials instead of bright annuals.

To some people, a little noise made by children grates on the ears like stepping on grains of sugar.

Not all children's misbehavior should be punished with the same punishment; our courts have different penalties for different offenses.

Some women clean house like a small boy taking the works out of a clock.

It would be quite a shock to have the daughters arrive from school some afternoon with a homework assignment reading: One page of dishwashing; two paragraphs of making beds.

Parenthood: A course of training which enables a person to hear any kind of yell, shriek or blast without shivering.

I have tried various methods of dishwashing, and the only one that really accomplishes the job is to pitch in and do them.

Note to little women: To cultivate good looks is different from cultivating vanity.

A mother-in-law should never be astounded upon discovering faults in her daughter-in-law that can be found in her own daughter.

A mother's birthday note: Dear mother, we have decided to give Hardtack and Dogbiscuit away and just keep Jeep. We are doing this so you can have peepul in again.

It is possible to watch a child play for one hour and tell quite accurately the kind of home he comes from.

She is the kind of woman who never takes a washing down the same day she hangs it up.

The trouble with handing ourselves bouquets is that the flowers usually look like weeds to the other person, or at least lack fragrance.

The next most difficult problem to having grandparents spoil your children is having neighbors spoil your dog.

Old advice: "A girl should marry *only* if the matter comes reasonably to hand. She should never make it an object in life."

Children need not be perfect; one of the chemist's problems in copying jewels is to preserve the imperfections embedded in them.

One advantage the child psychologist has over a parent is that he doesn't live with the subject.

Some mothers are so eager to make a baby relish his food they use two spoons, to keep the child from screaming as soon as its mouth is empty.

★ ★

Del Monte

Keep the name in mind– the flavor speaks for itself!

Think of all the times you've rejoiced in the golden goodness, the clear sparkling color and the zesty freshness of Del Monte Brand Pineapple, *all* styles!

You still can get some Del Monte Pineapple and Pineapple Juice. Not much, though, because all pineapple is very scarce. And, of course, the supply of Del Monte your grocer *does* get is bound to sell especially fast.

But you'll want Del Monte whenever you find it. There's no pineapple more tempting or richer in tropical goodness. Keep the name in mind—Del Monte Pineapple, the *flavor first* brand. Be on the lookout for it.



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In these days of shortages, of course, there are fewer ScotTowels for everybody. Our armed forces and war industries need and *must have* large quantities of Scott paper products. But there will be more ScotTowels when peacetime arrives!

In the meantime, if your dealer is temporarily out of stock, won't you try again later?



Trademark "ScotTowels" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 82)

After dinner Ted took Dick to his room and started the evening story. He could hear the piano playing softly downstairs and guessed that it was Nora maintaining morale, but a moment later she opened the bedroom door and came in.

"That sweet kid," she said. "He's playing Lord Jeffrey Amherst. They're singing together. It's all so darned young and right—makes me want to bawl."

"Sit down," said Ted, "and hear how Osa Johnson poured a bag of flour on some lions."

Before they left, Dick had a question. "Wait a minute, you parents. Do you have to go back tomorrow, daddy?"

"No, not for a few days."

"What's the biggest number there is?" he demanded.

Nora told him that there was no biggest number, that numbers kept going on and on, and before she knew it she was hopelessly snarled in infinity.

Dick looked more and more puzzled and finally gave her hand a gentle push. "You'd better not try to go into it, mom," he said kindly. "Daddy, don't you know what's the biggest number there is?"

"Certainly. It's one-hundred-thousand-million-billion-trillion."

Dick sighed. "Well," he said at last, "that's the number of days I want all four of us to be together."

The music had stopped, and they could hear voices in the front hall.

"It must be that horrible Buddy," whispered Nora. She tiptoed to the railing and looked over. Ted started to go down, but she motioned for him to stop.

"You see, I have to report back for duty tomorrow," they heard Tony say. "This is my last chance to see Jen."

"Yeah, sure. I didn't realize," Buddy was saying. He moved uncertainly to the door and stopped. "If you don't mind my asking, is that the Navy Cross?"

"Afraid it is. See you at the dance?"

"Yeah! Sure. Good night, Jendy. Good night, sir."

It was eleven-thirty, but even an overdose of nembutal would not have put Ted to sleep. "I'm as nervous as a young father in the waiting room," he told Nora.

"Oh, Ted, let's wait for them. I keep remembering how I played Mutt to every boy's Jeff until I met you, you long lug."

"You know," said Ted, "I spent a lot of time with Tony. You don't think he took Jendy just out of ——"

"I don't care whether he did or not," Nora said. "He's the grandest guy in the world, next to you, darling."

The telephone rang, and Ted answered.

"Ensign Sanders reporting."

"Where are you, Tony?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm in the coach's office. The room is crawling with old shoes and air pumps. May I ask a favor, sir? I can't seem to make much time with Jen. The whole football team is running interference, but I'd love to have the last dance with her."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, this shindig isn't over until one o'clock, and the last train back to town is the twelve-forty, and ——"

"You're more than welcome to the guest room," said Ted. "I don't care for it myself, but I think you'll find it comfortable."

"Tell me," said Nora, "is she having a good time?"

"I think she is," said Ted. He sat down beside her, took her face in his hands and kissed her. "Sometimes we have an even better time than we dreamed of."

MENU FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 24)

was beginning to roll in, shrouding the skeleton shapes of embryonic ships. Men and women workers, lunch pails in hand, moved in and out of the yard as they changed shifts.

What was she doing here? she wondered. What had become of her former fancy life? *It's the war*, she told herself doggedly, though she knew part of her reason for being here was more personal than that. She had little time for introspection these days, with a schedule of forty-eight hours of work and an hour a day spent in commuting. It was, therefore, easy to postpone plans.

The blueprint shack was a squat two-room structure with a desk in each room, two telephones, fat bulging files and a soft-drink machine. Penny worked here alone most of the day. Toward the end of the afternoons, however, the soft-drink machine attracted a superintendent, or a timekeeper, or an itinerant office worker.

The extra telephone was a great convenience, too, for the young naval officers who were attached to the yard. The prospect of the evening ahead of them was always a sober problem for them. Their behavior was remarkably standardized. Sometimes they came in pairs, sometimes singly. Dropping a nickel in the machine, they would hold their bottle of cola, loll over Penny's desk and, vacant-eyed, reach for the phone. What followed was routine. "Hello, gorgeous," in a quiet intimate voice. They all seemed to use this slow, quiet voice, as if they had everything under control. Without any self-consciousness at all, they put on their lovers' voices while Penny sat there at their elbows.

Lieutenant Horn, one of the regular customers, varied his routine. Each afternoon at four he came in, dropped his nickel in the machine, lolled, lost in thought, then dialed, waited, and without saying "Hello" would ask, "How about a steak tonight?" Then he waited and listened.

As Penny stood looking out the narrow unwashed window, she heard a nickel drop in the soft-drink machine. Turning, she saw it was Lieutenant Horn. Lieutenant Horn shared an apartment somewhere with another young officer, a Lieutenant Herbert, and it was only when his friend Lieutenant Herbert was on duty that Lieutenant Horn looked in his little book and, dialing, said, "Hello, gorgeous."

Penny turned back again to gaze at the maze of bulkheads and the white, cold sky. Sometimes she felt an unaccountable satisfaction at the end of the afternoon, a good, tired feeling as she watched the workers streaming in and out, a feeling of belonging, of being bigger than her own personal life.

As she turned back to her desk, Lieutenant Horn was sitting there, his bottle in one hand, his other on the telephone. In his fatigues his golden skin and hair looked all of one color.

Tawny, Penny thought. "Hello," she said.

"Hello." Lieutenant Horn seemed to be ruminating heavily, as he always did when he approached a telephone with menus on his mind. "How do you make gravy without lumps?" he asked her abruptly.

"Lumps?"

"Yes—the flour thickening; how can you thicken gravy without getting lumps?"

"You shouldn't put flour in gravy in the first place."

"How come? I like the thick brown kind, you know."

"Yes, I know. The kind mother used to make."

He nodded eagerly.

"Well, that's all wrong. Gravy should never be thickened. It should be clear and

CRITICISM

An unknown critic wrote on the wall of a cinema outside which people were queuing: "Never in the history of human entertainment have so many waited so long for so little."

—WORLD REVIEW: Quoted in Magazine Digest.

taste of meat, not flour. The French would never thicken a meat gravy with flour."

The lieutenant stared at her belligerently. "That doesn't mean it isn't done. I've been brought up on thickened gravy and I like it."

Penny shrugged her shoulders. She decided not to argue about it. She said merely, "Well, it isn't elegant."

"Really."

He sat there with his cap on, looking very cool and scrubbed. Even his brown hands as they dialed a number on the telephone looked chapped, as if from too much scrubbing. At this hour of the day Penny always felt disheveled, as if she were smudged all over with carbon paper. There he was holding the telephone receiver expectantly, looking forward to the evening and what he should eat—eating seemed always to be such a pompous problem with him—and all she wanted was to go straight home without any dinner at all and flop on her noisy, tinkling couch. A couch that served as her bed in her large cold room. Her skating rink, she had called it once in a letter to Norma. Sometimes, lying on her lumpy couch, she grew enormously depressed at the decay in fortune of that large room with its handsome white marble mantel, rich parquet floors and magnificent crystal chandelier that hung in desolate grandeur from the ceiling. Obviously, it had once been a drawing room. Now it was rented by the week.

"That you?" Lieutenant Horn was saying quietly into the telephone.

Penny saw that even his eyebrows and lashes were tawny as the last light from the window fell on his face. Casually, she wondered how he could look so smooth and clean after a day in the yard, when, sitting here in this small office, she felt so totally rumpled, so in need of a bath. She hadn't had a decent bath since leaving New York. Climbing a flight of stairs with soap dish and towel in hand to a bathroom that smelled of disinfectants was hardly a luxury. It reminded her daily that perhaps she had better do some planning soon. Often she argued with herself as she sat huddled in the distasteful bath. *Shall I let a little perfumed soap affect my character? Make my decision for me? Change the course of my life?* But after all, as Norma said, what was she trying to prove?

"Forget the gravy," she heard the lieutenant say over the telephone.

Penny took out her powder puff and, going to the small mirror nailed on the wall, she peered at herself. *I've forgotten myself completely. This is enough of this. I wonder if I could ever look cool and well groomed again.* Where were the smooth lips she used to achieve so easily with her lipstick?

"How about a steak instead?" Lieutenant Horn was saying.

Penny glanced over her shoulder at the tawny young man at the telephone, wondering if he ever spoke of anything but food.

"We're having a steak tonight," he announced as he hung up.

"That's good."

"Do you cook when you get off here?"

"I haven't a kitchen." Indeed, Penny had been fortunate to find any kind of shelter at all in this overcrowded shipyard city.

"It's rugged having to eat out every night. Shouldn't you like a home-cooked meal sometimes?"

"Home-cooked—rats!" she exploded. "I'd like to be dining at the Colony. I'd like to be having smoked salmon, the Nova Scotia kind, sliced so thin you could see the design on the plate under it. I'd like to be having a paper-thin steak minute, cooked in a chafing dish, and after that a green salad with a thick slice of *pâté de foie gras*—the Strasbourg kind—and after that a soufflé *grand marnier*. That's what I'd like."

Lieutenant Horn did not answer, but she felt that he was studying her. *He's puzzled to find that a girl who sits here in a shipyard*

(Continued on Page 86)



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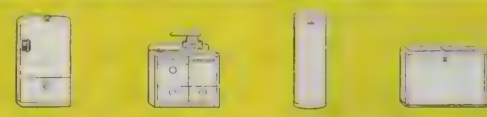
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(Continued from Page 84)

at a desk every day knows something about food, she thought, *while his idea of a delicacy is thickened gravy.*

"I was just going to offer to share our steak with you," he said simply.

His simplicity was a rebuke to her cheap braggadocio. To hide a blush that rose in her face, she turned and pulled a drawer from the files. Then she said lightly, "I can't gobble up the victuals of the armed forces. But it's awfully generous of you anyway."

"My pal's a swell cook," he urged, "and I think you like to eat. William and I like to eat too."

"It wasn't difficult for me to guess that," Penny laughed.

Lieutenants Christopher Horn and William Herbert lived in a small two-room apartment perched on Nob Hill. It was easy to see that the young men tended their home with respect and diligence. The small living room, in which two dark red couches served as beds, had an air of home and hospitality quite unwarranted by its size and furnishings. Eucalyptus leaves were bunched handsomely in a white pottery jar, and magazines were piled strictly according to date on a table, while on the walls was a series of sketches of ships, all of them signed by one or the other of the young men.

"We're marine architects," they explained to Penny. "We're from Bay City, Michigan, so we're indigenous to boats."

Dinner was served in a little nook off the kitchen. Conversation was limited to food. Penny described the smoked trout at the Colony, the soufflés at Le Pavillon, the thick gelatinous green-turtle soup at Twenty-One, the pepper steak at the Brussels. The young men listened rapturously. Lieutenant Herbert had been in France for a brief two weeks on a student's tour. He described an unforgettable omelet he had had at Reims.

"I'd like to be an expert in cheese and wine," Lieutenant Herbert said.

"That I could never be," Christopher Horn said gravely. "Because headwaiters always get me down. I haven't any poise with headwaiters at all."

Penny thought this naïveté touching. "Money does it," she advised, feeling very mature and worldly. "Headwaiters sense it when you're a little afraid of the check. And besides, you're young."

Lieutenant Herbert tipped his head in Penny's direction. "Listen to *grand'mère,*" he said to Christopher.

When the time arrived to do dishes, Lieutenant Herbert led Penny into the living room, refusing firmly to allow her to help Christopher. "It's the routine," he explained. "When I cook, Chris does the dishes, and vice versa. It's the discipline of this mess."

William Herbert could not be said to be conversational. He smoked a pipe calmly, politely answering Penny's mild attempts at conversation. At last Penny gave up, curled on one of the red couches. These young men were new to her. Their slow voices, their ability to endure silence with such poise, while she fidgeted, floundering for something to say, was distinctly novel to her. She wondered if this poise was an accomplishment of the Navy Department. If so, it might be a good idea to become a Wave. It seemed miraculous that it was quite possible not to talk at all.

These slender young men with their flat bellies and narrow hips were foreigners to her, another breed from the men Penny knew. She supposed it was the younger generation of Americans. Though to be sure, they must be at least as old as she; they couldn't be less than twenty-seven or eight.

Penny remembered Addison and his coterie. Addison fighting for a waistline. Addison dressed in his expensive weaves and his swank haberdashery. Norma's Edward with his diets and sun lamps and masseurs. Those men in her former world with their endless, complicated details of living. What a difference from these young men with their black ties, their small simple dwelling. How very strange that such differences could exist.



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She picked up a lonely book from the coffee table.

"Chaucer," Lieutenant Herbert said.

"You?" Penny asked incredulously.

"No, Christopher. He's a fiend for Chaucer."

"Chaucer," Penny repeated. "It must be a pose."

"Could be. I doubt it."

All they needed was a piano, Penny thought merrily, and mother under the lamp, and she would play Love's Old Sweet Song and they would have a perfect Y.M.C.A. evening. It was all too unbelievable. The proper young men, the spotless rooms, the pipe-smoking William, the Chaucer-reading Christopher.

The telephone had rung two or three times during the evening and the young men had gone into the usual routine. "Hello, gorgeous. . . . Sorry, not tonight. Involved in a lot of gold braid, you understand." They probably had their other side, Penny thought, the side they showed to the gorgeous girls. But as for herself, she was really very comfortable. It was all, in fact, extremely pleasant. And she felt motherly and natural with them.

It was Christopher who took Penny home, down two steep blocks and up three steep blocks, past a clump of melancholy eucalyptus trees that grew at the crown of the always foggy, wind-swept hill.

"Sorry to make you walk," he said. "But there's never a cab."

"I know," she said. "The war."

Invitations to the apartment were frequent after that first evening. Invitations that were issued casually at the office while Christopher, telephone receiver in hand, planned the menu for the evening with William. Turning to Penny, he would say, "How about a steak?" or, "No meat today, but William has thought of a capon. How about it?"

WRONG BIRD

The stork is charged with a lot of things which should more properly be blamed on a lark.

—GREEN GANDER:
Quoted in Magazine Digest.

Penny rarely refused. It did not occur to her to be offended at these last-minute offers, or to pretend that she had a previous engagement, for such maneuvers would imply that her relationship with the young men was something other than pure camaraderie. They regaled her with tales of their more riotous evenings with the gorgeous girls. Always it was the three of them who dined together, and after dinner she and William played gin rummy while Christopher did the dishes or read Chaucer. Once, while supposedly reading his Chaucer, Christopher produced from behind the book a sketch of Penny.

"Am I as pretty as that?" Penny asked delightedly, scrutinizing the sketch. "I completely forgot I was as pretty as that."

William scanned her critically. "You are pretty, *grand'mère*. You really are."

Penny hung up the sketch in her mirror when she got home and, staring at it with pleasure, she said to herself, *How you must be slipping, to be so pleased with a little thing like that. How you must be slipping!*

To repay in some way the hospitality of the young men, Penny turned over her ration book to them. She searched in the shops for delicacies for them. She found a last, lonely tin of fat, black truffles which she taught the young men to slice into their scrambled eggs to make them interesting. She paid an outrageous sum for an imported *pâté de foie gras*. And in an exclusive women's shop, on the cosmetic counter, she found an English vinegar that was bottled like a perfume, and this made their salad dressings foolproof. She taught them to have their salads simple, with only lettuce and French dressing; to roast chickens without the conventional dressing. "It's more elegant that way," she

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explained, "with only a flavor of tarragon inside." They were eager disciples.

When the telegrams began to arrive from Norma stating that she would arrive in San Francisco, Penny returned, as it were, to her mislaid self. She began again to wonder at the calendar, at how long she had been in exile, and she knew a twinge of fear when she remembered how far apart Addison's letters were arriving. She knew that with the arrival of Norma a decision was approaching. And she was no longer in the mood for cuisine and calm evenings with the calm young men.

Twice she refused dinner at the apartment. The third time Christopher broke a precedent. It was Wednesday.

As he dropped his coin in the soft-drink machine, he asked her for dinner on Thursday, a night ahead. At her refusal, he asked bluntly, "Is something wrong?"

Penny shook her head. "It's just that I have a friend coming from New York," she explained. "She's on her way to Palm Springs and will be spending the night in San Francisco Saturday in order to see me."

Christopher stared at her for a moment. "But," he said coldly, "we asked you for Thursday, not Saturday." Then he added quickly, "However, it's none of our business." He turned and marched out of the office, leaving his drink untouched.

The next afternoon when he appeared as usual and had seated himself at Penny's desk, bottle in hand, she said to him, "I was disturbed all night."

He spread an afternoon newspaper on her desk and bent over it. "Why?"

"Because you seemed angry with me—and rightly so, too, since you and William have been so nice to me. I ——"

He cut her short. "We've just sort of taken you for granted, I guess." He turned a page of his paper and scanned it. Then in that slow, poised voice he asked, "What are we talking about, anyway?"

"Your being angry yesterday."

"Was I?"

"You left without drinking your cola."

"Yes, I guess I was sore. I'm sure I don't know why I should be."

"You thought I was ungracious and all that. After all ——"

"Let's forget it, shall we?"

He picked up the receiver, called William to discuss the evening's menu. But he did not turn to invite Penny.

The absurd little boy, Penny thought, *the absurd little boy*. She stuffed today's filing into the already bulging files.

WHEN Norma arrived Penny abruptly returned to herself. That New York self, now slightly frayed and definitely out of practice. There on the table were Norma's black bag and gloves, well groomed, serene and snobbish. And next to them were Penny's own bag and gloves, crumpled with overuse, the fingers of the gloves bunched, looking like clenched, all-too-human hands. Norma's gloves suggested poise, success.

Penny had come straight from work to Norma's room at the St. Francis Hotel. Norma sat with a large, proud diamond on her fourth finger, the engagement ring from Edward. She had the sublime confidence of those who have arrived at their destined selves. Sitting there with her neatly stacked and gleaming luggage about her, the shoe box, the hatbox, the jewel box, Norma was in her person an organization. The phalanxes of gleaming bottles in her bathroom, all devoted to the enhancement of her person, all this business of being Norma, led one to believe that her physical person itself was a career, a business, well and beautifully run. In contrast, sitting there with her morning's make-up encrusted underneath a five-o'clock dusting of powder, Penny felt like an untended garden.

"EDWARD'S sweet, really," Norma was saying, touching her sauterne hair delicately. "Of course, I know I'll have to go on the biannual fishing trips, and you know how I get neurotic out in the open, amid the field-and-stream stuff. But that's minor, that's really minor. And now about you, Penny?"

"I wash my own hair on Sundays, for I've no time during the week. I work."

"How grim. No men? No men at all?"

"Oh, I've a couple of friends. Navy lieutenants." Penny began to laugh.

"What's so funny?"

"I was just thinking of how you would react to them. They cook dinner for me at their apartment about twice a week. I'm teaching them to eat properly. That reminds me, they've got my ration book. I've got to get it." Penny knew as she said that that her intention to go back to New York had matured.

"They cook?"

"Um-h'm." Penny enjoyed the look of distaste on Norma's face. "One of them is dark. The other is—tawny. They're rather prim. And further"—Penny paused for emphasis—"one of them reads Chaucer and the other smokes a pipe."

"Far-from-the-madding-crowd type. Ugh!"

"Of course I don't know how they behave when they're out with their gorgeous girls. I imagine they think of me as an old hag of twenty-seven. They're not your type, pet," Penny ended.

"Well, they're not your type either," Norma snapped.

"Oh I don't know," Penny said thoughtfully. "I really like them. Really I do. I relax with them. Women like us always think of men as enemies to do combat with. I don't feel like that with them. I feel friendly, really friendly. None of the works at all. Yes, I like them very much."

Norma shook her finger and the diamond blinked arrogantly. "When a woman relaxes she should know she's off the beam, she's lying down on the job. When it's comfortable, it's bound to be backsliding."

Penny felt a stubbornness rise within her.

Norma went on: "I could understand your putting on the hair shirt for a reason: if you were trying to make Addison jealous, or if you had someone else." Norma shrugged her slim, well-tailored shoulders.

"But sometimes," Penny said slowly, "sometimes I've really felt good out here, dull as it is. I've felt that I was down to basic things."

"The only basic thing for a woman is a man, and you know it."

"How's Addison?"

"Addison isn't wasting away, but he's waiting," Norma said. "You get away with murder. I suppose it's your dark hair. Men expect you to have moods."

"When are you going back?"

"I've a drawing room out of San Francisco in two weeks."

"Drawing rooms are hard to get."

"Almost impossible."

"You want company?"

"Of course, stupid."

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"That'll give me time, I guess," Penny said. "I'll wire Addison."

"That's a great load off my mind."

"I must remember to get my ration book," Penny said dreamily.

It was after six o'clock next day when Penny left the Townsend Street station, after seeing Norma on her train. She went briskly in the direction of the streetcar. She felt relieved now that the decision was made, the date of her departure set. Norma had regained all her natural gaiety at the station. Penny, too, felt exhilarated, flushed with excited planning.

As she walked she made inventories of the things she must do before she left. But as she advanced, the grayness of the afternoon seemed to seep into her spirits and her exhilaration began to dwindle. *I'm just let down,* she told herself as she took a seat in the streetcar. Watching the dreary faces of the passengers in the car, she became immeasurably depressed. These people and the crawling car were actuality itself, and her plans, even Norma's visit, began to take on the aspects of a dream. *First-class neurotic, that's what I am,* she accused herself. *I'll wire Addison tonight. Maybe I'll phone him.* Her decision to return to New York, so clear and logical twenty minutes before, no longer seemed so. For what did it mean? Baldly, it meant that her experience of a year was to add up to nothing. Nothing would be changed after the first week's excitement of her return. She would return in a circle, as it were, back to where she had begun. *It is all settled,* she told herself as she trudged up the hill to her rooming house. *I won't think any more about it. I'll start acting. I'll start packing tonight.*

Twice, on a corner, she hesitated, wondering if she had not better go back at once to send a wire to Addison and thereby make it all inevitable. But the growing darkness and the chill, moist air dissuaded her. Too, she was impelled by an urgency to reach the safe privacy of her room. She almost ran up to the house. Yes, it was time she was leaving here. To scamper so wildly to a room, just to be alone, showed an unhealthy love of solitude.

Breathlessly she opened her door. At once she saw the white cap on the table. "Oh!" She felt thwarted, angry and unprepared.

"Your landlady let me in," Christopher said.

"How nice," she said unconvincingly.

"William is on duty tonight, and I cooked a chicken the way you prescribed—with the tarragon, you know."

Sparring for time to collect herself, she said, "The tarragon was for hot chicken."

"Then it won't be any good cold?"

"I dare say it would be all right." She removed her hat and coat. "How do you like my acre of a room?" Her voice was taut and falsely gay, the kind of voice she had taught herself to use in company or with Addison when she was feeling below par. This was her New York manner, never so gay as when depressed, never so outwardly successful as when you were feeling a total failure. "Do sit down." She motioned to the couch and drew up the single straight-backed chair for herself.

"I'm intruding," he said softly.

"No, no, do sit down"—still in that tight sharp voice. She waited for the tinkle of the couch as he sat down. "I'm going back to New York," she said suddenly. He did not say anything, and because the silence was awkward in that large, dim room, and because someone had to say something, she added, with a burst of frankness, "And I don't know what is the matter with me. I don't want to go and I don't want to stay." She wished he would say something, but he didn't. She had no desire to let down her hair this way. "I've got a Quisling in me somewhere," she said. Now that she had begun to talk she felt very sorry for herself, she felt she might easily cry.

Christopher leaned forward and, taking her tight-clenched hand, said solemnly, "Tell me about it." He had the air of a physician, and it would be a great luxury to



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admit confusion, but something stubborn in her hesitated.

"You wouldn't understand."

"Come now, *grand'mère*, you've always treated us like adolescents. Maybe we're wiser than you believe."

"I just don't seem to want to do anything." How feeble that sounded. Here she was again without a language.

"Have you tried everything?" Christopher asked with the suspicion of a smile. He said it slowly, with great deliberation. He was so exasperatingly composed.

She weighed his words carefully. "No, I haven't tried everything."

"Well, then, how can you say that you don't like anything?" he asked, quietly, reasonably. "When people try to make a decision it is not necessarily always a choice between two things. It is not always just either—or. There is always the possibility of a third thing." He waited for her to digest his words.

She stared at him thoughtfully. "I'd never thought of that." The potentialities of his remark dawned on her slowly, the possibility that her life was not necessarily destined to be led either in New York with Addison or in San Francisco in her naked room. She felt an admiring wonder at the wisdom of the young man who sat opposite her, leaning toward her with such friendly concern. "I like your idea," she said. "I'd never thought of it from that angle. It's really cheered me up."

The couch tinkled as he sat back now appraising her. "I've always felt that you were but the excerpt of yourself," he said. Then he quoted. "'From hir childhede I finde that she fledde office of wommen.'"

"That must be Chaucer," she said, relaxing a little. "What does it mean?"

He pondered a moment. "One has to live with the blood, too, to be a total person. Part of you, Penny, is in abeyance."

She flushed with a quick anger at the implication of his remark. "You know nothing about me," she retorted. "Do the gorgeous girls make you a total person; is that what you mean, Chris?"

"Now you're angry."

"Why should I be angry?" She arose with affected nonchalance. She felt him an enemy now. She felt at bay.

"I don't know why women become so hurt and dovelike when blood and bones are mentioned." He rose, too, and his voice had a quiet contempt in it. "It's not honest."

"But I'm not hurt—why should I be? You know very little about me, my dear boy." She could feel the flush of anger in her cheeks.

He reached out for her arms and grasped them tightly as if to shake her. "Don't call me 'my dear boy.'"

She felt horribly abused. The tears spilled down her cheeks. "You call me '*grand'mère*,'" she choked. To try to hang on to the shattered remnants of her dignity was useless. She let the big fat tears spill down her face. "I've been feeling so awful—today—I haven't known which way to turn. And now you're giving me hell—you too."

"I'm not giving you hell." He pressed her head against his shoulder.

"Oh, yes you are, yes you are, indirectly, oh, yes you are giving me hell." Her arms were dangling at her sides.

He patted her hair. "There, there," he said. Her shoulders were shaking under his hands. "There, there," he reiterated. "Shush now." Lifting her chin, he kissed her lightly on the forehead. "There, now, shush."

(Continued on Page 92)



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(Continued from Page 90)

They stood there for what seemed a very long time, waiting for her sobbing to abate. Then he wrapped his arms about her and laid his cheek against her temple. She felt the warmth of his face, and fast as thought, like the swift exchange of messages on a teletype, an answering warmth seemed to rise from within her shoes to sweep over her. She stood there in utter stupefaction, arms too long and nowhere to put them, and a strange swimming in her head.

"I can hear your heart, Penny," he said.

"Can you?"

"It's marching fast."

"It's humiliating for it to behave like that."

"We're whispering," he said. "Why?"

There was a little chaos of hands and arms and salt-stained lips.

He peered into her face avidly, scanning it as if he were reading writing on a page. "This is a helluva note," he said.

Fumbling with her hair, Penny moved away. She went dizzily, her heels as loud as cannon on the parquet floor. "Did you say you had cooked a chicken?" She tried to use her normal voice, but it sounded loud and sacrilegious.

"Yes, my cookery is waiting."

She opened a closet door and grabbed a coat. "Shall I wear a raincoat? Is it raining?"

He helped her with the raincoat. "I've heard it could happen like this," he said, "suddenly like a plague."

"It's probably just a question of me being blue—and you in uniform—and Sunday and all that sort of thing," she said shakily, her fingers very busily buttoning her coat.

When they reached the street they started off toward Nob Hill and his apartment. They walked quickly, the sound of their footsteps loud in Penny's ears.

"I feel tall," he said.

"You are tall."

"But I feel immensely tall."

"You're very beautiful, Chris."

"I've always felt that you didn't like San Francisco," he said.

"I like it tonight."

"But you like New York better."

"I've got lots of friends in New York."

They had reached the crown of the hill. Below them was the city wrapped in mist, and near them the always moving eucalyptus trees. Over the other shoulder were the towers of the Golden Gate Bridge disappearing in fog, and like great watchdogs the foghorns barking protectively.

"My raincoat isn't very warm, Chris."

He stood close to her, serving as a windbreak. "I shan't say those three chronic words," he said. "But this is it."

"I feel drunk—marvelously drunk," she told him.

"No"—firmly. "No, this is a fact. This is absolute bedrock, this is the mother of all facts. I can recognize a fact when I feel it."

"I never thought facts were pleasant. That's why I can't believe this is a fact."

"Is it yes or no?" he asked finally.

"Yes or no what?"

"New York."

Swiftly, as in a motion-picture montage, Penny saw Norma on her speeding train, constantly dueling Norma, ignorant Norma; for surely Norma had never experienced this feeling of being totally awake, this feeling of being utterly beautiful while standing hatless with blowing hair, in a shabby raincoat, this feeling of being at the center of the stage while standing on a foggy, deserted hill.

"No, Chris, no," she said.

"No—what?"

"No New York."

THIS CAN BE AMERICA *By Struthers Burt*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **MARY SITS WITH THE STARS** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I REMEMBER once seeing a list of Crow Indian names up on the lovely reservation of rolling hills and waving buffalo grass in Southern Montana, and among them was a name I have never forgotten. It was "Mary Sits With the Stars."

No one knows just how the American Indians receive their names. One theory is that a child is named after something the mother has seen just before its birth, or because of something the mother has been doing. If this theory is correct, then the mother of Mary was a thoughtful woman; a woman who, as we shall see, "considered."

One can imagine her, the child big within her, sitting on starlit nights on the edge of some slope, endless miles of silver silence stretching away from her, her mind busy with plans for the life so recently created; busy, as are the minds of millions of dreaming American women now, young and old, red, white, black or yellow, whose sons are scattered to the four corners of the globe or whose sons are about to be born.

Next to our breath and the flowing of the blood in our veins, words are the closest things to us we have. And like our breath and the flowing of our blood, they are with us always. Their exact meaning is of grave and terrible importance. Between each man and woman and both the inner and the outer world is a thin transparent sheet of glass, and this glass is language. If the window is dirty or scratched through ignorance, or carelessness, or misuse, what the man and woman see, looking out, is obscure and distorted, and what light comes in is misty and uncertain. For language, the desire to communicate not only the barest needs but the deepest thoughts, with all the agony of wishing to be understood, is what, more than anything else, distinguishes the human race from other species, and is the fundamental mystery upon which can best be based belief in some sort of immortality.

No man is wiser than his words, although this does not mean that a large vocabulary necessarily implies wisdom. Many simple men speak knowingly within their limits. Many so-called educated men open their voluble lips only to speak folly.

The point is to know what you are saying, and what the words you use mean, for words are as dangerous as lightning, and as reverberating as thunder. And, like rain on a pond, words move in ever-widening circles. That is why one of the most useful and instructive things a man can do, whenever he gets the chance, is to look up derivations. What do the words he uses actually mean? Why were they first invented? What pressing human need did they first fulfill?

For each word in the beginning was an invention, and a slow and painful one at that. And each word in the beginning had its own separate shade of difference, accurate and subtle. In all language there is no such thing as a perfect synonym. Only carelessness makes us think otherwise.

And it is wonderfully exciting—this game of derivations. Far more exciting and useful than crossword puzzles or anagrams. Try it. All you need is a dictionary. Also, it is surprising and amusing. Constantly you will catch your friends using words, ponderously and portentously, but ignorantly, the real meaning of which makes what is being said absurd. But above all, if you play this game, you will achieve a respect for your distant ancestors, for the men who invented most of our words, and for the human race to which they belonged. You will perceive in the human race a constant, not to be defeated, longing for and belief in the good and wise and far-visioned, and an equally strong contempt for the small and selfish and self-seeking. To express this belief and this contempt, our ancestors invented strong and wise and beautiful words.

And this brings us back to Mary Sits With the Stars.

We all of us know—his name is legion—the man who calls himself "a realist," and who thinks that "realism" consists in believing the worst, in deprecating imagination, in obstructing progress, and in concentrating upon his own interests and the immediate future. He is a "practical" man; he tells you so. Such men know neither their derivations nor their history, and this can be proved by a small trick, by the use of two of the commonest of English words.

Ask any such man if, granting all his premises, nonetheless he will not admit that the realistic man, the practical man, must be one who "considers," who figures things out. The only possible answer is yes. Then ask this "realist" if he knows what the word "consider" actually means. He'll be astonished. For "consider" comes from two Latin words, *con* and *sidera*, and means "with the stars"; and the wise men who invented the word meant to describe that ultimate wisdom which arises only from occasionally sitting by yourself, and considering the universe, and birth, and death, and the glory and the pity of yourself and of all men, your brothers, everywhere.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," said America's wisest philosopher; and he might have added, "Make your thinking universal," for strange things happen to you if, occasionally, "you sit with the stars," if you make a habit of "considering." Each time you do so, if only ever so little, intolerance drops away from you, and some degree of smallness; and a slice of selfishness, and of the cruelty of self-advantage.

And the other common word not generally understood is "desire," which also has to do with the stars, although the prefix, "de," is different, and so means "from the stars" and not "with them." Here, then, is a logical sequence, for all action must begin with a desire, and all action, at least according to the men who invented words, must be considered. From the stars, with the stars, is hence the course of wisdom and the method of thought.

A porch, a rocking chair and "considering" have had much to do with the wise and tolerant and humorous and kind American philosophy that has made us what we are today. And as the world and this country become more crowded and breathless, only the fool will forget the stars.

AND THAT CAN BE AMERICA.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

(Continued from Page 27)

Shakespeare noted that the soldier was "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel." Very likely our young veteran will be somewhat like that, edgy, unpredictable, overly intense and violent in his speech, with some tendency to explode into violent action. The tendency toward explosive outbursts varies greatly, reflecting the veteran's preservice personality and the circumstances of his war experience. Those who have been in combat will, of course, have most reason to display such traits.

The mental states that go with war experiences are incommunicable, or nearly so. Almost every generation that has fought a war has come back feeling that it has learned something which it cannot share, believing that civilians can never understand the soldier. Often they wish to forget the whole business, feeling, as one young veteran expressed it, "Such things are better forgotten."

What can the mother do for such a boy? She can tolerate him, put up with his eccen-

(Continued on Page 94)



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NOXZEMA

(Continued from Page 92)

tricities of speech and action, help him to learn to conform to the demands of society with no court-martial hanging over him, teach him to rise betimes and to bestir himself all day without a top sergeant to urge him on. She can let him talk if he wants to, and permit him to be silent if that is what he prefers. She can give him time to recover.

It will be well for the mother to remember that this boy who returns from the wars has lived a long time without love, for the soldier's is a loveless life. One of the soldier's most distinctive and least agreeable traits, his constant use of obscenity, results from this denial of love, for this obscenity is merely a way of degrading that which one cannot have. It may be that the veteran has lived so long without affection that he no longer knows how to express such feelings or how to receive them gracefully, yet he needs warmth and tenderness and yearns for them inwardly. This need his mother can satisfy, if she does it properly, but she must demand nothing in return—not at first. She must be willing, as mothers usually are, to give without prospect of immediate repayment. Later the bread that she has cast upon the waters will return to her manyfold.

Perhaps the mother of our young veteran will be able to help him to decide to return to school. It will be splendid if she can, because education is the best means of overcoming the mental isolation of army life and thus restoring the veteran to society. When the Federal Government is willing to pay most of the bills for college education, it may seem a simple matter for the veteran to take advantage of the offer. Sometimes it will be, more often not. The veteran is a man grown; it is hard for him to become a schoolboy again. While in the service he has learned to live for the moment; it is hard for him to make long-term plans now, hard to sacrifice the present for the sake of a distant goal. If the mother can persuade the boy to avail himself of the sort of training for which he is fitted, that will be a great victory for her and for her son.

Perhaps the veteran, equally as young as the one of whom we speak, has acquired a wife. Then his mother faces a much more complex situation and one which calls for great self-restraint. There is only one bit of advice that one can honestly give to such a mother, and that is: Let the young people alone! Don't try to be a Mrs. Fixit! Every generation has the right to make its own mistakes. The present younger generation, damaged by war, will make more than its share. Some of the radio programs teach that nosybodies can always fix things up in other people's lives. They are wrong. You will meddle but to mar. Let the young people alone!

THE WIFE

The young wife of such a veteran, of course, has an even more difficult problem than his mother, without a lifetime of experience to guide her and give her poise. Her relationship with her husband is new and unstable, and very exacting in its demands. Herself somewhat scarred by war, she must nevertheless take more than the wife's usual responsibility for her marriage. Yet she has her own needs to consider. Often she will have difficulty in deciding between her duty to herself and her duty to her husband.

Such a young wife must realize that, although she may have been married for some years, she has not yet established a home. She has known her husband only under unusual conditions. She must remember that her husband is under a special strain because he must adjust to civilian life and to marriage at the same time. If difficulties arise, the wife must give herself and her husband time to work out the pattern of their life together. Then at some point she and her husband may have to decide whether or not their perhaps overhasty marriage is actually worth saving.

The educational opportunities of the G.I. Bill of Rights present a peculiar hazard for the future years of such marriages. If the husband elects to return to school, his wife faces a difficult period. The G.I. bill does

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not provide very generously for dependents. According to the present scale, husband and wife would have to live on seventy-five dollars a month, which is little indeed in view of current high prices. Even if there is sufficient money, the position of a college wife is difficult. Her husband must—or should—spend most of his evenings in study, which the wife may be inclined to resent. And college education changes a man, so that the husband is likely to grow away from his wife.

But suppose the young husband does not return to school? Then the great probability is that his economic prospects will not be too good. Will he not in later years blame his wife for his lost opportunity, and regret that he married so young? Perhaps this is a very unreasonable attitude, but I have seen the matter turn out in that way, under analogous circumstances, a great many times.

Sometimes the woman in a man's life may help him most by not marrying him immediately after his release from service. The chances of failure in postwar marriages are unusually high, and it may be best for both parties to delay marriage until they have regained their emotional balance after the hysteria of war. Then there is the matter of education; a woman is not very wise to marry a man if by so doing she prevents him from completing the training for which he has planned. It is a hard choice at best, for many girls will lose their chance of marriage by postponing it, but a woman does not gain much by becoming a wife if her marriage is an unhappy one.

If the wife has had a good education, and is capable of systematic intellectual work, she may be in a position to profit from serious study of the veteran and his psychology. She will discover no rules, of course—no valid rules—but she should study to gain a general knowledge of the subject, and to develop her judgment. For such a young woman I should suggest the following four-point program:

1. She should begin by making a thorough study of the psychology of the veteran, his habits, attitudes, beliefs, desires and capacities, the ideals and values by which he lives. Many books, articles and manuals are already available for such study, and there will be many more. The novels and autobiographies of World War I are rich in insights which can be applied today. If a number of young women should organize themselves into a discussion group, they would probably find that this helped them to maintain interest and to promote understanding.

Whether she studies alone or in a group, the woman should read to reflect and consider, to broaden her understanding and to develop her judgment, but without any expectation of finding formulas which will save her the trouble of thinking.

2. When she is reunited with her husband, the young wife should study him in the light of what she has learned about soldiers and veterans in general. In many respects her husband will be like all the other men who have come home from history's countless wars, but every human being is different. The wife must study her own veteran in order to learn his needs and problems, his strength and weakness. She should strive to understand his particular case, and then she must decide how she can best help him in the process of readjustment. She must formulate her strategy and change it as circumstances may require.

Perhaps the husband's greatest need is emotional security—since he has lived so

DEFINITIONS

Smile: a light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home. —MAGAZINE DIGEST.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.
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long in a loveless world—and she can best meet his need by just being a woman who loves him and nothing more, which sounds easy but may require some doing in a relationship complicated by a war. Or perhaps it is self-confidence which her husband lacks, and the wife must supply the reassurances which will help to build him up. There are many other possibilities.

But all this will be worse than futile; it will prove actually harmful unless:

3. *The wife as quickly as possible induces her husband to assume his full share of the responsibility for the conduct of their relationship.* The veteran must have help in regaining his mental and emotional stability, but it must not be continued a minute longer than is absolutely necessary. In a good marriage, the responsibility of the partners is equal; it is mutual—each helps the other. If the wife is constantly "managing" her husband, if she is always helping and never being helped, then the marriage will be very frustrating for her and, strangely, hollow and unrewarding for her husband. But let the wife transfer to the husband his share of responsibility, let her lean upon him sometimes, and she will find that her husband has gained a new strength and their marriage a new meaning. It is desirable that this shift of responsibility to the husband be made as quickly as possible.

4. The wife who has studied the matter will realize when she needs professional help. In such matters the wife will often have to take the lead, but she should do so with the utmost tact and consideration. We are learning now that it is no disgrace to call in the specialist to help with problems of human relations. It would be best to go to a psychiatrist or a trained social worker for such assistance, but this may not be possible. Then a family doctor, a psychologist or sociologist, a minister or an understanding friend may be able to supply wise counsel. In deciding where to turn for help, it is well to remember that the best advisers are those who advise least—or least readily.

TIME WORKS FOR WOMEN

Times have changed to the advantage of women. In America's colonial days, the husband usually outlived his first wife, and more men than women married a second time. Continuous childbearing took a heavy toll. Today, women live on the average four years longer than men, and their chance to marry a second time as against that of their husbands is two to one. —H. G. BEIGEL: Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

THE BADLY WOUNDED MAN

So far we have spoken only of the veteran who returns safe and sound, or at worst with only minor and transitory disabilities. But the wife or mother of the maimed or badly wounded man has responsibilities which she can never delegate to anyone else, and she faces a set of choices which involve almost unbearable pathos. For the sake of the discussion, let us assume that the boy has had an amputation or some other disabling or disfiguring accident, but that he has not broken mentally.

The present tendency of Army authorities is to tell the wife or mother of such a maimed and mangled man that she must receive him casually, overlooking his disability or pretending that it does not exist. For instance, an administrative officer at Halloran General Hospital, who himself had suffered and overcome a disability, recently stated a set of rules of behavior for the families of disabled veterans. They follow:

Be casual. An initial expression of sympathy is to be expected, but don't dwell on it.

Get all the false feeling of frustration—yours and his—out of the way immediately.

Be hard-boiled—to his face at least. If the man understands the reason for this attitude, he will regard it as a service.

Be on the alert to discourage any tendency toward an invalid complex. Encourage him to go on and be the useful citizen he would have been if he had not been hurt.

Recognize the fact that whatever differences exist are purely physical, they in no way make him a different person.

These rules are in accord with the current tradition. They are based upon sound psychological understanding of the harm that can be done to a disabled veteran by an ove solicitous family, but they have their poi of danger in that they overlook the ve great possibility of carrying this casualne this bravery too far. There is, of course, denying the sincerity of the men who gi this advice. Many of them have devot their lives to the wounded men of o armies. Nevertheless, I believe their psych ogy is bad. It may work for some cases, b in others it can do incalculable harm.

It goes without saying that the pers who meets the wounded veteran casua should treat him casually, like anybody el and should not torture him with morb curiosity or offers of unwanted help. B the closer one comes to such a man, t harder it is to overlook his disability. An e ployer should discuss it frankly. A wife mother can hardly avoid a strong emotio reaction toward it. Many times the moth cannot help crying about it, and in such cas it is better that she should not try. It see to me it is never a good idea to advise mother or anyone else to do something whi it is quite impossible for her to do.

No doubt, as the proponents of the trea 'em-rough school insist, the amputees ma tain high morale in the hospital, and th break when they get outside where peo sympathize with them. Such things happ frequently. But in the hospital the veter is surrounded by other cruelly wound men. That makes it easier for him to ma light of his own disability. When he gets o he must learn to l with people who not disabled. It is b ter, therefore, for a not to stay too long a hospital, and we m face the necessity of emotional readju ment when the veter returns to society.

We know, also, th what the veteran quires from his wife mother is very differ from what he dema of his companions the hospital. From own women a m must get emotional security, and the f ing that he is important because he is w he is. Such things are incompatible w casual acceptance of disability.

We also know that in these really cl relations it is necessary for all import emotions to be expressed. Both the disab veteran and his family must complet unburden themselves concerning his har cap. They must face it and not try to pret that it does not exist. They must mourn his loss and win emancipation from th grief at the cost of pain. If a person trie put such things out of his mind, they fe in the unconscious and produce neur symptoms. It is precisely from such way meeting situations, such often admir courage, such militant ignoring, that n rosis arises; for the neurotic is only a per who has carried some virtue to such extreme that it has become a vice.

Therefore, my advice to the wife or mot of the badly wounded man, given with caution that circumstances alter cases every human being is different, would be

If your son comes home disabled or figured, cry! That is the natural and hun thing to do. Let him cry too. Let everyb cry. Cry until you get it out of your s tems. Then when you have had your and he has admitted and expressed his heartache, try to pick up the pieces of y lives and put them together again. Admit disability. Get used to it. Then help y son to build up the best possible life w what he has. This will rule out all possibi of undue pampering or of encouraging validism. But do not start being hard-bo until you have been sympathetic.

The disabled veteran who is too brave that he refuses to recognize his disabil runs the risk of building up inner ten that will sooner or later put him in a me hospital. The wife or mother who trie



A tip to Mothers:

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overlook a disability can easily spoil a relationship by imposing upon herself and the veteran a mental strain greater than either can bear. The wife of one disfigured man stated her courageous but mistaken policy in these words: "If a man is disfigured, don't ever mention that fact to him. Imagine how it would hurt him! And above all, concentrate on what is left, not what is gone." Her psychology was shortsighted. By excluding such a fact, obvious to them both, she will end by making the disfigurement—the horrible never-to-be-mentioned thing—far more important than it would otherwise be. The workable solution would be: Accept the disfigurement. Grieve over it until you both feel better. Refer to it when necessary, and never let it get to the point where it cannot be referred to. Then it will slowly recede from the center of the field of consciousness and you may both forget it in a healthy manner.

It is absolutely necessary that the disabled veteran and his family should mourn in order to free their minds from his handicap. As long as the disability or disfigurement is not faced, it will dominate consciousness. The disabled veteran must say to himself, "I am crippled. I have lost an arm. Nothing can ever bring it back. It is a great loss," and then he must give suitable expression to his sorrow. Only then, perhaps after months of the psychic pain of grief, can he go on to other things with a mind free and void of tenseness. There is no recovery without an intermediate state of unhappiness. Nothing can cure grief but grief itself.

For the disabled veteran who mourns but not too long, as for the widow who weeps but not forever, the prognosis is good. Courage the disabled veteran must have in any case, and his wife or mother must have courage also; but perhaps, for the sake of their mental hygiene, they should not show it until they have purged themselves with weeping.

MOURNING, of course, is not enough. The fact is that the wounded man needs several different kinds of help from his wife or mother, and to give this help she must do different things at different times. I think it might be useful for such women to realize that, choosing their times well, they must do the following things:

1. Through sympathy and love they must help the wounded man to give adequate expression to his own pent-up emotions. Some say, Don't cry. I say, Cry and get it over with. Cry, and thus help your man to cry. Some say, Do not coddle the wounded man, do not pamper him. I say, Coddle him some, pamper him a little and thus help him to get well. Give him enough sympathy, but not too much.

2. They must help him to face reality. That means he must realize he has a handicap. I know of a blinded veteran who refused a fellowship because, he said, he could do anything a sighted man could do and therefore he wanted no special help. He was wrong. Blindness is certainly a handicap. He needed help, and should have accepted it. The wife or mother must help such a man to face reality, and to accept any aid which is justly his to put him on an equal basis with others.

3. They must assure him that, regardless of his disability, he still matters. The woman must give him emotional security, the feeling that come riches or poverty, for better or worse, she will stand by him. Honesty compels us to admit that sometimes the young wife will be unable to give such assurance. There is no dodging this fact. A great many of the hasty marriages of wartime will be hard to carry through under any circumstances, and disability of the husband will complicate them still further.

4. They must help him to take up his life and to make the most of it in spite of his handicap. They must induce him, as noted above, to assume his full share of responsibility for family relationships.

Any woman who attempts to help the disabled man in her family must employ almost infinitely varied means to these different ends. Keeping her varied objectives in mind, she must discover what she



must do and say to attain them. If there is a rule for such matters, it is: Everything at the right time, nothing too much or too long.

But do not forget, all your cunning will be useless, or worse, if you do not quickly shift to the man his own full share of responsibility for your relationship.

THE MENTALLY UNSOUND

In the above discussion, I have assumed that the returning veteran is mentally sound. In the case of the veteran whose mental equilibrium, for whatever reason, has been upset, professional advice is necessary. Just as in the case of the amputee, the wife or mother of the psychiatric case must give him emotional security, let him know that he still matters, and help him to build up self-confidence to meet the strains of life—if she can. It will help such women to realize that most of these men are not "crazy," that they broke under unusual stresses and will probably be adequate for the ordinary demands of life, once they have recovered from their experiences. But women must also consider their own needs. I do not believe that anything is gained where one human being sacrifices himself for another beyond a certain point. I admit the point is hard to locate exactly.

However, all such cases require professional advice, and for this there is no substitute. In order to meet the psychiatric needs of the United States in the postwar years, we shall need, according to careful estimates by authorities in the field, from ten to fifteen thousand additional psychiatrists and a somewhat larger number of psychiatric social workers. The job for all of us is to build up such a public demand that the need will be met. Even if this service is made readily available, there will still be work for the wives and mothers of the psychiatric cases. One of their tasks is suggested by the fact that the great majority of persons who need psychiatric care usually refuse to take it, preferring to attempt to lift themselves by their own bootstraps.

A COMMUNITY PROGRAM

Women whose husbands and sons are no the service can most effectively help retu ing veterans through the community act ties of the various women's clubs and org izations. Some suggested programs for s groups might be summarized as follows:

1. Attempt to activate the G.I. Bill Rights in their local communities. Legi tion such as the G.I. bill does not cannot solve the veteran problem. It me makes available certain types of assista to veterans. Leaders of the local commu must take the responsibility for seeing t every veteran gets the kind of help he wa and needs. This can never be done en ma It requires painstaking work with indivic veterans.

2. Work on the health problems of erans and their families. Seek out case disability among veterans in the immed postwar years, and see to it that they ceive proper care. Failure to do this a World War I caused many injustices, opened the door to many later frau Veterans' families will also have seri health problems; many of these have li under very bad conditions during the years. As a part of the health progr psychiatric facilities of some sort should made available in every community.

3. Furnish veterans help in getting and expert vocational guidance.

4. Help veterans eligible for schooling capable of profiting from it to take advant of their opportunities under the G.I. Bi Rights. This would sometimes involve of some sort for the veteran's family, wh might be deprived of income while he going to school.

5. Make available trained, professio help for veterans involved in tan marriage and family relationships.

6. Do all this in co-operation with es lished agencies and without duplicatio effort. There is no excuse for competitio for jurisdictional disputes. There is v enough for all.





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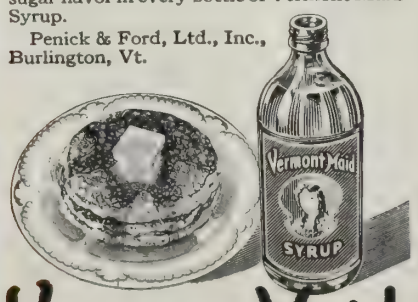
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NICE TO COME HOME TO

(Continued from Page 41)

that. It is very good looking and good eating, and the motif is the sauce. I shall tell you about curried shrimp later, but now *do* help me to keep my mind on the menu and my eyes off these boys.

SHRIMP COCKTAIL SAUCE

Mix 1 cup of tomato catchup, ½ cup of chili sauce, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a few drops of Tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoon of horse-radish. Arrange your shrimps in glasses—have plenty of shrimps (cold) and plenty of sauce (hot with seasoning.)

STEAK AND ONIONS

One thing that surprised me a little was that nobody mentioned mushrooms. Maybe they don't like them. Perhaps they forgot them. But a good supply of fried or broiled mushrooms does go well with steak; and if you go ahead under your own steam on this business, I believe no one is going to find a word of fault.

Anyway, we have the French-fried onions, and whoever dreamed *those* up ought to have a leather medal, and maybe has. I wouldn't know, for they came into my life an accomplished fact.

But to the steak. **Pick a sirloin or a porterhouse, anywhere from one and a half to two inches thick. Sprinkle it with black pepper. Set to broil and sear it quickly, turn it and sear on the other side. Now turn down the broiler and finish broiling. Most men like it rare—"just whisked through the kitchen," says one—but I saw one vote for medium, and that is how I like mine. Put it on a very hot platter, dust with salt, garnish as you please—but be generous with your crisp brown onion rings. And don't forget to add as much butter as you can spare, right on the hot steak.**

Can do. You can and may pan-broil your steak. Heat a large iron spider smoking hot. Put in the steak, sear, turn, sear, reduce the heat and finish it off. I've seen a good job done with some steaks this way. We always used to broil steaks in a wire broiler over red-hot coals or charcoal, and I still do at the grill down by the brook. So you've got a choice, all good and every one guaranteed to get the results you want, and *they* want. And this is what they'll get.

FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS

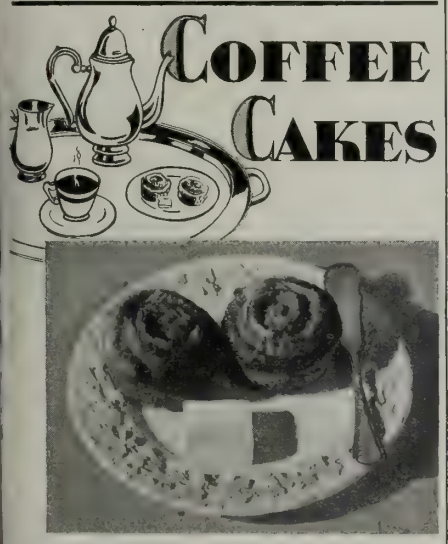
Soak the sliced onions in milk one hour. Drain. Dip in flour and fry in deep hot fat until a wonderful golden brown. (For crispness, the onions should be sliced very thin and separated into rings.) Bermuda onions make better French fries than the small to medium ordinary yellow onions. But onions are onions, say what you will, and they are all good.

Wait a minute. It's mashed potatoes that's on my mind. I know just the kind the boys had in mind. Mash them or put them through the ricer. Then do it again and then beat with a wooden spoon. Gradually add milk or cream—you know which is better—hot with seasoning of butter, salt and pepper. Then beat. Be careful that they aren't soggy or pasty, but light as a feather and smooth as a kitten's ear. Pile them in a hot dish. Make a deep hole in the center and drop in a generous piece of butter. Set in the oven for a minute or so.

Now to my promise. But—not another word about shrimp. Only I said I'd give you this curry receipt. So here it is—just in case.

CURRIED SHRIMP

Take 2 to 3 pounds of shrimp, wash, cover with boiling water. Add a slice of lemon, a slice of onion, a piece of bay leaf, a few whole black peppers, a handful of celery leaves and ½ teaspoon salt. Simmer about fifteen minutes. Drain (save the liquor), cool, shell and remove black vein.

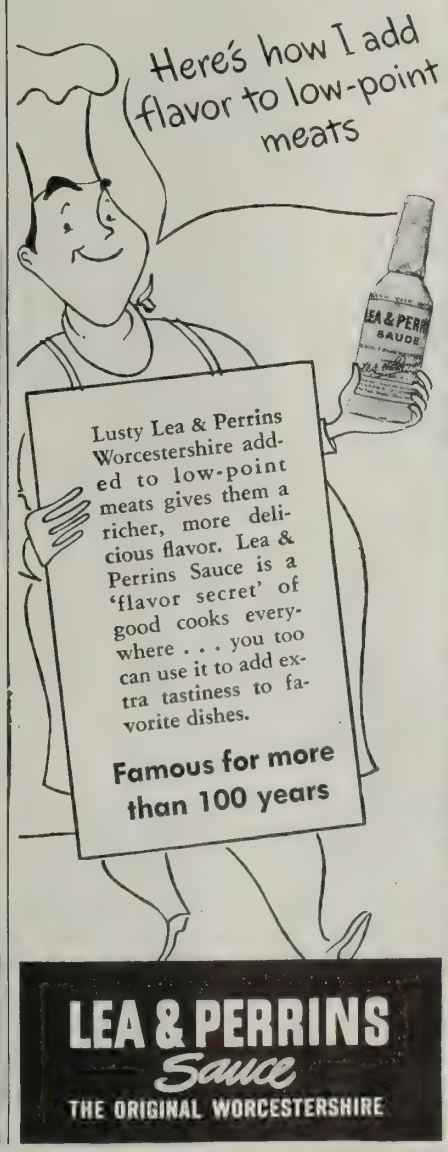


COFFEE CAKES

—*made the easy Duff way*

HERE'S HOW: Follow directions for "Roll-overs" on the Duff's Hot Muffin Mix package. Sprinkle with brown sugar and spices, and dot with shortening. Cut slices about 1" thick and bake in a greased, floured muffin tin.









Put 4 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a frying pan. When melted, add 1 onion, ¼ cup of apple and ¼ cup of celery, all chopped fine. Simmer these, then add the liquor drained from the shrimps with enough water to make 1½ cups of liquid. Let it all simmer gently until the celery and apple are tender and most of the liquid has cooked away. Stir into the mixture 2 tablespoons of curry powder. Add 2 cups of cream *and* the shrimps. (Don't get excited and forget the shrimps.) Cook slowly until the cream is reduced to a sauce. If your wartime cream is too thin it may curdle; better thicken slightly with 1 tablespoon flour. Season with salt and pepper.

Surprising things happen. Most of our boys had hot rolls, crusty rolls or baking-powder biscuits on their minds. But one of our picked crew here voted for his favorite "Coffee Gems." That was a new one to me, but they certainly sounded good and I found they were good, so that is why I shall set this receipt down instead of the usual "rolls and biscuits." This will give you a real variation on an old theme. These go with coffee and Sunday breakfast as naturally as a boy's thoughts turn to home.

COFFEE GEMS

Cream ¼ cup of shortening with ½ cup of sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Stir in ½ cup of molasses. Sift 1¾ cups of flour with ½ teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of ginger and ¼ teaspoon of cinnamon. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of soda in ½ cup of strong cold coffee. Add dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture with the coffee. Fill greased muffin pans two thirds full and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for twenty-five minutes.

Getting toward the end. Only a chocolate cake will do. Chocolate cake and chocolate frosting, and may the bowl be licked when all is done. This is a little special, this cake, and no man—soldier, sailor, marine or whatever—but would fly an ocean to get it. Goes lovely with ice cream, too, especially vanilla. And vanilla is what they want. No strawberry flummery was mentioned. It's good old vanilla from start to finish.

But how do I know when they say "chocolate cake" whether they mean chocolate cake with a white frosting or white cake with a chocolate frosting? So I'm providing both.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Mix ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of cocoa and ½ cup of boiling water together. Stir constantly over low heat until smooth and glossy. Cool thoroughly. Cream ½ cup of shortening and 1 cup of sugar together. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and beat the mixture well. Then add the cooled chocolate mixture and 2 teaspoons of vanilla. Mix until smooth. Sift 2 cups of cake flour with ½ teaspoon of salt and 1 teaspoon of baking soda. Add alternately to creamed mixture with ⅔ cup of buttermilk. Bake in a loaf or in layers, and don't scrimp on the frosting.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

Melt 4 squares of chocolate. Beat 2 egg yolks very thick. Add 1½ cups of sugar, ½ cup of milk and 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil one minute. Take from the fire at once. Add the melted chocolate and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Beat hard until thick. Cool until it is ready to spread and doesn't exhibit any melancholy disposition to retire from the cake to the plate. It won't—if you make it with care.

So now you know. If anybody has wondered—now you know. At least how eight men feel about their favorite meal. Some of them like to cook. That boy who makes baking-powder biscuits, for example. And one who, in England, gets his own breakfast. And another who broils the best steak.

Well, it's all nice to know about. And you can bet there'll be more favorite meals set up, when these and all the rest come home, than you can shake a stick at. But of one thing I am certain: ice cream is a pin-up.

Perhaps you are wondering why we advertise when there is a great scarcity of tuna. Well, we do so for two reasons; first, to tell you *why* there's a shortage, which is because most of our big fishing fleet is in the Navy.

Secondly, (and most important!) to assure you that when you are lucky enough to find these famous brands at your grocer's, *every can is the same high quality as you enjoyed before the war* . . . always delicate and delicious because only the tender, light meat is packed.

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Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS



Buy EITHER brand... the quality is the same



You are an American ...buy WAR BONDS!

THE WHITE DRESS

(Continued from Page 18)

No, the reason for their trip had nothing to do with Judith. Not, at least, in that sense. As Marny thought that, Judith turned her exquisite, triangular face with its pointed chin and high cheekbones, its wide, soft, dark eyes and arched, shining eyebrows, and smiled at her. Marny felt her heart warming toward Judith; she always did when Judith smiled like that. In a queer way Judith and André Durant were alike: both of them had the most extraordinary, apparently unstudied and unconscious charm.

Winnie turned, putting her large, fair forearm across the back of the folding seat. "You are very quiet, Marny," she said. "Tired? We'll soon be at the house. We've done wonders with it this year, Judith and I. Of course, we never stayed in Florida long enough to do anything, other seasons. But it's really awfully nice in the summer, you know. We like it better, honestly, than the winter-tourist season. There's always a breeze and —— Here we turn off." She leaned forward and poked the chauffeur efficiently. "Turn here—then right across the bridge."

"New chauffeur?" asked Tim.

"We've had him a week," said Judith lazily. "He can't drive, but don't be nervous, darling. We'll be home in a minute or two. It's so hard to get any help now. But Winnie finds them—I don't know how. Winnie is wonderful."

They were on the causeway, with Miami glittering in the setting sun behind them now, strung with a few early lights as if they were jewels, and ahead of them Miami Beach stretching to the right and left beyond the bay. Islands like emeralds dotted the bay. Presently they would turn, and turn again; cross a bridge and reach the island Tim had bought several years before: Shadow Island.

André seemed to be going to the island with them; it appeared to be taken for granted. Perhaps he'd been staying at Shadow Island before Judith sent him to New York with the letter to Tim. It was odd, thought Marny, that in all her conversation with André during that week, she didn't happen to know that.

She didn't, if it came to that, know very much about him. She had an impression that Judith had asked Tim to give him a job; if so, however, Tim had not mentioned it to her. She knew that he was young, good company and vouched for by Judith. There was something vaguely foreign about him; she knew he had lived in France and in various Caribbean islands and had traveled considerably. He had gone to school, briefly, he'd said once, in England, but he spoke American with only a touch of any sort of accent and that was, if anything, French. He was good at swimming, tennis, dancing, and knew odd bits of information on many and varied subjects. He was attractive—too attractive?—gay, handsome in a rather casual, careless way. She knew how he'd laughed; she knew he liked a rumba and danced with an easy Latin rhythm; she knew—well, that was enough. Why should she catalogue André Durant's virtues? Whose black head was bent near Winnie's as they both leaned near the open window to watch the jewellike lights of Miami.

They turned off the causeway and crossed a bridge. It was the only approach to the island by road. The car went through coral gates, and along a winding avenue set so beautifully and so thickly with tropical flowering shrubs that it blazed with scarlet and red and purple.

It was by that time growing dusk, so the shadows along the driveway were soft and thick; another turn and they approached the house—long, white, Spanish in effect, with grilled iron, lacy and painted white, along the balconies, and lights glowing inside.

It was a beautiful house; it suited the palms, the thick, rustling bamboos, the bougainvillaea and poinciana and the blue waters of the bay as perfectly as if it had grown there. On the south, directly below it, lay the bay, blue now in the dusk. On the north was a swimming pool, tiled in blue. They caught a glimpse of it through thick shrubbery.

It looked cool and inviting. A quick swim before dinner was exactly what she needed, thought Marny. Something was wrong with her; something that the tropic twilight, the lush greens, the bright scarlets, the sweet, humid air had sharpened, rather than lulled. It was like a bud, that small hidden sense of uneasiness, forced by the tropical air into swift, full—and rather sinister—bloom.

II

It was, however, an imaginary bloom—something she could not see or touch or account for in any way—and she'd have to hurry for her swim.

Winnie took charge as the car stopped and moved things along briskly; dinner would be at eight, drinks on the terrace above the bay, now or at any time.

Under Winnie's brisk direction and bustling there was no chance for further talk. Before she realized it, Marny found herself in one of the guest rooms—a charming room, all modern blond wood and thick beige rugs and pale pink cushions. An open door led to a balcony, from which winding iron steps, painted white and laden with purple-flowering bougainvillaea, led down to the strip of lawn and the bay.

A small colored maid, neatly aproned and capped, appeared to unpack Marny's bags and see to the towels in the sea-green-and-scarlet bathroom adjoining.

The quiet was soothing after the steady, strong drone of the airplane engines. It would be even quieter in the pool.

She searched out the white two-piece bathing suit she had packed hurriedly the night before and got into it quickly. She slid her tanned feet into scarlet sandals, twisted her dark hair into a knot on top of her head and fastened it with combs, considered and rejected the hot stickiness of a bathing cap, and went to the pool.

She knew the house rather uncertainly; she could cross the balcony, go down the twisting iron stairway and around either end of the house, but probably there were people on the wide porch for which the balcony just there formed a roof. She took the back way—narrow back stairs and a hall which ran past the kitchen door.

She went quietly across the driveway leading toward the garage. Once beyond the hibiscus hedge, flaming outwardly with scarlet yet deep blue in the shadows below, she felt singularly removed from the house.

The pool was an even deeper blue; she sat on the flagstone border around it and took off her sandals thoughtfully. And glanced back toward the high enclosing hedge, and the green-shuttered windows of the house. Would André see her? And come and swim with her—the two of them, alone, in the cool blue water with the dusky, tranquil sky above them.

She broke off that train of thought abruptly; she slid into the water, turned over on her back and floated, barely using her hands, deliberately aware only of the slight movement of her slim body and the coolness of the water.

She wouldn't think of André Durant. And she'd conquer the abruptly flowering sense of something that was so like—well, like fear!

She swam and floated again. Usually it was easy, to float like that for a few moments, away from the job and the façade she had, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps in self-defense, built for herself, back to plain Marny Sanderson, who didn't have to worry about keeping her feet on the rung she'd got to, on a steep ladder. How easily she could slip off that rung! Due to ill luck. Due to a

(Continued on Page 102)

HEARTY Party Buffet

SERVES 12

FOR ABOUT 60¢ A GUEST

Here's a really pretty party—yet one that says "good food"! There's a scrumptious sauce in that meat casserole—a savory trick with shrimp—a new salad idea. You will hear men ask for "seconds"—women for recipes.

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LOW-POINT MENU—PREPARE MOST OF THIS FOOD THE DAY BEFORE!

CREAMED SHRIMP SAVORY

Mix *½ cup flour; 1½ tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 bay leaf, powdered.* Drain *2 cups cooked shrimp,* shelled and cleaned. Roll in flour mixture together with *½ lb. mushrooms,* quartered.

Heat *6 tbsp. Mazola.* Brown shrimp and mushrooms; remove from pan. Stir in 2 tbsp. of remaining seasoned flour and *½ tsp. dry mustard.* Add gradually *2½ cups milk,* stirring constantly till mixture thickens. Add *1 cup grated American cheese;* when melted, return shrimp and mushrooms to sauce. Serve with rice.

CRISPY DROP BISCUITS

Sift well together, *4 cups all-purpose flour, 2 tsp. salt, 8 level tsp. baking powder.* With a fork, mix in *⅔ cup Mazola* until the flour looks pebbly. Then stir in *1⅓ cups milk.* Drop biscuits from teaspoon onto baking sheet oiled with Mazola. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 2-3 dozen biscuits.

GEORGE WASHINGTON COBBLER

Reserve one cup of biscuit dough, stirring in one tablespoon sugar.

Now, combine: *3 apples, thinly sliced; 2 cups canned sour cherries, drained; 1 cup sugar, 4 tbsp. flour, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, dash cinnamon, 2 tbsp. butter or margarine, 1½ cups canned sour cherry syrup.*

Place all ingredients in covered baking dish; bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 45 minutes. Remove cover; drop biscuit dough over top by teaspoonfuls. Sprinkle with sugar and spices, if desired. Bake in hot oven, (450°F.) 15 minutes. Serve warm with ice cream or a custard sauce.



SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

Combine and mix well *1 lb. ground beef, ½ lb. ground pork, ⅓ cup finely chopped onion, ¾ cup fine, soft bread crumbs, 3 tbsp. chopped parsley, ½ tsp. marjoram, 1½ tsp. salt, dash pepper, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg.* Add *½ cup milk;* mix thoroughly. Chill two hours, or over night before shaping into walnut-size balls.

Heat *4 tbsp. Mazola,* brown meat balls slowly. Remove, and stir into Mazola *4 tbsp. flour, 1 tbsp. paprika, 1½ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper,* then *2 cups boiling water.* Cook until smooth; heat meat balls in gravy. Stir in *¾ cup sour cream,* a little at a time. Or use ¾ cup evaporated milk, mixed with ½ tbsp. vinegar, or 1 tbsp. lemon juice and 1 tsp. sugar. Serve with rice.

CHATTERBOX SALAD

Peel and quarter tomatoes. Cut ends off green beans. Cook whole green beans; cauliflowerettes, each in salted water. Pour marinade, (recipe below) over drained vegetables; leave overnight in refrigerator. Lift from marinade. Arrange as shown on platter, garnished with carrot curls, green pepper rings and celery.

Carrot curls and celery garnishes: cut carrots in thin, lengthwise slices; cut celery stalks in 2-inch pieces, slit in strips half-way down. Place both in ice water to curl. Drain. Dip celery tips in paprika. Wrap carrot curls around bunches of green beans.

To make Marinade: Mix thoroughly with egg beater: *1½ cups Mazola, ⅔ cup vinegar, 2¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. pepper, 1 clove garlic, 1 tbsp. sugar.* Marinate each vegetable overnight. Save drained Marinade for salad dressing.

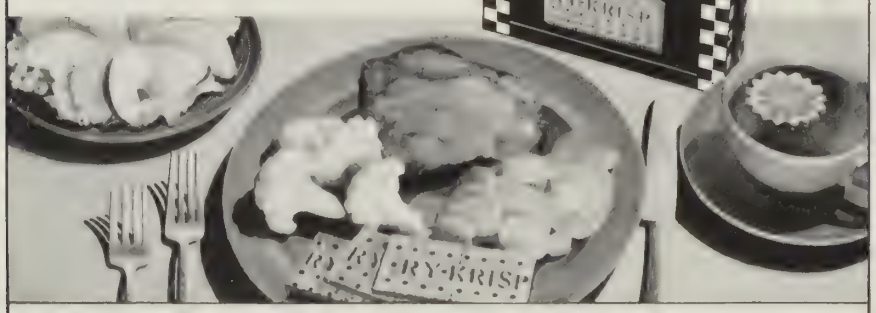
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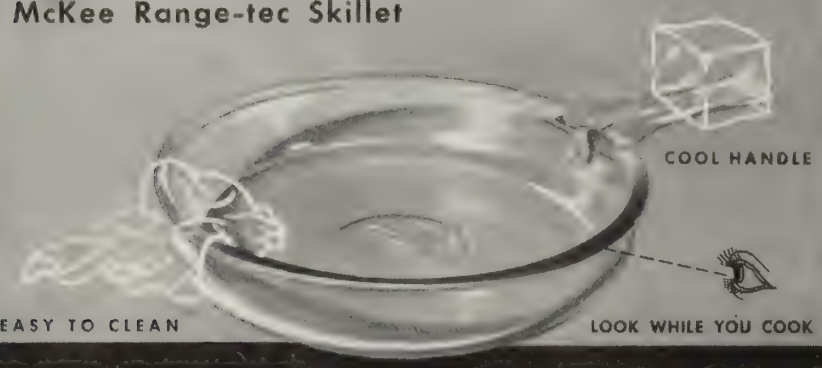
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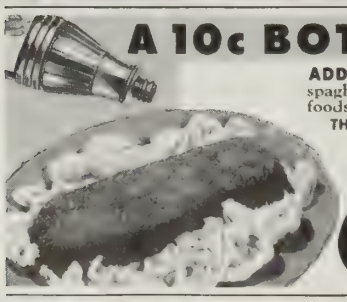
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(Continued from Page 100)

wrong decision. Due to being a woman! Due to André. And there she was back to André again. And glancing, again, toward the green hedge between her and the house.

She gave herself a violent push, turning so she could not see the house. Her body glided through the water; everything was quiet and cool and there was no one anywhere—especially no André—and nothing but the water and the darkening sky, and the lush, protecting lines of hibiscus all around.

She never knew how long the man at the rim of the pool had stood there watching her. She never knew how she knew that she was being watched, or what made her catch herself and lift her head and look toward the end of the pool opposite to the house, not far from the driveway. She did so, however, with sudden expectancy, as if someone had spoken to her, and a man stood there. He was quite near; she had floated almost to the end of the pool. He was looking across the strip of clear water directly into her eyes.

He was in uniform. He carried a cap in his hand. Seen from the water, low, there was an extraordinary strength and solidity about him, as if he had planted himself there and could not possibly be removed except by his own will. The white, short skirt of her bathing suit lay on top of the water; she whirled over so quickly that she got salt water in her eyes and soaked her hair; she pushed the wet hair back and said:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

It was not in her office voice—that pleasant, cool voice she had learned and tried to use, although with only medium success. The hard, fast, thrilling, taut, adventurous, slightly piratical, altogether exciting world of the aviation industry was not one to induce coolness and calm at all times. But her voice now was uneven and slightly breathless, and he spoke as she did.

He said, "Are you Marny Sanderson?" And it flashed across her bemused yet somehow shocked and startled consciousness that when he asked the question he hoped she would say no.

She swam toward him. The splash of her brown hands with their scarlet tips sounded loud and clear. The man at the end of the pool moved as she approached and put down a hand for her; it was sun-tanned and square, with a seal ring on the little finger, and unexpectedly strong, for he hauled her up out of the water and onto the flagstones so swiftly and neatly and easily that again she was caught by a sense of surprise and breathlessness. She felt very small, standing now, looking up at him. And she must look like a wet cat, with her hair hanging in dripping strands around her face. She pulled down the wet and sticking skirt of her bathing suit, silently cursed her wet hair, and said aloud:

"Thank you."

"You are Miss Sanderson?" he said again.

"Yes."

Definitely there was something disapproving in his narrow, cool gray-blue eyes. His mouth was rather tight, she thought; a Scotch mouth. His face was brown; his hair was black, and looked shiny as if he'd used copious water in making the neat part in it, and not very long ago. It was, as a matter of fact, rather disarming; as if it gave her a glimpse of a boy, square and straight-eyed and innately conventional, doing the things he'd been told to do, because reasonably and conventionally he accepted them. Not that there was anything boyish about the man in the gray Navy uniform with a flier's wings who stood there, so solidly and substantially.

He said, "I thought so. They said at the house that you were down here. I'd better explain that I have no appointment. I learned that you and Mr. Wales were here, so I took the chance of coming out in the hope that you would see me. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

The flicker of dislike—dislike? But he'd never seen her before—in his eyes made her reply brusque. "I'd finished my swim. But Mr. Wales has just arrived. He prefers not to see people down here."

Everybody who knew of Tim Wales knew that he saw people anywhere he chose to see

How do you clean a *muffin tin?*



with a *screwdriver?*

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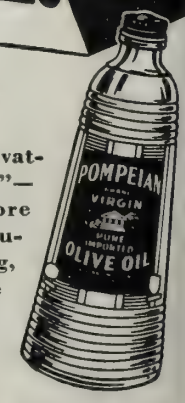
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them. The man before her obviously knew that too; his face stiffened.

She continued quickly, "If you'll phone tomorrow and make an appointment ——"

There was a short silence. The Navy flier looked angry; a slow flush crept up over his cheekbones and his eyes were so cold and gray that she lowered her own gaze. There was a row of little bright ribbons above his left pocket—a double row, as a matter of fact. One was a Purple Heart; one signified the Middle Eastern theater of war; one was, she thought, a decoration.

It was very quiet; the water was a shade darker, reflecting the deeper blue of the sky. The thick hedge all around them was like a wall of green. In the house a light showed in a window.

She thought swiftly of taking him to Tim and rejected it; certainly this man who knew her name and had come to Shadow Island in the hope of seeing Tim wanted something. Everybody wanted something of Tim. Part of her job was to get rid of the people who wanted things.

She said, "I didn't mean to be rude; if you'll tell me something of your reason for ——"

He interrupted; his face was still hard and angry, but he spoke evenly: "We seem to have got off on the wrong—that is, made a bad start. I—my name is Cameron, Bill Cameron. I'm in the Navy; that is, I'm on leave."

There were two and a half black stripes on the shoulder boards of his gray coat. Lieutenant Commander Bill Cameron, then.

She said, "Did you say you want to see me? Or Mr. Wales?"

"I—well, as a matter of fact, I want to see you. It's important." Again there was a look in his eyes that seemed to disapprove; as if he wished she were someone else.

She said, before she could stop herself, stung in an odd small way by that look in his face, "Important to you, you mean?"

His face didn't change, but the pupils of his eyes grew very dark. "Yes. Important to me. Important to everybody who's fought in this war and who doesn't want to fight in another."

TIM WALES hated cranks; he had, indeed, a swift and highly unpleasant manner of dealing with anyone whom he suspected even remotely of falling into that category. And she knew that, usually, the cranks were going to make over the world; only it usually developed that they were going to make over the world by means of some invention which they quite honestly—and sometimes with rather heartbreaking earnestness—begged Tim Wales to introduce. And finance. Yet there was an effect of urgency and truth and, more than anything, of common sense in the face and voice of the man before her.

She said slowly, "Perhaps you'd better tell me specifically just what you mean."

"Look here, Miss Sanderson. I'm no diplomat. What I've come for is really big and really important. And I—somehow I've got to convince you and Tim Wales."

"I have nothing to do with any decision of Tim Wales'. I am only ——"

He interrupted: "I don't know exactly the title they've given you now—head of public relations or some such thing. Actually you are the nearest thing to a partner that a man of Tim Wales' stature could accept."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

(Continued on Page 105)

PREJUDICE

So few of us really think: what we do is rearrange our prejudices.
—DR. GEORGE VINCENT.

The difference between a prejudice and a conviction is that you can explain a conviction without getting mad.
—ANON: The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest, H. V. Prochnow (Harper & Bros.)

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you wired. Darling, I took the
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"*Some day I'll buy you a ring like this,*" you said. But I only want you home, dear. And I'm keeping my hands soft as you love them, by using Jergens Lotion.



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JERGENS LOTION

(Continued from Page 103)

"They'll make you a vice-president next year probably. You're at the top. I know. I've looked you up. I've asked. I had to know. You see ——" He paused then. And said very slowly and deliberately: "You see, I don't want another war in another twenty years. Or ten years, or five years. I want you to stop it. You, Marny Sanderson. It *can* be up to you to stop the whole bloody business."

He was a crank! In spite of his steady eyes; in spite of his sensible, firm chin. She thought that and he said instantly as if she'd spoken it:

"I'm not crazy. Did you ever read The Night Mail? No—perhaps it was before your time. Anyway, it's all come true. Only it's come true now instead of in the year Two Thousand. From now on the people who make planes make planets. Air power makes or breaks peace. Listen, Miss Sanderson, I saw this war. I don't want another. And I'm speaking, too, for—for a lot of men who can't speak for themselves, ever again."

She did not believe him; she did believe him; she could not help listening. She said slowly, "Why do you come to me?"

"Because you're Marny Sanderson; because Tim Wales will listen to you. Because you are a woman. Because it's up to Tim Wales and a few other people to prevent another war."

"*A few other people!*" Other airlines, competitors, rivals? Had he come from them? Why? To entrap Tim Wales somehow with all those noble-sounding generalities. Suspicion shot through her involuntary, growing belief in his sincerity. His reply confirmed it.

"The others can't do without Tim Wales. He's a czar. He ——"

"You mean he has what they want—those others! You've come from them! They sent you—the other American lines? Or was it the foreign ones? And you thought I'd help you pull the wool over Tim Wales' eyes for them. Who sent you here? Exactly who?" She was angry—at herself for listening; at Bill Cameron for coming to her like that, for catching her at a disadvantage, for inducing her to listen.

She was not prepared for his reply, for he said simply, "Mr. Winston Churchill sent me."

"Mr. ——" she began and stopped.

And someone quite near said lazily, "Am I interrupting?"

She whirled around. It was André Durant in swimming trunks, with a towel over his shoulder, a cigarette in one hand. She had been so caught by the things Bill Cameron had said that she had not seen André come across the flagstones toward them.

He said, eying Commander Cameron, "A friend of yours, Marny?"

She said automatically, "This is Commander Cameron—Mr. Durant."

André put out a hand which Commander Cameron did not appear to see. André shrugged and said, "Is this an international conference? I thought I heard the name of Winston Churchill."

And Bill Cameron, his eyes and mouth hard, said, "You don't believe me. You are saying to yourself, 'If this is true he'd have letters of introduction, people would have telephoned, the way would have been paved in advance.'"

It was, of course, exactly what would have happened. But he wasn't a spy. He was merely, and in spite of that reasonable, hardy Scottish face, a crank. Winston Churchill! Tim would make short work of him; it would be better and kinder, if it came to that, to send him—but firmly—on his way without seeing Tim.

She said, "Mr. Wales is here for a vacation. I don't know exactly how long we'll be here, but I really think it would be better to ——"

He was angry again. He said, "—— to get out of here."

"Now really, commander," said André. "Here"—he held his cigarette case, a gold case, set with sardonyx, ornate but handsome, toward the Navy flier—"do have a cigarette. Let's talk this over peaceably—whatever it is you want."

Bill Cameron turned toward André suddenly and swiftly. "Are you interested in the Wales Airlines?"

"My dear fellow, no. I merely thought ——"

"Then I'll thank you to keep out of this."

André's eyebrows went up; he gave a small deprecating shrug. "No need to get worked up about things, commander. Are you dining here? How about a swim before dinner?"

"I don't want a swim," said Bill Cameron. He turned to Marny. "I haven't got credentials, if that is what you want. I hoped to be able to make you understand. I thought you might be human. You looked that way—in the water. I thought you were a woman. I was wrong."

"That has nothing to do with my job."

"No," he said. "I can see that now. I can see a lot of things." There were hard, dark pupils in his eyes. Unexpectedly he took her hands, both of them, in his hard clasp and looked at them for an instant or two, and said, "You look like a little girl—a rather nice, pretty little girl with your hair done up likethat and your white bathing suit. Your hands are nice too—slim and brown and quite pretty really. And you'll not lift one little finger to stop this bloody business from happening all over again." He dropped her hands with a gesture of something like contempt and turned away.

André said quickly, "Now really, my dear fellow, I can't let you talk to my—to Miss Sanderson like this." He put his hand on Marny's wrist in a proprietary and protecting manner. "You'd better apologize, Cameron. And quickly."

Commander Cameron swung around, his eyes suddenly blazing, his hand doubled into a fist. Then abruptly he walked away.

There was a strip of grass and, farther down, an opening through the green hedge upon the driveway. Marny watched the solid gray-clad figure approach that opening and disappear within the blank and shadowy wall of green. There was a brief sound of hard, angry footsteps on the gravel and then nothing. And suddenly Marny looked down at her brown hands, holding them out, turning them slowly, as if compelled to search the pink palms.

André's voice came lazily through the dusk. "Pleasant fellow. Nice manners. Thought for a moment he was going to hit me. Who is he and what is it all about?"

III

"I don't know," she said slowly. "That is, yes I do."

"Marny, darling, pull yourself together. This isn't like you."

She pulled down the wet skirt of her bathing suit again, and gave a little twist to the wet knot of hair. She'd looked very silly, probably, floating on top of the water with practically nothing on. *Like a little girl, indeed*, she thought angrily. She could feel her cheeks growing rather hot and flushed.

André saw it and laughed. "You're blushing. What did the fellow say to you? Besides pretending to be a friend of Mr. Churchill's. Who is he?"

"Bill Cameron—lieutenant commander."

PRESTO CHANGO

Two men on a cargo steamer were comparing notes as to their occupations before the war. One had been a porter and the other had been a magician.

The porter said to the magician, "What can you do?"

"I can make things disappear. I'll show you," said the magician.

Just then a torpedo hit the ship and sank her. The two men were flung into the water. They scrambled on a raft.

The porter looked around with disgust, and seeing no sign of the ship, said to the magician, "I suppose you think that's funny?"

EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE, London.

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- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant



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To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lip slightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. So choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

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V-8--Fresh Vegetables the Tasty Way

"Yes, I know. But what's the idea? What did he want you to do?"

"I don't know exactly. Mainly he wants to get at Tim."

"Oh, I see. Of course. Through you. And when he couldn't he got mad and left." André shrugged. "Forget him. Let's have a swim."

She was listening for the sound of Commander Cameron's departing car along the driveway; he must have left it parked down near the gate. "I've been," she said absently, giving her hair another twist.

"I saw you from my room," said André. He put out his cigarette. "I thought, 'What a good idea.' So I came down as soon as I could. Come on. There's plenty of time." He went to the rim of the pool and dropped his towel on the flagstones.

She still did not hear the sound of Commander Cameron's car; she said, absently again, to André, "It's all right to dive; that's the deep end."

He flashed her a rather odd glance. His eyes were dark and vivid, but it was not easy to know what he was thinking about. He stood for a moment, poised on the rim of the pool, tall, deeply browned by the Florida sun, neither too muscular nor too flabby. He said then, "I know. Coming?"

She went to the pool and André made a long, easy dive; she waited until his head came up, shining and wet and black. He shook the water out of his eyes.

"Cool," he said. "Come on in. I'll catch you."

She had an odd feeling just as she dived that Bill Cameron had come back to the opening of the hedge and was looking at her; a mistaken one, for when she came up and André caught her, laughing, she glanced back toward the hedge and no one was there.

"A good dive," said André. "What are you looking for?"

"I thought somebody was there."

He looked, too, letting his hands slip down her arms to her wrists. "I don't see anybody. Who did you think it was? Your sailor friend or somebody else?"

"I thought ——" She'd thought of Commander Bill Cameron. For no reason, however, she did not say so; instead she said, "I didn't see anyone. It was only an idea that someone was there. Nothing, really."

"Oh," said André, treading water and watching the thick green hedge. "Nobody's there now." André climbed out and dived again.

But both of them had been wrong, for someone said, "Good dive, old chap." It was Charlie Ingram; he had come, however, from the hedge entrance near the house, for he stood at that end of the pool—hatless, browned, his white silk sport shirt open at the throat, wearing white slacks and tennis shoes and carrying a racket. He beamed at Marny. "Hello, my dear, hello."

"Hello, Charlie." As he walked around the pool, Marny swam to the side and hoisted herself up to the rim. He shook her wet hand heartily, his monocle falling from his pocket and swinging madly as he bent to greet her.

"Glad to see you, my dear. Glad to see you." He glanced at André swimming lazily across the pool; his face seemed to change slightly, but he said with even greater heartiness, "Have a nice time in New York Durant?"

"Great," said André, swimming. "How's your tennis?"

"Very fine, old chap, splendid! Jolly good." He looked down at Marny. The forced heartiness in his voice changed to Charlie's naturally friendly tones. "Having a good swim? Must be nice after your trip today. Well, I must run along." He swung the tennis racket he carried. "Only walked over to pick up a racket Winnie had restrung for me. Have to go back now and change. 'By, my dear; see you at dinner. I want to hear all the news." He waved the racket cheerily and went toward the path through the hedge which Bill Cameron had taken. Halfway along he appeared to remember André, turned, said painstakingly, "See you, too, Durant," and went abruptly on.

"Oh, by all means," replied André, fishing a large hibiscus leaf out of the pool where it had fallen and dropping it over the edge. He didn't look at Marny, and they swam lazily for a while, saying nothing.

She'd better tell Tim about Bill Cameron and the preposterous things he'd said, Marny decided presently. Tim disliked being bothered with anything that seemed to him unimportant, but she'd tell him, nevertheless. She tried a crawl and a dive, and came up near André.

André swam well and easily—the way he walked or danced, with an extraordinary, apparently effortless grace and ease. It was, it suddenly struck her, rather like the instinctive, perfect coordination of an extraordinarily slender and graceful animal. Actually, however, he was almost as extraordinarily poised and sophisticated and, she suspected, worldly.

He turned and looked at her quickly across the few feet of water between them. He smiled, so his face flashed into vivacity and liveliness. "Do you approve?"

"Approve?"

"Of me, of course."

He saw too much. She said lightly, "Why not?"

He floated a moment, watching her, with a rather speculative look in his face, and said abruptly, "You are—I don't know how to say it—different tonight."

"*Different!*"

"As if you'd forgotten the Wales Airline and filing cabinets, for one thing."

Definitely he saw too much.

He added lazily, "You've always put the Wales Airlines first, haven't you?"

"That's my job."

"Oh, naturally. But don't you ever think of anything else? Men, for instance?"

If he knew how much she'd been thinking of him! But perhaps he did know it. She said lightly, "I think of nothing else."

He swam nearer her. Occasionally he became for a moment very literal; it was, like his faint accent, suggestive of something foreign, un-American, even though he spoke the American idiom with ease and fluency. With a flash of that literalness, he said, "You are joking."

"Not at all. I like men."

He came up beside her. "We've seen a lot of each other this week in New York. I know you better than you think I do. I might even know some things about you that you don't

(Continued on Page 108)

So Many Things

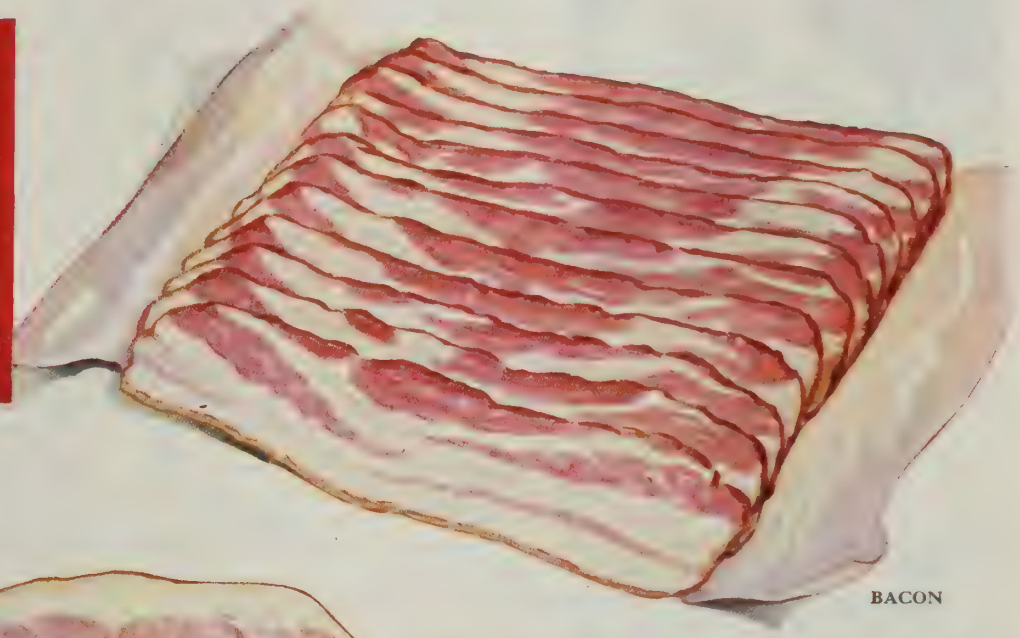
By Virginia Scott Miner

So many things a mother must not say.
She must not give an inkling she has heard
His name so much as mentioned; not a word
Must fall by any chance which might betray
Her knowledge that his coming, day by day,
Gives rise to song more sweet than any bird
Has ever sung; that this young heart is stirred
In richer welcome than the rose gives May.

But all of this—a mother does not know.
She greets him as her daughter's casual friend,
Some other woman's pleasant, well-bred son,
Though all the while the flickering questions go
Within her mind, revolving without end:
"Will she be happy? Safe? *Is this the one?"*

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(Continued from Page 106)

know yourself." He paused, his eyes laughing. And then said abruptly, "I'll race you to the end of the pool."

He won by a large margin and was sitting on the edge of the pool when she reached it. She climbed up to sit beside him. She caught her breath and tried to arrange her wet hair again. It was later; the shadows under the hedges were mistier blue.

"We'd better go in," she said. "I've got to do something civilized about my hair."

"It's only a little after seven," he said. "The butler was putting drinks on the porch when I came down the balcony stairs. Nobody else was around yet." He got up, nevertheless. "Want your sandals?"

She got up, too, and reached for the sandals, but he had them in his hands.

"Put out your foot," he said, bending and holding a sandal for her. She did so, a little unsteadily, so he laughed softly and said, "Hold onto me." She put her hand on his wet, brown shoulder for balance. "Now the other one. All right."

It seemed to her that he lingered a little over the laced tie; but then he got up briskly and went to get the towel he had left at the other end of the pool and came back, towel slung over one shoulder, while she waited. Obviously, he knew his way around on the island; he knew the varying depths of the pool; he knew the balcony stairway.

She said when he reached her, "You've stayed here before?"

Again he gave her rather an odd glance. "You mean at the island? Of course. Didn't Judith tell you?"

"She didn't write to me. Her letter was to Tim, naturally."

They strolled across the strip of grass toward the hedge. "I was stopping at a hotel," explained André, "a rather shabby little dump, as a matter of fact, when Judith took pity on me and invited me here. Marny, has Tim said anything about a job for me?"

She couldn't have told him if Tim had discussed it with her, but he hadn't. "No."

"Oh," said André after a moment. They reached the hedge. "Well, it's all right. I don't know exactly what talents I have to offer the Wales Airlines, but Judith thought there might be something."

It was like Judith; she could be aloof and bored, or impulsive and generous.

"Tim hasn't said anything of it," she said. "But he might not. He may have something planned for you."

"I doubt it," said André. He didn't seem particularly cast down, however. They reached the hedge. "Let's get through here. It's simpler than to go around to the path."

He held back branches; one slipped from his hand and slapped back gently against Marny's face—she drew back sharply and involuntarily and was suddenly in André's arms. Close and hard and warm. He held her for a moment, and then moved her face with his own so his mouth came down upon her own and held her like that. They were so close to the hedge that the soft shadow seemed to envelop them. André kissed her and held her and kissed her again.

ONLY all at once it didn't seem to be André, holding her like that; by the most extraordinary alchemy it was Commander Bill Cameron standing there in the soft dusk with her, his gray uniform against her bare shoulder instead of the rough towel, his mouth pressed down upon her own. That straight, hard, Scottish mouth.

She tried to move. "André ——"

"Don't pull away like that."

"But I ——"

"Be quiet." He kissed her again, long and hard. She pulled away from him then, and he laughed a little, handsome dark face vivid against the soft greens. "Don't be a child. I'm not asking you for anything. But it's silly to pretend you can run away from love."

"I'm not in love. At least I ——"

She was trying to escape his arms, she was pushing her wet hair back, she was altogether ineffectual and shaken and breathless and he said, "You don't know a thing about it," and, half laughing, kissed her again. And released her and stood for a moment, looking down at her. And said suddenly, "You've been in love with me from the moment we met. I've been in love with you. We've been pretending it isn't so. It's silly to do that. You have to take love if it happens. Don't try to run away from it."

"I'm not. I—we've got to go in."

Had Bill Cameron really gone? For another absurd, fleeting second she had an impression that his solid, gray figure had returned to stand in the opening of the hedge farther down. It was fleeting enough, that sense of surveillance, but strong enough, too, so she glanced swiftly that way. There was, again, no one. And André unexpectedly and very gracefully gave in.

"All right. I expect you're right. But you're wrong about love. You'll learn that you can't always run away from it." He held the branches and she slipped quickly through.

André said nothing as they walked across the drive, skirted the back entrance of the house again, and this time walked round it on the bay side and toward the balcony stairway which came down at the end of the porch. There was no one on the porch, but a tray of glasses and ice and bottles stood there, and lights came from the open French windows of the drawing room beyond. It was still light, however, outside. They went quietly up the winding, grilled-iron stairway and paused for an instant on the balcony with its vine-hung railing and widely separated line of French windows. Most of the bedrooms, probably, gave upon the balcony.

André said, "It's confusing, isn't it? You have to count. But I think yours is the third from the front; Judith's is the first and then there's a couple of guest rooms."

The third door was open; the maid had opened it. She glanced into the room and saw her traveling clock on the bed table.

André said, low, "Remember what I said. You can't run away from love. Ever," and took her hand for an instant and put it against his face, lightly, so her palm touched his cheek. And laughed a little and turned away. "See you for a drink," he said and walked along the balcony toward the other end of the house.

She went into her room, closing the screened door behind her, and stopped. Suppose André was right.

Her scarlet sandals made vivid points of color against the beige rug at her feet. She remembered André's stopping to put them on and her hand on his shoulder and the sense—or hope?—that he was doing it slowly, rather deliberately, prolonging the small intimacy.

She'd better get off her wet bathing suit. She turned abruptly toward the bathroom as Judith knocked on the door and called in her low, rather husky voice, "Marny, may I come in?" She opened the door and Judith, in pale yellow satin which dripped lace at the wide long sleeves and trailed along the floor and left Judith's beautiful white throat bare, came into the room. She was smoking, her hair was thrust back with combs, and her face without make-up was as creamy white as a magnolia; she wore emerald-green satin mules, and any other woman in yellow satin and lace would have looked theatrical in the extreme and Judith only looked perfectly beautiful and perfectly self-possessed and normal. She closed the door and said, "I saw you come up the stairs; did you have a good swim?"

"Yes, of course."

Judith sat down on the bed and shook ashes into the tray on the bed table. "You'd better get out of that wet bathing suit."

"I was just going to. Wait a second." Marny went on into the bright, gaily decorated bathroom and took off her bathing suit; the cool, soft silk fabric clung to her. She hung the brassière and skirt over the shower railing, and Judith appeared at the door with her white dressing gown.

"HERE," said Judith. "There's lots of time before dinner. Winnie is seeing to the table. Tim's showering frantically, by the sound from his bathroom. Nobody's dressed yet. I wanted to talk to you a minute."

"All right." She put on the dressing gown and twisted her dripping hair up in a towel.

"Makes a good turban. Very becoming to you." Judith surveyed her rather thoughtfully. "You look awfully well, Marny."

Marny secured the end of the towel and followed Judith back into the bedroom. "It's nice to be here."

"That's not what I mean," said Judith coolly, sitting down again. "As a matter of fact, you look as if a man had been kissing you."

"A ——" Marny looked around the room. "Oh, here they are," she said and took a cigarette, lighting it slowly.

A little glitter came into Judith's eyes. "You knew the cigarettes were there all the time, darling. And it doesn't take a full sixty seconds to light a cigarette. Never mind. I don't think you've been luring Tim on to indiscreet embraces."

"*Tim* ——" Marny choked on smoke and Judith chuckled.

"Really, darling, something's wrong with you! Pull yourself together. Whatever it is, it's good for you. I've often thought you paid too much attention to public relations for the Wales Airlines and not enough to human relations for yourself. Specifically," said Judith dryly, "men." She took a long breath of smoke and said, "How did you like André?"

Marny, too, took a long breath before she replied, "Very much. He was there a week."

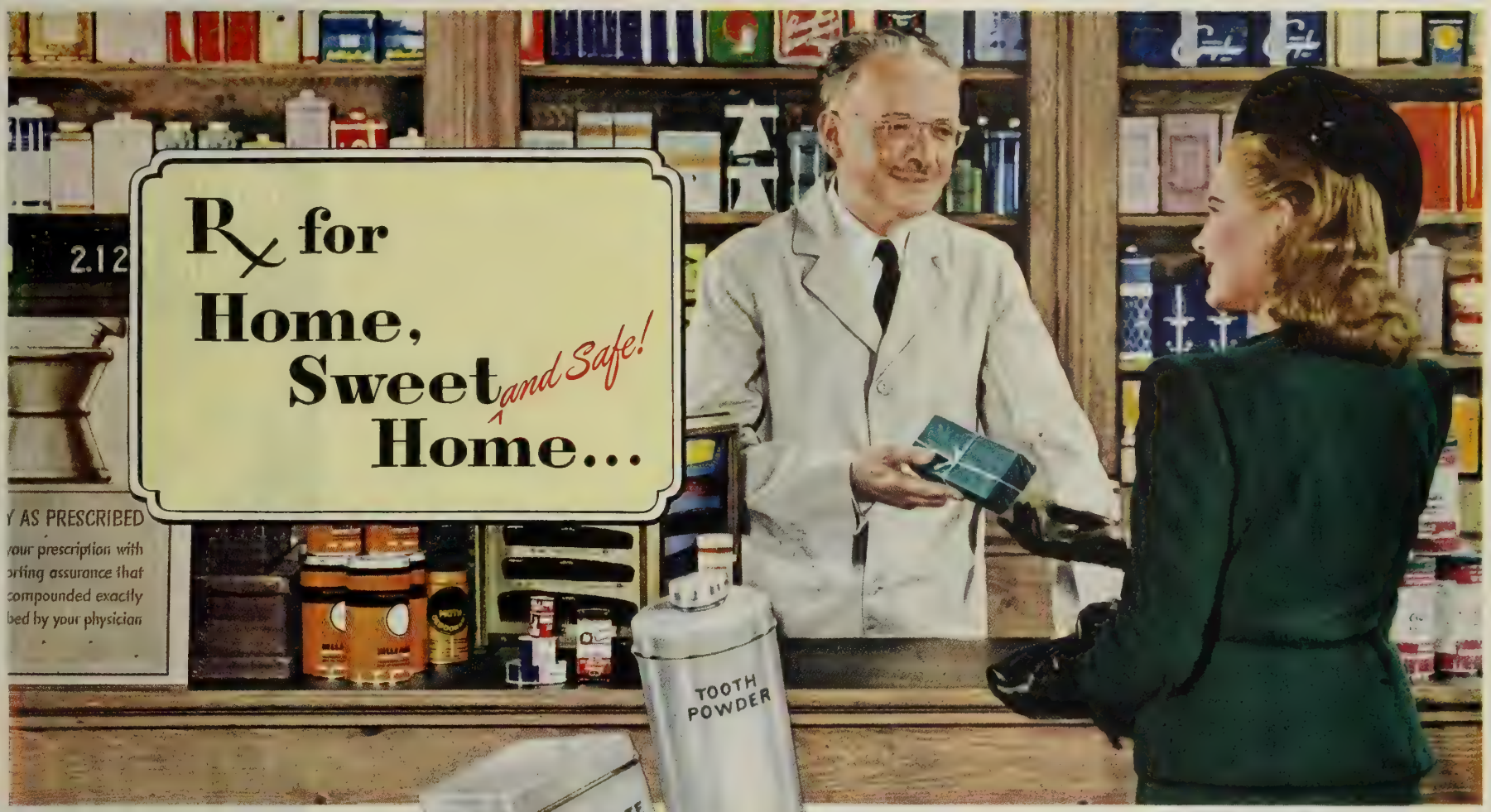
"Yes, I know. Have a good time with him?"

Was there anything too interested—or, again, too disinterested—in Judith's voice? She tested it, swiftly and instinctively, as she had tested her own voice, before she replied,

(Continued on Page 110)



"I suppose it's something that comes with old age!"



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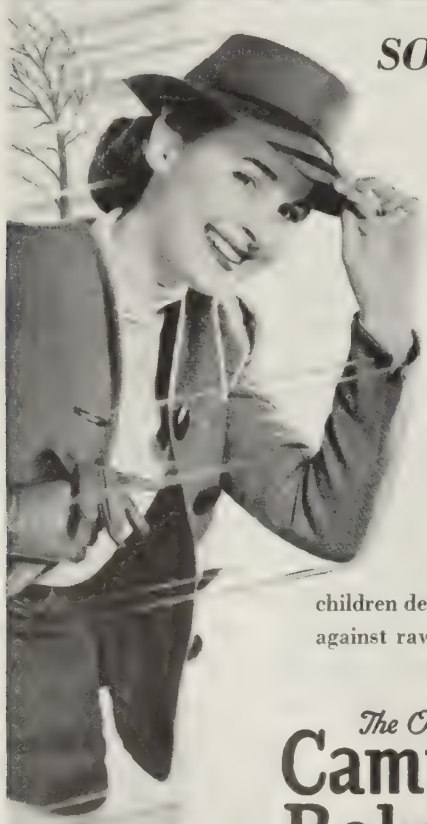
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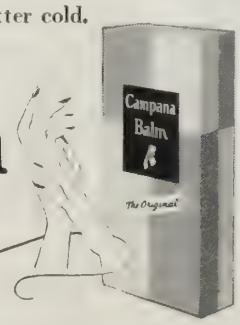
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(Continued from Page 108)

"Yes. Tim rather turned him over to me to entertain."

Judith had long, very dark eyelashes; they lowered a little. She said, "André isn't difficult to entertain. On the contrary."

"Who is he, exactly?"

"Didn't he tell you all about himself?"

"No. That is—oh, he mentioned a few things; not much."

Judith's eyelashes still shaded her eyes, but her gaze didn't shift from Marny; she said slowly, "Oh, he's all right. Charming. Pleasant company. French, I think. Related—distantly, I fancy—to some minor nobility. Arrived at Miami Beach by way of Jamaica and Cuba; he's lived here and there. Everywhere. I rather—like him. I ——" Judith put out her cigarette, half smoked, and in the same gesture took up another cigarette and lighted it. "André is out of money. He needs a job. I thought Tim might give him one."

"Oh," said Marny, which was safe.

Judith's luminous dark eyes flashed across at her. "Did he?" she asked directly.

"I don't know."

Judith waited a moment. Finally she said, "I thought Tim would tell you."

"He didn't mention it. I got a sort of impression that it was in the air. That's all."

"Oh," said Judith in her turn. There was a short silence. Then Judith rose, the pale yellow satin outlining her figure in gleaming highlights. Judith was a little too smart, a little too thin, a little too fine-drawn—and altogether enchanting when she chose to be. She turned to Marny, and the enchantment flashed out again as she smiled. "I only wondered," she said. She yawned a little. "I'd better go and get some clothes on. And let you dress. Oh, by the way, somebody else is coming to dinner."

"Who?"

"I don't know. Some man who knows somebody Winnie knows. Turned up unexpectedly. Heard Winnie talking to him in the hall, but I didn't hear his name. Gives us an extra man." Judith tied the yellow satin belt more closely. "Always a good idea," she said, yawning slightly again. "I'll see you—'by, darling." She opened the door and trailed languidly away.

But the yawn, thought Marny, hadn't been quite natural. Had it? And if Judith wanted to know whether Tim had given André a job, why didn't she ask him?

A shadow glided lightly across the closed door, passed briefly along the bed table and was gone before it had really, actually existed. Someone, thought Marny absently, must have gone along the balcony, although she had been so engrossed in thought that she had heard no footsteps. She looked at the small clock on her bed table. It seemed surprising that it was only a quarter after seven; she must hurry, nevertheless. And she must dress very carefully; Judith was so beautiful.

Had André lingered on in that house because of Judith? That was nonsense. Or was it jealousy? Was she, then, in love with

COSMOPOLIPHANT

Paderewski told the story of the professor at an unusually cosmopolitan university who had to set a thesis for his class: he chose as the general subject, "The Elephant." The English student at once headed his essay, The Elephant, and How to Hunt Him. The Frenchman produced a sparkling disquisition under the title, The Love Life of the Elephant. The German considered the Gastronomical Possibilities of the Elephant. The Russian, after smoking several hundred cigarettes, produced the startling caption, The Elephant—Does it Exist? And the Pole headed his thesis: The Elephant and the Polish Question.

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André? She thought again, *Suppose André is right.* Suppose she had, actually, fallen in love with him a week ago, when they had met. It happened like that, suddenly and unexpectedly. So unexpectedly that it wasn't immediately recognizable.

It was twenty minutes after seven when she went to the bathroom, rinsed the salt water out of her hair and combed and pushed it into shape. Winnie had the room luxuriously stocked with salts and cologne and powder and bath oils, and Marny lay back in the fragrant water, pretending not to think—and thinking, in spite of herself, of André and the things he had said.

Later it seemed to her that she must have heard a door open or close. If so, however, she was not really conscious of it, and roused herself merely with a feeling that much more time had passed than she meant to let pass, and got out of the tub. She slid into her robe and went into the bedroom. And stopped.

A girl stood there: a very young girl—eighteen, perhaps; she was small and gentle-looking, with misty light hair in a halo about her young face, and enormously large eyes, very bright and dark, with blue shadows under them. Her mouth was lipsticked—hurriedly, for it was smeared and red. She had something clutched tightly in both hands; Marny could not see what it was. And she looked at Marny out of those enormous shadowed eyes and said, whispering, her badly painted mouth trembling:

"You are lovelier even than he said."

Marny had never seen the girl before. She put her hand on the chair beside her.

And the girl said jerkily, "You're so pretty. I knew you'd be pretty."

"You knew ——"

"He doesn't like women unless they're pretty."

"He ——"

"André, of course. I'm his wife," said the child, and stood there as still as a little white marble statue.

IV

THERE was the murmur of water still running out of the tub in the bathroom. The door was open upon the balcony, and off in the distance somewhere a motorboat droned softly. Marny stared at the thin, white child and said, "His wife ——"

The girl nodded; there were pride and defiance and a childish, strange wistfulness in her look. "He married me. A year ago. I'm Cecily. Laideau brought me here. I've talked to André. He told me about you. I knew something had happened; he was different. But he'd have told me even if I hadn't asked him. He likes to hurt me. He'll hurt you. Only he'll not have a chance. Because I can't let you take him from me."

"Cecily ——" said Marny, and was stopped by the grain of damning truth in the girl's words. André *had* made love to her—briefly and only that night, but it had happened, she *had* let him, she *had* considered whether or not she was in love with him and she had implied, within herself, a consent. She said, "I didn't know about you."

Cecily said very quietly, "You see, there's only one thing for me to do," and lifted her thin, young hands and pointed a revolver straight at Marny.

The girl was mad. Young, frantic, mad—and heartbreaking. Marny looked at the revolver. How had she got it? She'd have to take it away from her. Or she could shout for help, of course; but that wouldn't do. She'd have to get the revolver away from the child and then induce her to listen to the truth. And Cecily was strung to a nervous pitch which would make any move more or less dangerous.

Definitely dangerous! She was hysterical, desperately determined and too far away for Marny to snatch the revolver from her hands. She couldn't reason with her—not in that state. There wasn't anything to do, and she had to do something.

And the child was going to faint! No face could be so white, so drained of color, so thin and tragic and dreadful.

"Cecily," cried Marny, "you're sick," and ran as the girl swayed and caught her in her arms. She pushed her dinner dress, which the maid had laid out on the bed, onto



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the floor and let the slight figure down gently on the pillows; she reached for the water carafe on the bed table and poured some quickly into her hands and rubbed that stone-white, small face.

She must have help. The girl looked as if she were going to die. She couldn't leave her. She glanced frantically around the room; there was nothing, of course, no smelling salts, no ammonia. The bell was across the room beside the door. If she shouted everyone would hear and have to know all about it, she thought.

Cecily's enormous eyes opened and looked straight up at her.

"Better?"

Cecily's small head went up and down.

"I'll get a towel. I've soaked your dress."

"No," whispered Cecily.

"But ——"

"Please stay here." Her hand caught at Marny's imploringly.

The whole situation was suddenly perfectly normal and simple and straightforward. In an instant it had shaken away from a nightmare. The revolver was on the floor, and Marny picked it up as casually as if it had been a book and put it on the table.

Cecily said, "I made a scene."

"Believe me, Cecily, I didn't know about you. Nothing has happened, really."

"He's in love with you."

"No."

"Yes. Yes, he told me. I talked to him. I asked him. I had to know. He's through with me. He told me."

"He"—Marny swallowed—"he didn't mean it, Cecily, believe me."

The girl moved her fair head hopelessly on the pillow, her eyes never leaving Marny's. "Oh, yes, he meant it. I know. Laideau knows it too. He's known him so long. Longer than anybody ——"

"Who is Laideau?"

A look of faint perplexity crossed Cecily's face. "But you must know—everybody who knows André knows Laideau. They've always been together. Ever since André was a little boy. Laideau took care of him, and then they left France and went to Haiti and then to Puerto Rico and then to Jamaica. But you know all that—André has told you."

"Listen, Cecily, André hasn't told me anything. You are altogether mistaken."

A look came into the child's eyes that was adult and wise and more tragic than Marny had ever seen in anything before. She said, "He made love to you."

"A little," said Marny, hating herself. "But that's all, Cecily. I'm telling you the truth. And I didn't know about you."

Cecily frowned. She said, "I don't understand. He said he wants to marry you. He said he was going to get a divorce."

"Cecily, that isn't true!"

Cecily said suddenly, "I'm all right now. I'm going home."

"No, you can't. You're not well."

"Yes, I'm going." She pushed away Marny's hand and slid upward and off the bed. She was white; she was so thin that Marny could almost see her quick heartbeats under the thin blue dress she wore.

"But I can't let you. Let's straighten this thing out. Let me call André."

"*No, no!*" It was a repressed scream; Cecily caught herself and put her hand over her mouth and looked at the door into the hall. After a moment she whispered, "I didn't mean—I'm sorry—I've got to go."

"I'm going with you, then. Where is home?"

"No, you can't—Laideau will take me We came in a boat. We—no, you can't go.

"Yes, I ——"

"*No!*" cried Cecily and whirled around the room, like a little frightened animal seeking a way out of a trap; then she saw the door open upon the balcony and slid out.

"Cecily," cried Marny and ran after her By the time she reached the balcony the girl had gone. She looked up and down; each end of the narrow balcony was hung with heavy vines. Then she heard a light swift sound of motion and ran to the railing and looked down. Cecily was running down the winding, grilled-iron stairway that led directly to the strip of green lawn. "Cecily," cried Marny softly, but the girl did not look up; Marny started after her, and as she reached the top of the stairs the girl flashed out of sight in the thick shrubbery across the lawn and at an angle to the shore line of the island. Marny stopped. Somewhere she heard the sound of oarlocks. It was a steady *creak, creak* which suddenly stopped.

She clutched her white dressing gown around her and ran halfway down the winding steps and paused again to listen she could see most of the sea wall, the thick clump of bamboos behind which the girl had disappeared. And then clearly through the twilight the sound of oars began again; as she waited, staring at the blue water, after a moment a rowboat came gradually into sight heading away from the island and toward the string of lights and buildings which was Miami Beach. A man was rowing; Cecily was sitting with her small blue-clad back turned toward Shadow Island. The man rowing was thick and swarthy with black hair; he bent to the oars and sent the boat rapidly into the dusk.

She didn't know what to do; a hundred things occurred to her, standing there on the stairs watching the boat grow smaller and farther away: call André, call Tim, call Winnie. Do something. But what, exactly?

She went a step or two farther down the winding, vine-hung stairway. The curve of the stairway brought into view, below, the wide, open porch, with its bright cushions and rugs and brilliant flowers and tray of glasses She stopped, with her hand on the iron railing, to look again after Cecily. The rowboat was approaching a curve of the island where there were thick, green casuarina trees Neither Cecily nor the man bending over the oars appeared to have changed position. As she watched, the boat rounded the curve and disappeared.

And at that instant someone walked across the porch and said, "Miss Sanderson."

She looked down sharply. And Commander Bill Cameron stood there looking up at her. He was in Navy whites now.

He said, "I didn't mean to startle you I meant—I thought I'd better tell you—that is, I ——"

"*What are you doing here?*"

His face stiffened; he made a formal bow. "I was trying to apologize. I seem to have been wrong again."

Already the reaction of the meeting with Cecily was beginning; his words and his stiff angry Scottish face seemed to crystallize her confused and shaken emotions into a single one which was anger. She said, "Don't apologize. Answer my question. What are you doing here?"

Her tone drew a spark of anger into his own eyes; he answered, however, with calm politeness, "I've come to dinner."

(Continued on Page 114)

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(Continued from Page 112)

"But you ——" She paused. "Who invited you? Does Tim Wales know?"

"I rarely go to dinner without an invitation," he said with a spark of laughter in his eyes.

"But you don't know Tim!"

He made a sketchy bow. "Miss Wales and I have mutual friends."

"Miss Wales!" This, then, was the man Judith had mentioned; the extra man, always welcome. Well, Tim wouldn't welcome him.

He said, "This is all rather childish. I meant—well, when I left you I came to the house and asked for Miss Wales. I gave her a note from a friend of hers and mine. She asked me to dinner; I accepted and drove back to my hotel, changed and returned. That's all. If it's any business of yours," he added with a sudden twinkle.

She whirled around on the step and he reached up suddenly and caught her wrist so hard that it turned her around again facing him. "Where are you going? Are you going to tell Tim Wales about me and get me thrown out?"

"Is it any business of yours?" she snapped.

"That's childish too," he said. And went on, all at once very sober: "Look here, Miss Sanderson. Everything's gone wrong between us; it's been my fault. But I—you must believe me, I *am* serious; I have a real and urgent reason for seeing you and seeing Tim Wales. I'm sorry I lost my temper. But that wasn't why I left. I didn't see any point in talking in front of that—of the fellow who joined us. I—won't you let bygones be bygones? I ask you to be fair, not hold any prejudice against me."

An inner and uneasy feeling that she might not have been quite fair seemed to link itself up with another less definable but even less creditable impulse of opposition. She told herself quickly that the fact that he was right about that didn't make him any less of a crank.

And he said abruptly, "You're very stubborn, aren't you?"

"Will you let go my hand?"

"I'm a fool," said Bill Cameron. "Well—I've done everything I can do. I suppose I spoke to you again at the wrong time."

She had forgotten Cecily. Naturally he had seen the girl run down the stairs, and had seen Marny following. She glanced out toward the point of the casuarina trees, but the boat was not in sight anywhere.

It seemed to her suddenly that she could hear again the regular *creak, creak* of oars.

V

WAS the boat returning? But Cecily would not return to the island; why should she? Marny watched and listened for a moment, and the boat did not reappear.

The man standing below her said suddenly, in a different voice, "You look—so pretty. I thought you might listen ——"

She glanced at her white robe and bare feet, jerked her hand away, clutched the negligee about her and ran up the steps.

She went into her room. She was angrily conscious of the way she looked: her bare feet, her thin white robe clutched tight around her. And of the way she had behaved; unintentionally, simply because there was something about Bill Cameron which roused her instant antagonism.

She had let something about the personality of the Navy flier and her own personality clash and spark; it was wrong. Personalities had no place in business. Besides, it was not really important either way. He had managed to get an introduction to Winnie, and Winnie's first impulse always was one of hearty and lavish hospitality. He'd thus got himself invited to Shadow Island for dinner; now it was up to Tim to deal with the thing as he pleased.

The main thing to decide was what to do about Cecily. The red-and-white dinner dress, which she'd flung to the floor to make room for Cecily, still lay there. She picked it up and started mechanically to dress. Where had Cecily gone; where was "home"? Obviously, Cecily was not staying in the house; she must have seen André, though, sometime since their arrival. Otherwise André couldn't have said the incredible things Cecily had quoted him as saying.

BUT then he couldn't have said them anyway! Cecily was pathetic and young and tragic, really. But she was also obviously hysterical. Mad, Marny had thought her for a moment; not that she was that actually, but she was clearly not responsible just then for anything she said or did.

There were two sides to everything. How could she condemn André without a hearing, on the evidence of a pathetic but hysterical child who threatened to kill people and talked incoherently of André's cruelty? André, who was always gay and pleasant and even-tempered.

He hadn't told her of Cecily. Well, perhaps there was a reason for that too.

In any case, the child ought to have a nurse. Was the rather sinister-looking man in the boat the only companion the girl had? Laideau—why had he brought her there?

She couldn't condemn André without a hearing. But she wouldn't have listened to him at all if she had known about Cecily.

Someone downstairs turned on the radio again; the gay sound of dance music floated upward and through the still-open door from the balcony. It had grown so dark that she had turned on lights over the dressing table. There were voices from below, too, so Judith and Winnie and Tim—and Commander Cameron and André and Charlie Ingram—were gathering before dinner. Several motorboats passed the island as she dressed; later she remembered having heard the accelerating crescendo and diminishing of their engines. Once an outboard went past with the sharp explosions of a machine gun.

It seemed a long time before she had finished dressing; usually she was not so slow and clumsy. She looked at herself carefully in the mirror. There was some reason why she must look particularly well tonight. The red-and-white sheer chiffon clung to her waist and swirled about her feet; it looked cool and soft and feminine. Her mouth was red, too; her eyes were dark blue and her face rather pale below the light tan. Then she remembered why she had wanted to look well that night.

It had been for André, so he would look at her and not at Judith. So he would ask her to stroll with him under the tropic night sky. André! Well, she wouldn't question the state of her heart any further on that subject. She turned quickly to the door. As she put her hand on the latch she glanced down at the bed table. And something was wrong. The carafe of water was there, with the glass stopper still lying beside it; there were an ash tray and her clock. She paused for an instant, puzzled, groping—and then realized with a blinding flash what was wrong. The revolver was not there.

To an Adventuring Child

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

The fairies may steal you, unless you take
Some thick bread and butter, or a wedge of cake.

To walk far fasting (and you so young)
Might set you straying or spell your tongue.

Cold iron or thrown salt never could grapple
With abracadabras like a red apple.

No strange little people who thread solitude
May charm past the munching of good plain food!



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It had to be there. It had to be somewhere. It was not. She looked rapidly around the room, she knelt and fumbled under the low bed and around the thick fringe of the rugs, she looked and searched and it was not there.

She got to her feet, stumbling in her long chiffon skirt.

So Cecily had taken it. Somehow, under her very eyes, the girl had snatched it up and taken it away with her.

Her knees were shaking. How could she have let the child take it? How could she have let a feeling of normalness, of being in control of the situation, so blind her?

Where had Cecily gone? How could she find her? *Had Cecily returned to the island?* She had heard the sound of oars returning. At least she thought she had heard it.

She was shivering, trembling as Cecily had trembled. She didn't know what she was doing; it was queer, because she realized it and yet could not stop and think. She ran to the balcony. It was dark now, and if Cecily had dropped the revolver upon the balcony she could not find it. She ran swiftly down the winding stairway, tripping, snatching up her swirling chiffon skirt, clutching the railing.

She stopped at the foot of the stairway; lights streamed out from the French windows opening upon the porch. She could hear voices, and Winnie's laughter and the dance music from the radio. She could see Judith on the sofa behind white calla lilies, and André standing beside her, a cocktail glass in his hand.

SO SOME SAY

The Chinese character for trouble shows two women under the same roof.
—LEAH FRANCES COLLINS:
Quoted in Magazine Digest.

Kindness goes a long ways lots o' times when it ought t' stay at home.
—ABE MARTIN:
Quoted in The Big Toast Book Case.
(Shrewesbury Pub. Co.)

Standing on one's dignity is the pinnacle of all absurdities.
—REGINALD BERKELEY:
Quoted in Magazine Digest.

It was light enough, now that her eyes were adjusted to the night, to see the dark, thick clump of bamboos down at the water's edge, where Cecily had apparently got into the boat and gone, and then perhaps returned. And she must find her and she must hurry. Marny ran across the lawn; the grass was cool below the thin soles of her slippers. Far away, she could hear the murmur of surf; nearer, the lap of water against the low sea wall which rimmed the entire island.

She reached the clump of bamboo and the turf skirted it like a path with bamboos on one side, whispering and moving in the light wind, the low sea wall on her right. Clouds moved across the sky and stars shone down brilliantly all at once. The black water glittered, reflecting them. The strip of grass gave way to white sand. A small pier lay there, white and ghostly in the starlight. It was merely a platform over the water, with steps. Two or three boats lay moored below: rowboats and a cabin cruiser.

It was perfectly still except for the faint lapping of water and the distant sound of music. There was, of course, no revolver; she couldn't have found it, it was so dark, if it had been there. She'd lost her head and wasted time. She'd have to go back and tell them what had happened. André would know where Cecily had gone. They must reach her quickly. She turned again toward the house; the bamboos rustled and whispered beside her.

Someone had dropped a coat in the shadow of the nearest clump, on the strip of grass just at the edge of the white sand. She hadn't seen it when she passed, she hadn't ——

It wasn't a coat. She was on her knees. It was something limp and white, flung down like a coat. It was Cecily Durant, with her

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Your skin can look young and beautiful!

FRANCES DENNEY Chemists announce these important scientific facts:

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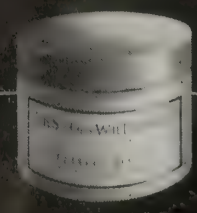
2 These vital substances, LIPOIDS, are essential to the skin, young and old. There is no substitute for LIPOIDS.

3 Your skin can absorb LIPOIDS.

OILS OF THE WILDERNESS will fulfill MISS DENNEY'S promise because it contains

LIPOIDS *in the ratio found in the skin*

You have the assurance of FRANCES DENNEY, that a young and beautiful skin can be yours. Follow her reliable advice. Begin now to use OILS OF THE WILDERNESS.



NEW SIZE JAR $5

FRANCES DENNEY

More Beauty for You

childish, pretty face pressed down into the earth. It was Cecily Durant, and this time she had not fainted. She was dead, and there was something dark and splotchy all across her back between her thin shoulders.

"Cecily—Cecily—Cecily ——"

It was Marny's own voice, and she knew it; yet she hadn't meant to sob like that, she hadn't meant to scream. She knew, too, that someone was coming. She could hear footsteps on the turf path.

Someone reached her. Someone stopped and said something short and muffled and was down beside her, pushing her out of the way, bending over that limp, small figure. It was Bill Cameron.

He turned abruptly toward her; he was so close that even in the darkness she could see his face. He put his hand hard on her shoulder. "What happened? Who is it? For heaven's sake, what happened?"

She couldn't answer; she had no voice, no feeling, no power to move.

Clouds drifted again across the stars; a curtain of shadow dropped upon them. Water lapped against the pier somewhere in that soft darkness and the warm wind rattled the bamboos. And Marny fought through something that caught at her throat as if it had hands and whispered:

"Is she dead?"

"Yes. Where is the gun?"

"Gun?"

"Gun. What did you do with it?"

"She had it. That's why I came." Marny stared at the dimly white face of the man beside her; the clouds were heavy, and the bamboos rustled thinly together. She cried, jerkily, "She had the gun; I took it and she went away. She went in the boat. I—then the gun was gone. So I came—I hurried ——" She stopped and caught her breath so it hurt and she had to press her own hands against her throat, queerly, to relieve it. "Are you sure she's dead? Perhaps ——"

"Yes."

"But isn't there—a doctor—anything? We must do something. She can't be dead!"

"She's dead." He waited a moment, kneeling there, his white uniform outlining his solid figure. "Yes," he said again, very quietly, "she's dead. I don't know what to do. We'll have to call the police, of course. Right away. And you ——" He turned around and rose, taking her by the arms and pulling her up with him. He drew her away from little dead Cecily, there in the shadow. "You understand, they'll arrest you."

"Arrest ——" He was saying something very important and very terrible and yet she could not fully comprehend it.

"Arrest you. On a murder charge." He waited a moment and seemed to watch her through the darkness; and then he said, "Quick. Tell me how it happened."

She was shaking, her words incoherent and jumbled. "But I—you see, she had the gun—I hurried ——"

His hands came down hard on her shoulders again. "Marny, think. Snap out of it. Why did you kill her?"

(To be Continued)

IF I WERE A MAN

(Continued from Page 5)

"I wouldn't be the kind of statesman who allowed the world to fall into the state it is in right now. I seem not to be able to think of anything else so important, or anything trivial so true."

—Janet Flanner.

"I would not leave the care, training, education and enjoyment of the children entirely to the women of the family. Nor would I leave the churchgoing, the civic activities, the social and cultural life entirely to the women of the family and to the community." ***—Frances Perkins.***

"I wouldn't assume that women entered the service to meet men. Most women in the service enlisted for patriotic reasons and already were committed to a particular man, also in the service."

—Sgt. Ruth Kraus.
U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

"I wouldn't laugh at women's hats. Particularly if I were a husband. Because having been a woman for so long, I know that the husband always gets the bills for his wife's hats. And they're not funny.

"And if I were a man I wouldn't be so anxious to go out with 'the boys.' Because if I were a man it wouldn't be half as much fun!" ***—Gracie Allen.***
(Mrs. George Burns.)

"I wouldn't pass up so many opportunities to notice nice things about women—and to compliment them. The gentler sex needs to have their egos braced that way."

—Eleanor Laird.
(Mrs. Donald Laird.)

"I wouldn't object to having a woman who happened to have more money than I did pay for a meal in a restaurant. And I wouldn't keep saying that woman's place is in the home and make sure my wife stayed there, then spend most of my time at gatherings talking to women who work outside the home." ***—Elizabeth Hawes.***

"I wouldn't show off quite so much. Men like to preen, peacock fashion, for the benefit of the female. Or pose as big shots in front of other men. Or take egocentric flights before everyone, becoming too aggressive. Could be, they just have an inferiority complex. Or maybe they just like to exhibit. It seems to me if they did their best unselfishly, without this flaunting of their prowess and without quite so much pretension and display, we'd have a more peaceful and happier time domestically, nationally and maybe all over the world."

—Thyra Samter Winslow.

"I wouldn't wear jewelry. It doesn't become the sterner sex." ***—Zasu Pitts.***

IF I WERE A WOMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

"I wouldn't boast of preferring the company of the male sex I am always suspicious of the woman who complains that other women can't be trusted, aren't loyal enough to be real friends. When I hear a woman condemn her own sex with a sweeping remark like, 'Women are so insincere,' I begin to wonder just how loyal and sincere she is herself." ***—Leonard Warren.***

"I wouldn't maintain ignorance of the differences in the uniforms of the women in the various branches of the service. Women like their menfolk, are proud of their uniform and what it represents."

—S/Sgt. Chris Wood, Jr.,
U. S. Marine Corps Reserve.

"I wouldn't ever be home on income-tax day." ***—Jack Benny.***

"There are plenty of things I wouldn't do. I'd never wear huge clusters of flowers in my hair when attending the theater, because it's my conviction that the rest of the audience came to see a show, not a garden. I'd lay off baby talk or anything approaching it—by now most men concede that women have minds of their own and respect them for it. I'd keep my eyes on my escort, not on other gals, in public places. I would never make derogatory remarks about others in public—those things have a way of getting around. I'd try to look interested even when the conversation didn't refer exclusively to myself." ***—Morton Downey.***

"I wouldn't be so positive about things women are positive about. If women were always right when positive, we men would be wrong too unbearably often."

—Capt. Gene Raymond.

"I wouldn't like it. Men have all the best of it." ***—Ernest Truex.***



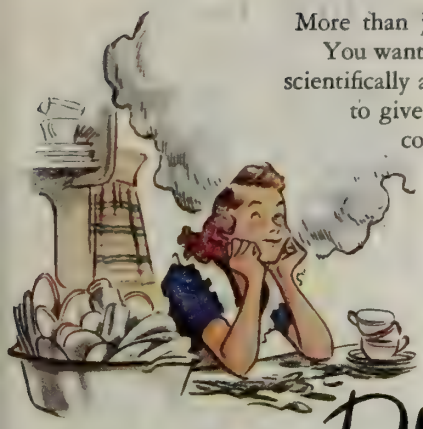
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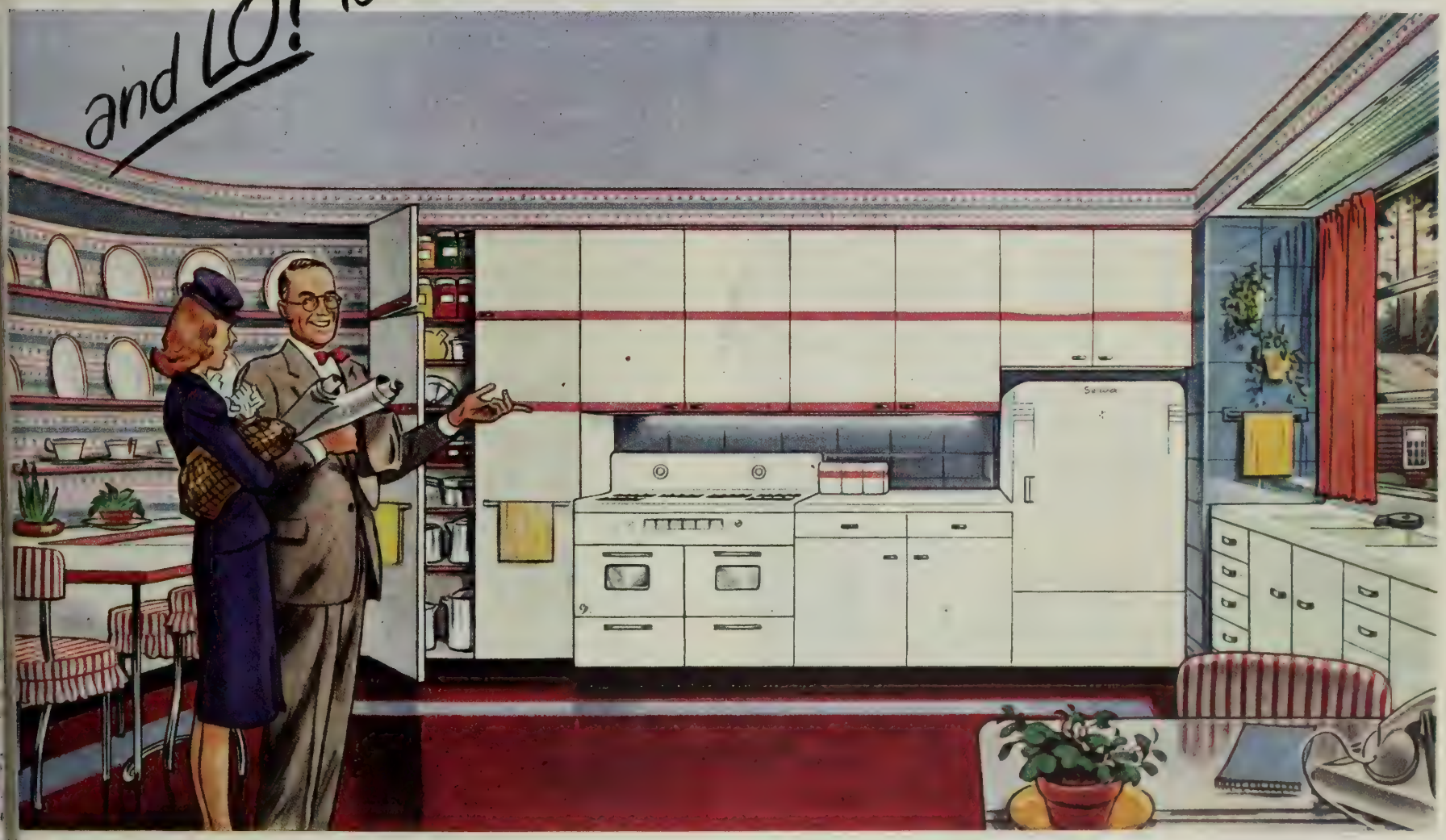
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You want a *new type* kitchen. Where everything is scientifically arranged to save time and steps . . .
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So that—shortly after V-Day—we'll be able to offer you *dozens* of ideas on new kitchens. Yes! *direct* help in getting the one you want—for new home or old—with the least possible effort and the lowest possible cost!



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It's coming soon! . . . your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen"!* When? That depends on Victory . . . your war-work and War Bonds will speed it along. But you may be sure it will be economical and trouble-free in operation. For it will be built around these essentials of a truly modern kitchen . . .
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When Junior cracks a window-pane
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Some Texcel Tape will mend it till
The glazier comes around.

(Texcel won't creep loose — the "stick-um's" bonded on!)

And when you wrap up sandwiches
For hubby's luncheon pail,
Some Texcel keeps the wrapper tight,
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(Texcel seals perfectly the "stick um's" bonded on!)



For wrapping gifts and packages,
For fastening scores of things,
It's Texcel Tape - no fumbling 'round
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Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on:
It won't come off, it won't dry out
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Since Texcel may be back ere long
For household tasks and such,
Remember to ask for Texcel Tape -
It sticks with just a touch.

Texcel Tape

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CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page-13)

For Instance, Here's a Bouquet

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Dear Editors: When I get my copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I immediately turn the pages to see the illustrations done by Andrew Loomis. I have seen a lot of illustrations in magazines, but his work is without a doubt the best of all.

We all read the Fifty Years Ago column and enjoy it as well as the stories and articles. The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will always be the favorite magazine in my house. MRS. G. F. PHELAN.

Dorothy Lays a Brick Wall

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dears: You have no notion how drafty it is, living in a punctured house, in wartime underwear (for which one never has quite sufficient coupons left!). I wish the house menders would not tarry so!

A couple of swans lived on a lake near by. A bomb fell in the lake, and blew them off it, in different directions. The father swan got back, and sailed around disconsolate. We feared the mother swan had been killed, but riding one day, some five miles away, we found her, swimming around under a little bridge. There's all life in a nutshell! He is there and she is there, but they can't get together again. You cannot pick up a swan and take her on a horse five miles. And though we shout his address down to her till we are hoarse, she cannot understand! It looks as if they would have to remain star-crossed lovers until the end!

Later: I still have a lot of Jock's stuff to go through. Besides a fairly comprehensive diary of his life in the army, he had written a whole lot of sketches and essays. I also came on a fragment written in pencil, in the desert, about a week before he died. Like Jock, it stopped at the beginning. There is a quality about his writings that I find in Delius' music, as if he had inherited his great-uncle's genius in a different way:

Down in the wood with the chestnut trees
And the downs beyond
And the sound of the sea
A blackbird sang as delicate dawn
Swept light as gossamer over the hills
And all the dewy valley rang
With joy of the song that the blackbird sang.

One wonders whether, to those young men who must go so much too soon, there comes, only half understood, some foreknowledge of what has got to be. From so many of his essays and sketches I get the impression that he knew—without really knowing.

Later: I had a conversation with an American boy in the bus. He gave me the most colorful description I've heard yet of the rocket bomb: "Boy, did it burn a hole in the sky!"

Later. One of the things I am looking forward to is being able to move around and make up one's mind without government assistance. Oh, to be done with forms, coupons and officials! I pin my all on that. And I should like to give a children's party—a real, walloping children's party, with jelly and ice cream!

Daughter Mary writes that she is going to risk all and bring the baby over from Ireland for a few days. She writes: "The poor child may as well get used to traveling, being a soldier's daughter. . . ." I brought daughter June home from Burma at exactly the same age, just after the last war. Traveling conditions were just about as bad then as they are now, and we got through all right as far as I remember. There were no tin openers and I know it was frightfully difficult to open cans of condensed milk with nail scissors.

Later. We had a posse of the F. F. I. over, nice little French girls all agog at the battered splendors of London! Never had they seen such shops, they said, or such well-dressed people! They looked pretty and shabby, with their bare legs and wooden-soled shoes—but I thought quite well nourished. However, extreme youth, like goats, keeps fit on very little.

I have just had your letter, Bruce, re autobiography, in which you imply that merely taking down a lock or so of hair is not enough; a girl must strip to the buff. I laughed like anything. I shall have to wait till I have one foot in the grave, and then, writing FINIS, send the MS. to you, and hastily put the other leg in, and slam down the lid.

Later. There was so little chance of getting the garden wall put up that do you know what? I got a thousand bricks, five bags of cement and a yard of sand and ballast, and I am going to build it myself. Wm. Tullett dug me out the foundation. Wm. Port showed me how to wield a builder's trowel and lay liners and headers (you couldn't be expected to know what that means, not being a bricklayer)



Dorothy turns bricklayer.

and I have already got two feet high done. Time was I thought the knack of building was something you were born with, like blue eyes. But I find it's only a matter of patience and knowing how. Now Hadrian has nothing on me.

Love to you both,
DOROTHY BLACK.

The Girl Can Cook

Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Editors: I have been a devoted reader of the JOURNAL since I was nine years old and will be as long as Ann Batchelder is a member of your staff. She is the only cooking expert I know whose recipes are *always* infallible.

About a year ago I became intrigued by the weird and fanciful recipes which appeared on the household page of a certain famous weekly. Betting odds ran high that the reader-submitted recipes were never tested. As a result, I dreamed up a few delectable screwball numbers and sent them off. Not only were they printed as tested recipes, but I received a sizable check for my trouble. Shed a tear for the digestions of the trusting readers and their families!

Incidentally, I love to cook. I also write stories. I am a better cook than a story writer. My stories always come back. My cooking? Never.

Yours sincerely,
JANIE CANUCK.

We would rather be married to a good cook than to a good short-story writer. Happy is he married to both. ED.

No More Lost Generation

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen: We, a group of girls aged 23–25, are determined that our children *will not* fight in World War III. We feel that repetition of this present catastrophe can be avoided if young America can be awakened to its responsibilities, which we see as follows:

First—concern and interest in legislation being passed in Congress.

Second—concern over the welfare of our neighbor nations.

Third—we must see to it that the Golden Rule is taught at home from the cradle up. Bigotry, intolerance and prejudice must be, and can only be, abolished by parental teaching.

Fourth—we must look the shortcomings of our communities and country squarely in the face and then set out to remedy them.

Since your magazine is so widely read by the young people of America, won't



WHY QUINTUPLETS
use this great rub for
SORE THROAT
COUGHS due to COLDS

Wonderful for Grown-Ups, Too!

Ever since they were tiny tots—whenever the Quintuplets catch cold—their chests, throats and backs are immediately rubbed with Musterole.

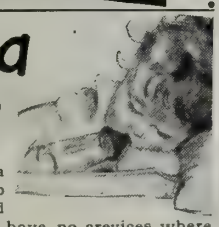
Musterole gives such blessed prompt relief because it's more than just an ordinary "salve." It's what so many Doctors and Nurses call a *modern counter-irritant.* It not only relieves coughs, sore throat, aching chest muscles due to colds, makes breathing easier—but it *actually* helps *break up congestion* in upper bronchial tract, nose and throat.

And Musterole is so much easier to apply than a mustard plaster. White, Stainless. Just rub it on! *"No fuss. No muss with Musterole!"*

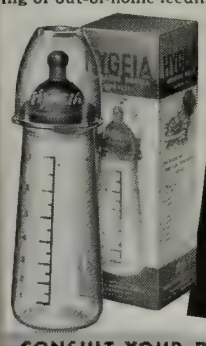
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Ask your druggist for Hygeia's new package containing Bottle, Nipple, and Cap. No extra cost.

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NURSING BOTTLES NIPPLES WITH CAPS
Sold complete as illustrated or parts separately!

CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

HEY, Mom! Don't Be a Diaper Drudge!
Dennison Diaper Liners reduce unpleasantness in changing and washing my diapers. Just fold a Liner inside diaper next to my skin. When soiled, flush away. No hard scrubbing. Sanitary. Helps prevent diaper rash. Costs only a few cents a day. Babypads: 200 for $1. Downee-soft: 200 for 69¢.
★ **FREE** . . . Full day's supply. Write to Dennison, Dept. P-1, Framingham, Mass.



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Spring Styles
Smart, youthful styles for Morning, Street, or Afternoon. Also Maternity Bras & Lingerie.
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you start a series of articles addressed to youth, on the proposals pending in Congress? We want articles to revivify the youth of America, so that they will fight as zealously for the maintenance of peace as they now do for its restoration.

Sincerely yours,
ROSE S. GRANO.
Corresponding secretary, Sol Oriens Sorority.

If our printing articles could bring peace to this world, how easy it would be. The Sol Oriens Sorority will learn, we fear, that the admirable job they've cut out for themselves is a bit on the difficult side. ED.

Plan for Postwar Libraries

Princeton, New Jersey.

My dear Beatrice: I read in the October issue that the National Planning Association reports that 40,000,000 people in the United States have no access to libraries. Why couldn't many Army post libraries be transferred after war to some of these communities?

KATHERINE EISENHART.

It has been proposed to the Surplus Property Administration and to Congress by Carl Vitz, president of the American Library Association, that millions of books, made surplus after demobilization, be transferred to states by the Office of Education in proportion to rural population. Within the states, he proposes that allotments be made by the official state library-extension agencies. ED.

He Never Had a Baby!

Moundsville, West Virginia.

Dear Editor: Dr. Herman N. Bundesen's article, The Needless Fear of Childbirth, set me burning with rage.

Having just given birth to my first child after almost twenty-four hours in labor, I feel qualified to tell the doctor that he, as a man, can have no idea what childbirth pain is. Just why are doctors now administering twilight sleep and spinal injections to make the mother feel *no* pain? As to the so-called "show," just let me see a man who can stand even the smallest pain. Sincerely,

MRS. GUY WILLIAM KNAPP.

But She Did!

Tucson, Arizona.

Dear Sir: Having reared two children by Doctor Bundesen's fine booklets, I appreciate what he has done for motherhood. I was glad that he wrote: "The expectant mother who looks upon childbirth as an illness is dangerously wrong."

Parents of married children should discipline themselves so that they neither talk nor show fear during the nine months—that shows greater love than the anxious concern and worry expressed by many parents. Also, many obstetricians can help more than they do to build the right mental attitude.

Understanding her case should do away with most of an expectant mother's fear; for, as Marie Curie said: "Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be understood." Yours sincerely,

LOIS H. WILSON.

Kittens Who Walk Alone

Whittier Hall, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

Dear How America Lives Editor: I do not know if the editors of women's magazines realize the large numbers of college students who devour their magazines monthly. I believe that we read every word on every page, including the ads, but every feature, advertisement and article seems to be directed to housewives and we are left out in the cold.

I have been avidly reading How America Lives ever since you first started it and have constantly hoped that you would do at least one article on college students, or at least women living alone.

Very sincerely,
JOYCE LINSKY.

We have always intended to, but like the mother of six children who hoped, sometime, to get a little time all to herself, we have simply never got around to it. ED.

Even if you don't have 7 babies...



Yes, *ma'am,* we know how rough those weekly launderings, and babies, and just general wear, can be on sheets. That's why we've made Pequots so sturdy.

But we've made them beautiful too. Yes, *ma'am!* Pequot's smooth close-woven texture mellows softly, like old linen. Keeps that bleached-in whiteness to the very end (which comes *eventually,* even for Pequots!).

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It's in the Family

BY HENRY PLEASANTS, JR., M.D., F.A.C.P.

ONE of the most vicious, unfair and disheartening phrases that can be made regarding a patient who is suffering from some form of mental disturbance is, "It's in the family, you know." No less an authority than Dr. Edward A. Strecker, in his admirable book, The Fundamentals of Psychiatry, in discussing the predisposing causes of mental illness, says:

"Inheritance is an important predisposing cause, but its importance has been grossly overestimated. A family escutcheon that does not reveal an occasional psychiatric bar sinister is exceedingly rare."

Many problems of mental illness confront us today. There will be many more when the war is over. We will have some ten million young men and women in the prime of life returning to their homes. Many are, at first, not likely to adjust themselves readily to the routine of civilian life. Some will crack up. It is likely that most of these will recover, for the armed services in the present war have seen to it that most of the mentally unstable have been deferred. However, the recovery of those afflicted will largely depend upon intelligent and sympathetic understanding on the part of parents, wives, husbands, sweethearts and friends.

It is usually at the critical period of beginning readjustment that some meddlesome person attributes the individual's peculiarity of behavior to some taint of insanity in the family. If the subject of the remark happens to be within earshot, the chances of satisfactory recovery within a reasonable time are not too good.

In the first place, the injustice of the charge is profound. Doctor Strecker is absolutely correct. If the genealogical records of a thousand families were complete and accurate, we should be surprised to discover the large number of cases of serious mental illness that had cropped out in each generation of the majority of the families. The fact that none of these had required confinement in an institution for this type of case is certainly no evidence one way or the other.

It is also true that certain families may have had an absolutely clean record of mental health for generation after generation simply because of the fact that throughout these generations no unusual stress or strain happened to be put on any individual. Had there been, the story might have been different. Then, too, abnormalities in behavior on the part of any citizen in certain of our pioneer settlements were frequently handled with either a rope or a six-shooter instead of a lunacy commission appointed by the court.

EVEN the actual history of mental illness in a family may be utterly misleading. As an example, I may cite a most interesting case: A certain distinguished general of the Union forces in the War Between the States later became one of the leading engineers in the mining industry. The pressure of his professional work became tremendous. He developed excruciating headaches. His uncle, a leading physician of that day, decided that the man was going insane. He placed him in an asylum, where he soon became maniacal and died. For the next fifty years, the family attributed every peculiarity of behavior of the man's three children to the fact that there was insanity in the family. Being interested in the case, I went to considerable effort to unearth the hospital records. An autopsy had been performed by competent physicians. The patient had died of a brain tumor! Had the facts been made known to the family at the time, the stigma of insanity would have evaporated.

Another case is equally significant: A very wealthy lady lost her only son in World War I. The shock affected her deeply, and she became more and more despondent. Eventually, she became so disturbed that it was necessary to restrain her in bed. Three nurses were in constant attendance for nine months. Finally she was moved to a sanitarium, where it was discovered that she had a very minor defect in the large intestine, which had prevented proper elimination. An impaction had resulted which had allowed absorption of intestinal poisons to continue for months. Within three weeks after the removal of the blockage, her mind became as clear as crystal.

The progress of medical science in the past quarter century has been astounding. With that progress has come a realization that an enormous number of cases previously classified as "insanity" have been directly traceable to diet deficiencies, susceptibility to certain foods (allergy), and lack of balance between the secretions of certain tiny organs of the human body known as the "ductless," or "endocrine," glands. Other distressing nervous diseases, previously considered hereditary, have also been traced to similar causes.

IN THIS connection, I may cite a case in which the only son of a very prominent couple suddenly developed epilepsy. Obviously, the stigma of this dreaded disease would affect the lad's whole future. The very idea of epilepsy in the family was horrible.

I have seldom studied a case with more care. No test was omitted that was known at that time. In the midst of the studies, the lad developed acute appendicitis. I had hoped that the removal of such a potent source of infection might solve the problem. Unfortunately, the attacks continued. The mother and father were distracted.

One day the mother called me in great excitement. "Doctor," she fairly screamed, "I think I have the answer. Every time this boy drinks milk he has a convulsion."

Believe it or not, she was absolutely right! This boy had a peculiar allergy to milk. We had not at that time developed the science of testing for allergic sensitivity; but we stopped giving him milk in any form. He made a perfect recovery, and today is a successful businessman with a nice family of his own.

Then there are the cases of mental illness caused by what we term "endocrine imbalance." We see these most frequently in women at the time of the menopause, or change of life. Obviously, if all the little ductless glands, of which the ovaries are a part, are dependent upon a beautifully coordinated production of secretions that affect the entire body, anything which disturbs this balance may cause trouble. When the ovaries cease their normal functioning in middle life, this delicate balance is upset, and the other glands may perform their functions too generously for the patient's good. Nervous symptoms are apt to appear. These may become so severe that the patient may require treatment in an institution. However, could anything be more criminally unjust to a perfectly normal girl than to stigmatize her and her family with insanity just because, in her mother's case, a perfectly normal bodily function had gone temporarily haywire? Yet we have seen this very thing happen time and time again.

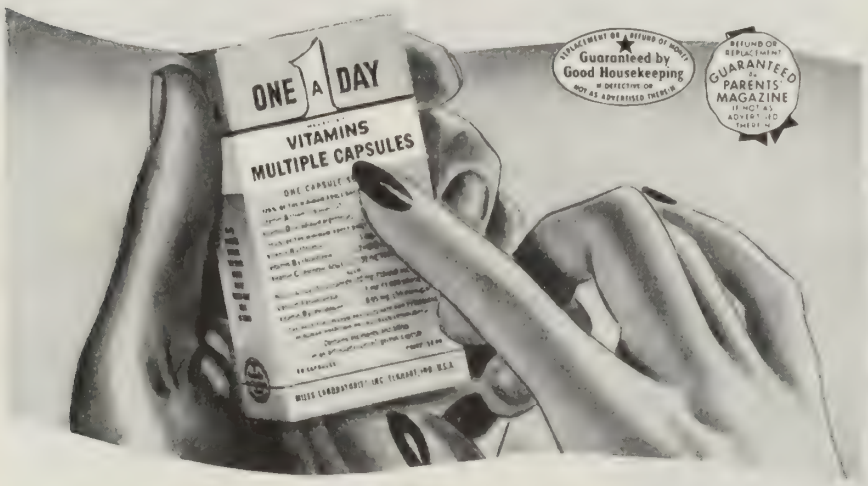
There is another type of mental disturbance which is probably more common than any other, yet which is seldom recognized early, or treated intelligently. It is frequently referred to as "hypochondria," which means exactly nothing. A physician may use the term "psychoneurosis," which is almost as bad. In United States English, it is a condition of mental unrest which cannot be accounted for scientifically. It is not imaginary, either. People suffer more with it than they do with most other mental ailments. The reason is that they cannot account for their discomfort, and are apt to





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To Have My Freedom

BY JESSE STUART

I love the smell of burning brush in spring.
I love to walk afield and take my team.
I love to hear the rooster redbird sing,
And hold the handles of my plow and dream.
I'd hate to think that money bought my bread
Forever in a world of house and street
Where there is life too false, and fear and dread
Too often come with bread of life men eat.

I love the land that's free green hills to me,
The homespun clothes, the jeans, the overalls;
I love the oak, the pine, the chestnut tree,
The ferny rocks, cowpaths, the waterfalls.
I love to have my freedom, own my land
And make my bread and owe no man a cent
And lend my fellow man a helping hand,
Have elbow room and space and fair content.

From Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

place a wrong construction on their symptoms. Such cases travel from doctor to doctor, and from quack to quack, seeking relief. Each failure lessens their confidence in medicine and in themselves. Later, they may become so obsessed with ideas that they themselves have built up in their minds that they become mentally unbalanced. Such cases as these constitute a very large percentage of the population of our sanitariums for mild nervous and mental diseases. Here again is an instance of injustice when "insanity in the family" gossip starts its vicious rounds. Most of these cases require nothing but *convincing* proof regarding their actual disability. A case in point is illustrative:

For several years, I was chairman of the Medical Aid Committee of the American Legion of Pennsylvania. It was at the period when the relations between the ex-servicemen and the United States Veterans Bureau were not exactly clubby. It was my interesting assignment to investigate cases where the veteran claimed that he had not been given a square deal by the Government medicos. I was not exactly idle!

One day, an intelligent-looking young man reported. He had gone the rounds of various Government hospitals and boards of examiners, but was just where he had started, so far as results were concerned. He was having "spells." These spells were not exactly like epileptic convulsions, but they were too similar to be disregarded. He would break off in the midst of a conversation, and stare blankly into space for a few moments. While walking along the street he might stop and stare. He would wake up in the night and find himself sitting up in bed just staring. Some neurologist had claimed that he was suffering from petit mal, or mild epileptic seizures. Others had said that he was a plain "goldbricker"—he had heard that. It had helped the situation not at all. He had begun to think so himself. As the lad had served in an artillery unit in the Argonne show, the likelihood of the charge's being true was quite remote.

Physical examination revealed little at first; but his confidence in himself had fallen to zero. Up to that time, he had not been granted compensation for disability; but this fact did not seem to disturb him, although he was certainly not able to earn a living. The point was that he was clearly not trying to wangle money out of the Government.

He was taken to a hospital and placed on my own service, where the sky was the limit so far as clinical studies were concerned. To make a long story short, we discovered that there was every evidence that he was suffering from a diseased gall bladder, dating from an attack of flu shortly after the Armistice. He had been hospitalized at the time, so there was no question but that the disability could be "service connected." Operation was indicated, but not imperative.

In conference with the chief medical officer of the local Veterans Bureau, all the evidence was submitted. Incidentally, no one could have been more interested or cooperative than this gentleman. He reviewed the case before the board of consultants immediately. The unanimous verdict was that if the man were operated upon, and the diagnosis of infected gall bladder confirmed, he would be granted full compensation for disability dating from his discharge from the Army, and until his health was sufficiently restored for him to be able to work. Nothing could have been fairer. It meant, without doubt, about seven hundred dollars in cold cash, and all hospital expenses thrown in for good measure. I was delighted.

The man's reaction staggered me. He said, "I am not afraid of the operation; and I need the money, all right. However, I am not going to accept the offer. *I am perfectly satisfied now for the first time that we know what the trouble is.* If I keep on having the attacks, I'll be operated on; but I don't think I shall. Anyway, I am convinced that I'm not a goldbricker." A diagnosis seemed more important than treatment!

The man is today a leading clergyman in a large community, and has a splendid family. One of his main hobbies has been helping unfortunate ex-soldiers.

I mentioned previously some of the problems that will confront us after the present hostilities have ended, and our soldiers, sailors, marines, Wacs, Waves, Spars and others of the various services have returned home. We must not forget that any individual in the armed services, except during active combat duty or special assignment under unusual conditions, has had several advantages during his hitch that he would never have had at home: 1—adequate clothing; 2—excellent food, and plenty of it; 3—regular hours of sleep; 4—regular duties under the supervision of competent superiors; 5—freedom from responsibility beyond the grade he occupied; 6—regular pay, provided he behaved properly; 7—expert medical and surgical care at all times; 8—adequate provision for his family in the event of his death. Other items, such as entertainment and special training in valuable subjects, may also be included.

Now, let us consider the fact that many individuals who have performed valuable service under the above conditions are totally incapable of setting up such a perfect system for themselves in civilian life. They are going to miss the Army routine and prerogatives. Some are going to be as helpless as fledglings leaving their nest. They are going to see some of their buddies forging ahead in business while they are wandering

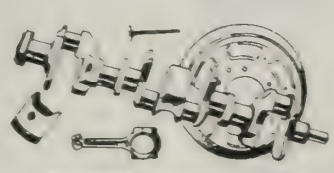
(Continued on Page 124)



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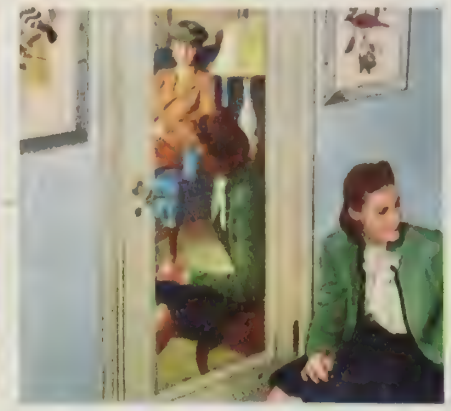
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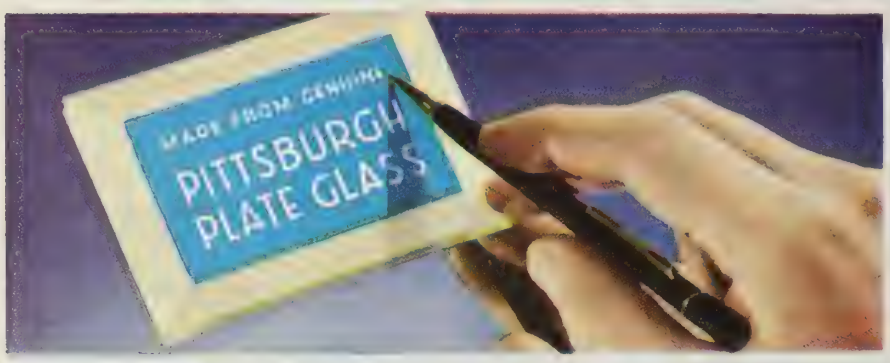


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(Continued from Page 122)

around vaguely trying to get started. Some are going to lose confidence in themselves, even though in actual combat they have won citations and medals for bravery. When they lose that self-confidence—look out for trouble! It is not going to help them in that horrible period of moodiness and uncertainty to hear mothers-in-law discussing their pitiful cases over the back fence with neighbors, and confidentially explaining, "There's insanity in the family, you know."

The sooner we heave a few of the time-honored ideas regarding mental illness overside, the better. We have a tremendous task ahead of us, in the years to come, in assisting our returning men and women to readjust themselves to the humdrum life of the business and professional world.

Then there will be marital difficulties. No intelligent person today fails to realize how frequently these are at the basis of mental illness. It is beyond reason to expect that all the war marriages are going to turn out to be idyllic. The years of separation will have brought many changes. The war bride, whose month of marital bliss near a training camp before her husband went overseas was succeeded by two or three years of hectic scrimping with a colicky infant to look after in a third-floor, two-room apartment, is not likely to welcome her spouse with romantic vaporings. Her chilly reception of him is not unlikely to start a train of nervous symptoms ranging from irritability over trifles to maniacal outbursts or heavy drinking. Physical as well as temperamental incompatibility is apt to appear at this period; and the sympathetic busybody who drags in a family skeleton of mental instability for discussion pours kerosene on a mighty hot stove. Someone will get burned!

COMPLIMENTS

When I walk with you I feel as if I had a flower in my buttonhole.

THACKERAY: Quoted in So to Speak. Elizabeth F. von Hesse. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Every little while, public sentiment is aroused by reason of the overcrowded condition of our hospitals for the care of mental patients. Following this, there is a demand for the construction of more and more elaborate buildings. When this is accomplished, the same old cycle recurs within a reasonable period of years. All this is very beneficial to contractors; but it gets nowhere in the long run. What is needed in reality is a full understanding by the public at large, by the labor unions, by the large insurance companies, of the *basic causes* of mental illness. It is about time that we junked this "insanity in the family" idea, and set ourselves on the right path toward the development of proper regulation of work, study, recreation, and the prevention of incapacitating diseases. The man or woman who has served in our armed forces in the present war has already seen the benefits to be derived from living under the proper conditions. Eventually, such men and women will demand the same in civilian life.

It would be entirely wrong for us to turn our backs upon the fact that there are certain abnormalities of the nervous system which follow the Mendelian laws of heredity. Structural defects of the brain, such as those found in imbeciles and morons, are definitely likely to appear in succeeding generations, particularly if intermarriage with persons of similar family background occurs. The reverse is equally true, in that the children of families in which the intellectual accomplishments of ancestors have been outstanding are likely to carry on the good work. We know, too, that in certain families we find a tendency for peculiar development of the chest or some other part of the body which renders this part more susceptible to disease. As our knowledge of eugenics increases, and is put into use through education, more and more stress will be placed upon physical and intellectual stability.

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PHOTO BY RICHARD PRATT



The perennial border blooms continuously—and it runs itself.

NO PAMPERING FOR THE PRESENT

By the Gardener's Assistant

WHEN the gardener, these days, comes home rather pale from the hospital, she is less inclined than she used to be to look upon her plants as patients. She wants them to be well, and do well, and stay well with as little attention as possible; for she does nursing enough during the day. And this attitude of hers toward gardening of every kind, outside and in, which has been developing ever since Pearl Harbor, has had some interesting results. At least I think they're interesting; and having made life much simpler for me, they may do the same for you.

To a large extent the garden has gone underground for the duration, and what is left takes the minimum of time and trouble. For instance, for two years now the main perennial border we made up our minds to keep going has been running itself. What the gardener worked out there for the war was a new arrangement of nothing but iris, daylilies and ornamental grasses. By using in each case only well-established clumps, lifted from various spots around the place, and set fairly close together—not crowded, however—we created right away an effect of maturity, and we also did away with weeds, for which there just isn't room any more. Iris, daylilies and ornamental grasses require no cultivating, watering, spraying, fertilizing or coddling of any kind. They are natural but leisurely spreaders, and while in time some will have to be taken up and divided, this can wait without harm until after the war. In the meanwhile, the bed is wonderful to look at from early spring to almost winter, which is all you can ask of a garden even with plenty of peacetime on your hands. If there are moments when nothing happens to be blooming, there is always a wealth of fresh, dense and reedy foliage in a fine array of grays and greens.

Blooming begins along the low front edge of the border, in April, with Iris pumila, four inches high—the deep-blue variety Spring Skies, the pale-blue Fairy and the showy white Schneecuppe. Along with them are two varieties which bloom again in the fall, right up to frost—the yellow Jean Siret and the snow-white Autumn Queen. Then in May come the intermediates, taller, and mainly in deep rich purples. From then on the flowering is terrific: the tall Siberians in the back, Snow Queen and Perry's Blue; the big iris event of the many-colored bearded types; and on to the large flat-flowered Japanese iris in July, which one of my favorite nurseries now calls rainbow iris, as if it mattered. And all the while the Hemerocallis, or daylilies, have been interjecting their brilliant bouquets of orange and yellow, from the early Dr. Regels in May to the late Mrs. W. H. Wymans in August. The gardener's favorite and mine is the immense lemon-yellow Hyperion—one of the grandest flowers that grow.

Among all these daylilies and irises, with their swordlike leaves, are mingled the ornamental perennial grasses, bladelike too, adding to the whole unusual foliage effect. The grasses bring in grays, blues, together with green-and-white stripes. Some, like pampas grass, are almost too big for the garden as they grow to full size, but others are just right, and some make very nice, neat, low edging plants. In fact, a little garden of grasses is one of the gardener's postwar projects.

In line with the lack of trouble this reedy border gives, the gardener is gradually eliminating many other plants around the place which are too demanding in times like these. Her vegetable patch follows the same labor-saving scheme, and I shall describe her methods there next month. And from time to time I shall tell of the tricks we've worked out together which have not only made gardening more possible than it would otherwise have been under the circumstances, but pleasanter as well. It's my guess that gardening will never be the same again for us, but just as it is true of other things the war has taught us, it may very well be better.



1 *Girl:* I think this "Platter Party" idea is super! But why does your crowd always meet at Betty's?
Boy: Wait'll you hear their phonograph—that's something special.



2 *Boy:* Listen to that—even at low volume you can't hear a whisper of needle scratch!
Girl: That *is* super! I'm going to tell daddy about this.



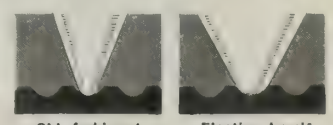
3 *Boy:* Get that trumpet—that's solid.
Girl: It really sends you! Sounds as if we were right there. Hope we get a Crosley at our house—then I can dig a "Platter Party" too!







"GOOD-BYE, NEEDLE SCRATCH!" with the FLOATING JEWEL* TONE SYSTEM—patented, exclusive with Crosley. The rounded, lifetime, sapphire stylus in the scientifically balanced tone-arm floats like a feather along the sides of the record's grooves—doesn't dig in like old-fashioned needles. Records last up to ten times longer. MASTER TONE CONTROL — for both records and radio —gives you 64 different tone combinations at your fingertips—lets you select just the tone you like best.



Old fashioned sharp needle "Scra-a-tch! Hi-i-sss! Chatter!"

Floating Jewel* Tone System "Good-bye Needle Scratch!"

PLAN NOW to own a Crosley Radio-Phonograph yourself—matchless engineering, design and inbuilt mechanical quality make it worth waiting for, worth saving for!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Radios : Radio-Phonographs : FM : Television : Short Wave : Electronics : Radar : Refrigerators : Household Appliances : The Crosley Car : Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"



"Ready to eat those words, mom?"



BABY: How do you like being *me*, Mom? Still think I have "nothing to cry about"?

MOM: Honey—I take it all back! I never *knew* so many things in a baby's life could irritate his skin and make him cross!

BABY: And does that suggest something, maybe? Such as protecting *my* skin with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder?

MOM: Gracious! Do babies need *both?*

BABY: Yessiree, Mom! Johnson's nice, pure Baby Oil to keep me smooth and help prevent what my hospital nurse called "urine irritation." And then again, Johnson's Powder for soft cool sprinkles that chase little chafes and prickles!

MOM: My! A mother learns something about babies every day!



BABY: Johnson's learned about 'em a long time ago, Mom! And as soon as you get me all soft and smooth and sweet again, you can pin the wings right *here!*



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.





H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Today medical safeguards can prevent "inevitable" diseases.

Don't Let Children Needlessly Suffer!

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

MUCH of the distress that babies suffer could be prevented if mothers were better informed and more careful. Many of the diseases which strike later in childhood can now be avoided, or their effects greatly diminished.

Vomiting, constipation and diarrhea are alarming to the mother of a small baby and should always be investigated promptly. These symptoms may be warnings of serious disorders, though usually they mean only that the baby is not being fed properly. In this case, more care in preparation and feeding is all that is needed.

In rare cases, vomiting is caused by failure of food to pass through the opening from the stomach into the bowel. Unless prompt steps are taken to correct this condition, the baby cannot take food and his life may even be endangered. Surgeons today have perfected a simple, lifesaving operation which brings immediate relief.

Most babies vomit because of infection or overfeeding, or because the formula is not properly adjusted to their needs. If an infection is present, other symptoms soon appear which enable the doctor to determine what treatment should be followed. If feeding difficulty is the cause, careful, intelligent co-operation between the mother and the doctor will soon establish the kind and amount of food the baby requires.

Constipation is likely to result from nothing more serious than inadequate amounts of food, or from too little sugar or too much fat in the baby's formula. Again, a period of trial and observation is needed to insure correction. Once in a while, constipation may result from complete blocking of the bowel—a grave condition calling for swift, decisive action. The wise mother calls the doctor promptly when this disorder appears.

Diarrhea, too, may be caused merely by underfeeding or overfeeding, or by improper or spoiled foods. Often, however, diarrhea is not thus easily explained and eliminated. The old-fashioned "summer complaint" which grandmother talks about is still a common disorder in infants. Today, doctors call it "acute gastroenteritis." It is an infection which causes painful inflammation of the stomach and intestine, and it may be a persistent, troublesome ailment requiring careful treatment by diet and medication.

Plainly, mother cannot afford to ignore the upsets which warn that something is amiss with the baby's digestive or eliminative functions. But most serious upsets will be prevented by strict adherence to instructions and schedules for feeding the baby. Above all, rigid cleanliness must be observed in the handling and preparation of baby's food, to avoid contamination by harmful germs. The mother who disregards the rules for sterilizing utensils is taking a chance with her baby's health!

Similarly, an unnecessary risk is taken by the mother who fails to have her child protected against the contagious diseases which remain a threat throughout childhood. Vaccination to prevent smallpox is almost universal today and has practically wiped out this dreadful, disfiguring disease. Doctors agree that vaccination should be done early, preferably during the first six months of life.

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Chix has the answers!



HOW can I know my baby has the finest diapers? By getting CHIX, the incredibly soft gauze diapers in the specially-absorbent bird's-eye weave, that forms thousands of tiny "air-cushions."



WHEN there's so much to do, how can I save laundry time? Buy CHIX—they wash clean in a wink, because the unique material lets foreign matter rinse right out. And CHIX dry quickly. One size folds to fit growing baby.

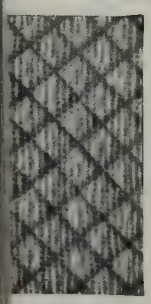


WHY do CHIX help keep baby drier? The special weave absorbs an amazing amount of "wet" and holds it—slowing up the soaking of baby's other clothes and saving laundry. Chicopee also makes CHUX, the complete diaper that is completely disposable, and DISPOSIES, the new disposable inserts with waterproof holder.



Chix
DOWN-WEVE GAUZE
DIAPERS





Close-up of bird's-eye weave that makes CHIX Down-Weve so different—soft, light, absorbent. Made of the same fine cotton that is used for surgical gauze.

A CHICOPEE PRODUCT

Chicopee Sales Corp., 40 Worth St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

and always in the first year. Mothers who postpone baby's vaccination because they remember the painful experience from their own childhood will be reassured to know that modern, improved methods involve a much smaller area of the skin and offer fewer possibilities for infection. Because the immunity provided by vaccination diminishes in time, revaccination when the child enters school is advisable.

Diphtheria, the strangling infection which attacks the membranes lining the nose and throat and which claimed thousands of tiny victims every year only a generation ago, is also disappearing rapidly as the practice of immunizing babies with diphtheria toxoid becomes more and more widespread. Most doctors recommend the simple injections of toxoid, which stimulate the growth of antibodies to combat the disease in the baby's own blood, at about nine months, and a later "reinforcing" dose when the child enters school.

In recent years, a vaccine has also been developed to help prevent whooping cough, which spreads with lightninglike swiftness among children and is particularly serious in the first two years of life. Whooping-cough vaccine is administered in three separate injections, usually a week apart; a good time to give them is when the baby is six or seven months old.

Preventive injections for scarlet fever are given less commonly because of severe reactions which sometimes develop to the repeated doses of scarlet-fever toxin, a substance formed from the organisms believed to cause the disease. The doctor will decide whether or not and when these injections should be given, basing his judgment on the health of the child and the likelihood of exposure. During an epidemic, temporary protection is sometimes sought through preventive injections of convalescent scarlet-fever serum, a preparation made from the blood of a convalescent scarlet-fever patient.

Preventive doses of convalescent serums are also used to protect against chicken pox and mumps. Since these are comparatively mild diseases, however, immunization is rarely worth while unless the child's general condition is badly run down. No lasting prevention has yet been developed for measles, but, since the disease is dangerous and is often followed by complications, measures providing temporary protection are recommended when it is prevalent.

Thus, today many of the diseases and disorders which we used to think were "inevitable" in children are being prevented altogether by alert, conscientious mothers. Every mother should take advantage of these safeguards which modern medicine provides; to do less is an injustice to the baby.

BUTCH'S BUSINESS

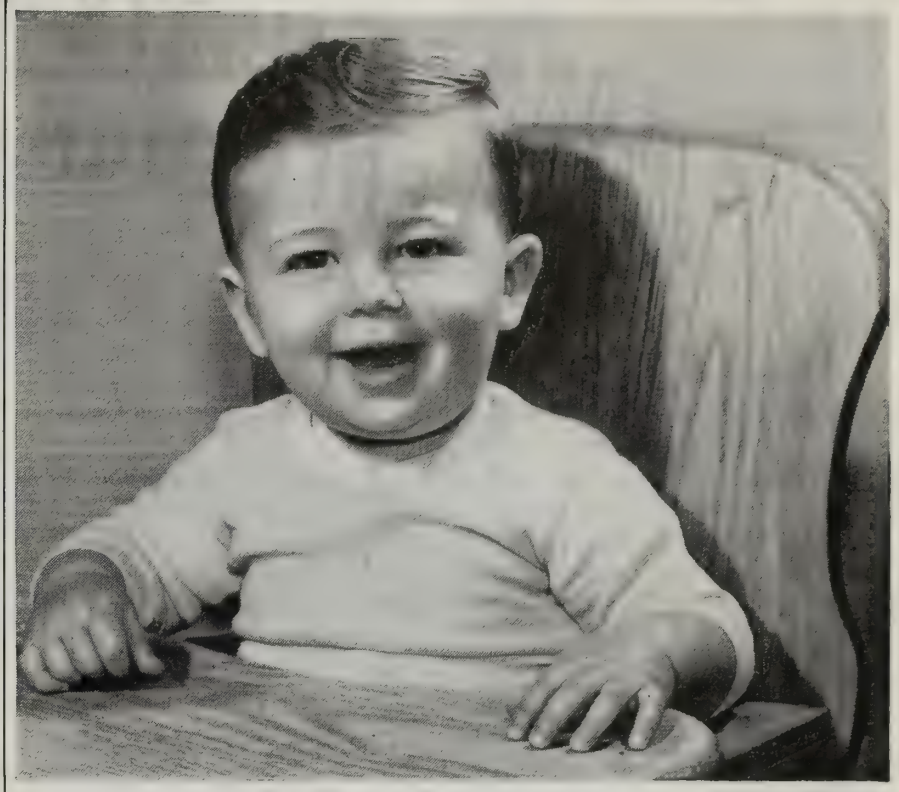
(Continued from Page 39)

afraid of anything that walked." Maybe the very things which made the young one look like a pig would be good later on. After all, it was only the first day. They learned fast, and the mother could do tricks.

It was a losing fight. Heels was nice, but logical. She said you had to plan your life if you wanted to get anywhere. You came to a big town because that was the place to get ahead. True, it wasn't much fun for a while, but you could see where you were going. You were headed for the big time, for places that Counted. "Counted," when Heels said it, was capitalized. She said you couldn't just run off after rainbows, or dogs either. You had to be hardheaded, Heels said, and not let your emotions run away with you. She said she liked being carefree as well as anybody, but you just couldn't do it all your life. You just couldn't.

Sneakers worked hard. He said maybe she would feel differently if she could have seen how they were all crowded together in that dark little kennel. And this was the brightest of the lot. You wanted to come away with all of them; but to leave this fellow in there—the way he rolled his eyes when he was looking through the wire—well,

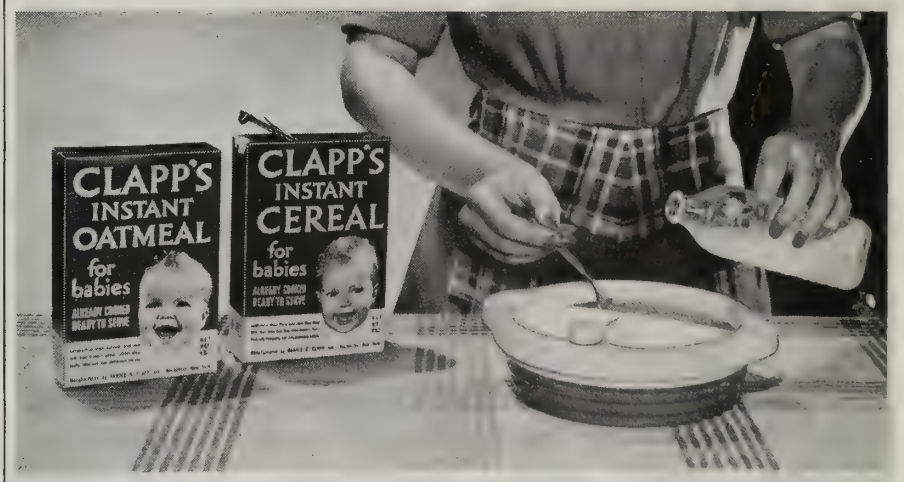
His father's a Doctor—



Louis M.'s father* is a practicing physician in upper New York State. So it isn't surprising that Louis is being brought up according to the most modern medical principles. He's a fine-looking, husky baby—as you can see in this picture.

Louis's weight	*Now at 11 months—*
At birth—9 lbs., 4 oz.	28 lbs.
Louis's height	
At birth—21½ in.	*Now*—30½ in.

His cereal is CLAPP'S!



Why do so many doctors recommend Clapp's Baby Cereals—and feed these cereals to their own babies, too?

Here's why . . .

In addition to fine whole grains, Clapp's cereals give a baby the extra food elements that doctors consider so important. Nutrients like dry skim milk and brewers' yeast supply growth-promoting vitamins and minerals.

The texture is fine but definite. And Clapp's cereals are already cooked—you just add formula or milk right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at Harold H. Clapp, Inc.

Why so many doctors recommend CLAPP'S BABY CEREALS

Every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives your baby—

3 times as much Iron as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

2½ times as much Vitamin B_1 as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

Every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

Vitamin B_1	*Vitamin G*	
100 U.S.P. units	0.18 mg.	
Iron	*Calcium*	*Copper*
5 mg.	96 mg.	0.6 mg.

Ask your Doctor!

In Tomato Juice

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

● In your own tomato patch, on a golden August day, were you ever tempted to pluck a special "beauty" and suck its sun-ripe juice?

If so, your palate *knows* the true tomato goodness. The same goodness we capture and *keep* for you in our juice.

Libby's, you see, is the tomato juice that's TWICE-RICH. Rich in flavor. *And* rich in the precious "tomato vitamins", Vitamins A and C . . . a ready source of B_1 and B_2.

We start with real "eating tomatoes" . . . grown in America's "tomato lands," picked just when their juice is rich-ripe. You'd find it fascinating to follow them through the Libby kitchens.

You'd see them dazzling-bright under their special "shower bath"; you'd see how carefully we press out the fresh juice, how precisely we control heat. And you might find yourself a little breathless keeping up with Libby *speed*, which is a vital factor in Libby perfection. *Taste* the result of all this care in *Libby's* sparkling, sun-ripened juice. Always buy the tomato juice marked *Libby's*. The kind that's twice-rich.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY • *Chicago 9, Ill.*

Listen to "MY TRUE STORY" . . . Thrilling real-life dramas, every morning, Monday through Friday 10:00 EWT, 9:00 CWT, 11:30 MWT, 10:30 PWT. Blue Network Stations.

"WASTE" PAPER IS WAR PAPER. SAVE IT!





WHERE FOOD GROWS FINEST... THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

Libby's TOMATO JUICE

you just couldn't do it and be human. You couldn't leave him.

"He's drooling," Heels said.

Sneakers admitted it seemed to be true (it was), but it was only when they were excited. "You've got to remember it's only the first day," he said.

Heels went into the bedroom and came back without her hat.

"Fred Jones was in town the other day," Sneakers said. "He came in the office to see me."

"From Portland?" Heels wanted to know.

Sneakers said yes; and Fred had a job open.

She wanted to know what it was.

"In Portland," Sneakers said, "we could have a real house instead of a danged rabbit hutch."

Heels said nothing.

"In Portland," Sneakers said, "we wouldn't have to take a ferry ride every time we wanted to get warm." There was some fog there, he admitted, but not all the time.

Heels looked her question.

"He'll pay fifty bucks on the police beat," Sneakers said. He did not say it very loudly.

Heels said he was making that much already; but Sneakers said he would have his name on his stories all the time.

"There is nobody Important"—"important" was capitalized too—"to read your name in Portland," Heels said.

If they ever had a family, Sneakers said, it would be better for the kids in Portland. Heels was a little abrupt then. She said that was looking entirely too far ahead.

The talk went on, but seemed to get nowhere. They just stood looking down at the rugs and the puddle; and presently there was another puddle, but neither of them mentioned it.

A long-nosed collie might have been smart enough to realize that the scales were exactly balanced. A terrier would have known and would have acted; and even a Boston might have sensed that the moment was right to do something appealing. But Butch? All Butch knew was that a certain spot—it was on his back, two inches ahead of that absurdity of a tail—was itching again. It itched frequently. He had tried biting and had tried to reach it both with big front feet and unsteady hind legs. Nothing did any good. So he walked over to the nearest feet and sat down on one of them.

In any other dog; it would have been significant. Any other dog would have known instinctively that the time was ripe for overtures—that Sneakers was sold already and Heels held the deciding vote. Another dog—almost any breed of dog—would have wriggled with delight at the success of hi stratagem when one of the high-heeled slip pers stayed put under his bottom and th other, at first hesitantly and almost uncon sciously, toed up along his back, found th exact spot and scratched it.

Butch wiggled because the scratching fel good.

Of the three, only Sneakers really knev that the battle was over. Sneakers put o a battered old hat and went out the doo without saying good-by. Sneakers was o his way to quit a job.

In the months following, there were an number of things affecting Butch. There wa the night in the old roadster on the road t Portland when Julie—even Butch could no avoid learning the name eventually—wrapped him in a fur coat against the cold That should have indicated to him his fina acceptance (no woman wraps child or beas in her only fur coat unless she is very fond o it), but Butch only accepted the warmth an did not evaluate it. He knew that the stopped, cold and hungry, at a wayside inn that George—no sneakers now, but trouser pushed inside his socks against the chil creeping up his shins—had bought somethin warming.

They sang on the rest of that cold nigh ride, sang and laughed, and Julie hugge Butch tight under the frayed fur whic would be the only one for a long time on police reporter's salary. That their laughte had a new freedom in it; that when Juli said, "I feel just swell," it was the end of a era—those things should be recorded, bu they were to Butch only inexplicable an not very interesting interruptions of h sleep. Most of the night, he snored.

He stopped only when Julie decide against sitting on the far side of the roadste seat and had to lift Butch like a limp infan in order to make the change. Butch dislike being on the outside. Even with the fu coat, his exposed rear—that tail was a hope less thing—got colder and colder.

Later there was a house beside an uncer tain little brook, a house which never ha been much and was no better for wear Steadier on his feet now, but no more grace ful, Butch was underfoot during the renovat ing. He walked in the fresh varnish on th living-room floor and rubbed a fat sid against the white paint on the porch railing Neither tragedy affected him beyond a vagu wonder at the sudden loud noises peopl made. He wondered vaguely and went t sleep in the sun, because the sun was warn

(Continued on Page 131)

Son's Homecoming

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

His stripes were new
And his pants knife-creased
And he looked like
A general, at least.

As he leaped the gate
And swung on in,
She could almost see
Where he had been;

She could almost see
That flaming chart
Between them, holding them
Far apart:

Africa, England,
Italy,
Across the Channel,
The Irish Sea.

How could this stranger,
This, her son,
Dark with the things
He'd seen and done,

Find in her all
He'd found before
Who'd only been
To the grocery store;

Who'd only filled
Her preserving bin
And saved wastepaper
And flattened tin?

Bleak with this new pain's
Sudden rise,
She looked up at him
And saw his eyes . . .

And all at once
He was not a screen
Woven of lands
Where he had been,

Not a dark stranger
Bound to roam,
But just her boy
Come home, *come home.*

PART AND PARCEL OF A HAPPY CHILDHOOD

Good-for-you food that Mommy makes taste so good!



Tastes so good!





So easy to spread!

What a friend Nucoa is to good eating today... so nutritious...so delicious it "Melts in Your Mouth"!

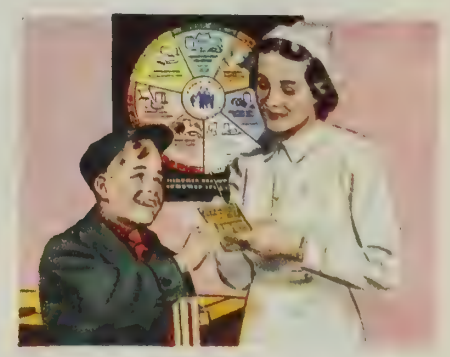


From American farms exclusively come Nucoa's basic ingredients—fresh pasteurized, cultured skim milk and wholesome vegetable oils. Test Nucoa's flavor on toast. Delicious . . . always so sweet and fresh! Nucoa is freshly made the year round, on order only. There is no "storage" for Nucoa. You'll be proud of Nucoa on your table for its evenly smooth-churned texture, too—so rich and easy to spread. In fact, Nucoa's uniform goodness spoils you for other spreads, many users say.



Completes the goodness of other good foods

For table use, tint Nucoa golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer included in each package. For seasoning vegetables, sauces, etc., use it just as it comes—a pure, natural white.



"Good marks" on sonny's report card are good marks for mother, too—for the well-balanced, nourishing home meals that help keep sonny sturdy, alert, and regular in school attendance. Balance the diet daily with selections from *all seven* of the "Basic 7" food groups, nutrition authorities urge. Nucoa is approved in Group Seven. It furnishes as much food energy as the most expensive spread for bread and Nucoa is a dependable, year-round source of precious, protective Vitamin A.

Nutritious **NUCOA**

"Well, SOMETHING'S keeping the Doctor away"

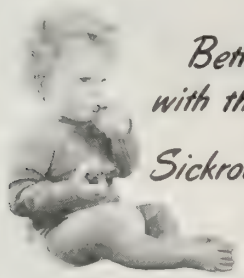


It takes more than an apple a day, Sonny! And the doctor is mighty grateful to mothers who keep their babies bouncing in wartime.

Yes, Mother, with doctors and nurses so scarce and epidemics more likely, your biggest responsibility is to keep your family well. And one important health precaution you can take is to keep your home "hospital clean" with germ-killing Lysol disinfectant.

Make Lysol a part of your regular daily cleaning. No extra trouble—just add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of cleaning water. Lysol actually helps clean, too, as it disinfects—because it's "soapy." You *see* the dirt go—you *know* the germs go!

Should sickness come, remember to wash everything a patient touches with powerful germ-killing Lysol. Check now to see if you have the other things a doctor is likely to order. Be prepared!



Better check with the Druggist on Sickroom Needs—



You'll need a Thermometer first thing . . .



And a Hot Water Bottle for Aches and Shivers . . .



A Bedpan, too, if you must stay in bed . . .



Absorbent Cotton for a dozen uses . . .



And a First Aid Kit for emergencies!

Help keep germs from spreading! Keep one bottle of Lysol in the bathroom and one in the kitchen . . . save time—save steps. At any drug counter.

DISINFECT—DEODORIZE—CLEAN with Lysol Disinfectant



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Copyright 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

(Continued from Page 128)

and because the outcry obviously had nothing to do with food and therefore could safely be ignored.

More important than paint or varnish—or, for once in his life, than food—was the stream. Not the water itself—he never did learn to swim—but the grass-grown banks, the trees with roots dipping into the water, the rocks of a rock garden which never quite grew up to a thing of beauty but was full of dark and pleasant holes.

In that grass, under the roots of the trees and in the jumbled rocks, lived the mountain beavers. The beavers were not beavers at all, except in the local language, but they smelled lovely and musty. And none of the local residents who hated them would have known their name of sewellel. They made bright eyespots in the dark caverns under the rocks. They made small noises of scuttling and still smaller whistling sounds. Butch's nose was of no particular use; but his ears—George rubbed those ears gently sometimes and reminded Julie that they were perfect rosebuds, approved by the best dog fanciers—the ears were good. He could, by setting his jutting chin down close to the ground, see into the beaver holes sometimes. He could always hear the insults the beavers whistled at him from their burrows.

All his life, Butch wanted to catch a mountain beaver. All his life, lumbering endlessly along their scuttle runs, whining at their burrows, blundering after them through the tall grasses, he thought someday he would catch one.

There were variations. Sometimes George went out at night and stayed away—a murder case, a kidnaping. When he came back at last with collar dirty and clothes rumpled, he would work in the garden or paint furiously at the boards which always seemed to need painting. Then, because he never really had the proper love of householding, he would sometimes whistle softly and be gone. Sometimes Julie went along. More often, she watched skinny man and fat dog, watched and grinned with more affection than respect. Respect had small place in that house, for the laughter.

Those were the things worth while, those walks. There were thickets where birds clung and fluttered excitingly when chased. There were white-faced calves in the suburban fields, always ready for a romp. There was a black cat, not really afraid but never willing to wait around to make sure that the heart was pure gold, the intentions friendly. The cat was much more fun running than he would have been as the originally intended friend. He was also perfectly safe.

Butch thought about the walks occasionally when George was not there to organize them. Some afternoons he looked at Julie and could not understand why she was content to sit alone in the sun when there were paths by the river still unexplored, rocks still neither sniffed nor otherwise marked, patterns of sunlight and leaves which never can be found except on walks which start for nowhere and never arrive.

But by himself, Butch never found the walks worth while. Seldom did he get beyond the neighboring yard, where a toothless old man cackled on sight of him and scratched the forever-itching back with the rubber tip of a cane. The old man and Butch liked each other and could spend long hours together when George was not around to provide excitement. Neither of them thought about much.

Butch grew broader month by month. The front legs thickened until they matched the big feet. Wrinkles gathered along the nose, which was really no nose at all. More loose skin furrowed on the low skull. The jowls grew deeper and muscles rippled thickly across his back and chest. The jaw built for war acquired enormous interlocking teeth; and he liked nothing better than to grasp the end of a thick rope or a stout stick between them and to hang on while someone tried to get it away from him. The rope would fray



By Munro Leaf

THIS silly lump on this cushion is a Stuffit. It is forever stuffing things into its mouth. When it was littler it used to put stones or shells, marbles, balls, anything it found in its mouth. It did that so long that its cheeks got puffed out like balloons and now they stay that way. Right now this Stuffit is stuffing something into its mouth. I don't know whether it's a pencil, a pen or what. It might even be a screw driver. Whatever it is, it doesn't belong in the mouth of this stupid Stuffit.



What will replace her soft baby curls?

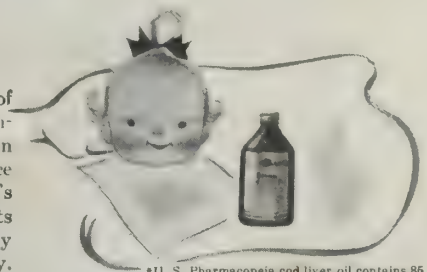
Loveliness I hope... but more than loveliness... a grown woman's character and strength tempered with tenderness. This I ardently desire for my daughter!

I KNOW THERE IS A SOUNDER BEAUTY than chubby cheeks and changing curls, a beauty that starts early when her supple body begins to form and remains an asset always. I promise to help her achieve this beauty.

BEAUTY BEGINS AT BIRTH—Because your baby needs one critical factor, Vitamin D, to help build basic beauty assets—a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, straight legs, a strong back and sound teeth—Squibb Cod Liver Oil which supplies Vitamin D has often been called "baby's beauty bottle." Start *your* baby on Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Give it daily!

What baby's "beauty bottle" contains

Rich in Vitamin D, one teaspoonful of Squibb's does the work of two spoonfuls of some other oils.* In addition to Vitamin D, Squibb's is a rich source of Vitamin A, important to your baby's growth. Since a bottle of Squibb's lasts *twice* as long, it actually saves money while assuring you of Squibb quality.

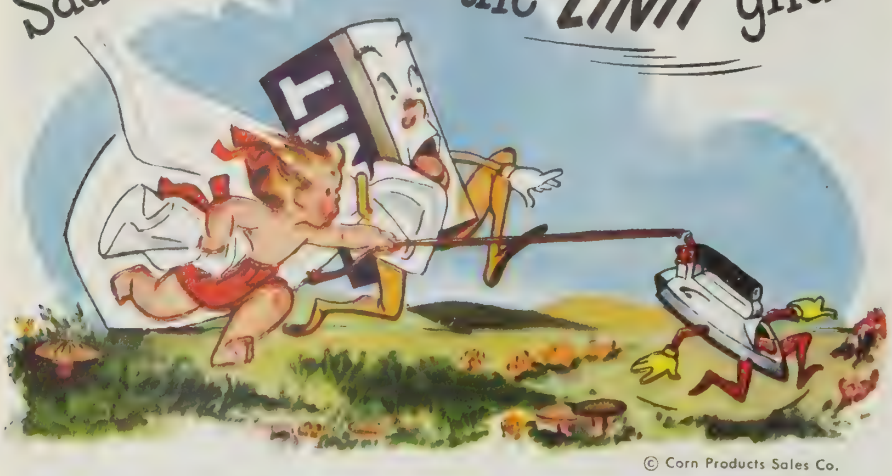


*U. S. Pharmacopeia cod liver oil contains 85 Vitamin D units per gram, Squibb's 180 units

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

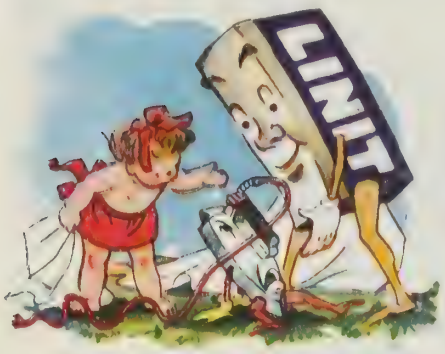
Sad Iron learns the LINIT glide!



© Corn Products Sales Co.

"I strike!" hisses Sad Iron, "See if I don't!
Me iron those sheets? I simply *won't!*
Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles
Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday,
"a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!



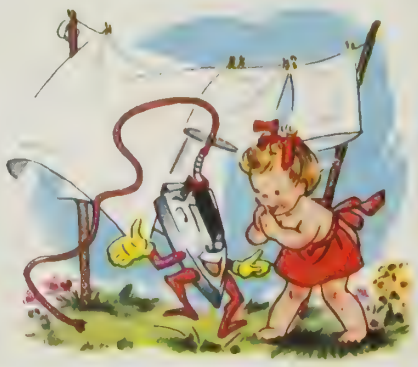
"We'll whizz through our work
with the greatest of ease
With Linit to glide us!
Attention please!



"I suds and I rinse—then
here's Master Linit!
I'm proud to present the
Starch of the Minute!

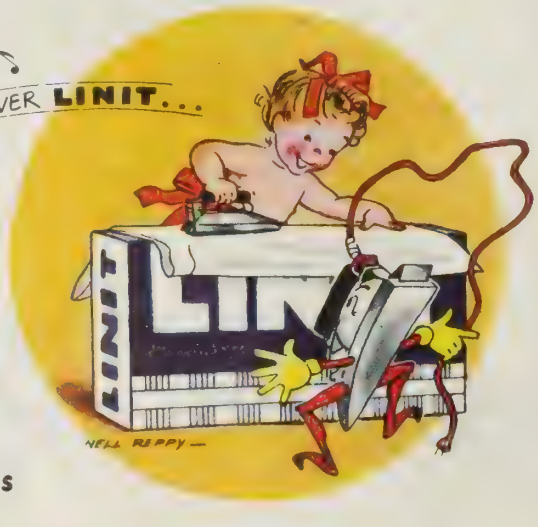


"He blends water and Linit,
each half in a cup.
Then adds boiling water.
Just a minute is up!"



Sad Iron, now happy, says,
"My work will be bliss!
60 seconds with Linit makes
a wash fit to Kiss!"

IRONS JUST GLIDE OVER LINIT...



LINIT LIGHTENS
LAUNDRY LABOR

At all grocers

or a stick splinter, as George or one of his friends sweated and swung dog and rope in a crazy circle. But Butch just dropped his eyelids in an expression of complete satisfaction which he ordinarily reserved for eating periods—and hung on. No ordinary accident could make him let go; and George, once when a carelessly rough friend swung Butch full tilt into a tree without loosing the hold, decided the dog was unconscious of pain when so occupied.

In fact, there were indications that he was usually unconscious. The toy terrier living in a house across the road made a game of it, slipping up stiff-legged when Butch was not looking, and rushing at him. Sometimes she ran right over his back if he was lying down (he usually was) or crosswise under his belly if he was standing staring off into space (he could see about thirty feet on a clear day). Usually, the terrier made her rush and was halfway home again before Butch came awake enough to know what was happening. At other times she ran around him in circles, avoiding his elephantine and playful runs with three-legged ease, finally so baffling him that he would simply sit down and look at her in wonderment.

A mouse had his number too. The mouse lived in a hole under the kitchen stove; and Butch, in winter, claimed as his own a spot in front of the kitchen hot-air register. He slept there hour after hour, awaking only now and then to make drugged sentry trips around the property, then to lie down in front of the heat again. The first time the mouse came out of his hole to see that enormous head prostrate in front of him, and emitting horrific snores, he rushed back into the hole again. Later he grew bolder, finally ignored the—to a mouse—mountain of slumbering flesh. Now and then Butch would wake up in time to see the mouse's tail going by, but it was never a contest.

One night the mouse ventured clear into the living room on a mission of importance to him. The house was quiet and the mouse never saw Julie curled up on the davenport until—never a helpless female, she—Julie threw a shoe at him. She missed; but it was a close thing, and the mouse took out for home-under-the-stove.

He had one bad lapse in flight. He forgot the dog. He rounded the hardwood corner at a skidding gallop and kept going. He was halfway up on an obstruction—how could a mouse tell that it was a wrinkled-up nose instead of a hill?—before he could stop. But stop he did, changed direction and took off again at discretionary speed.

Fifty compact pounds of dog were so mad that they could do nothing except to sit outside the mousehole the rest of the evening, whining in outraged dignity. The mouse, deep in his hideout and very, very safe, did not even listen.

THINGS in the house by the little stream were fun most of the time, but not invariably. For example, there was a morning in October. There had been rain in the night and the grass smelled of autumn, while dead leaves floated in the brook and a half-tamed duck, knowing perfectly well that he was eating better from the neighborhood kitchens than he ever had before, nonetheless made nervous circles in a wide spot of water, looked off to the south and muttered to himself, now and then testing his wings. The duck knew his wings were all right; further, that he would not go south and leave a good thing, winter or no winter. Nonetheless, he made gestures. It was October.

SOME PEOPLE THINK

When you have a fight with your conscience and get licked, you win.

—NUGGETS:
Quoted in The Silver Lining, Published by the Port Huron Sulphite & Paper Co.

Happiness is not something you find. It is something you create.

—ANON:
Quoted in Streamline Your Selling, M. O. Maughan. (Olsen Pub. Co.)

We should always be as generous with a man as we are with a picture, which we always give the benefit of the best possible light.

—EMERSON:
Quoted in Things Beautiful, by S. Woolard. (Goldsmith-Woolard Pub. Co.)

Don't worry about what people are thinking about you, for they are not thinking about you but wondering what you are thinking about them.

—ANON: The Speaker's Desk Book, Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

George had been out most of the night helping the police fail to solve a mysterious disappearance (the boy had come home, having spent the night with a chum). He came from the bedroom in the morning, yawning and friendly. Julie had a late breakfast, and pieces of waffle dropped toward Butch even more frequently than was the custom.

George said, "By the way, I forgot to tell you Art Russell's leaving. Got a job as press agent for Amalgamated Aircraft. Free rides and good money."

Julie put more batter on the waffle iron. "Art?" she said. "Isn't he city editor?"

George said he was.

Julie put on her life-should-be-efficient expression. She said, "George, you ought to have that job."

GEORGE said heck, Art wasn't leaving for another week yet. He admitted that nothing had been said about his successor.

"George," Julie said, "you're the logical man for the job. You will just have to push yourself a little."

George said, "Well, heck, Fred's a good guy. If he wants me for city editor, he'll say so."

Julie said he might never think about George. He might think George wasn't interested. "I'll bet you," she said, "that everybody else in the office has talked to Fred about getting Art's job except you."

George said, "Well, gosh, what would you say? He knows what I can do."

Julie said, "You ought to walk right in and tell him you want the job. You'll never get anyplace just waiting for people to think about you. You have to tell them."

George said he'd be embarrassed asking for a thing like that. He hadn't ever done it.

Julie said, "You don't want to ask. You want to go in and tell him you're the man for the place. Be positive about it. Show him you have confidence in yourself."

George said he wasn't sure that he'd be a good city editor. Julie said he knew perfectly well he could do that job with his eyes shut. George said, "Well, heck."

After a while, George slipped away, leaving part of a waffle, against all precedent. The last thing Julie said was, "George, you've just got to start thinking of things like that. Especially now."

So George and Butch went for a walk. George picked up a slender stick and Butch jumped to try to take it out of his hand. It was an old game, but neither had his heart in it this October morning. They merely walked and neither noticed the beauty of the autumn. George was thinking of something else, and Butch could not see that far.

Perhaps it was his poor eyesight or his absorption in the jump-for-a-stick game. At any rate, Butch never saw the big German shepherd until he struck. The shepherd outweighed Butch a good forty pounds and had legage and reach on him. He also worked a shepherd trick by sneaking along a ditch and attacking from behind without warning or preliminary growls. His first rush sliced a four-inch gash in the loose skin on Butch's skull. The shepherd bowled Butch over with that first charge and slashed down at the smaller dog while Butch was still rolling. He aimed for the throat, but succeeded only in piercing one of those lovely rosebud ears and ripping it. Butch was still rolling, more on his back than on his feet.

The shepherd, perhaps, had not noticed George, or he had been misled by a certain

(Continued on Page 134)

He won't stay bundled up
When snow-fights begin...
But the wheat germ in Ralston
Protects from within



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THE GOLDEN HEART OF WHEAT

RELEASES NEW ENERGY

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THE WARM-UP, BUILD-UP CEREAL

HAS 2½ TIMES AS MUCH

PROTECTIVE WHEAT GERM

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GROWNUPS AND CHILDREN

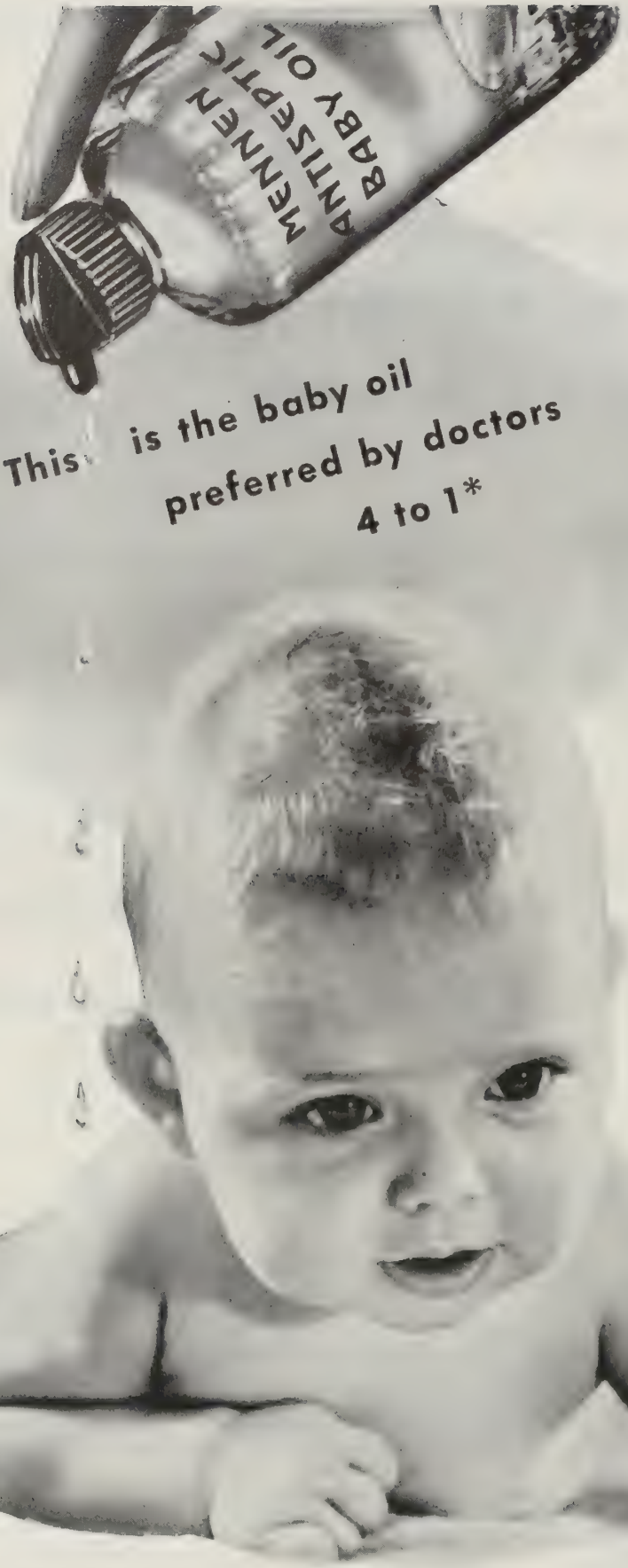
LOVE ITS HEART-OF-WHEAT FLAVOR

TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING!





WHEAT GERM IS THE RICHEST CEREAL SOURCE OF PROTECTIVE B-VITAMINS
HOT RALSTON IS WHOLE WHEAT PLUS EXTRA AMOUNTS OF WHEAT GERM



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* **4 times as many doctors** prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other baby oil or lotion.

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MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

Most baby specialists also prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER*

(Continued from Page 132)

gentleness of attitude and the skinniness which never seemed to respond, no matter how many waffles there were. Certainly the big dog did not expect to have two long-fingered hands grab his throat from behind, throttle him neatly and then pick him up bodily and throw him to one side. No ninety-pound dog expects to be picked up in the midst of a battle, and the shepherd was disconcerted. He was further pained by a heavy walking shoe—with the foot still in it—which slugged him twice in the ribs before he could get on his feet. The shepherd, smart but never very brave when the odds were even, high-tailed and was still yelping when he jumped his home fence and headed for a dark lair under a porch.

The shepherd's owner was not tall, but squarish. He came through the gate with a certain confidence and demanded, "What do you mean by kicking my dog?"

The shepherd's owner, being square and confident, at first could not believe his ears. "Listen, fatty," said a voice, "keep your coyote where he belongs or I'll break his neck and yours too." It was George speaking, but it did not sound like George.

No necks were broken. There were more words, but they quieted gradually; and in the end the two men shook hands.

As for Butch, he never did understand what all the excitement was about. He'd intended to chew the shepherd up and spit him out, but he just hadn't got started before the fight was over.

At home things were considerably better by night. George went to the office and came home again, a little early. Julie squealed when he picked her up and carried her around the living room in a silly dance, but did not seem really angry.

"It was as easy as pie," George said. "I just walked into the office and took the job away from him. It's funny, but Fred acted more surprised than anything. He just said, 'Well, sure, George. You can have the job. I had no idea you felt that way about it.'"

Julie made no comment. Neither did Butch.

He did add one chapter to the affair, however. Butch was thinking about things a couple of weeks later—his ear was healing and the skull scar only made him look more puzzled than usual—when he remembered the shepherd. On that smooth, otherwise unoccupied brain, memory made a surprisingly deep impression. No hole which ever had held a mountain beaver ever was forgotten. No tree once visited was ever passed by, no enemy ever forgiven.

Butch remembered the shepherd and took a little walk by himself. He walked slowly, rolling from the shoulders, with his head down and an innocent expression in his eye. The upper lip might have been drawn back enough to expose a couple of the larger teeth, but that could have been an accident. Quite slowly, as if expecting nothing, Butch rolled over toward the shepherd's fence. There he examined a tree and insulted it. He was insulting to a bush and finally to a post beside the shepherd's gate.

The shepherd was fairly smart, but he made the mistake of thinking that the same trick would work twice. That was an error. As he charged up from the ditch and behind Butch, the smaller dog rolled over as before. But the shepherd realized too late that this rolling was into a fighting position where heavy paws could help the lethal jaw. The shepherd was unfamiliar with the tradition by which bulldogs had been fighting up at larger opponents for generations.

In a sharp fifteen-second engagement, Butch acquired another long scratch on his skull—and the shepherd's front leg snapped like a pencil. He was lucky it was not his jugular vein. Butch rolled home again, bleeding and pleased.

Sam, the owner of the shepherd, had seen it all; but he was a fair man. When he came over to the house by the creek an hour or so later, he attached no blame. "It was my dog's own fault," he said. "The veterinary says he'll be all right in a couple of months.



He gets more good from a contented feeding time

Bottle-Colic

Guard your baby against it

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Help him, mother . . . by giving him his food from Pyrex, the nursing bottle with the Patented Air Vent that prevents nipple collapse. This exclusive Pyrex feature assures a steady flow of milk without air. Your baby takes his food easily and comfortably . . . you don't have to worry about bottle-colic.

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FREE! Mother, send for this booklet "Baby Feeding Made Easy". Tells you why and how the Davol "Anti-Colic" nipple is best for baby. Other helpful information, too. Write Dept. L2, Davol Rubber Company, Providence 2, Rhode Island.

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UNDERWEAR for INFANTS



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TO START HAIR CARE

Care of the hair should begin in babyhood to get your child's hair off to a good start . . . help assure lovely hair later in life.

You can't use a finer, safer, more gentle soap than Packer's Tar Soap. Its pine-cone color, piney odor and creamy lather have made it a family favorite for three generations.

And shampoos with Packer's average only about one-fourth the cost of bottled shampoos. Get a large 25¢ or 10¢ cake today.



Shampoos for less than a penny

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

I just hope it teaches him not to pick fights from behind any more."

Perhaps it was just as well that the shepherd's owner did not understand how insulting an insult can be.

Butch should have known something was afoot when George began taking all the golf clubs and skis out of the spare room and storing them in the attic. The woodwork was repainted and bright rugs and a small bed arrived. He should have known; but it was midsummer and he was very busy sleeping in the sun, chasing the field mice and beavers through the grass, annoying the duck who had spent the winter getting handouts beside the brook.

Butch was, in fact, oblivious of the growing tension until the very day when Julie, white now and walking slowly, left in the coupé toward which George almost carried her in his solicitude. He knew something was wrong that day because Julie did not come home and George forgot to give him any supper.

Things were definitely out of kilter for a couple of weeks. There were food and water on the floor of the kitchen every day, but George seldom came home until bedtime. When he did come, he brought along package after package—bottles to be stacked on the kitchen drainboard, blankets, a strange rubber-and-wooden stand which went into the bathroom, where it was in the way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Commiserate Blade

By Ethel Romig Fuller

Strange, how strange and often,
Beauty's very life
Depends upon the skillful
Wielding of a knife!

The bush that most severely
Is pruned back, largest grows.
And where no bough had
burgeoned,
Each shall flaunt a rose.

The slender tool of mercy
In an antiseptic glove
Reclaims for flesh its full span
Of laughter, toil and love.

While spirit waxes stronger
In courage and belief,
For the almost unbearable
Surgery of grief.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Butch did not approve of the elderly woman who came every morning, and the sentiment was mutual. She cleaned things continually and at last drove Butch clear out of the house from the time George left in the morning until he came back after dark, excited and without time for any walks. The strange woman went home at nights, which was the only thing about her which Butch thought proper.

On the day Julie came home, everybody was insane. Butch meant only that he was glad to have her back, but George pushed him so hard it was almost a blow when he tried to leap up to lick her hand (people had been knocked down in those leaps when not looking). There were all sorts of people around, and the entire household centered its interest in the larger bedroom, to which the new small bed had been moved. Butch never could even get in to see Julie, whose tired voice he could occasionally hear.

Even George would not let him near her until the next morning, and even then he acted peculiarly about the whole thing. He permitted Butch alongside the bed where Julie lay, smiling but still very white, but kept a hand on his collar. As if Butch did not know enough to stay off beds—when the family was home.

(Continued on Page 137)



One Chance to Grow

..No Wonder Hot Oatmeal Won in Vote of 2500 Authorities



You can't turn back the clock on growth. *Now* is the time every baby and growing child must have three basic vitality elements naturally rich in Quaker Oats.

These basic elements are Protein, Food-Energy, Vitamin B_1 . . . all richer in true oatmeal than in any other natural cereal. All three vital to growth.



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The natural excellence of hot oatmeal is so widely recognized by authorities that just recently true oatmeal was the overwhelming first choice in a nationwide vote of 2500 Dietitians, Nurses and Home Economists.

What other cereal gives the whole family so much? Remember to enjoy delicious Quaker Oats tomorrow morning and every morning.

In everything there's Always One That's Best

QUAKER OATS

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same



"The problem that gave me V-Mail letter trouble—but doesn't any more"



1. Since Tom, my husband, has been overseas, I've been writing him almost every day. Of course, I always use V-Mail, because it's the safest, surest way to write. And, as I should, I try to keep my letters newsy and cheerful.



2. The other night, though, it was hard to keep that V-Mail cheerful. I'd just put our son, Pete, to bed, crying his eyes out. We'd had the usual scene over the laxative he hates, and in spite of his loud protests I had to force it down.



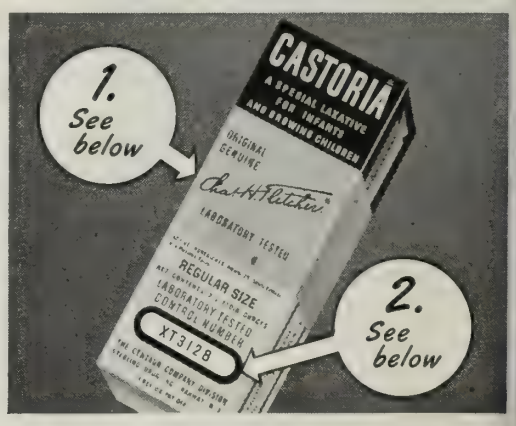
3. I finished Tom's letter without mentioning my little problem, and as I was sealing it, my cousin Jean walked in. She could hear Pete still crying, so I told her the trouble. Her husband's a doctor, and I thought maybe she could help me.



4. "Why didn't you ask me before?" she said. "You shouldn't *force* bad-tasting laxatives on children! Pete would love Fletcher's Castoria—it tastes *good*, and it's gentle and effective. Made *especially* for children, it's never harsh."



5. Jean was around the next time Pete needed a laxative and I gave him Fletcher's Castoria. He took it—and liked it! I was so pleased, I wrote to Tom, telling him that his son even *loved* to take his medicine!



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria package:

1. *The green band* around each package identifies the new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies the rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, and biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

(Continued from Page 135)

After he had greeted Julie again, Butch ay down in a patch of sunlight for a while.

"Well, he's a middle-aged dog," George aid. "I guess we'll just have to wait and ee. Maybe if he finds her himself ——"

Julie said, "I do hope he'll be all right. It would be terrible if he turned out to be ealous."

George said, well, they could make him tay outdoors if he didn't behave. "He'll ust have to get used to it," George said, "if have to knock some sense into that thick ead." Very strange talk, for George. He went out of the room and came back with a cigarette, but he was watching all the time.

Butch remained half asleep until the spot of sunlight moved and left him in the shade. One of Butch's ancestors had been born old, and he never could get enough sun. Just now, the single bright spot in the room was on a small white rug beside the little bed with the sides on it. Butch got up to walk over there; and George came after him, tiptoeing strangely. He was so close that he could reach out and grab Butch's collar in one swift movement. Butch noticed something stirring in the crib as he came close enough for his indifferent eyesight to spot the movement. He looked at it carefully, then walked close to the slats, rolling from the shoulders and dragging his toenails on the hardwood floor. His nose was too wide to go through the bars, but he could get close enough to smell the wiggling thing. The thing on the bed had an odor of sweet milk and some delicate perfume, something like the way Julie's best clothes smelled when she took them out of the cedar chest for special occasions. It did not smell at the least like a mountain beaver and was not very interesting.

Butch stretched out on the white rug in the sun and went back to sleep.

All the while he slept, there was talk in the room. Sometimes he would open an eye, recognizing a neighbor's voice; but he did not think it worth while ever to get up. Most of the people tiptoed up to his side and stood there a minute before they left.

Presently he slept more soundly, dreaming of an enormous bone, red with beef blood. Butch's nose was not good. It was, for a dog, a subnormal nose. But what it did manage to smell was hooked more closely to his memory of smells than that of any bloodhound who ever lived. So, although a series of voices in the room did not wake him, an odor—when it came close and fairly inserted itself into his nostrils—rang a bell in his memory, rang an alarm in his brain.

Butch's growl was not used often, but it was a fearsome bass when it did emerge. Butch growled. Then he felt foolish. The pair of trouser legs which had been at the edge of the white rug, while their owner leaned toward the crib, now retreated.

There was a flurry of voices, but it did not contain quite the sound Butch expected. He waited for harsh sounds, berating him for a stupid mistake.

But Trousers did not even sound angry. He backed up. He said, "Oh, say, now, old boy, it's all right. I wouldn't do any harm. I was just looking."

Julie, on the bed, laughed with something between nervousness and relief; and George, when he spoke, sounded fatuous. He said, "Sorry, Sam; but it's new, you know. He's taking his responsibilities"—George paused on that word and savored it—"he's taking his responsibilities a little too seriously, right at first." George sounded pleased and proud, rather than really apologetic. He said, "Well, you can't really blame him, Sam. I'm taking them sort of hard myself."

They all laughed. Butch walked over toward Sam and waggled his hind end. He thought he'd better make up for the mistake.

Sam looked down and said something placating, but he did not offer to pat any heads—he was too respectful for that. It was George who patted Butch's head, ran proud fingers around the edges of the one ear which still remained a perfect rosebud.

"It's all right, Butch," he said. "It's all right. You were just doing your duty, but Sam wouldn't hurt the baby. He just wanted to see how pretty she is, like Julie."

Butch never could understand more than three words at a time, so all this meant nothing to him. He would still have wondered if he had understood. Going out toward the back porch—it was warmer there—he still was surprised that he had not been reprimanded for growling in his sleep at the odor of the shepherd still clinging to Sam's trousers where the dog had rubbed against them.

He was further surprised when his dinner included a lump of candy, ordinarily forbidden. He did not understand that the baby in the bedroom had represented another crisis. He did not know he had passed a jealousy test with flying colors. He did not even know he had been on trial.

Butch was much too dumb.

TREES FOR SPOUSES

A rather curious custom is still alive in India's orthodox Hindu circles: about 70,000 girls are married to trees every year. According to an old church ruling, younger daughters of a family cannot marry before the eldest daughter gets a chance to marry; and if the elder has none, the latter is married to a tree—the law is obeyed. There is, of course, a difficulty if later on the eldest daughter should nevertheless find a suitor. Fortunately a divorce can be obtained, except if the wooden husband is a poplar or a teak tree. These trees are sacred, and a divorce would mean an offense which the gods would avenge on the man and all the woman's relatives.

—H. G. BEIGEL:
Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Continued from Page 23)

"I'll take it down tomorrow," he said.

"Well, see that you do."

There was just enough sharpness there to irritate Joe Lucas, half asleep as he was, and he thought, *Damn if I will,* but he did not say anything. Neither, the next evening, did he take down the tree.

This went on for a week. He told her to throw it out herself if she didn't want it there, and she said it was man's work and he should do it, or it could stay there forever, for all of her.

"O.K.," he said. "If that's the way you want it, O.K."

For the next two weeks they hardly said a word to each other.

After a while the tree annoyed her less and less. She hardly noticed it. It was like the effigy of the genuine oil painting of cows in a brook that she had received as a wedding present from her grandmother. There it was on the parlor wall, and had been ever since she was married, but after the first month or so she hadn't looked at it once except to dust it every spring. If somebody had taken it away she might have noticed that it was missing. Otherwise it meant no more than the wallpaper.

Toward the beginning of February, she commenced saying "Good-by" to Joe in the morning and "Hello" at night. Then they progressed to discussing the weather, and on the twelfth he mentioned to her that it was Lincoln's Birthday. That night she and Joe lay awake in bed a while talking, and Sadie made up her mind that every night she was going to try to get Joe talking after supper, even if she had to hear about his work at the water department. She felt almost sick from loneliness.

The next night she did not wash the dishes after supper. She went with Joe into the

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It is called the Variety-in-Cereals idea, and it was first suggested by a doctor. All you do is serve baby Gerber's Cereal Food at one feeding, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal at the next—turnabout! This simple idea improves baby's appetite—try it and see!

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Name.....



SEE THIS BABY KITTEN? *It has blue eyes . . . and they're for just one person . . . baby! When baby's asleep, the kitten sleeps too. (It loves to sleep.) And when baby's awake, the kitten starts to play. It's soft and cuddly and it's all purr and no claws. It likes baby's Vanta garments, because it thinks they're as soft as it is.*

A BABY KITTEN . . . AND A KITTEN'S BABY

Vanta shirts and bands and Knities and all the other Vanta-made garments are kitten-soft. They're 'all purr' too, because they have no pins, no buttons, no seams to hurt a baby's tender skin. Vanta's famous twistless tapes and all the other adVANTAges have won the hearts of mothers and the whole-hearted recognition of baby specialists, for more than a quarter of a century.

AND THIS IS THE KITTEN'S BABY . . . *the center of its universe. The center of the household, too. The baby likes to watch the kitten, and to touch its fur. Just the way it likes the way its soft-knit Vanta garments feel, so firm and yet stretchy so the baby can kick and clap its hands and grow.*



If you are going to have a baby, send 10 cents for Vanta's famous book, "Baby's Outfit". 80 pages of up-to-date help for expectant mothers. Address: Earnshaw Knitting Company, Dept. L-2, Newton 58, Massachusetts. (In Canada, J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, are Licensees.)

parlor. He lay on the couch, but she said right away, taking up the evening paper:

"The Russians are doing fine, aren't they, Joe?"

"They're doing all right," he said, without interest, settling himself.

"And this raid on Berlin. The Germans are getting it. Now they'll see how *they* like it, won't they?"

"They're catching hell," he agreed. He closed his eyes.

She rattled the paper grimly. "I see there's been a murder," she said.

"Yeah," he said. "Nobody amounts to nothing. Woman trouble. I read all that 'fore supper. Read it to yourself, will you?"

In a few seconds he was snoring gently, rhythmically. She put down the paper. She appraised him with bitter eyes.

There could be twenty years or more of this if she didn't do something. Even a divorce would be better. Everybody got divorced nowadays. It was no more than going to the dentist. But Ella would be heartbroken.

Anyway, Sadie didn't want a divorce. Joe was a good enough man. There were worse. She didn't know who they were, but she supposed there must be some, like the fellow murdered in the newspaper. She could murder Joe sometimes, as now, when he lay with his mouth partly open, twitching occasionally, the groove on the bridge of his nose showing where his spectacles rested, and the gray hair fringing over his ears. He was certainly not beautiful. But he brought all his pay home and they had had a lot of fun together when they were younger.

Then she looked at the Christmas tree, brown and mangy in the corner, and she could have cut his throat with a dull knife. Her thoughts went round and round the idea of murder and the idea of divorce; not that she intended either, but it relieved her to think that these resorts did exist and people used them, if they were pushed hard enough.

About nine o'clock, Joe got up and staggered toward the bedroom. "Coming?" he said.

"No," she said.

She sat there in silence, and after a while the bedspring crunched. The house was still again.

Sadie grimaced at the Christmas tree. Then she cried. She wiped the tears on her plump forearm. She sniffed and blew her nose. The Christmas tree no longer reminded her of pleasant days. It made her think of how stubborn Joe was and how she was fed up with him. She hated Joe and she hated the tree. They had become inextricably tangled in her thoughts.

She sat there, alternately numb and raging, until two o'clock in the morning. Then she got up, went over to the Christmas tree and kicked it with all her might. It teetered on its base for a moment, and settled defiantly upright again. She took a double sheet from the newspaper lying on the floor and rolled it into a wand and then twisted it. On a table beside the sofa there was an ash tray fitted with a clamp that clutched a small box of matches. Sadie scratched a match and lighted the twisted paper. She touched the flame to the resinous tree.

With a marvelous rush and roar, the slender light developed instantly into a tree of fire. The flames scorched the wallpaper and ran nimbly up the curtains. Sadie stepped back. Smoke made her eyes water. She watched the woodwork around the windows begin to smolder. The varnish blistered.

Fascinated but not frightened, Sadie took up the telephone. When the operator responded, Sadie said, "Fire at Forty-eight Governor Street. Fire at Forty-eight Governor Street." Then she hung up. She went into the bedroom and grasped Joe by the shoulder.

"Get up," she ordered. "The house is afire."

She had to shake him several times.

"Put on your pants!" Sadie said. "Somebody's coming."

Already the powerful sputtering of the engines and the stern clanging of the bells filled the neighborhood with excited tumult.

Joe could not find his pants. He could not find his glasses. Sadie pulled a blanket off the bed and wrapped him like an Indian. He kept saying, "My God! My God!" She pushed him into the kitchen.

Heavy steps thumped on the porch. The front door shook. A windowpane cracked and tinkled into fragments. Firemen in helmets, rubber coats and boots crouched through the broken window. Chemicals hissed into flames. Woodwork groaned as it was pulled away by the roots. The firemen yelled to one another from house to street.

In five minutes the parlor was a black, soggy ruin. The only thing undamaged was the picture of cows in a brook; it hung askew but the glass was whole.

The firemen looked about with a sort of bashful pride and then tramped out. A policeman entered. Then two reporters. Then a photographer. Then an air-raid warden. Then other neighbors, in overcoats over pajamas.

The fire captain began asking about the Christmas tree. What had it been doing there? Joe mumbled, "My God! My God!"

Sadie said nothing. She sat down slowly in a chair. The Christmas tree was gone at last. How exciting it all was! How good to have people around! Joe would have to spend evening after evening repairing the woodwork, plastering, papering. She would make him paper the whole house. She would help him. A whole new set of parlor furniture would have to be bought, and a new rug. But no sofa. She would never have another sofa for Joe to nap on.

Her face worked uncertainly. She began to laugh. The faded brown hair shook loose over her face. She put her hands to her belly as though it hurt, and laughed and laughed as though she could never stop.

"A doctor!" one of the lady neighbors quavered. "She's hysterical. Get a doctor somebody. Don't just stand there!"

But they all just stood around, astonished, not knowing what to do, except the photographer, who stepped forward and, with a sudden, awful flash of light, recorded one of those faces in distress or ecstasy that appear now and then in the pages of the newspaper.

LITTLE GUY



"I think I'm gonna like dancing class after all!"

Mother must know best— in a war-changed world



A dozen times a day your tiny baby stirs your heart with his great need for you— a need that is so much greater today because medical and nursing care is so scarce.

WHEN your sleepy baby grasps your finger tight—you know you want, more than anything in the world, to keep him safe from harm. It's a big job—and bigger than ever today. Now, when our doctors' and nurses' time is limited, you *must* know how to keep your baby well and strong.

His greatest danger—the "other fellow's cold"

To your baby, an ordinary cold, passed on from an adult or an older child, can be the beginning of a really serious illness. No other illness causes so many infant fatalities as respiratory infections and their resulting complications. The best and wisest way to protect him from the "other fellow's cold" is never to allow him to come in contact with it. But suppose you yourself catch a cold—and there is no one else to take care of your baby?

Cut down risk with protective mask

Even when it is impossible to keep him isolated from a person with a cold, you can still greatly reduce the danger by insisting on a protective mask. Wear it without fail yourself, if you have a cold—whenever you are with your baby. And see that every other person with a cold does the same.

Tissue mask easy and effective

If you don't have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can quickly and easily make an emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin it at the back of your head. Fold in at the sides and back, if you find it more comfortable.

Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs—and greatly reduce the risk of contagion. Never leave a used mask around. One great advantage of a tissue mask is that it is instantly disposable.

Remember—no other single duty to your baby is more important than guarding him faithfully from the very real danger of respiratory infection.

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family. Trade mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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CHESTERFIELD

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"He had a wife and kid, like me."

"I can't forget the day we landed."

"You can't hide from planes in a desert."

"Every bomb seemed aimed at my neck."

"I can't sleep for remembering"

Meet Ed Savickas

A victim of combat fatigue. His chances of complete recovery give hope to thousands

BY J. C. FURNAS

WHEN Eddie happened to mention he might like some Brussels sprouts, Stella knew they were out of season, but she tramped all over town till she found them—at seventy-five cents a quart. That night she cooked them as tender and rich as she knew how, only to see him push his plate away and go into the living room unhappily supperless, to read the paper and doze. It was most disappointing. But she just put the plate away again, and, when he wanted to try eating once more, warmed it up without any comment except her personally generous smile.

When they try a movie, Eddie is more than likely to get up in the middle and march out. Stella follows without question and makes no ill-timed remarks on the way home. Not that she is any 1945 version of Patient Griselda—sweet as her temper is, you would be wiser not to try walking over her. But she knows what the score is with Eddie. It was his thoughtfulness about little things that first attracted her to him, and the apparently regardless things he now does, she knows, aren't his fault. They're Hitler's fault, if anybody's.

Edward Savickas is a "combat fatigue" case, honorably discharged from the Army Engineers, after front-line service in North Africa and Sicily, as a neuropsychiatric casualty on exactly the same basis of disability as if he had lost a leg. He is holding down his present job—flight-mechanic trainee

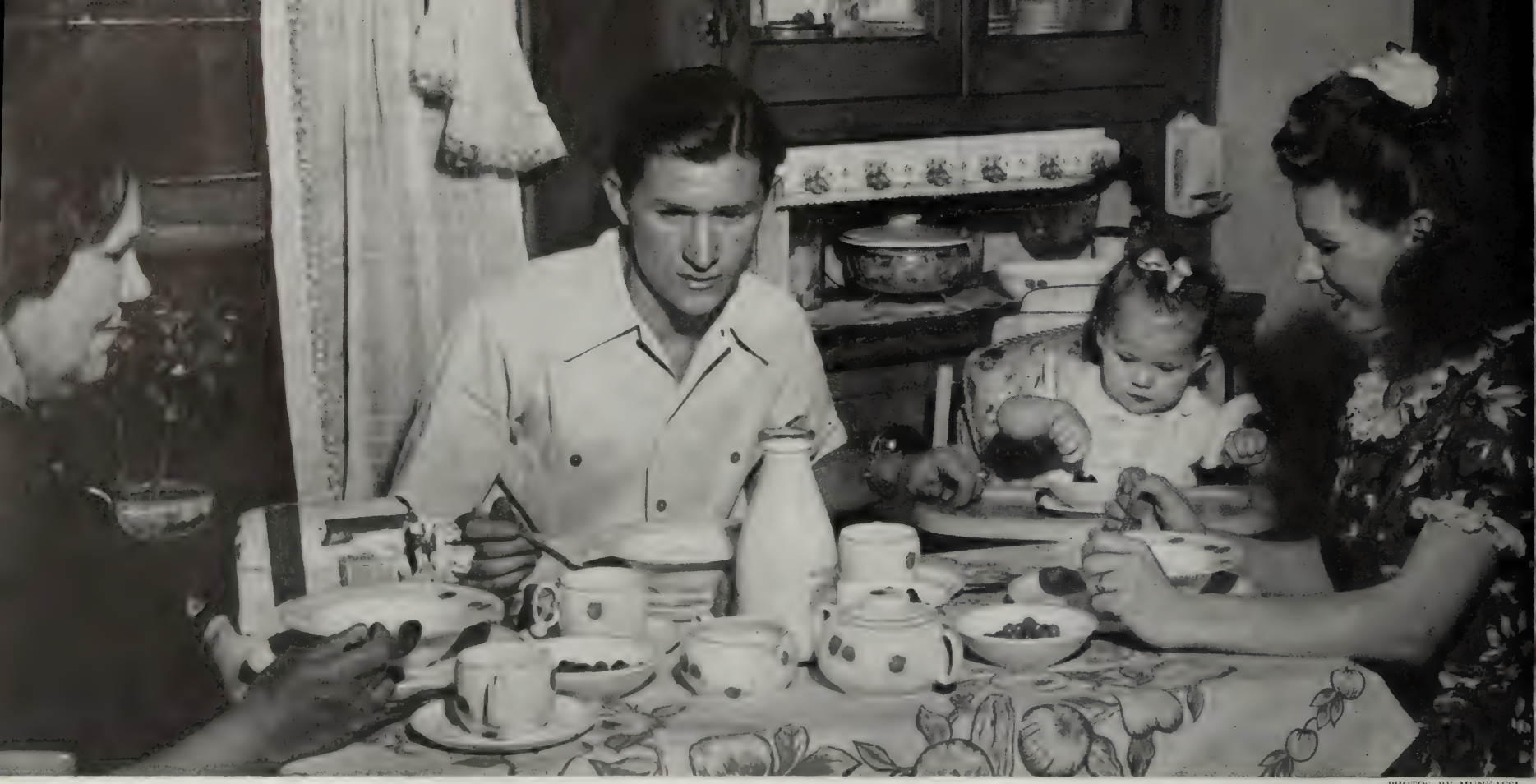
PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI, INTERNATIONAL, SIGNAL CORPS, EWING GALLOWAY, ELISOFON, KEYSTONE VIEW

"We holed in like rats."

"The dead are so very dead."

"The noise was terrific."

"I helped bury some of my close pals."



PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

"The boys overseas prey on Ed's mind," says his wife, Stella (right). "Some nights he can't eat a mouthful. I try to keep cheerful and never mention the war. Then some stupid friend has to ask him how many Germans he killed!"

The Savickas tried living with Stella's mother (left) when Ed was discharged a year ago, but he was too edgy. He got strange yens for foods like watermelon in midwinter. Nights he'd prowl, sleepless, about, waking the others up.

at the Eastern Aircraft plant in Linden, New Jersey—very well. From the moment she rushed out to meet him in the Army hospital in Cambridge, Ohio, where he was recuperating after landing, Stella has made helping him back to normal her prime concern. She and the company doctor, the other close observer of the case, agree that his emotional condition is on the upbeat. But he isn't altogether out of the woods yet either.

Eddie's one trip alone, into New York from Elizabeth, New Jersey—where the Savickas live—to look around sent him home early, all tensed up by too many swarming people, swearing he would never go near the place again. Bad dreams about the things he saw happen under fire, sleeplessness forcing him to get up and prowl miserably about the little apartment, inability to stay long indoors still reflect the emotional damage of modern war. North Jersey is studded with airfields, and planes frequently buzz overhead. The sound of their motors doesn't get to him when he's at work at the Eastern Aircraft airfield, but it's very bad at home during the night—it was one high-level air raid too many that made him a casualty.

This combat fatigue—"shell shock" was last war's inaccurate term—can hit a man anywhere. It took Eddie in the midriff. He finally crawled out of that foxhole all dead and numb in the abdomen. Those mysterious physical-emotional factors lying back of such cases chose his alimentary tract to express the shock of seeing men you know messily slaughtered, of crouching in crumbly earth with the back of your neck insisting that the next bomb is aimed precisely at you. That often happens to people. One thing the armed services have learned from this war is that, given the right circumstances, combat fatigue can do anybody in, even the toughest of tough marines on Guadalcanal.

It was fifteen days before Eddie could eat a mouthful. Sedatives and rest did him good, but even now, over a year later, his appetite still ranges from absent to finicky and he is distressingly skinny. He weighed 164 when inducted, none too much for a man just under six feet. The best he can do now is 146. More meat on his long bones, more fat round his abused nerve ends would make a lot of difference toward his recovery. But that requires heartier feeding and more thorough relaxation—and that moment of icy-clamping chill did do queer things to him.

Stella, unlike many civilians up against the returned serviceman's problems, has managed to learn from radio and newspapers that, though there is no implication of "going crazy," the n-p casualty is as real as any other, and sympathy and patience are vital. She is almost as disturbed as Eddie when—"after I've tried so hard to keep his mind off all that"—stupid people ask him what it was like doing demolitions under fire in Africa, and even how many Germans he personally killed. There are people as stupid as that.

Stella doesn't want to know any such things. But sometimes, late at night after the lights are off, the impulse to talk comes over Eddie and she will listen till dawn if necessary, with the indicated little sympathetic noises and the right questions when the stream of recollection clogs. Maybe getting it all spontaneously off his chest will help. He is taking some pills supposed to help his appetite. But Stella says with great shrewdness:

"I don't think any medicine will really help. What he needs is a steady life and getting back to mingling with people, just living along without getting stirred up."

With that in mind, she is planning to encourage a few well-chosen friends to drop in evenings for a hand of cards and some light refreshments, now they're settled in the new apartment—the first place of their own they've ever had. Eddie himself is showing a tendency to come out of his shell a little more of late days, promising to take Stella out dancing one of these nights and recollecting that she always danced a lot better than he did.

They always hit it off well together. Six years ago a girl they both knew wanted to get them acquainted on the theory that they would. She had a hard time arranging it because Stella was always in church; deeply devout, she was then planning to be a nun. The eventual meeting was such a success that next day Eddie appeared in his brand-new car, shyly insisting that Stella Kazanecki be the first girl to ride in it. He was persistent as well as shy. Within three months they were engaged.

Eddie was making $1.20 an hour as a wheel striper at the General Motors plant where he now works under the banner of Eastern Aircraft. But they waited three years to

"Right now, Ed needs pampering and loving." But Stella must see that her husband becomes master and not baby of the household.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★

"Ed is a bright, hard-working boy," says the psychiatrist at Eastern Aircraft. "I see him about once a month and he's improving all the time. We've hired 219 veterans, 30 per cent of them war-nerve cases."



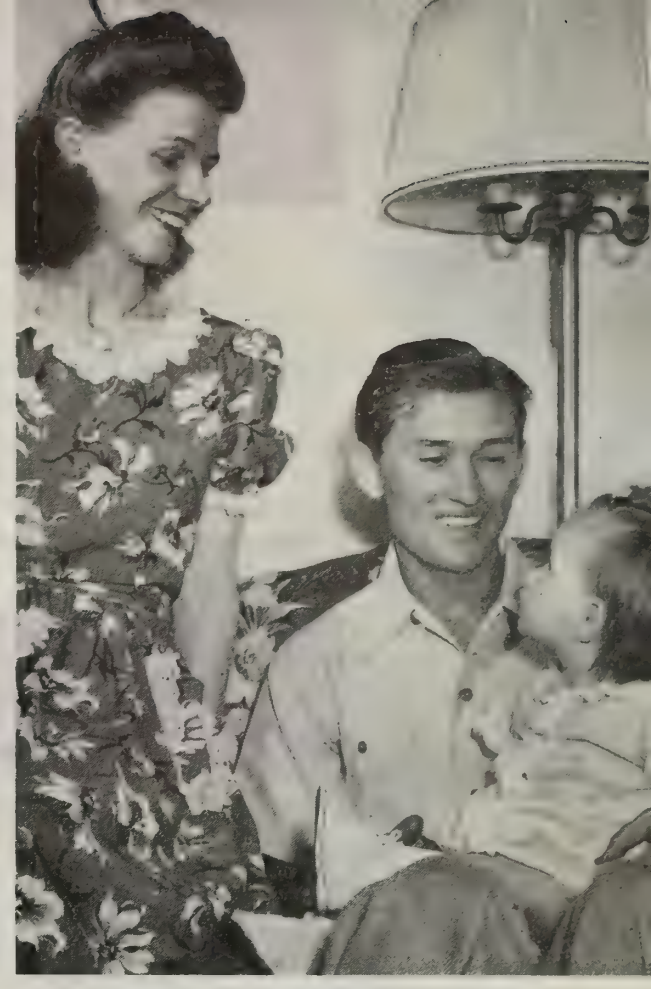


STUART

Stella hunted for six months for an apartment in war-jammed Elizabeth, N. J. "Ed was too jittery to help." A new son, Joseph, arrived in November.



While Ed was overseas, Stella worked, saved $375. With this, plus Ed's $300 mustering-out pay, she furnished four rooms, secondhand.

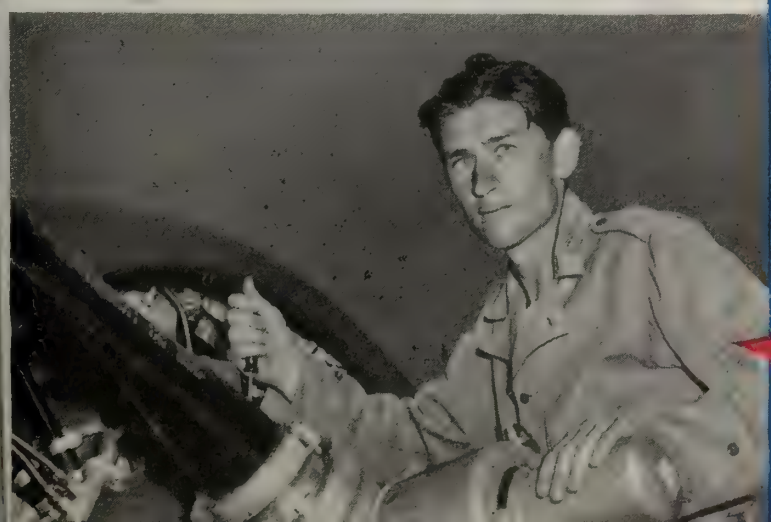


"Playing with the baby cheers Ed up." A devoted father, he sent Ginny pink bootees from North Africa. He first saw her when she was eight months.



A new tragedy for Stella and her close-knit family was the news of the death of her twin brother in Germany two months ago. Young Ginny holds his picture.

"I get the chills whenever a plane goes over," says Ed, who got his "war nerves" during bombing raids. Yet he is happy as a plane mechanic at Eastern Aircraft.





"Ed wants me to handle all the money, says it makes him nervous." He also declines to help Stella buy things for their new home. Slowly, however, she is persuading him to shoulder his share of responsibilities. "Whenever he dries the dishes or helps with the babies, I give him lots of praise. That seems to tickle him."



BEFORE

the war, Ed was a shy, thoughtful boy who went steady with Stella for three years before he married her. He loved to buy presents and was always cheerful and easygoing. After six weeks of married life, he was sent overseas.

AFTER

many weeks under fire, Ed was temporarily paralyzed from combat fatigue. "I couldn't digest a thing for fifteen days." He is still moody and restless, hates crowds and noise, suffers from insomnia and nervous indigestion.



marry Stella was only eighteen and, besides, didn't want to run out on her widowed mother, who, after rearing nine under great difficulties, was finally starting to get on her feet. Then Eddie was drafted a few days after Pearl Harbor. Their marriage was finally performed by the chaplain at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where he was in training for the Engineers. It was a very rainy afternoon and the week that Stella stayed near camp was the only honeymoon they ever had.

Virginia Marie Savickas, third member of the new family, appeared almost two years ago—a tactful young woman, not the type to wailingly wake daddy every time he manages to drop off to sleep. Merely looking at her should have therapeutic value. Plump, gurgly and merry, just as blond as a blond Polish mother and a blond Lithuanian father could manage, she already shows much of her mother's warming serenity. A brother, Joseph, arrived last November. "Now," proudly smiles Stella, whose Polish parents raised nine children, "we have a boy and a girl—a real American family." It took six months to find an apartment for them. Elizabeth is just as jammed as any other industrial town, and landlords refused to guarantee fuel deliveries to keep available quarters warm enough for small babies.

What they finally got is far from perfect—the upper floor of an elderly little house, one of a scrawny row on the edge of swampy commons stretching down to the Kill van Kull and pasturing a few disgruntled-looking goats. But Stella threw her heart into making the place Eddie returns to after work as cheery as possible. Curtains are bright and ruffly, white paint everywhere is immaculate, colorful tea towels and pot holders, gay decalcomanias and strawberry-patterned china are on display in the kitchen-dining room, and the housekeeping is meticulous to a degree.

With sunlight streaming in the bedroom windows on all this, weedy view and rattletrap street vanish from the mind. Next step is to get together with the nice neighbor downstairs to weed and clean up the dingy little back yard for small fry to play in.

The neighborhood was far nicer back at Stella's mother's, in the main part of town, where she lived while Eddie was gone and where they all stayed after his return until a place was found. They might still be there if it didn't make Eddie more nervous to live with anybody else, even so hospitable and comfortable a somebody as Mrs. Kazanecki. He didn't feel right getting up to stalk about in the middle of the night or to raid the icebox to take advantage of a rare and valuable impulse to eat.

Pictures of husky young men in uniform are thick in the tiny living room. Eddie's elder brother is in an armored division in France, the younger is an MP over there too. Stella had three brothers in service, in Navy, Coast Guard and Army respectively. The recent death of her twin brother in Germany is why, even though Eddie is home, she still shrinks from listening to war news on the radio.

Much of the furniture that they had to buy, mournfully because prices were so high and quality low, was paid for out of Stella's savings from her war job. She was making $1.24 an hour inspecting at Eastern before Eddie's arrival determined her to quit and devote full time to making things right for him. Her mother taught her expert no-recipe cooking and dressmaking so thoroughly that she can even devise her own patterns. Then a year as a domestic servant just after she left high school put on the finishing shipshape touches. Starting housekeeping from scratch in the middle of war shortages, Stella is managing better than most with only a toaster and a sandwich grill for laborsaving devices. The missing washing machine is her first-priority postwar project.

Eddie's economic past bodes fairly well for their future. As a kid he was an ardent deep-sea fisherman, and his first job was deck-handing on party-fishing boats out of Elizabeth. At seventeen he went to sea on freighters, first on coastal runs and then making such ports as Valparaiso, Hamburg and Rio, qualifying for A. B. rating. But in 1938, after five years of that sandwiched with winter work in an electric-fan plant, Eddie was firmly advised by his elder brother that he ought to start settling down. Meeting Stella helped greatly to make the advice stick. He went to General Motors to start his prewar record there as a good, steady man.

Now his job is bolstered two ways: his G. M. seniority carries over into Eastern Aircraft, a G. M. subsidiary; and his returned serviceman's standing entitles him to his old job or as good a one automatically. They first set him to cleaning paint sprayers on his return, but inside work gave him the jitters and the smell of thinner used in such work was ruining what little appetite he could work up. He told the doctor about it and was immediately moved across the highway to the airport.

How the Savickas Spend Their Money

Food	**$1200.00**
Rent	**360.00**
Electricity	**25.00**
Gas	**40.00**
Laundry (sheets and work clothes sent out)	**75.00**
Heating	**50.00**
Hospitalization insurance	**18.00**
Life insurance	**34.84**
Contributions	**35.00**
Clothing	**100.00**
Car fuel, upkeep, repairs	**400.00**
Newspapers	**18.20**
Withholding tax and Social Security	**226.72**
War Bonds	**291.00**
Miscellaneous (gifts, etc.)	**38.24**
	$2912.00

His work there is outdoors practically all the time and offers emotional rewards too—since the pilot's life is in the hands of the flight mechanic who gives his plane its final check, the job carries big prestige.

Eddie had been grossing a great deal more, but cutbacks in Eastern's production of Navy fighter planes and the subsequent disappearance of Sunday work has reduced his income to about $56 weekly. One of the things that infuriate him these days is the wailing he hears round the plant about what'll-we-do-when-the-war-boom's-over?

"Why, some of 'em," he says, "actually talk like they want the war to go on and a lot more guys get shot up and killed just so their jobs will keep going."

That ready shift from indoors to airport is a sample of the flexible intelligence with which his employers are approaching the returned-veteran problem and the employment of n-p casualties. So far, 219 have come back out of uniform to the plant, with 125 still on the pay roll. Only three were discharged for cause, the rest quitting either to go back into uniform or to take up other activity voluntarily. A special "veterans' coordinator" from the personnel staff is working on getting them adjusted.

Eddie's kind of trouble is well represented—30 per cent of these men are combat-fatigue casualties. It is just as well that, with real foresight, the company medical staff includes a young neuropsychiatrist who trained at Johns Hopkins and came to Linden from two years at the Ford Hospital in Detroit. Eddie thinks the doc is a real nice fellow, which is fortunate, since much of his coming adjustment will depend on how well he responds to the doc's ideas. The doc in turn figures Eddie a likely bet.

"There are a few goldbricks among our n-p's," he says. After all, goldbricking is one kind of unstable behavior. "I bawl the pants off them early and it often works. But that doesn't include Savickas. He's a bright, reliable, well-meaning type, and the prognosis is good."

Any time Eddie feels things are piling up on him, he can go talk it over with the doc, and when he has to come to the clinic for a minor injury—which happens every few weeks—he usually takes the opportunity for a psychiatric checkover at the same time. Nobody, least of all the doctors, claims that this setup is perfect—after all, seventy-odd cases is a big load, and growing all the time. But it apparently represents a good deal more than many plants are yet doing, to judge from the number of men from other industries now coming to Linden to ask questions and look things over for methods and results.

The best thing any employer could do for returned cases of combat fatigue, of course, would be to supply each with a wife like Stella, aware that merely loving your guy isn't enough to help him get squared round. For the return trip from the dark places of the mind that Eddie had to explore, he must have—and has—a companion intelligently dedicated to his needs and wishes. "You've got to go a lot farther than halfway with him," Stella says. "Time enough after he's adjusted to worry about how you like things done yourself. Right now everything is all his, and it's my job to keep it that way."



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BY LT. COMDR. LESLIE B. HOHMAN, M.C., USNR

Associate in Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University

I LEFT Ed Savickas after my visit with him and his war-plant doctor and his radiant wife, Stella—just three days the proud mother of a second child, a son—with a personal sense of calm and relief. I had seen the miracle of recovery and rehabilitation of a twenty-eight-year-old victim of combat fatigue, gently and firmly being guided back to health and continued usefulness for the war. As a Navy psychiatrist, treating these war-torn nervous cases, some to be returned to continued active duty with the armed forces, and others ultimately to be discharged to take up war work again at home, it was tremendously heartening to see that it was possible for these men to find a world that could understand them and help speed the cure that psychiatrists can predict will come true.

I wish that all wives and mothers and sisters could go to school to calm, patient, jolly Stella Savickas. Where she got the wisdom and patience so perfectly to handle and treat her devoted but difficult combat-fatigue husband I could not discover. Perhaps it was from the desire and the impulse to serve, that at one time made her want to be a nun.

As soon as Stella visited her husband in January of 1944 at the Army hospital in Ohio and saw him among other nervously sick lads who had been returned from the combat area, she suddenly realized that her job was laid out for her. She had no way of knowing how this combat-fatigue nervousness would change the tall, shy, blue-eyed boy she had married in an Army chapel just before he was ready to go overseas. Neither she nor Ed could have had an idea that the grueling experience of combat would plunge him into nervous illness. Ed himself couldn't believe that it had got him; and even after he began to shake and tremble and stammer and not be able to eat, he still asked to stay with his outfit in North Africa and see the fight through to the end. The medical officer knew that he had gone to his limit of tolerance and sent him back to the United States for treatment and discharge.

The womenfolk of men returned from combat experience will have, in many cases, to face the same changes in their sons and husbands and sweethearts that Stella found in hers. The change in most men will not be so severe that the man will have to be hospitalized or discharged from the service, but the problem of handling these battle-fatigued men will be hard, and it will be more difficult or even heartbreaking if women do not develop or have Stella's understanding and patience.

WHAT was the change that required so much patience from Stella, and will demand it from many of the other women who receive their men back from combat? Let me give you a list of things with which you are likely to have to cope. The first, unreasonable irritability, is the most difficult of all to manage. Your returned soldier or sailor or marine will become resentful or short-tempered or angry over nothing. A tone of voice, the most innocent, harmless remark will be taken as insult; the ration board that denied him as much gasoline as he thinks he deserves will be hated; the civilian who is having a good time or whose face is not woebegone will arouse rage; the friend who asks about the war or the man who jostles him in the subway will arouse a fighting attitude; all these and anything else will arouse bursts of antagonism and temper and rage that will astonish and bewilder and pain the family and friends and the man himself.

Make no mistake that this irritability is easy to handle. Stella has two rules for herself which all relations of combat men will do well to follow. First: Don't try to argue about the imaginary issue which has provoked the temper outburst. Recognize it as unreasonable and don't try to reason abou something that is not reasonable. You w simply be pouring oil on the fire if you argue. If you will listen, without argumen the spell will burn itself out the more quick and you will avoid the danger of meetin anger with anger which is likely to stir more. The wife of an officer back from lon combat in the South Pacific reported to n that every time she lost her own contr when her husband was irritable, it took se eral days to get him back to a normal frien liness. She finally learned the trick that she just listened, he quickly forgot the pa ticular resentment and was apt to be sor for his outbursts.

Stella's second rule is to let the ang things her husband says go in one ear ar out the other. Stella knows that Ed lov her and still loves her devotedly. Whe something sharp or disagreeable or temperis comes out, she says to herself, "That's cor bat fatigue talking, not Ed." Stella told n she didn't propose to let her marriage end the divorce court, as did those of three of h friends because they didn't have enou knowledge and control to be able to igno their husbands' temporary sick quarr someness. She has seen Ed's temper con more and more under control as mont have gone by, and knows that before long will disappear completely.

THE second change that will be noticed restlessness and changeableness. These r turned men find it very difficult to stay p and to settle down. A good dinner may prepared and the man will decide that must get out and take a walk and you ma not see him again for two hours. Stella fin that if she plans to stay at home, Ed wan to go out. If she plans to go out, Ed is like to want to stay home. He may get restle whichever plan is followed. If visitors cor in, he wants them to go in fifteen minute and fifteen minutes later he wants to s somebody else. Everything that has to done, Ed wants to do in a hurry, or he ma decide that he won't do it at all. You ma find your returned son or husband wande ing around in the middle of the night a then wanting to sleep in the daytime. H may refuse to talk about his experiences ove seas if anyone asks him about them, a walk away, and then suddenly in the midd of the night will want to pour out the whe story and get it off his chest.

Stella uses good judgment in handling th restlessness and changeability. She h studied Ed and has tried to aid him in ov coming it. She uses a third rule: Gently b firmly force the use of personal control the man as soon as he shows signs that can help himself. Stella knows how pro Ed is of that new son, but she gently a jokingly prodded him when she said, "Ed w have to realize that he has a wife and ch dren and learn to stay at home more." Oft the man must be made to realize that can use more self-control if he is willing a cannot be allowed to run wild. The arm forces have come to know that men g themselves together more quickly if th are kept under military discipline. The str insistence that even a sick or a nervous m has responsibility for his conduct helps the to help themselves and to think twice b fore they act upon a restless or irritable i pulse.

To handle the need to spill over and ta about combat experience, if that time com Stella uses a modification of the rule s used in handling irritability, namely; Liste but do not ask questions. Let the man c cide how much or how long he wants to ta As a psychiatrist, I would advise that t pouring out of the story be halted only if brings too much tension and agitating s row. Most men know if they get relief fr

talking, and only those will do it when the need comes.

The third change Stella found, and you may discover in your soldier or sailor, is extreme moodiness. It is not the ordinary downheartedness or sadness or blues that is experienced by nearly everybody in the day's work, but it is more mournful and more brooding. It cannot be dispelled by lighthearted chatter or by the easy distracting of attention. It hangs like a heavy cloud and dampens interest and energy. It makes talking and thinking effortful and robs everything of satisfaction and color. It makes the man want to crawl off by himself like a wounded animal away from the people and even from those whom he loves best. The future seems dark to him, and he can only look back to the terrors of war at those periods. Stella sensed that Ed could not avoid this brooding depression, and she had the wisdom not to get alarmed or personally hurt by it. She used a fourth rule: Let the man be by himself when he is overwhelmed by the brooding depression. Stella instinctively knows what is true: that the black mood will pass by and lighten and then again will Ed be able to handle and control the lessened amount of brooding without having to show it. The average woman finds it difficult to believe that when a man is depressed or disgusted (that is the word the combat-fatigue man uses to express his irritable brooding), it isn't because of something she herself has done or something she has said which has offended. Stella is instinctively wise enough to understand that Ed is depressed only as the result of his combat experience and that she cannot be of service to him at the time that the depression hits him except by waiting calmly and patiently and without hurt feelings until Ed is ready again to respond to her cheerfulness. She is smart enough to get the baby out of the way when noise and confusion upset Ed, without feeling that he doesn't love his child or her or his home.

A fourth point of change is a marked sensiiveness and startle when a man hears a loud or unexpected noise. Returning soldiers and ailors have been made so sensitive to battle ounds and dangers that sudden unexpected oises or the continuous noises of a factory r airplanes overhead make them jump and remble the way an unexpected sound tartles anyone, only much more severely nd violently. The fifth rule to be used is: Make the man less uncomfortable and less shamed of this violent reaction by pretendng not to notice it, and above all do not augh at him. The men are very sensitive bout having to act instinctively as if they ere ducking into foxholes or climbing under bed to look for shelter, or suddenly breakg into a sweat or shaking jitters as if they ere violently terrified. The spell does not st long, and the men hate to be watched joked at when noise suddenly takes them ack in memory to their combat reactions. the man wants to laugh about it later, hen he has calmed himself again and the orm has passed, then let him decide that, t don't try to kid him out of it. The warm nderstanding pressure of a hand is infinitely ore helpful than any talk or joking, in lping to dispel the awful revivified fear.

HERE is a fifth change that takes place at may baffle the family and may even ake it feel that the returned man is unirly treated by the doctors. In almost all ses, the tension of prolonged combat will fect the man's body so that he will have discomfort in the stomach or in his head or in his back, or will think that he has some other physical illness. Ed lost his appetite and couldn't eat and food would not digest for him, so that he had severe pain in his abdomen. Actually, there was no injury to his stomach. It was just upset by his emotions. Ed has a lot of strange, untrue medical explanations about his stomach and diet, and limits his food in a way that prevents his regaining weight. He can't force himself to eat enough nourishing foods to put on pounds. Now Stella has been helpful here and follows a sixth good rule: she accepts the statements of the doctors when they finally decided it is nerves that cause the symptoms. They had carefully examined her husband and found no organic disease. She is willing to cater to Ed's whimsical appetite as much as is possible, but she has gradually weaned him from his false ideas about his diet and has gotten him to eat more and more of the proper foods. She is not encouraging him to make a permanent invalid or dyspeptic of himself.

STELLA has a seventh rule of helpfulness, that everyone who is brought into personal contact with the returned combat-fatigued man will do well to follow: In so far as possible, treat the man as if he were well and do not sentimentalize over him. Nervousness that comes as the result of combat experience heals in time and leaves a man mentally and physically well again. There is no more disgrace in having a "psycho" diagnosis than in having pneumonia, but in reverse there is no more virtue in having combat fatigue than in having pneumonia, and that amount of virtue is none. The job in pneumonia is to get well as fast as possible. The job in combat fatigue is to get well as fast as possible. The best way to accomplish that is to get back to work as soon as possible, to learn to bring uncontrollable irritability and restlessness and changeableness and brooding depression under self-control and not to permit these traits to be used to boss and rule or bully families and jobs or oneself. Industry will take a man back and give him more than the even break because he is a veteran, but it cannot and should not try to adapt itself indefinitely to temperish whims and lack of self-control.

Ed works in an airplane factory, the Eastern Aircraft plant, where every effort is made to help the returned combat veteran to help himself. Through its kind and wise and understanding medical and personnel staff, it tries to place each man in the kind of job where his temporarily changed personality can be adjusted to the job. Jobs are changed to suit the man and his illness, and he is given all the opportunity he needs to get medical help for his emotional illness. Employers, in turn, expect the man to do his share in adjusting as rapidly as possible to the job. Stella, by her patience and wisdom at home, has done her job so well that Eastern Aircraft quotes Ed's case as one of their best examples of the successfully handled combat veterans. I was happy to learn that combat veterans have not abused their rights and the "breaks" industry is giving them, but are turning in increasingly better jobs as their health comes back to normality. The same courage and strength that made them remain in combat until nerves got them have made them do good jobs when they go back to war plants to finish up at home what their nervous systems wouldn't permit them to finish on the field of battle.

Foxhole Chaplain

"Some of the boys swore, but most of them prayed," tells this Army chaplain who leaped overboard with the assault troops on subzero Attu. "When they were hurt bad, they'd beg me to sit by them in the snow and together we'd say the Lord's Prayer."

The heart-rending story of this gentle Carolina preacher who crawled up Alaska's icy crags and into the teeth of battle with your G.I. comes to you in How America Lives.

In the
MARCH JOURNAL

If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)



If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray—
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap ***today!***

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."





Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf—
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY



TAKE YOUR *Vitamins* THIS DELICIOUS, NATURAL WAY

for more effective "Teamwork"!

READ WHAT 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE GIVE YOU!



Authorities agree—vitamins do you more good in combination with certain other food elements!

If taking vitamins doesn't seem to be doing you as much good as you hoped—this may be the reason! Authorities now know *Vitamins do not work alone!* They work as a team with certain other food elements. Therefore scientists, doctors, nutritionists are urging "Take your vitamins *in food*—for best results!"

For this reason, thousands are switching to Ovaltine. Unlike mere "vitamin carriers"—Ovaltine contains not only extra vitamins, but nearly *all* the precious food elements necessary for peak vitality. Especially those food elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

For example, Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus must work together—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A and Protein act together in cell-building, and they're *both* in Ovaltine. Vitamin B_1 and fuel-food are both necessary for sparkling vitality—and they're combined in Ovaltine.

Another advantage—the elements in Ovaltine do not vary. They are accurately measured in every ounce. That is why it is an ideal supplement to ordinary foods which lose vitamin-values, sometimes sharply, especially during cooking.

So turn to Ovaltine, as thousands are doing, for an easy, delicious way to get the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals you need.

3 out of every 4 people need



extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

Ovaltine

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



STUART

s. *Savickas and Ginny know that milk is the best food of all for building teeth.*

GOOD TEETH FOR EVERYBODY

May be a reality before long

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Editor of the American

HERE are some questions that dentists hear over and over again, together with their up-to-date answers gathered from leading authorities.

Is there any safe way of bleaching the teeth?

No. Any product which claims to bleach the teeth should be looked at with suspicion. It is natural for teeth to vary in color from pale ivory to deep cream, and although they should be kept scrupulously clean, no attempt should be made to bleach them artificially.

Children are told "Candy is bad for your teeth." Is this so?

There are two dangers from candy. One is that if eaten frequently, it destroys the appetite for more necessary foods. The other is that when it is eaten between meals the teeth are not brushed afterward, but retain the sugars which favor the growth of bacteria. For this reason, the "lollipop habit" is a vicious one from the standpoint of dentistry, since the candy is kept in the mouth for indefinite periods. The ideal time for children to eat candy is directly after meals, when sweets form an acceptable supplement to basic foods, and when toothbrushing can follow. This satisfies the "sweet tooth" without threatening its health.

Is thumb-sucking a serious menace to the shape of the mouth?

While it is not a desirable habit, it is no longer looked on with horror. In fact, many modern authorities believe that the emotional damage done by using drastic means to break a child of this habit is worse than the possible gain. A habit which is really more dangerous, from the point of view of mouth and tooth formation, is that of leaning the jaw heavily on the arm and hand as children are inclined to do at school desks, pushing one side of the face out of line.

Is it true that misuse of a toothbrush is worse than disuse?

Few, if any, children will ever use a brush vigorously enough to do damage. A small brush can be used from two years of age on. Teeth and gums should be brushed at least twice a day, preferably after morning and evening meals. First, brush the grinding surfaces, then the inside, using a back-and-forth stroke. Brush outside surfaces last, using a circular sweep that includes gums as well as teeth. A dentifrice should clean thoroughly and may be mildly abrasive, but should never be gritty enough to injure the enamel.

We are advised to chew coarse foods. Which ones are best?

Raw fruits and vegetables, such as carrots, celery, hearts of cabbage, apples, and dry toast and bread crusts are excellent for teeth and digestion. It does not, however, benefit your teeth to crack nuts or crunch hard candy, and may injure them seriously.

Is it true that lisping could be cured by corrective dentistry?

No such sweeping claim can be made, but it is undeniably true that many speech defects have been improved by oral surgery. A child whose first words indicate that he may have a speech problem should have a dental examination even more promptly than his brothers and sisters.

At what age should the straightening of teeth be started?

Work of this kind can be undertaken when a child is ten or eleven years old. If the child is too young, it is hard to get him to co-operate in the way that gives best results. There are, naturally, individual exceptions, and each case must be decided by the dentist in charge.

Why not pull out a decayed tooth instead of filling it, if the resulting cavity isn't going to show?

Because you not only lessen your chewing ability, but weaken your other teeth, for this reason: your remaining teeth on either side of the cavity will tend to move over to help fill the gap. This means they no longer meet exactly with the teeth above (or below) them. This uneven meeting puts a strain on the teeth so that they will not last as long as they would under normal conditions. Always save a tooth, unless your dentist advises you to have it out.

Why is it necessary to go through an embarrassing period of toothlessness after teeth are pulled and before a plate is inserted?

As a matter of fact, it isn't necessary any more. The newest method is to fit the plate in place while the gums are still soft enough to adjust themselves absolutely to the shape of the plate. There need be no more discomfort than there is in adjusting the gums to the plates in the old way. A period of sensitivity is inevitable in either case, but the new thinking is that the sooner this transition state is over the better, psychologically as well as physically. There have been cases where the dentures were put in place within twenty-four hours of the final extractions! A long cry from the day when it was necessary to mumble toothlessly for a month or more. But then, all of dentistry is making such wonderful strides forward that there is less excuse all the time for losing one's natural equipment early in life, and none at all for letting it go unreplaced.

THERE is an experiment now under way which is being watched with great hope by leading dental authorities. It should be followed even more eagerly by the millions of us whom it is intended to benefit. For if it works out as expected, it will mean better teeth for the whole nation tomorrow, better teeth for all our babies being born today.

This is not a remote laboratory experiment, but a practical test being conducted in Newburgh, New York. Into the drinking water of this town there is being introduced a very small, expertly controlled amount of a tasteless element called fluorine.

What does fluorine do? Well, it is by way of being a dental miracle worker, for it is now an established fact that in communities where it *(Continued on Page 158)*

DO YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE MISTAKEN IDEAS ABOUT TEETH?

If so, *watch out;* you and your children may be heading toward tooth trouble.

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT:

- **It's foolish to spend money on baby teeth because they're only temporary anyway?**
- **There is a satisfactory way of bleaching the teeth?**
- **It's better to have a bad tooth out and "be done with it"?**
- **The coarser the food, the more it strengthens and polishes?**
- **A dentifrice isn't really doing a job unless it feels gritty?**
- **A "tooth or two out" doesn't matter if it is in the back where it doesn't show?**
- **Milk drinking for tooth strength is a rule applying only to children?**
- **If parents have poor teeth, the children are apt to be handicapped, too, and nothing much can be done about it?**
- **Thumb-sucking is the worst possible habit for "spoiling the mouth"?**

HOUSE MODELS BY DEVON DENNETT; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH

Here each individual dwelling in the row-house group has been given a plot of ground only thirty feet wide, just to show how much can be done by skillful designing within this limited space. The tool house, which can also be used for play and for extra storage room, helps to separate lawn and drying yard from the garden patch at the rear, not in the picture, which opens onto the community park and playground area. The row-house group of which a glimpse can be had in the background is across the roadway that serves the houses in this section of the development.

Notice how the exterior treatments vary from house to house, though the essential structures, for economy in construction, remain the same. The roof projection shades the bedroom windows from the high summer sun, but allows the low winter sun to enter and help warm the house. The second floor, as you can see, projects slightly over the ground floor, partly for the same reason, and partly to increase the privacy of the terrace onto which the dining end of the living room opens. The seclusion of the garden is merely a question of hedge and fence.



VERNON DEMARS, Architect

Good Neighbors

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

IT TAKES all types of houses to make the homes in which America Lives. It takes everything from single dwellings, which are most Americans' dream of home, to vast elevator apartments that offer the utmost in service. For greatest economy in rental living, it takes the flats of various kinds, from the two-family flat, such as that in which the Savickas occupy the second floor, to the many-family flats of two and three stories. It takes the double dwelling, too, with its saving over the single house on the cost of land and construction. And finally it takes one of the most familiar types of all—the row house, which offers more for the money than any other type of house in the whole collection.

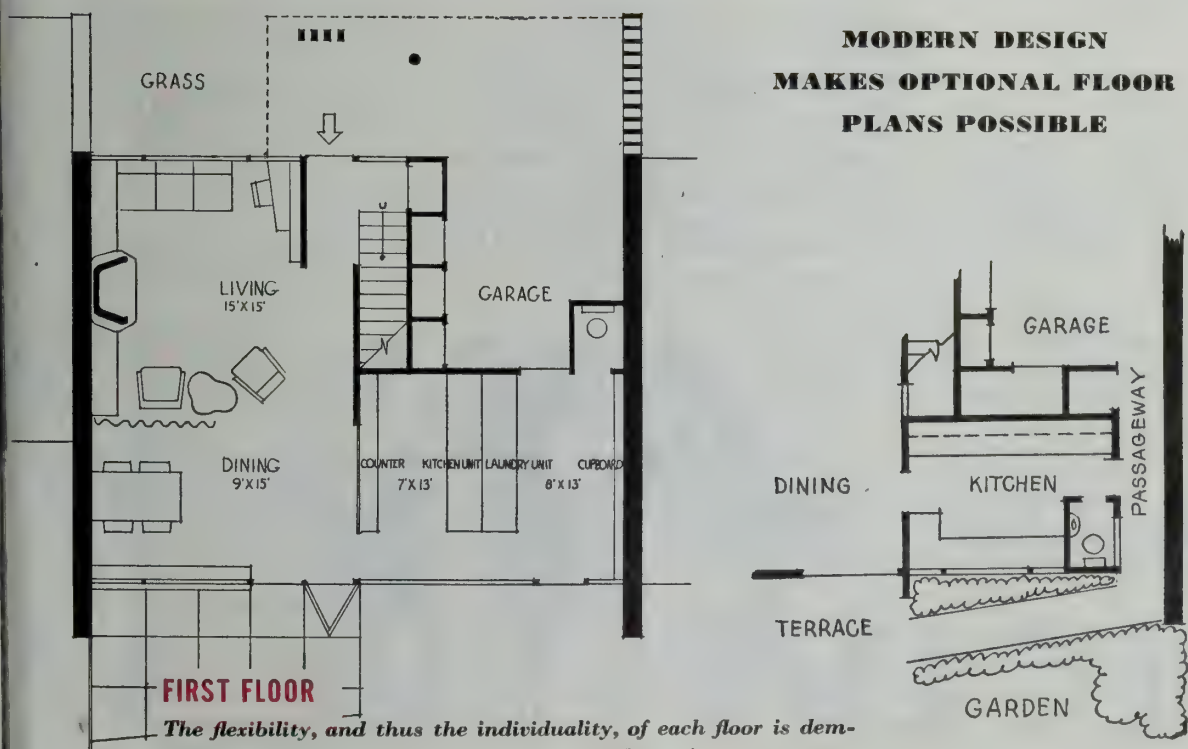
That being the case, we here present a specially designed row house by Vernon DeMars, to surprise you with its unexpected possibilities. The surprise will be that a row house, in addition to its lower cost, can also have privacy, sunlight, space, individuality and beauty; for those, you will agree, have seldom seemed to be its customary qualities. When you come right down to it, the reason for row houses is to give people a whole house and a whole yard of their own for considerably less than a comparable house would cost off by itself. And in a properly planned community, the adjacent land thus saved by the close coupling of the houses is then devoted to the common use of the row-house residents—for playgrounds, greenery and outlook.

The principal thing to provide in a row house is a feeling of privacy; here, by reason of Mr. DeMars' design, made practically complete. First, the party walls are perfectly soundproof. Furthermore, these party walls extend, as you can see, beyond the garden face of the building, creating, in effect, an alcove into which it is impossible to see from next door. Then on into the garden itself: tall, tightly woven screening fences shield the sitting terraces, while high hedges or vine-covered trellises enclose the rest of the yard.

Rather than the customary sameness, here each person's house in the row is more than a street number. Each has been given its definite individuality, not only by special color treatment and texture outside, but by occasional setbacks, as you can see at the left side of the picture. This individuality can have hardly enough effect on the cost to matter, for any row-house project worth talking about would rightly be a big-scale undertaking, and the little variations in finish which make so much difference in looks would make very little in dollars.

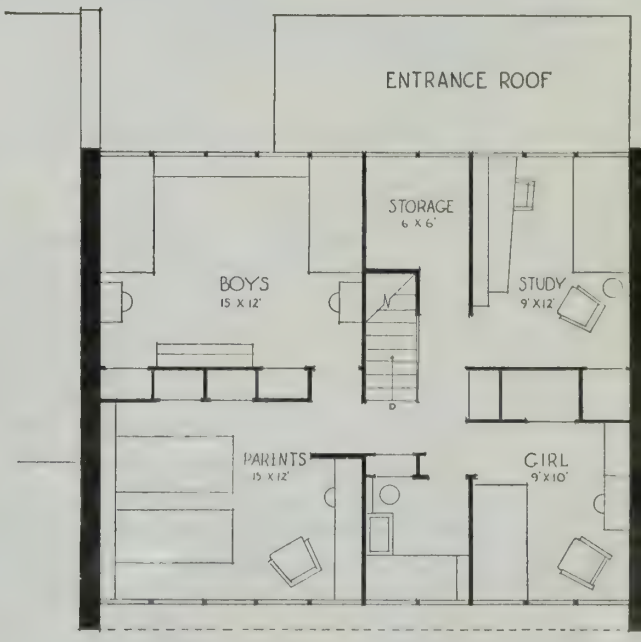
Speaking of individuality, the architect suggests a novel idea for sales demonstration which would open up even further opportunities for personal tastes and family requirements. Say there were to be several or many groups of row houses in the development, with from six to eight individual dwellings in each group. Then while all groups were under construction, one group would be completely finished for demonstration purposes; and in that finished group each individual dwelling would have a different room arrangement, different scheme of decoration, and different types or treatment of utility units, such as kitchen, laundry, bathrooms. All this would be possible by reason of interchangeable prebuilt panels and units. And from the point of view of the purchasers, who could then select the house arrangement as well as the location they like, the famous monotonous repetition of row-house living would be gone forever.

MODERN DESIGN MAKES OPTIONAL FLOOR PLANS POSSIBLE



FIRST FLOOR

The flexibility, and thus the individuality, of each floor is demonstrated here by the fact that if you should prefer a more compact kitchen unit, allowing for a passage through from roadway to garden, you could have it as shown on small kitchen plan. Large plan shows kitchen-laundry scheme as pictured on page 153.



SECOND FLOOR

The second floor, because of the choice made possible by interchangeable partition panels and prebuilt closets, can have anywhere from two to four bedrooms as desired, with more or less storage space, all depending on individual needs. You can even alter the room arrangement with changing requirements



Dear Mrs. America:

Your "memo" has been received —and Philco has acted on your suggestions . . .



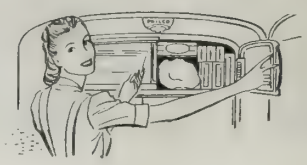
A great metropolitan newspaper requested its women readers to submit a "Memo to Manufacturers" telling just what they wanted in household equipment after the war.

Particularly interesting to Philco is the fact that the thing most women wanted most was a new refrigerator. Nearly 30% of the women who wrote were hoping for a new refrigerator . . . just about double the desire for any other appliance.



And these women had very definite ideas on what they wanted in that new refrigerator! They wanted a separate compartment for freezing fresh meats, poultry and ice cream . . . and ample space for storing frozen foods.

Today . . . Philco can report it has *acted* on that recommendation. Even *before* the war, several Philco Refrigerators provided a separate compartment for frozen food storage and home freezing. Some day . . . the date depending on military requirements . . . Philco dealers will display new, modern, greatly improved refrigerators . . . featuring the *Freezer-Locker* . . .



Philco's post-war contribution to better and more economical living . . . Philco's completely satisfactory answer to the expressed desire of the women of America.

The Freezer-Locker will be just one of many Philco developments. This is not the time to speak of them . . . nor the time to suggest their delivery is close at hand. But great things are coming . . . great progress is being made. So, Mrs. America, look to Philco for the most advanced types of post-war refrigerators!

Tune in the RADIO HALL OF FAME . . . a full hour of Top Hits from all fields of entertainment. Sunday, 6 to 7 P. M., E W T, Blue Network.



PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

If Wishes were Kitchens...



PHOTOS BY STUART

Mrs. Savickas daydreams over the model of our kitchen-and-laundry in a capsule, showing how it might look in the 13′ x 15′ kitchen area of the "Good Neighbor" house.





Laundry in toto, a part of, yet secluded from, the "cooking kitchen." Combination washer-drier, hand-laundry sink above clothes bins, swing-out ironer—all topped by storage cupboards; then a double closet whose sliding doors shelter sewing machine, ironing board, complete cleaning equipment.

Kitchen complete and unabridged! Range with high oven and broiler, conveniently next to the large preparation center. Beneath this space, utensil drawers; beside it, the dishwashing sink above 15 cubic feet of refrigerated storage drawers. Above are dish and "dry food" storage cupboards.

By Judy Barry

IT ALL began on the day Mrs. Savickas first came to call on us here at the JOURNAL. Mrs. Savickas has worked in a factory, seen the miracles that can emerge from a production line and, like every one of us, has an awed respect for what industry is able to achieve.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful," she said wistfully, as we showed her the kitchens we work with here, "if they could do something about kitchens? If a whole kitchen, with a washing machine folded up into it somehow, would just roll off, at a price we could manage, as cars used to do before the war. Edward could buy a Ford, but I'd certainly buy a 'Ford' kitchen!"

"H'm-m," breathed the Workshop staff, in one collective voice, while a bright gleam of interest flashed from eye to eye. And proceeded to sit down and figure how it might be worked out, if it could happen.

Isn't it conceivable that Mrs. Savickas, and her thousands of counterparts who long for a well-equipped workable kitchen and laundry, would be able to have it at a price within their reach, if the equipment could be produced "all of a piece"? Modern manufactured-house makers are promising a lot of house for the money in postwar years. Wouldn't it be a great saving to have all "innards" wrapped in one all-encompassing jacket, with resulting economy in plumbing, wiring and retailing costs, rather than have each unit wear its own little separate case? Think of all the lovely shiny enamel lost to sight and use at the sides, when separate units stand cheek-by-jowl. Think, too, of the ornery little crevices that wouldn't be there to need cleaning, if one casing sheltered everything!

Before we tell you more about our recipe for this particular kind of kitchen à la JOURNAL, why don't you flip back to page 150 and take one more look at the "Good Neighbor" house, for we pinned our wishing down to fit the probable needs of this proposed postwar-type of manufactured housing. It worked out to include all kitchen and laundry units in one capsule, a whopping big capsule eight feet long by four feet wide—complete with everything to make a housewife glow with pleasure in her career. This, perhaps, is the "Ford de luxe" model, as Mrs. Savickas suggested. There are endless possibilities for Buick and Chrysler variations.

Will you come into the kitchen now—just as if it were real? Food side first, of course. Let's say the grocery boy's gone whistling out; or more likely you've come struggling in, with arms full and hat sliding over one ear! At any rate, your groceries are there at the end of the counter. The plan of procedure is efficient as a production line, and it's fun to work that way, on two counts: partly because work goes so smoothly; partly because the time it saves is legitimately yours, for reading, playing with the children—or just dreaming, if you've a mind to!

Well, there you are standing at the sink, to wash and prepare vegetables. (Provision has been made, a concealed compartment beneath the sink, for garbage disposal.) Now you're ready to store them.

This is where you keep food cool and fresh. Directly beneath the sink, just where it's most convenient, is fifteen cubic feet of refrigerated storage space—actually more than twice the amount considered enough in the average prewar refrigerator. That was six cubic feet. Compartments are drawers that slide out slick as a whistle, so you don't have to paw like a puppy to get at things in back. They have rounded corners for easy cleaning. Temperatures range from the proper degree for ordinary things to the frosty cold needed for storage of frozen foods, with a humidified drawer for vegetables. Praise be, there's a special tall space for tall bottles other than milk bottles, which go with the dairy products in their own compartment, nearest the preparation space where you're most likely to use them.

This is where food is fixed and mixed. Left of the sink, on five long lovely feet of clear counter space, you ought to be able to whip up a dream cake. Directly above is the outlet for your *(Continued on Page 166)*



Yep! we're coming back!

Yes, those aristocrats of the deep—Birds Eye Fish Fillets—are on the way back to *your* dinner plate!

Not in either the numbers or the varieties you used to see. But any Birds Eye Fish will make you a delicious Lenten Dinner! Take, for instance, the "misunderstood Cod"...

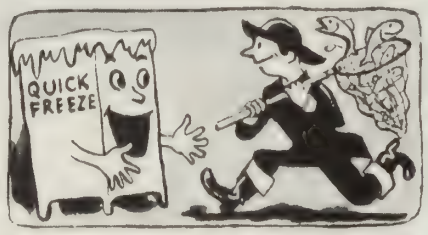


Too many know him as a salted, rock-hard individual. Whereas any trawler-man will tell you "the *ocean-fresh* Cod is the king of all eating fish!" Note that word "ocean-fresh"...

Birds Eye captures it!

Now, quick-freezing captures that marvelous ocean tang and freshness. And...

Birds Eye does it! We nab the Cod in the cold New England waters, rush them to port. There, we clean, bone, wash, and fillet them. We do the time-consuming, messy kitchen work for you.



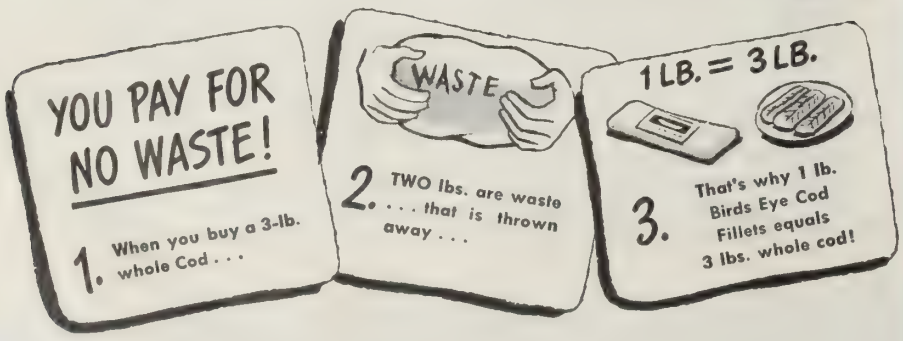
Then the fillets are wrapped in cellophane, packaged, and quick-frozen—within 4 hours after docking! Sealed in is that grand, *just-caught freshness*, held for you!

Just unwrap, cook, and serve. And because *every ounce you pay for reaches your table*, these fillets are really economical. Look for Birds Eye Cod Fillets in your nearest Birds Eye Store—and try some the first chance you get!



BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS

Product of General Foods





STUART

Stella cheerfully purées the string beans, strains the soup. Some for Ginny, some for Ed, who's eating "light" these days.

Food for Fidgety Folks

By Louella G. Shouer

IS YOUR weight taking a nose dive? Afraid to eat? Does your tummy have the jitters? Appetite leave you at the mere sight of food? If you are or ever have been in this upsetting condition, you can well understand what Ed Savickas has been going through.

Back from overseas—with the reality of war still too vivid—Ed is restless and nervous. Indigestion heckles him; restful sleep is impossible at times: those dreams—you've had them, if not on the same subject. Now and then he goes on a self-imposed liquid diet, believing that any solid food at all will disagree with him. Doctors at the plant prescribe no special diet. "Just soft-pedal the fats," they say. A daily "take" of vitamin B-complex for appetite and nerves is the "medicine."

Stella is doing her understanding best to cope with the situation—really works at it. Her calm, gentle disposition is much of the cure.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

BUILD UP WITH B_1. People who get too little thiamine have poor appetite; it aids digestion, steadies the nerves and keeps you on the up and up. Breakfast cereals, whole-grain and enriched breads and dried brewer's yeast are important firsts. Dried peas, lentils, and all forms of beans, spinach, asparagus, corn, tomatoes, baked potatoes and citrus fruits add their bit. The yolks of 2 eggs provide as much as a medium-sized baked potato; 1 pint of milk as much as 3 eggs. Pork, liver, kidney—best bets of meats.

Rest works wonders. If sheep counting doesn't help—and it really doesn't—if you're keyed up, you might try keeping a plate of crackers or a covered glass of milk along with it in handy reach for middle-of-the-night nibbles. Ed has taken to roaming the house at night—usually ends up at the refrigerator.

Eat oftener and not so much. Four or five light meals instead of three squares are far better for fidgety folks. Avoid all racily seasoned foods like the plague; coarse-textured vegetables—unless you sieve them—and strong-flavored vegetables only invite trouble. Fatty foods and rich desserts can be unpleasant after-dinner companions. Better forget them. Strong tea and coffee are not for you. Weaken them with hot milk if you're not a milk drinker straight.

If you're taking over the job of bringing someone in your family back on an even keel, remember to serve food as attractive as you can make it. Daintiness appeals to men as well as to women. Plain purée of spinach, for instance, is slushy and dull on a plate. Add white sauce to lighten it in color. Serve in a yellow casserole with a frill of mashed potato all round and it looks like something really meant to be eaten.

Not hungry for breakfast? Arrange the rising hour long enough ahead so there's time for a leisurely breakfast. That's easier said than done, I know, but you might set the clock ahead if you can pretend to disbelieve it. A short walk with the dog or a made-up errand for the no-breakfast eater will give him a sniff of fresh air, and you know what that does to the appetite. Put a slice of bacon to sizzling. Even if you have to eat it yourself, the smell of it may put him in the mood to drink some orange juice or nibble at a piece of toast. Once you've got him to the fruit, toast and hot-milk-and-coffee stage, work up to a more balanced breakfast gradually. Change your menu every day.

Breakfast briefs. Serve fruits that slip down easily: juices; mashed banana; cooked prune or apricot purée—sometimes serve it in an orange shell for looks; applesauce or a skinned baked apple.

Cereal—a six-letter word meaning "appetite." It's packed with vitamin B_1, with energy, and so on. Hot cooked ones that are smooth can be served as is. Sieve coarser ones. Dress them up with a fruit garnish or brown sugar. Make "milk toast" out of shredded wheat and hot milk. Many other ready-to-eats, if soaked up with hot milk, fit into the "soft" list too.

Shirr the eggs with milk in little ovenproof dishes as a change from soft-cooked, poached and scrambled.

Luncheon or dinner. You can evolve appetizing menus out of the smooth, bland, easy-to-digest foods. Here are some suggestions. Keep meals small, as the between hours are—or should be—occasionally punctuated with milk drinks. Serve dry toast for "bread." Remove all membrane and skin from fruits. You know best whether your "patient" can or can't drink beverages other than milk. Raw-vegetable salads are not usually right for semi-invalids.

★ ★ ★

Creamed Eggs and Cress on Toasted Johnnycake

Scalloped Tomatoes

Applesauce Pudding—Custard Sauce

Broiled Chopped Beef

Mashed Potatoes with Carrot

Purée of Green Beans

Chilled Cooked Rice with Crushed Berries

★ ★ ★

Strained Chicken-and-Celery Broth

Scalloped Noodles and Spinach

Baked Squash

Grapefruit Sections with Lemon and Honey

Small Cream Puffs

☆ ★ ★

Strained Cream-of-Celery Soup

Tomato Omelet **Puréed Peas**

Orange Sherbet

★ ★ ★

Baked Chicken in Milk

Baked Sweet Potato

Spinach Timbales

Crushed Pineapple and Orange Sections—Oilless Cooked-Fruit Dressing

Meringue Custard Pudding

★ ★ ★

Potato Soup

Shirred Egg with Tomato Sauce

Baked Apple without Skin

★ ★ ★

Tomato Soup with Croutons

Poached Eggs Florentine

Lemon Milk Sherbet with Puréed Apricot Sauce

★ ★ ★

Halibut Soufflé with Egg Sauce

Mashed Carrot Ring—Purée of Peas in Center

Jellied Rhubarb Juice

★ ★ ★

Hamburger-Stuffed Potatoes

Mashed Carrots on Toast—Finely Chopped Parsley

Tomato Aspic—Mild Seasoning, No Dressing

Floating Island

★ ★ ★

Bouillon

Creamed Sweetbreads in Toast Baskets

Purée of Peas

Baked Honey Custard with Orange Sections

★ ★ ★

Clear Hot Vegetable Juices

Flounder Birds **Asparagus Purée**

Baked-Potato Halves

Jam Bavarian Cream

★ ★ ★

Strained Mushroom Soup

Broiled Lamb Chop—Water-Cress Garnish

Stewed Tomatoes with Croutons in Small Casserole

Vanilla Ice Cream



Add iron-rich BOSCO and make milk a treat

No need to "bribe" your children to drink milk. Just add delicious chocolate-flavored Bosco, and milk drinking becomes a treat. And remember Bosco is so rich in Iron and Vitamin D that four teaspoonfuls in milk supply the full minimum daily requirement of these two important elements.

★War conditions may prevent your grocer giving you all the Bosco you want. When this happens, please ask for it again and be patient if he is temporarily out of stock.







This is the living room of the Good Neighbor house designed for the Savickas family. Today's modern rooms are friendlier, the furniture is better and more comfortable, the colors gayer. Sectional pieces arrange to economize space, making the room look more spacious. Sunlight and a window view become part of the decoration.

PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER

Postwar Room for Living

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

EVERYTHING about the living room photographed above suggests new living techniques. This is one reason Ed and Stella Savickas were so excited about it, and about the Good Neighbor house especially planned for them on pages 100 and 101. Since you will be seeing so many new developments in modern interiors from now on, a few pointers will help you to understand and enjoy them as they come along.

Modern Backgrounds are plain, partly because the walls are made of newly developed materials, often put up in sections or units, like the one in the photograph. The surface is usually textured and looks velvety when painted. Windows are few and large, or grouped so that there is plenty of room for built-in cabinets, shelves and other conveniences along the walls. These built-ins, by the way, eliminate the necessity for small stands, magazine racks, and so forth, which clutter the average room and complicate housekeeping.

Light, air and sun become part of the room atmosphere, and you accommodate your furnishings to them instead of shutting them out in the old way. A big window view is part of the decoration, so you leave it uncovered. A curtain draws when you want privacy—all easier and better than cell-like seclusion. Floors are often of poured materials or fitted sections of new compositions—no cracks—and you may use rugs or carpets, or just leave the floors bare if you like.

Modern Furniture is not a style, like Sheraton or Victorian, to be matched up in a correct way, but is the name given to many kinds of simple furniture, most of which emphasizes its angular construction and natural-wood finishes. Comfortable cushioning for chairs and sofas is an appealing feature of modern furniture, and great care is taken to have seating pieces fit and support the human form.

The best modern is medium in scale, so conservative that you are often not sure it really is modern, and combines well with any traditional pieces you wish to put into the room. The furniture used in the room photographed is this kind of modern.

Sectional furniture is a happy development of modern. Sofas which come in three, four or five units, which you can arrange together or separate to use as chairs, are particularly usable. Chests, cabinets, corner tables and shelves come in matching woods such as blond mahogany, sycamore and maple, and of uniform height so that you can turn a corner and extend them in any direction, fill a gap or round out a grouping.

Plate glass is used for table tops in many cases, and for style and protection over utility surfaces such as desks, dining tables and servers. Glass is to be considered a modern structural material also.

Modern Color Schemes show light plain background and clear fresh colors such as emerald green, gold, watermelon pink and larkspur blue. The textures of fabrics are rough or homespun in effect, and most draperies are styled simply. The fashion of a modern room, by the way, is often in its color scheme. Right now we are indulging our taste for really beautiful and even exotic colors, such as the japonica pink in the room photographed. If the wall colors are neutral, you need not be afraid to dramatize your own particular color favorite in your decorations.

Modern Arrangement groups the furniture so that open spaces are left. This often means placing pieces at right angles. But we don't fill in "empty spots" as we used to do. We push the furniture back and place the emphasis on the empty spaces! It is a good tonic for any family room, modern or not—try it.

Modern Suggestions. The charm of the all-out modern room is in its simplicity and obvious suitability to certain types of American families. But you do not have to go all-out modern to enjoy its refreshing qualities in a traditional house. Try modern arrangement for a change. Or introduce a modern color scheme to give a lift to your beloved antiques—quite oddly, they look modern, too, with the borrowed glamour.

If you have courage and like style, do your walls over in elegantly plain modern—aqua, pink, chartreuse or platinum—and hang long, straight draperies of the same color. Modern touches give old rooms a lift.

If you are planning a modern postwar house, don't be disturbed about using the furnishings you now have, if you prefer them. You may need a new color scheme, and some of the older pieces may require slip-covering, but you will find that modern backgrounds are versatile and do not contrast any style of furnishings unfavorably.



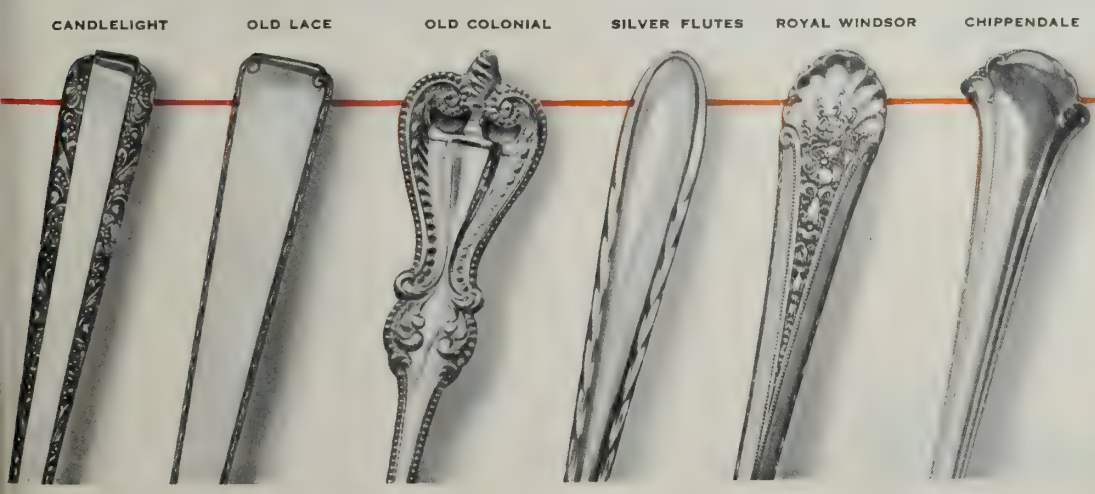
The far approach of Spring unlocks the brook behind the house . . .
We hear it murmur once again as the ice thins and falls away . . .

The friendly voices of the brook, the stirring trees . . .
the cheerful blaze upon the hearth, soft light glowing on the family dinner table, complete and perfect with its lovely Sterling . . .
so many things make HOME . . .

TOWLE STERLING has contributed its grace and beauty to happy homes for generations. Fashioned true to craft traditions that began in 1690, this solid silver in exquisite Towle patterns has been the choice of many, many brides.

For all its rich heritage and its careful modern crafting, Towle Sterling is not expensive . . . a place setting — a knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, and a butter spreader — can cost as little as $22.70, including the 20% Federal Tax. Start *your* Towle pattern now, add to it as you wish . . . your jeweler can show you today the pattern that will become a part of your tomorrow's living.

Write for a free copy of "The Bride in Wartime — and her Towle Sterling" . . . to help you select your pattern from the wealth of lovely Towle patterns, fashioned in both the traditional and the modern manner . . . and to help you care for your Sterling once it has become a precious possession in your home. Address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Department J-2, Newburyport, Mass.



TOWLE
STERLING



GOOD TEETH FOR EVERYBODY

(Continued from Page 149)

is a natural ingredient in the drinking water the citizenry have markedly strong teeth. A school survey in five communities near Chicago showed, for instance, that the children who were lucky enough to have fluorine in their regular drinking water had only about one third as much tooth trouble as the others! If the fluorine content is high, the teeth may become mottled as well as strong, but when the percentage of fluorine is held down to one part per million parts of water, the teeth develop resistance to decay with less likelihood of mottling. Even if the spots do appear it is not serious, as they can be removed.

For the next ten years all school children between the ages of five and twelve in Newburgh will have an annual dental checkup under the direction of the New York State Health Department. For purposes of comparison, the school children of Kingston, New York, a similar community not undergoing the fluorine experiment, will also be examined.

If this wonder-working chemical accomplishes what forward-looking dentists believe it will, based on their preliminary experiments, it will be a simple matter to extend the Newburgh program across the nation. When that happy day comes, a health treatment for your teeth will be no more difficult, literally, than drinking a glass of water!

In the meantime, while we are awaiting the outcome of this test, we can't let the American dental situation slip from bad to worse, as it has certainly been doing. You have probably heard the dismaying fact that 23 per cent of the first men called up by the draft were rejected on teeth alone. But did you also realize this high figure was in spite of the fact that *all those men were required to have, to get by, were twelve teeth that met?*

YOU CAN'T BLAME YOUR ANCESTORS FOR YOUR TEETH

With the exception of that very immediate ancestor, your mother, you can't blame poor teeth on your forebears. Your teeth are not a family heritage, like a Roman nose or red hair. They are made to order just for you, beginning with that moment six months before your birth when the first jellylike bodies are formed in embryo gums. Whether they develop properly depends on whether they get a sufficient supply of calcium and phosphorus; in other words, on whether your mother-to-be is eating and assimilating properly. Starting with that important prenatal period, here is a summary of the program urged by doctors and dentists for the production, and preservation, of sound teeth:

Prenatal Tooth Care. The diet and general health of an expectant mother have a direct effect on her baby's teeth. If she skimps on the necessary food elements, she is not only handicapping her child, but laying up trouble for herself. This results from the fact that Nature, who is always more interested in the coming generation than the present one, will ruthlessly draw on every available element she needs for tooth building and will deprive the mother of calcium to help her baby, if there is not enough for both. This explains why so many women have unusual dental difficulties during and after pregnancy. It is important that the intake be sufficient to protect both mother and baby. Here are facts to remember:

Milk is a *must* in the diet: preferably a quart a day, because *there is nothing quite so good for building teeth.*

In addition, fresh fruits and vegetables, potatoes, whole-grain or enriched cereals and bread, fish, poultry or meat, eggs, butter or enriched oleomargarine are needed.

But even this ample diet may need to be supplemented by cod-liver oil, containing vitamin D, which enables the teeth to absorb calcium and phosphorus more freely. Your doctor will decide about this, and also about the desirability of calcium tablets, which are excellent in some cases but are not a universal necessity. Don't prescribe for y self. Ask your physician what you need

Have your own teeth checked as soo you know you are pregnant. It is par larly important at this time that you teeth capable of chewing your food prop Furthermore, diseased teeth affect your eral health, and therefore the well-bei your baby. There is no reason at all t afraid of having your dental work done ing pregnancy because of possible ner strain. Modern dentistry takes your co tion into consideration and has found to minimize or eliminate pain that m shock the system.

A Child's First Trip to the D tist. Once a child has arrived in world and is equipped with his first te how soon should he be taken to the den Should mother wait until a wail annou a toothache?

"Emphatically, no!" say modern tists. A child's first visit to the dental affects his lifetime attitude about the of his teeth. If he is dragged screamin an office where his original pain is fur aggravated, to his way of thinking, white-coated gentleman who starts prod around in his sensitive mouth, he may acquire a permanent loathing of everyt connected with tooth repair.

The wise mother doesn't wait until child is in distress, but takes him with on one of her own periodical checkups, he is between two and three years old. gives the dentist a chance to make fri with the child under pleasant circumsta His office becomes an interesting plac visit and he himself appears as a kindly son instead of a fearsome ogre.

The Importance of Baby Teeth. many mothers still accept the mistaken tion that first teeth don't require any ticular attention. "Since they fall out, way, why spend money on them?"

That unfortunate idea is to blame many a toothache and unhealthy mo and even, in some cases, for badly pl second teeth. There are very important sons for preserving baby teeth, as follow

First, a small child needs teeth to his food properly. If his first teeth ar lowed to crumble before his second come in, there may be a period of or two years when it is actually impossible him to masticate properly. Food is lowed half chewed. Bad digestion res And all this at an age when his growing needs to get the most nourishment pos from a variety of substantial foods, an jaws need to be strengthened and devel through the exercise of honest chewing.

This development of the jaw, and pr vation of the first teeth, also helps to g the permanent teeth into position.

Finally, decaying teeth are as offensi young mouths as older ones. The hel child whose mouth is not clean, and w system is filling up with poison draining his teeth, is entitled to be irritable. It pity he cannot lay the blame for his behavior on his parents, where it belon

There is every reason for examining teeth and having all cavities filled prom

What Next? If a child's first teeth well cared for and a happy relationship his dentist is established, the dental rul the rest of his life is simple: *periodic chec and obedience to the dentist's instruc* Twice-a-year inspections are enough ex in cases of "problem teeth," or after se illness. Teeth, like hair, are a health barc ter, and suffer during disease. Any ro that keeps the body in top form make tooth strength too. For that reason, tists today check patients' diet and h habits along with their mouths, and likely to prescribe foods as well as fill Your teeth are willing to work for yo longer if you will give them the right of food to work *on*, and *with*.



Some day not far away, we hope, when our war work is finished, you'll again be sinking into the soft, cushioned luxury of your new Beautyrest.

Once again you'll know the quiet comfort of Beautyrest. Once again you'll enjoy that restful, sleeping-on-air feeling you get from Beautyrest's 837 individually pocketed coils. You'll know you have a mattress with sag-proof borders, and ventilators that really *ventilate*. Yes, your Beautyrest is well worth waiting for!

P.S. Meanwhile, if you need a new mattress now, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. It's the "mattress within a mattress" —soft, durable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton. And it costs only $39.50.

We can offer you, too, a limited quantity of those wonderful Beautyrest Box Springs—available at the same low price.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P.S. DID YOU REMEMBER TO BUY THAT EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY?



Here's swank for your supper—tender, juicy SKINLESS franks in a rich, brown mushroom gravy, garnished with oven-baked dumplings.

SKINLESS frankfurters are easy to prepare: bring water to a boil, drop in franks, let stand off flame 5 minutes—and they're ready to serve! It's smart to serve SKINLESS! No skins to peel; they don't split open—all the flavory, savory juices stay in.

Every morsel is delicious, tender, nourishing. Your dealer has your favorite brand of franks made the SKINLESS way. Ask for them today!

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6733 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Skinless FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS—THE NO-WASTE FOOD



Shut off from the outside world, we are bound by forty acres of Connecticut's snow-swept hills and meadows.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

NOW that our New England is like an icebox that somebody went away and left too long, I often wish I could turn the month to defrost—just long enough, please, for a breathing spell between sleet and sleet. A defrosted fifth of February, for example, and then wash the whole landscape with soda and warm water and start over. Instead, the wind is beating a hollow drum and the sleet hissing against the storm windows. I am always surprised to realize that sleet does actually hiss, because hissing should be a hot sound.

Esmé and Tigger sit right smack on the radiators, and when we pick them up their fur is like hot embers. Esmé has a remote and dreamy blue gaze; part of her spirit has gone away to a tropic land where a pink-luster moon shines and little silver fish play in the warm shallows of a blue lagoon. Very few things give one such a sense of comfort as a cat on a hot radiator or sitting in the ashes in the fireplace, though I hardly know why it should be so. I feel fortified against February just by looking at her.

Melody and Hildegarde skip over the crusty snow like winter butterflies, Melody blacker than satin and Hildegarde marked snow on velvet. Something gay and wild comes to their little hearts with winter weather: I believe their mother told them legends about the land of everlasting ice and snow before they were born.

Even the older dogs get spells of dashing hither and yon, promising one another a nice large moose or a brace of reindeer for dinner. Saxon has such a heavy gold coat now, he does look as if he wore a parka.

Sister Jill says this is the time of year to reorganize the house in terms of what is oftenest used and where it is kept. She is certainly right, and if I were an organizing person I should instantly wrestle with the jammed-up china cupboards and pack away those dishes never picked up except to dust. Also sorting out old letters and bills, and straightening the sewing basket—yes, this is the month to review the whole inside of the house of Stillmeadow.

Building additional shelves here and there, and then filling them, is a February job. Though Jill often lays down the hammer say despondently, "It isn't much good you stand right behind me with armloa more of junk to park on them before I ev get 'em painted!"

The trouble is that as I pick up a crack ironstone plate, I get to admiring the gl and the way the edge is scalloped, and think it is nice to look at with candleli glimmering on the soft finish—and ba goes the plate in the same old spot.

"Have you used this in five years?" says in an executive tone.

"No," I admit feebly, "but you know might put peanuts or something in it. I had it to hand."

"Peanuts," says Jill.

Very often, after one of these reorganiz bouts, I will be able to pack away t chipped butter plates, one broken fork a ten of the fifty meat skewers from the sil drawer. Then I relax happily with some book that ought to be thrown out for sc and say, "Isn't it nice to get all organi before the outside work begins?"

Jill usually does not answer. She is re ing seed catalogues. So I suggest brigh that she throw away all the old ones.

"I need them to refer to," she s haughtily, "to know what we planted past years. I write in the margins."

I do love to read every magazine article planning the housework and saving time budgeting it. And ever since I read ab that senator's wife who made fourteen b every day in nothing flat, I never mak bed without feeling very inferior. I alw have to skip from side to side. I see he my mind's eye, standing like a lovely Ju in one spot and just flicking the whole l together in one graceful swoop. I am g that senator has her for his wife; it should him good when he comes in from coping w a confused governmental project squirrel all over the map. He can relax in his knowing his wife made it in five seconds f

With regard to bills, I am happy to kn the world is full of wonderfully honest upright people. I have been known to p the same rent bill three times, dreamily w ing checks three days in succession. Ev

little while I get the nicest letter from the insurance people, too, a little puzzled that I am trying to pay them again for the same premium, but so amiable about the whole thing. No doubt if I were well organized, I should not guess how kind and thoughtful business people are.

One thing, though, that has helped a great deal in these hectically busy war days, is that we have now put all the cleaning things in an old tin lunch box which we carry from room to room. Polish and wax and dustcloths and a whisk broom and the extra parts for the vacuum cleaner—which I never use—and a small can of cleaning fluid. This saves miles enough of running back and forth for a hike to Texas, I am sure. We have found that liquid wax rubbed over furniture, and followed by paste, gives a clean and well-polished look. We use the liquid wax in this instance for a cleaner.

Winter sandwiches for my husband's lunch box used to be a problem. Then a friend wrote me how to make lettuce crisp. She soaks her lettuce in ice water, not for a little while, but for a couple of hours before storing in the icebox. I tried it and was delighted to find the lettuce as crisp as fresh garden lettuce, almost. She says it is because the lettuce has time to absorb enough moisture from the slow soaking. It stays crisp longer too. I miss being able to dash to the garden for a panful of four kinds of lettuce and for crunchy spinach and chard leaves. Bob is now able to carry soup to heat after he gets to the plant. He uses the small tins of prepared soup, or takes an old mayonnaise jar of homemade. On cold winter nights a hot soup added to the sandwiches is very heartening.

When I was a child, cooking was a major occupation. Mamma thought nothing of recipes that called for hours of work. She managed by rising with those proverbial early birds and rarely sitting down unless she had some sewing to do. I often wish she could have had half the packaged mixes and dehydrated dinners to use that we have now. I find them excellent, and when my conservative friends turn up their noses, I invite them for supper and serve golden nutty hot muffins or crisp corn-bread sticks, a fluffy gingerbread cake topped with beaten cream cheese—if I have the cheese. Then possibly I use a boxed chili dinner with a jar of tamales added. The secret of using the dried products or the mixes is not to be limited by them as they are, but combine them and vary them and add extra seasoning. The makers, I think, give you more than your money's worth; but if you use your imagination, the dish becomes your own.

I GENERALLY add a beaten egg, a bit of sugar and more salad oil or margarine to the muffin or biscuit or pancake mixes. I combine two or more dehydrated soups—the dried chicken-and-noodle mixes are especially good in combinations. I also find that many canned soups get a superb flavor if they have a package of dried soup mix added as they simmer. When I make muffins, I often drop a teaspoonful of tart jelly in the bottom of the tins and then add the batter. And when I make soup on the big old range I usually add a complete soup mix to the big kettle.

We use a good deal of soup in February, served boiling hot always in pottery bowls. I keep the iron kettle on the back of the range and let it simmer a long time. Beef bones or chicken bones or ham bones or bits of any leftover roast make the beginning. I season with onion, parsley, green pepper, celery seed, four or five whole cloves, a bay leaf, a pinch of mixed herbs, an extra pinch of sage if the bones are fowl. Then I soak overnight in cold water some Lima beans or dried lentils or dried kidney beans. I add these in the morning, and also put in carrots, turnips, tomatoes, rice or spaghetti—almost anything on hand except parsnips. I think parsnips are too sweet for soup, but like them in lamb stew. The secret of a perfect soup is a slow blending of a thousand flavors. If you have a range, the soup can cook all night at the back of the stove.

But even a businesswoman can have an elegant soup if she keeps her herb shelf nicely filled and the package soups at hand. Many of my friends come home from work around six, and have dinner to get. It can be done well, with planning and ingenuity. For instance, Fay Clark's creamed potatoes are delicious, and incredibly quick. She cooks the potatoes the night before and puts them in a greased casserole. Then when she dashes home to get supper, she takes the casserole and sprinkles flour and grated cheese directly over the potatoes, turning them well and mixing it in with a spoon. She adds the milk, salt and pepper and pops the casserole over the simmering part of the stove. It is a quick dish, but seems like one cooked a long time.

ANOTHER business-girl friend of mine takes one evening a week to cook beets, bake squash, bake potatoes, make salad dressing. Then she stores them in the icebox in covered containers and serves them in different ways. Beets are buttered one night, pickled once, served Harvard style once. Squash may be stuffed with sausage, reheated with brown sugar or mashed. Potatoes may be plain baked, scalloped, creamed.

My own favorite quickie is my gravy. All gravy directions I have read say "Pour off most of the fat from the roast." I never pour off any. I simply make up every bit of it into gravy. I sprinkle on flour, stir until a smooth *roux* is obtained, add boiling water recklessly, or milk if it is a pork fat, add gravy seasoning, and Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Then I put the extra gravy in a sterile glass jar and put on the rubber and seal it.

The rest of the week I can have a casserole with the gravy instead of sauce, or add more liquid and make a base for a meat pie, or add tomato sauce and pour it over macaroni. Or just heat up cold potatoes in it and sprinkle cheese and parsley over the top. To date, I have never had any gravy spoil this way.

This month we have to expect to be snowed in part of the time. When the road to the mailbox is an unbroken glaze in the morning, I know we are in for it. The fire is leaping on the hearth and the kitchen is warm and pleasant. I think of all the women on the farms on such a morning, working away, shut off from the outside world for a time.

I like to feel the house snug and quiet and clean around me, firelight on the books, windows blurred with silver. I really have time to look at my Heritage books with the lovely illustrations, or reread Keats' Letters. I sat down the other night to look at the Heritage Treasure Island, and found myself reading the whole book, simply enchanted all over again with Robert Louis Stevenson.

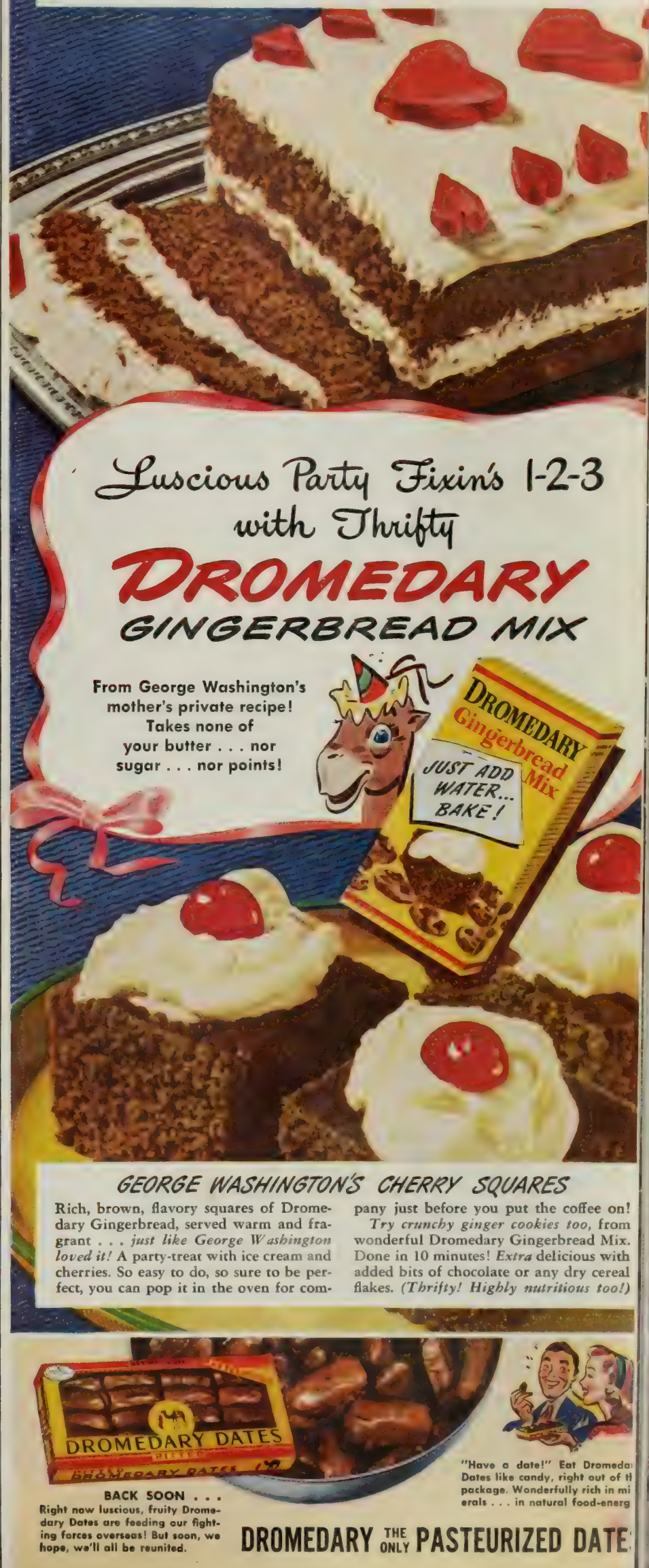
When I was very small, someone asked me what I was going to do when I grew up. "I am going to live in the British Museum," I said promptly, "because I have heard they have a copy of every book in the world."

It seems to me one of the most incredible things the enemies of liberty have done is to destroy books. The great and lovely volumes from past times could neither fire guns nor sink ships nor commit sabotage. And yet, who knows? Beauty and courage and loyalty and love and great sorrows and great hopes and the best of our philosophy are cradled in books. And as long as men can read, they will be free in the end. After all, there is no weapon against the powers of darkness like the Bible. The ancient immortal words will yet save our tired world. "Comfort ye my people."

Our generation has been a generation of war. None of us but has lost loved ones. We are all concerned, in the midst of chaos, with the most stupendous concepts. We no longer want just our own home and our own city and our own state to be safe. We want all the homes all over the world secured against the evils we fight against.

Right here on forty acres of snow-swept New England hill and meadow, we are not isolated. We shall never be isolated again, even though the road to the mailbox is now deep with drifts. I may not walk up the hill today, but my heart walks up many hills with many women who have faith in a world of peace and good will for our children.

What a *sweetheart* of a party cake . . . the layers made of fluffy, spicy gingerbread, so lusciously tender it melts in your mouth! Mrs. Washington's famous gingerbread recipe is all precision-blended in Dromedary Mix. *Simply add water and bake! To top (only):* Mix 3 oz. pkge. cream cheese with 1 tbsp. milk, 1 tbsp. orange juice, 2 tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. grated orange rind. Beat till fluffy. Decorate with cranberry or jelly hearts. *Serves 8. For larger loaf, use 2 pkgs. of Dromedary Mix.*





SUCH LITTLE FAITH

(Continued from Page 31)

and all. "Oh, would you tell me your name—so that I could say who needs a cooky?"

"Peter," he said with ease, "and I'm almost five." Although he didn't smile, a twinkle of communion flashed between them; and they both knew that now they were friends.

Fortified with a plate of cookies, a glass of milk, a large pad and a pencil, Mrs. Allen went back to the waiting room.

"Here, Peter," she said, setting the tray down beside him. "I thought maybe you'd like to draw a picture to send to your daddy. I'll be back. I'm going to see your mummy."

Mrs. Allen liked the way he settled himself under the window to eat and draw. He was an appealing youngster, despite the dark hair spilling over his forehead, crying for a barber's shears. Fleetingly she wondered who had neglected him, and why. It was obvious that his clothes had been bought with care, but his striped polo shirt lay bunched around his waist and a missing button left one strap of his wrinkled jersey shorts hanging behind him like a droopy tail. She watched him for a moment, then hurried down the corridor to find Scotty, the head nurse.

"That's a case for you!" said Scotty. "And, by the way, Doctor Griffin wants you assigned to it. The mother is in labor, the child hasn't a place in the world to go—and, to cap the climax, the daddy was reported missing in action yesterday." Scotty shook her head. "Premature birth—going hard. The shock brought it on, I guess. Better see if she's all right, Mrs. Allen. We took her out of the ward. She's alone in Three-oh-five." Then Scotty hurried away, overburdened with the duties in an overburdened hospital.

Mrs. Allen could feel her heart jouncing in her chest. "This is supposed to be some sort of therapy for me, Doctor Griffin," she muttered under her breath, "you old fox!" She braced her shoulders. Dread it as she did, there was no way to evade the meeting. "Poor Peter," she whispered, "poor little guy."

She knocked on the door of 305 and, without waiting for an answer, walked in. The room was dim, the blinds drawn.

"Hello there, any good pains coming yet?" asked Mrs. Allen in a professional tone.

Peter's mother stirred and opened her eyes to answer. "No, not yet," she said, and you could see that she was afraid.

Mrs. Allen pretended not to notice the tear-stained face, the grief-stricken eyes or the fear. "You look just like Peter," she said. "He's not much younger than his mummy either, I suspect."

A sudden stiffening and a low moan were the only response. Mrs. Allen glanced at her watch to keep track of the pain.

AGAIN a curious quiet gathered in the room. Mrs. Allen felt panic creep over her. *What a stupid idea, to plunge me into this! I'm afraid, too,* she thought angrily, *we're both afraid. I can't comfort her! I can't!* She watched the girl's hurt and bewildered face, whiter than the pillows on which she lay. She was pretty even now, so young and so forlorn.

Suddenly a shudder quivered through Mrs. Allen's body, and an impulse too strong to reason or understand flooded the older woman. She leaned over the bed, no longer fighting to remain impersonal.

"Talk to me," she pleaded. "You can. I'll understand. You see, my son is missing—missing in the East."

The captain's wife looked at the lieutenant's mother and saw that it was true. She raised her arms like a child, and suddenly Mrs. Allen was holding her close.

"I don't want this baby!" Peter's mother sobbed. "I'm not brave like you. I loved Rob so! He may be dead! Dead!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "I can't stand it!"

"Hush, dear," murmured Mrs. Allen. "Of course you'll stand it. Don't you realize that we have to stand it? That we must be brave? That far away a captain and a lieutenant expect us to carry on and have faith? He'll be back soon. He'll be back." Mrs. Allen hated saying such things; things that she herself wanted to believe about Dan, but couldn't.

"I WISH I were like you," whispered Peter's mother between clenched teeth. "Don't leave me! Please stay!"

"No family, Mrs. Michaels?" asked Mrs. Allen, stroking the girl's hair.

"My name is Pat." A shy smile played across her tired face. "I was on my way to Rob's sister. There isn't anyone else. I've never met her. She's in Florida."

Florida! So many, many miles from Connecticut. Mrs. Allen thought of her own home, of Tom waiting there, loving and sympathetic. Sudden gratitude welled in her being. And then she remembered little Peter, in the waiting room.

"Listen, Pat," she said. "I think we'll be able to help each other. May I take Peter home with me? May I?"

The urgency in her voice reached Peter's mother, gasping under a wave of pain. "Would you—oh, would you?" Hope sprang in the dark young eyes.

"I will. But you must promise me that you'll buck up and try to do a good job. Promise me you'll try!" she begged. "Missing doesn't always mean the end. Remember that! And don't you worry about Peter. I'll take care of everything. We have a swell yard for him, and I'm an exceptional cook." She leaned over to press the call bell and kiss Pat Michaels on the cheek. "Remember, dear, you'll be helping me too," she whispered. "I'll get him settled and hurry back to you."

"You ring, Mrs. Allen?" Scotty spoke from the door.

"Scotty, our patient is ready for you now," said Mrs. Allen. "Pains coming fast. Mrs. Michaels is lending Peter to me while she's here. May I take him home? I'll be back as soon as I can."

Scotty studied the eager faces and, with an understanding that comes from years of experience, read the whole story in that long glance. "Shoot along, Mrs. Allen," she said. "I'll call Doctor Griffin to come immediately." Then she closed the door softly—carrying the picture of Patricia Michaels gazing at Sara Allen with clear, happy eyes and a new shining faith.

Peter's control was at the breaking point when Mrs. Allen went back to him. "I'm getting worrieder and worrieder," he said, his lower lip pushed out and trembling.

"Why, darling, what are you worried about? Maybe I can help."

"That's the trouble—I don't know," he said. "I want mummy!"

"Listen, Peter, you and I have a special job to do. Sort of like war work."

"A make-a-believe job or real?" he asked, lower lip a bit firmer.

"A real job. But fun. We'll go to my house and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Will mummy meet us there?"

"Why—yes—yes, that's it!" said Mrs. Allen, as though it were all arranged. "Your mummy will come home to us with the new baby and stay until ——"

"Until daddy comes home?" Peter interrupted.

"I hope so!" said Mrs. Allen, praying the hope.

Then Peter and Mrs. Allen left the hospital and strolled through town. They

AMEN!

Prayer of a little girl: O God, make the bad people good and the good people nice!

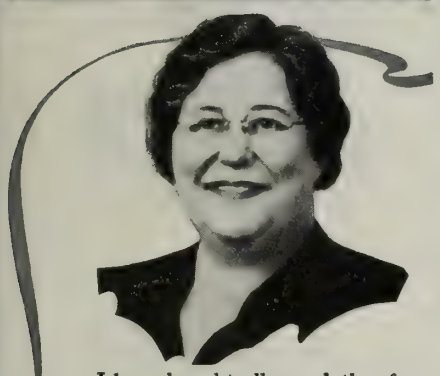
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chatted about their plans, and stopped to have a barber scissor the forgotten hair into a smooth cap against Peter's head. Again they marched toward home.

"Look, Peter," said Mrs. Allen. "See through the trees—that white house with the green roof and the green shutters? That's our house. Oh, and see that man waving to us? That's Tom, my husband; he wants us to hurry. Come on, let's run!"

"Hello, you two," called Tom. "Scotty just phoned, and I understand we have a house guest." He turned to Peter with a smile. "Peter, you have a baby brother—five pounds!"

"I have a baby?" asked Peter. "The baby's a boy?"

"Just think," said Mrs. Allen, "you're such a big boy and you know so much. You'll have lots to teach that baby."

"And I'll play soldiers with him," said Peter happily.

"Tom, I'd like to have Peter's mother and the baby for a while too. Maybe a long while," said Mrs. Allen in an undertone.

"Good idea," said Tom, watching his wife's expression.

TOM and Sara Allen led the way into the house and up the stairs. At Danny's room she stopped, but just for a fraction of a second, then flung open the door; the door that she hadn't opened in two endless weeks. Peter scampered in, enchanted by the colored pennants, the plane models, the radio.

"Tom—why, Tom," Mrs. Allen exclaimed, "you cleaned it!"

"I've been cleaning it right along," he said sheepishly. "Just on the chance, you know. But somehow today—well, call it a hunch if you like, but I ——"

Peter looked up quickly. "Will I sleep in the lieutenant's bed?"

"Y-yes, Peter," said Mrs. Allen.

"What'll I do when he comes home?"

"He's fighting the Japs, Peter. He won't be home," said Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, sure he will! He's smarter'n any old Jap, isn't he?"

"Yes—yes, that's right, he is, isn't he?" And Sara Allen was deeply comforted by the thought, though she knew not why.

"My daddy is coming home for my birthday. He promised me." Peter wrinkled his button nose in thought. "'Course he didn't say which birthday. But I *know* he'll come!"

"Just keep knowing that, Peter," said Tom, but he was saying the words to Sara Allen, not to Peter.

"I want him to bring the Distinguished Circus Cross," said Peter.

And Tom and Sara Allen laughed until the sound filled the room. And Peter laughed, too, because they were all laughing together. And Tom went over to Sara and took her in his arms and held her tight.

Then he turned to Peter. "Want to see my workbench? We can put legs and wheels on a washbasket and make it into a bed for your baby brother."

"Yippee!" yelled Peter. "See you later, Mrs. Allen," he said, slipping his hand firmly into Tom's.

"Don't call her that, Peter," said Tom, his gray eyes twinkling into Sara's brown ones. "Call her 'mom'—everybody does."

Mrs. Allen ran to Peter and swooped him up in her arms. He clung to her, giggling happily when she kissed the ticklish spot under his ear.

"While you men are busy in the cellar," she said, setting Peter gently on the floor, "I'll run over and see how mummy is doing. I want to be there when she wakes up."

"Okay," said Peter. "'By, mom."

Sara Allen stood and listened to their footsteps growing fainter down the hall. Then she walked over and touched Danny's picture. "You're smarter'n any old Jap," she said softly. "Yes, Peter's right. You *are* smarter'n any old Jap." And she laughed, thinking of the funny way Peter said things. A tear fell and splashed on her hand. For it was a strange kind of happy laughter.

She leaned forward with a new smiling confidence, her eyes clear and unafraid. "I'll be seeing you, son," she said.

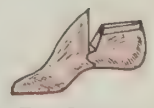


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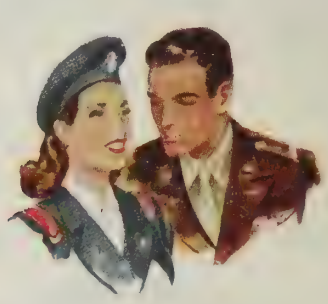


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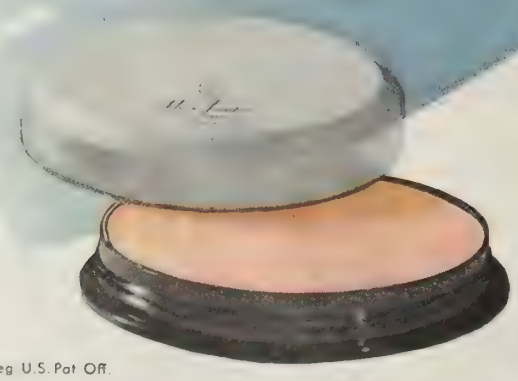
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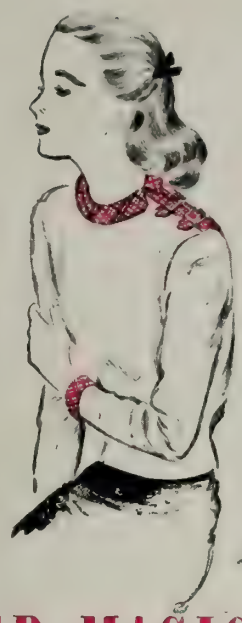
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MAKE-OVER MAGIC

BY DAWN CROWELL

TIME for you to have a special session with your wardrobe, a consultation with your clothes! Time to give a new neckline to an old dress; to freshen up a favorite sweater; to enhance your dancing dress. For a few pennies and a yard of ribbon last fall's hat can look like next spring's bonnet—pretty with a matching lapel ornament. Plaid trimming for a wool sweater makes a new fashion; a checked taffeta cape with a matching bag makes a new evening outfit for you. Choose the make-overs made especially for you—and write to me for directions how!

SUB-DEB FASHIONS



Little cape for a big evening. Pretty checked taffeta lined in red; bag to match. No. 2157, 5c.



This year's version of last year's dress. Material for bows comes from worn sleeves cut from dress.



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Bows at the waistline of a sweater-vest. Knit to go with trim blouses, tailored skirts. No. 2159, 5c.



Grosgrainribbonsandfelt soles to make pretty slippers. Ribbons tie around ankles. No. 2160, 5c.

These are Journal patterns, and must be ordered from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal. Philadelphia 5, Pa. Order by number, 5 cents each.



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Y'know, I'm new here...

Indeed you are! And I'm afraid you'll find things are different today than if you'd arrived a few years ago.

"Different?" How do you mean?

Take telephones, as an example. Before the war, we were glad to install one for everybody who asked. Now there are few available, and folks must wait their turn . . . because manpower and manufacturing facilities are needed to make communications and electronic equipment for our fighting men.

Oh, yes . . . the war . . . I've been hearing about that!

So long as it has first claim on everything we can turn out, delays at home just can't be helped. But we are doing our level best to make the delay as short as possible.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

IF WISHES WERE KITCHENS

(Continued from Page 153)

electric mixer, and a shallow shelf just right for spices. From the "dry foods" cupboard above, dispensers for sugar and flour and such smile down approvingly on your cake. Beneath the counter is drawer space for pans, mixing bowls, cooky sheets—ample space so none should have to be "nested." Above the sink counter, where you dry dishes, cupboard space is capacious, too, arranged with racks for plates and platters, hooks for cups to hang from, so nerves may never be shattered by trying to balance a pile of little plates while you wriggle big ones out from under! Another occupational hazard of housewifery—cupboard doors that clop you on the forehead—has been removed, too, for all these doors are the sliding kind.

And now that the food is ready for its home on the range ——

This is where you cook it. No steps wasted—preparation space blends happily into the range. See how the top burners are arranged, in a curve graceful as the bend of a lazy river? There's sound common sense behind this grace, for it means you'll never have to reach across a steaming pan and burn your wrist, in order to get at another burner. If you have small fry who consider handles sticking out a challenge, you'll be doubly glad that three burners are set well back on the range. The front one's planned for something that must be stirred as it cooks. This bend of the burner-river makes a nice little cove for setting down serving dishes, doesn't it?

Red switches are for oven and broiler, and yellow ones take all guesswork out of the burner game, for each is lined up with the burner to which it belongs. Oven and broiler are the pull-out-drawer kind—both high enough so you don't have to bend double to see how the steak is doing. Oh, of course you remember steak!

Below the broiler is a warming oven, where dad's dinner keeps cozy when he's working very late, and at the bottom "slotted" space for lid covers to stand up, neat and orderly, like little gentlemen. The range, of course, is vented to carry off smoke and fumes.

Now let's come back around the end to see what's on the "other side of the mountain."

Most everyone agrees that a laundry is more likable up where it sees the light of day, where it's get-at-able, where the laundress—you or I, usually—doesn't feel like a grub buried in a hole beneath the ground. Yet a degree of sheltered feeling is desirable, too—so that pies to bake and shirts to scrub don't get tangled up with one another. So, in our wash kitchen ——

This is where you launder and iron. On the opposite side of the capsule—a part of the kitchen, yet apart from the place where food is the first consideration. Where sun from the glass wall streams in and makes it cheery, where you can hear the telephone ring or baby cry, and be right on hand to do something about it, without racing up and down stairs. (Of course, this "Good Neighbor" house, like so many houses of the future, has no basement.)

First stop is the washing machine, which we'd like to have include an automatic drier, so it will hand clothes over to you, sudsed, rinsed, tumble dried, ready and willing to be ironed.

Next, a deep sink, for washing stockings and extra-special underwear, soaking badly soiled clothes or stains that need special treatment. The faucet here, like its twin on the dishwashing sink, has one handle that regulates temperature and flow of water, depending on which way you turn it. Here, you'll find, is the ideal spot to cut and arrange blooms you gather from your garden. (Only a step from the garden door, you see!)

Beneath the sink, removable bins, four of them, make laundry sorting easy. One is for very dirty duds, overalls and such. One is for white clothes, one for bright colors, the fourth for rayons, underwear, and so on.

Tucked under the counter top, while it's resting, is the ironer. Comes the time for action—it swings out at a right angle. You sit behind it in your comfortable adjustable chair, facing that heavenly glass wall—so you can watch the lilac bushes turning softly green while you iron, or possibly watch your Johnnie punch the nose of the small boy next door!

Above this section is shelved storage space for soaps, bleaches, stain removers, vases; and better include a first-aid kit, in case it's Johnnie's nose that's punched!

This is a surprise. That tall stately closet at the end is full of treasure. Slide the door back, and there's your sewing machine sitting on its own little roll-out table—living in peace with its natural affinity, the ironing board, hinged to the closet wall behind it. No excuse in our wish kitchen for not pressing seams tidily as you sew, or mending rips before you wash.

The whole family of cleaning things occupies another section of this double closet. There are tall places for tall members, like mops, broom and vacuum; ample shelves for short fat ones like wax, cleaners, glass jars with dustcloths curled up inside.

While we were wishing, we gave our kitchen color—the clear soft aquamarine so becoming to most women, accented with floor and counter coverings of sunny terra cotta. Wouldn't anyone feel prettier, even when her permanent had reached the ragged edge, with this happy color as a background?

Now about the setting where we've placed this jewel. The base it rests upon for toe space would be adjustable, depending on how tall you are. If you're little, you'd have a low base. If you're tall, you'd get a higher one, so that counter height would fit you comfortably.

As it's set in this kitchen, you see, the food side is only a skip from the "demi-table," perfect place for feeding the children, enjoying breakfast or a bite of lunch. Over the demi-table are opaque glass partitions which slide back if you ever want the kitchen to feel one with the living room.

Opposite the laundry side, more cupboards for canned goods and "extras," a closet for the children's outdoor play clothes, perhaps; and your desk, bathed in light from the glass wall. Here's where you'll sit to plan meals, pay bills, write a quickie letter while your cake is baking.

Wouldn't it be wonderful?



"There's a man to see you, Miss Valentine."

Printed in U. S. A.

LADIES' HOME

Journal

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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We Got Back

COMPLETE NOVEL

By Dorothy Thomas

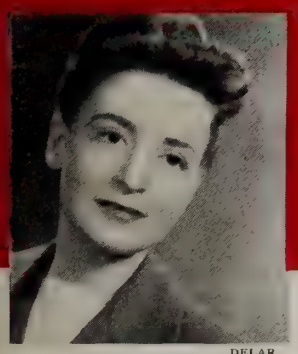
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DOROTHY THOMAS, author of *We Got Back,* writes, "I'm the sixth child and the second daughter in a family of ten. When I was seven, we moved to Alberta, Canada, from Kansas and homesteaded in the brush country forty-five miles from the railroad. My father taught me to read and made all my playthings. After his death my brothers, who were mere boys, brought in a sawmill and worked what timber the forest fires had left us. Eventually we moved back to Nebraska, where I taught school, clerked in stores and started writing. I've always been a restless wanderer, moving about the country, but now I think I shall stay put in New Mexico." We Got Back has just been bought by M-G-M.



PLUCER, who photographed the fashions on pages 36 and 37, says, "In prewar Paris I was a fashion illustrator; since coming to America I've changed to photography. I make no distinction between blondes, brunettes and redheads as the best photographic type, only insist that the costume and the lady's coloring blend. But I prefer models who look like, and pose like, ladies—not models." Plucer's ideal would be a Franco-American combination. "French women have real chic, but American women have something better: a freshness, a sparkle, a vigorous sportiveness!"



DELAR

HERMINE HALL, author of *Red is for Laughter,* says, "I learned to read at the age of three, knew the multiplication tables by five and majored in philosophy at Radcliffe. As a result, I've spent the best years of my life trying to evade being called 'intellectual.' Success came after I convinced three lieutenants I once met on a train that I had majored in home economics! I've been writing boy-meets-girl stories since I was ten and learned most about the art from my composition instructor, who vowed I'd never eat three square meals a day from my efforts. He changed his tune after six months. I like thunderstorms, good puns and Stravinsky; dislike bad puns and cynics."

JOURNAL

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PIE WITH TOASTED CHEESE TOP

nder pie crust every time with Crisco!

pples • 1 cup granulated sugar
p. flour • 1 tsp. cinnamon
uble-crust Recipe Crisco Pastry

pples with sugar, flour and cinnamon.
h pie pan with Crisco pastry. (Say
tough pie crust! Use Crisco and
re-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco
'll get flaky, tender, digestible pie
e!) Fill with apples. Cover with top
ges together tightly. Bake at 425° F.
s; reduce temperature to 375° F.
0 minutes longer. Before serving,
ips of cheese in lattice design on
under broiler or in oven till cheese
melt. All Measurements Level.

Heart!

SCO!

vorite
Take

vege-
lighter
time!
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Pure and sweet—
It's Digestible!



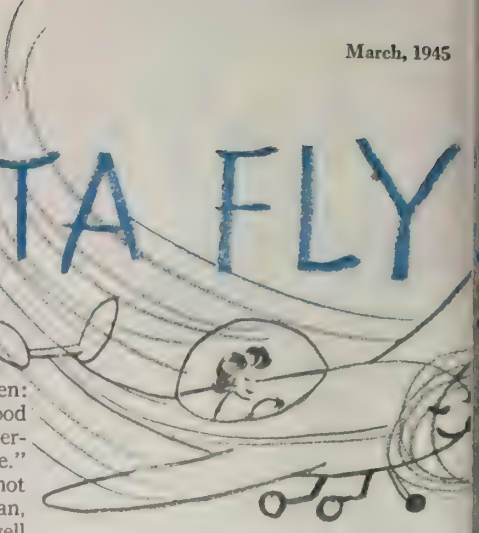
DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Crisco gives you lighter cakes!

cup Crisco • 1¼ cups sugar
gs (save 2 egg whites for icing)
2 tsp. salt • 1 tsp. vanilla
sifted cake flour • ⅓ cup cocoa
a • 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk

ether Crisco, sugar, eggs, salt and
risco has a success secret. Crisco
lighter than those made with the
nsive shortening.) Sift flour with
soda and add alternately with
Bake in two "Criscoed" 8-inch
in moderate oven (350° F.) 30–35
ing 2 egg whites, make a double
Spread between layers and on
All Measure

I GOTTA FLY

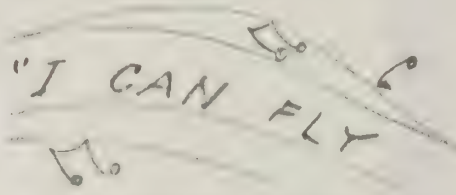


IN MY Pilot's Logbook it's written: "Soloed at 5:00. Good landing. Good pattern." But that's as flat an understatement as "Sighted sub. Sank same." What those words really mean is that I—not an Army pilot, not a Jacquelin Cochran, not even a gal who can drive a car well enough to get a license—I can fly a plane. And after only five hours of instruction, I flew it *with no one sitting in the other seat!*

People who have been in the air for years say that the time is long gone when I could have felt like a pioneer—or even a heroine. I disbelieve them. I know that what I did was wonderful, and I am not tossing it off as nothing at all even for the sake of Air Corps approval in my private life.

Naturally, when the war is over, I don't expect to be doing take-offs from the roof of The Curtis Publishing Company. Our roof is too rough. Also, there is something called the Civil Aeronautics Board which complicates air traffic the way Mr. Morgenthau's boys have complicated the coming and going of money. But when somebody has worked out a simple way to own a plane and fly one to work, I'll be there, Charlie. (The boy in the air parking lot on the corner.)

But anyway, I've been to Air College—Parks, in East St. Louis—and the plane I learned to fly in five hours is a sweet baby called the Ercoupe. Not foolproof, they told us, but fool-resistant. Pilot Instructor Jerry Terrell wasn't even sure of that, the day I did my solo.



"Once more around the pattern," he said. So I gave it the gun, lifted the wheel, flew a rectangle around the airport and landed. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerry reach up and take the blue garter off the knobs which hold the top shut. (We were the only ones who used blue garters.) He peeled back his side of the cockpit cover, unfastened his safety belt and got out. He gave me a long anxious look. "Thaink you can remember all I told you?" I said yes. "Once you get down it's just like driving a car. . . . Hey, ma'am, you know how to drive a car, don't you?"

But I let him think the noise drowned that one. No use to tell him I'd once had clutch trouble. I knew I could fly, because a plane doesn't have a clutch.

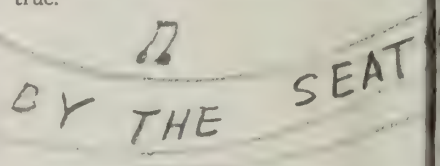
There are really only two parts to learning to fly: THE FEAR and THE FEELING. In between, there is ground school (all about engines, aerodynamics, weather and navigation). Yes, there is ground school. And then there is a light emotional rash called "pilot fever." But that comes later.

I will probably go down in Mr. Terrell's reports as Most Terrified Student on the First Day. He said, "I'll do the flying. You keep your hands on the dual controls and follow through. You got to get so you can *feel* it." We taxied down the runway. We turned out toward the open field and the very open sky. Mr. Terrell jammed in a knob marked "Throttle." Later, I learned to say "gave it the gun." He lifted his wheel back and I felt mine lift back and the plane



go up. I looked frantically at the speedom
eter. It was dizzying around to 100 mp
before another little gadget said we were 50
feet high. I was sure something was wrong
We were going too fast. Mr. Terrell couldn'
save us. Nobody could save us. We made
turn that slapped the ground up in my fac
My eyes were glued on Mr. Terrell. "Sto
lookin' at me!" he yelled. "Look at th
ground!" But my head wouldn't turn. I
was frozen in an angle that I later learne
was 90 degrees. "Now, ma'am, if you'll jus
release my leg, we'll get goin'." I saw wit
some embarrassment that my right han
was gripping not the throttle, but Mr. Te
rell's thigh!

The exact moment THE FEAR left me
marked with an *X*. In ground school on
professor had an engine which was sawed i
two, to show all the parts, hanging out an
exposed. With this he tried to explain wha
makes an engine work. The exhaust valve
pistons and crankshafts are a pretty ligh
mixture in my mind, but one thing he sai
stuck with me: "The Ercoupe won't spin,
he said. *It won't? You mean I can't go dow
in a spinning crash? Then that changes every
thing!* There are some things you have to tak
on faith: for instance, that Virtue is its ow
Reward. Well, this was just another suc
case. I don't know *why* an Ercoupe won
spin, but if the professor said it, it must b
true.



The aerodynamics professor added to th
that air is like molasses: it resists flow. I'v
seen a bug try to get through molasses, an
I know it must be darned hard. If I'm in
plane with air all around me like molasse
you see, don't you, there's small chance
falling out of the sky?

With these two ideas firmly planted, th
rest was easy. The mechanics of flying a
Ercoupe are nothing at all: you just tu
the wheel to the right when you want to g
right, and vice versa. If you want to go u
or down, you know what you can do: lift th
wheel, of course, or press it down. And th
throttle is what feeds the gas, so you ju
push it in or out.

And it's about then you get pilot feve
you feel toward your instructor the sort
doglike devotion you have for your doctor
for a public hero—General Eisenhower, f
instance. And you try to hide it, thinkir
you are the only one blessed with having
public hero to teach you to fly. At first, I w
so scared of Mr. Terrell that I jumped
noticeably—when he spoke to me. But eve
later there was awe mixed like sand in n
devotion. Pilot fever is psychological
sound, and as much a part of learning to f
as is ground school. Just remember th
your instructor does it all on purpose.

And when he gets you to the acute sta
of hero worship, he yells at you. "*Keep th
left wing up!*" Jerry would roar at me, ju
when I thought I'd done everything the wa
he wanted it. "*Keep that nose up—up—u
I say!*" over and over he said, until
sounded like an Ella Mae Morse recor
"Keep that left wing up, babe! Keep th
left wing up!"



Earth couldn't hold me: I'd made a solo!

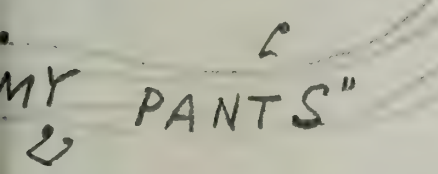
BY NELL GILES

(PILOT AFTER ONLY FIVE HOURS FLIGHT TRAINING—SO MY LOG BOOK SAYS)

And then suddenly you get THE FEEL of flying, and up to this point your life has been a desert in search of an oasis. You are at the controls and your instructor is pretending to snooze. You are trying to remember RPM, to keep the dial at 2100; and the altimeter, to keep the dial at 500; and keep that left wing up. Then suddenly, as though the earth turned, you forget the mechanics and you're "flying by the seat of your pants!" You've got it! You've got the feeling. You *feel* the solid sky beneath you, and you look at the earth below. You see two black mules standing by a rail fence and you feel tender as God leaning down to throw them an extra bale of hay. And your blood has suddenly become Mumm's Champagne, class of 1928.

Technically, what you have learned is to feel the Angle of Attack; but who cares about technically? You pull back the wheel and feel the air rush over and under the wings and lift them up. Then you pull back the wheel more and something happens. The wings lift too much and the plane doesn't climb. The angle is wrong. So you let the nose down a little and feel that reassuring flow of air—like molasses. "And that, baby," you say to yourself, "*that* is Angle of Attack." You've got it.

We were flying around one day (Jerry always pretended to go to sleep) while I did climbing and gliding turns. Over and over until I could hold level both the speed and the altitude, tip a wing and pivot on it. Once more and then once more, and then there



was a plane ahead and I didn't know what to do. Jerry woke up like greased lightning. But when it was over he was more like thunder. "*You're jes' as lazy as a houn' dawg!*" he yelled, and his Missouri drawl stretched every word on a rack. "*Jes' like a houn' dawg, you don't look where you're goin'! Ma'am, sometimes I think you don't hold a thing I tell you in your head!*" To the very end I was only "ma'am" to him.

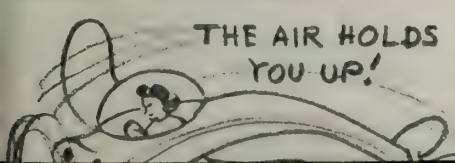
On the day scheduled for the solo flight, the weather closed down—not with a bang, but a whimper of wind and low clouds. The invisibility was unlimited. The ceiling was knee-high. In the meteorology lab, the thick, unvoweled messages on the ticker tape said we'd be grounded for at least three days.

We spent the time at the airport, of course. Where else do fliers go? Around the coffee the talk was air talk about the planes coming in for the big meeting Friday.

A Thunderbolt buzzed us and came down out of the soup. Everybody rushed out to see it.

Jerry said, "Look out for those cheese-choppers," and we gave the propellers a wide berth.

The Thunderbolt is a very nice plane indeed. But I imagine that dashboard of instruments is quite confusing. There is probably even a clutch tucked away somewhere. I walked around and under the wings, examined the tail, read the printing on the outside, which I knew must be an understatement for military reasons: US ARMY P-47. Wt. 22,000, HPR 220. Very impressive indeed. But uncomfortable.



I walked over to the little Ercoupe I was to solo the next day—Friday—and gave it a sort of pat on the back. It looked terribly small and snub-nosed, like the junior mail plane that got lost in Disney's Saludos Amigos.

Friday was dazzling clear, just as the ticker tape had said it would be. The big empty sky was just up there waiting.

Jerry said, "Once more around the pattern." I flew a rectangle around the airport and made a landing smooth as melted silk. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw Jerry glance at his watch: my flight instruction had added up to five hours. He reached up and took the blue garter off the knobs which hold the top together, and peeled back his side of the cockpit cover, unfastened his safety belt, got out and gave me a long anxious look. "Thaink you can remember all I told you?" I said yes.

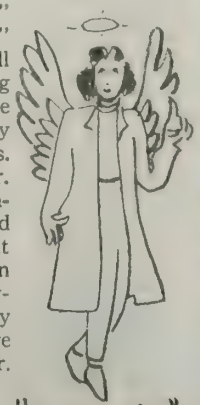
Straight to the pattern I flew: gave it the gun, pulled back the wheel . . . 300 feet over the schoolhouse . . . 90-degree turn . . . climbed to 500 feet in a line straight with that factory . . . leveled off . . . another



turn. And that's when I saw the Thunderbolt. He was doing aerobatics over the field and coming down in a power dive at something like 700 miles an hour. *Now isn't that just like one of those Army planes—trying to take Jerry's attention away from my solo?* I could just imagine Jerry down on the field, thinking maybe he should watch his pupil, but really watching that show-off, the Thunderbolt. I was tempted to speed up, but then I noticed I was going over the railroad tracks and down below me on the other side were the two black mules standing by the rail fence. That meant time for the third turn. The Thunderbolt pulled out over me in a deafening roar. I ignored him as completely as I could. I hoped that Jerry, down on the field, was doing the same. *Watch me, Jerry!* I cut the gun, dropped to 400 feet, made a sweet gliding turn, nestled down over the power lines . . . down . . . down . . . gentle as a baby I put it down.

I reached up, took the blue garter off the cockpit cover and peeled down my side to hear Jerry's congratulations. He was running toward me, white as a sheet, and with flashes coming out of his eyes.

In front of us, the Thunderbolt purred and sat down. Jerry taxied us off the field and around to the hangar where everyone crowded close. I had made a solo and the earth wouldn't hold me. My boots clumped the pavement, but I was not even conscious of making noise until someone in the crowd said, "What's she got on?" I yelled back, "Ski boots!" It was Jerry who had to tell me. They weren't talking about me. They meant the Thunderbolt. And they weren't talking boots. They meant horsepower.



Learning to fly? Nothing to it. Get up there and fly your head off and what happens? Nobody even looks at you, because flying is something anybody can do. You don't even have to know how to drive a car.

OXYDOL Washes So Clean

your biqqest wash comes

White Without Bleaching

Its New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds LIFT Out Dirt!

See The Proof With Your Own Eyes! Next washday use Oxydol instead of your present soap. See if you aren't delighted the way Oxydol gets even your grimiest wash sparkling white and clean! That's because Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they *lift* dirt out. Sheets, towels, shirts—all your white things, except of course for unusual stains, come white without bleaching.

Saves Clothes In Wartime! With Oxydol there's no need for hard rubbing, so naturally clothes last longer. And Oxydol's so safe—safe for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Use Oxydol for a wash that's white without bleaching!



AVOID SOAP WASTE! Soap is made of vital war materials, so soap waste is war waste. Make your Oxydol go farther!

THE LADIES' HOME
Journal

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How Long Should You Wait Between Babies?

"WAIT two years between babies" is a familiar maxim among doctors. The idea that frequent childbearing is dangerous for both mother and child has been widely held ever since Dr. R. W. Woodbury's survey of the subject thirty years ago. Now a new and far more extensive study contradicts his findings in a way to affect profoundly millions of American families yet unborn.

The woman who carefully spaces her children a number of years apart is not decreasing the risks of childbirth, as she believes, but may be even increasing them. "Child spacing," says Dr. Nicholson Eastman, professor of obstetrics at Johns Hopkins, and author of the new survey*, "means maternal aging. . . . It would seem almost inconceivable that a mere difference of four years or so could have any appreciable effect on childbearing, yet it manifests its influence unmistakably; and whatever advantage is gained by a rest period of several years seems to be offset, and in some respects more than counterbalanced, by the aging factor."

Doctor Eastman, who believes that the many life-saving advances in obstetrics since 1915 invalidate the Woodbury report, offers these four "clear-cut and inescapable" conclusions, based upon two separate investigations of forty thousand maternity cases:

1. Babies born twelve to twenty-four months after a live delivery have at least as low a mortality rate as babies born after longer intervals.

2. The longer the interval between births, the more likely the mother is to suffer from some form of toxemia of pregnancy (such as high blood pressure, albumin in the urine, kidney trouble and the like).

3. If the mother suffers from toxemia during one pregnancy, a repetition becomes more probable the longer she puts off having her next baby.

4. Mothers having their babies twelve to twenty-four months apart are no more likely to have premature labor, anemia, postpartum hemorrhage or childbirth fever than if their babies were spaced at longer intervals, nor are they less able to nurse their babies.

Youth, it seems, is woman's greatest ally in producing husky babies at a minimum of risk to herself. The mother who has all her babies at once may find herself swamped with diapers, feeding schedules and the discomforts of pregnancy for what seems an endless length of time, but at least these irksome restrictions are over once and for all. Baby clothes and pens and carriages can be passed at no expense from child to child, and the children themselves revel in a companionship which seems to blossom fullest among closely spaced brothers and sisters. The woman who waits for enough money or time for more children may find some tragic day that she has postponed too long the big family she planned.

**Published in the American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, April, 1944.*

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

By Dorothy Thompson

NOT long ago I was called into an informal conference by a group of educators, social workers and others directly concerned with problems of youth, to discuss how we could improve education for democracy; education being broadly interpreted to include not only the schools, but other institutions of group life.

The men and women, all of whom had various professional experiences, expressed distress that other ideologies were contending for the minds of American youth, some of them Fascist in tendency, others Communist. They felt that the schools were not "teaching democracy," but that democracy was, instead, really supplying the platform on which its enemies were debating against each other. They pointed to growing racial and social tensions in our society; to the lack of morale in young people, leading to juvenile delinquency and less noticeable manifestations that "something is wrong," such as inconsiderate school deportment, relaxation of parental control, unwillingness adequately to perform school work requiring a fairly high degree of concentration.

Some attributed these phenomena to the war, but more of the educators present believed that the war had, instead, merely deepened and accelerated tendencies that were there already.

Many suggestions were made for improving teaching, providing better recreation, better food, better homes, and so on, for American children, and many of these suggestions have long been advocated by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and in these editorials.

But the conversation left me deeply dissatisfied and questioning. It seemed to me that the fundamental question had not been raised, and therefore not answered. Yet it is the focal question, namely: *What is the purpose of democracy?*

OBVIOUSLY, if one cannot clearly see the goal of democracy, it is impossible to educate children for it. American democracy, of course, is based on the twin principles of freedom and equality. But what does freedom mean—and what is equality?

Now I submit that both concepts derive from a religious base and conception; namely, that man is a child of God, made in His image, and thus is "endowed by his *Creator* with certain unalienable rights." But if these rights are endowed by God, then they carry with them the inexorable commandment to use them to serve God, or goodness. Man should be free, in order to become his best self. It is incompatible with the great dignity of man, whose mind and soul are capable of Godlike attributes, that he should be treated as a beast, however benevolently, or governed without his consultation or consent; or punished, except before an impartial and equal law, based upon whatever divination and experience we may have of what is good and evil in this life. But it is also incompatible with his role on earth that he should throw away his birthright.

If one abandons this deeply religious conception of the meaning and being of man, as a creature endowed with reason and with the knowledge of good and evil, and therefore competent to make a choice; if one believes that man is just another animal, whose being is determined by economic conditioning or inexorable biological urges, then there is no justification for his freedom. The problem then becomes that of so controlling forces as to serve some end apart from individual man; he becomes merely an instrument for exploitation or power, and life is but a meaningless jungle, in which the strong triumph over the weak, for the transitory rewards which life may bring to the strongest, smartest or most ruthless.

And also, regarding equality: If the conception defies all the laws of nature, if it disregards the myriad manifestations of the human type, if it leads to the attempt to level all men to the average, then it ends in slavery—for, as Dostoievski observed, all men can be exactly equal in slavery and nowhere else. *(Continued on Page 166)*

★ ★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★ ★

Rollers to the rescue



It takes more than a heavy load to stop ingenious American youngsters. They'll find a couple of round logs — slip them under that dinghy — and in no time at all have it high and dry. That's the simple principle General Motors long has used to ease heavy burdens — both in peace and in war. Like this:

* * *

Since the earliest days of General Motors, its engineers have worked continuously to cut down friction and multiply power. Not only in cars and trucks, but wherever shafts turn and wheels roll.

And one of the short cuts in carrying bigger loads at less cost proved to lie in the development and expansion of the roller bearing.

Always trying to make more and better things for more people, GM engineers speeded up the wheels, and incidentally cut the operating costs, of many American industries with these spinning steel rollers. Automobiles, planes, trucks — practically every modern form of transportation owes something of its speed and smoothness to their research in this field.

Then war, a mechanized war, swamped them with a flood of unheard of demands.

Could they make huge roller bearings to take million-pound weights for Navy catapults? Could they make a little roller bearing for a supercharger that would work at 25,000 revolutions per minute? (Yes, that's right — *per minute!*) Could they design and manufacture roller bearings in enormous quantities for fast new planes, swift new tanks, new types of ships? Starting from scratch?

Yes, they could. And they did. The planes in the skies, the convoys on the seas, the tank and truck columns striking out on land bear witness that the great emergency was well met.

Once more, American techniques built up in peacetime proved their value in war.

The nation's vast reservoir of industrial skills and knowledge was more than ready when the time for action came. It was ready because of the American way of providing opportunity and rewarding the enterprise of men who wanted to build a better land.

For the same reason, this skill and knowledge will be ready for the great job of helping to build the better world for which America has worked and fought.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

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Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
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How to Wage War!

YOU'RE so mad you could spit. So you pop your valves, and splutter your ire in all directions. If you're within reaching distance, you lay a fast one alongside the beak of the offender. You yank a braid or twist a tuft of hair; you gouge an eye, or land a well-placed kick where it will do the most good. You go violent, flaying with your tongue, your arms and legs until one or the other of you is mortally wounded. Which may make you feel better.

Or you go marble Venus. And just as cold. Your blood turned to ice water, your mouth a slit, your eyes two lumps of stone, your emotions and your motions congealed. And it takes days to thaw you out.

Either way, hot or cold, you're bound to suffer. You can't help getting annoyed at people and things occasionally. And how you act when you're mad is your own business. So here we go meddling in it

"That Gal Sal!"

For months you've been singing a duet with the inseparable Sally. Where one of you was, the other was also. It's been swell, past tense. You're now seething over Sally. You cut her dead. You ignore her notes of apology. You turn away her go-betweens. You're not at home when she phones. You're cutting her off—and your own nose too. You're indulging in a solo freeze-out. Sally may be wondering what on earth she did to hurt you. And why you won't give her a chance to explain, to be forgiven.

A minor explosion is the satisfactory war to wage with Sally. Tell her, without benefit of audience, exactly how you feel about things. And cool off long enough to get her side of the story. Putting both views on display will help to clear the air.

But remember, Sal is the gal who is watching you mad. And she may rejoice at discovering that you're a bombshell, and it's wise to dive for a foxhole until you've spent your fury. All of which may convince her that you're dangerous to play with, and it's just as well your friendship has come to an end. Or it may convince *you* that you're acting your age—a furious three!

PLAN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Passive resistance is one way to make yourself felt. But it's not so powerful a weapon as an aggressive offensive. Arm yourself with the matériel of battle, the Sub-Deb booklets, and pitch in—the result to be a better-looking, more popular, more fun-to-be-with *you!* Send to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for the complete free list of Sub-Deb booklets, No. 1695. It's a wise girl who's forearmed.

"That Tribe of Mine!"

Being related sometimes makes feuds more violent. Because you know what hurts. Your kid brother tells on you, so you step on his model airplane. Your sister wears your new skirt just when you need it, so you point out in accents acid exactly what a drool you think her new love is. It's harder to hit at father, so you avoid him and sulk. With mother, you wax wordy. If you're annoyed at her or anyone else in the house, you tell her all about it. Loud and hot!

Living with you is fairly permanent. Holding your temper in check and coolly rationalizing your mads will make it easier. Screaming your fury, kicking the floor, and batting your head against walls will only prolong the reprisals. And bring mother and dad to the rescue of the rest, and put you in the doghouse where you belong. And they're big enough to do it too!

"Don, You're a —!"

You shake with anger, you splutter, you forget your feminine wiles, and you lash out with a strong right at Don, in the only language you think he understands. It's a helpless rage that relies on brute force and denies the strength of reason.

You can fight with men in more subtle ways. Ways which pique their interest, ways which foil their strategy, ways which increase their desire to get back into your good graces.

First of all, decide whether you have the right to get mad at Don. If you're going steady, and everything he does is supposed to please you, perhaps yes. If he doesn't mean a thing in your life, what he does doesn't matter either. If, however, he takes a poke at you with intent to draw blood, don't let his challenge go unanswered. Declare war—but make it your kind of war.

Tease him when he's taking bows. Needle him constantly and good-naturedly and slither away before he can talk back. Disbelieve with surprised eyes everything he says. Question all his good intentions. Forgive him in a big way for his childish errors. Be utterly elusive when he beseeches you to call off your dogs. Your campaign of torture smites his pride and his ego and his male superiority. If he didn't matter to you before you fought with him, he'll rapidly want to. If he did matter, you'll not widen an open break to the point where you don't matter to him.

"Those Nasty People!"

The man who jabbed his elbow in your ear, mussed your hair, knocked your hat askew and then dove into the empty seat you were making for! That woman who swept past your table, brushing your soup right into your lap! And that girl who spiked your instep in the elevator!

You can be a mouse and let all strangers persecute you in silence. You can whip out your tongue and give an audience of other strangers a good show for free. Or you can register a protest and relieve your hurt with one little remark uttered in appropriate tones of voice. "I'm *so* sorry!" can be a knife or a soothing hand. Sung out loud and strong, it's a reminder that someone owes someone an apology. If they won't, you make it for 'em. It puts you in the clear. You're sorry you were in the way. For it might be that *you* were wrong, making the others want to declare war on you!





"And she still won't get by"

What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself . . . why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent . . . why she was the "last resort" when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without knowing it.* It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse and gargle, offers you a simple and wholly delightful precaution that so many popular people rarely omit. Use it always before any "date" where you want to be at your best.

Listerine's rapid germicidal action halts food fermentation in the mouth and the odors it causes. And, although halitosis is sometimes systemic, this food fermentation, in the opinion of some authorities, is a major cause of unpleasant breath. Almost at once, in such cases, your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene



P. S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful dentifrice helps give it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Hey, no!



Use Drāno!

LAY that plunger down, lady, lay that plunger down. When drains are clogged, clear them out with Drāno! Drāno opens drains that are so stopped up even *water* can't trickle through!

But don't *wait* for trouble like this! Put *one tablespoon of* Drāno into your sink drain *twice a week*, and keep your sink free-running. Drāno also clears out *dangerous sewer germs* that breed in *every* sink—*only 2 inches* from where you wash dishes and prepare food. *Play safe.* Use Drāno twice a week!

Drāno

Never over 25¢ at drug, grocery, and hardware stores



CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS

OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

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Our Readers Write Us

Britishers Take a Gander at American Girl

Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

Dear Editors: Since our stay in America we have often been asked to give our impressions of the American girl. The dangerous and difficult task of dissecting and analyzing the American girl was performed by three fathers whose temporary profession is that of British naval officers. Since the authors have been out of touch with land and ladies for some time, the views expressed herein may be justly considered unbalanced. Certainly not to be taken too seriously.

The American girl dresses well and always to her best advantage. Her carefully chosen accessories—bag, hat, shoes, gloves—certainly add the ultimate touch of perfection to an attractive appearance. She carries herself beautifully and unself-consciously. But we note also (this is the opinion of only one of us) that her center section (a more nautical term being "midships,") is more generously molded than we had previously thought an average.

It does seem that "make-up" is generally a trifle overdone.

The average ankle, and what may be seen above it on a quiet windless day, is of a very high standard. The standard is definitely above our previously accepted average.

There is a big difference, we have noticed, between the junior miss here and at home. The superficially sophisticated teen-aged girls contrast strongly with the games-playing, out-of-doors, undecorated girls at home. But basically they are much the same. We have often been baffled by the problem and equally amazed by the solution, when trying to estimate the age of any American girl between seventeen and twenty-seven. To sum up our composite picture of the "American figure," it reaches a high level in our estimation, and the clothes worn (we can't separate the two, can we?) appear to be as much of an adornment as a concealment, thereby exhibiting a less self-conscious and franker acceptance of natural interests and laws.

The American girl's attitude to men is on a definitely freer and franker plane than in Britain, possibly explained by the prevalence of coeducation. This easy and sensible approach to the opposite sex, we admire. The comparative lack of formality, and reliance on the good sense of the girls themselves, strikes us as a sound and healthy outlook.

We find, on meeting the American girl for the first time, that we know almost immediately whether we are liked or disliked. This is an excellent thing, though sometimes the results are rather stunning. On the other hand, it does cut out a pack of polite artificiality and near hypocrisy.

Another characteristic we have noticed is the independence and poise of the American girl in hailing a cab, catching the waiter's eye, crossing the street, driving the car, and so on. All things which we regard as requiring the masculine touch are quite likely to be taken out of our hands, unless very swift action is taken. Again there are obvious reasons for this, with so many girls fending for themselves, and probably the somewhat slow results obtained by those not familiar with the American "drill" for these occasions. We have noticed that even to American men, this independence tends to offend the deeply rooted protective instinct of a gentleman.

In conclusion, our impressions of the fascinating American girl are even more interesting than all the other natural and mechanical marvels of this country. She is a high-powered cocktail of equal parts dynamite and honey, frankness and independence, asserting the age-old dominance over the male in a much more obvious fashion than we have found to be the case at home.

Sincerely yours,
A LONDONER,
MIDLANDER
AND YORKSHIREMAN.

She's Telling Us!

San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Editor: Being an average girl of seventeen, I am impressed by your concern over the so-called problem of the younger generation. Why don't you have an article written by an honest, forthright teen-ager instead of all those people with hygienic titles? I think it would help.

Yours very truly,
VALERIE PACKARD.

Miss Packard evidently did not see our report from teen-agers in the December article, We're Telling You! ED.

Robin Isn't Typical . . .

Lynn, Massachusetts.

Dear Sirs: We protest! So the typical girl of sixteen smokes openly, swears a little and has come home at times with a slight odor of liquor on her breath! At nineteen, we must be sadly behind the times. The crowd's favorite drink is a Cola, and smoking, in our opinion, is taboo for "ladies." As for swearing!

We're a crowd who grew up together, but the phase you describe seems to be one we missed. Oh, we were silly enough. We wore gobs of lipstick, blinding bangs, glamorous long bobs, and clothes that reeked of sharpness. We loved parties, sports and the dates we were allowed, and we still do.

We are completely amazed at how little the war seems to upset your typical sub-deb's life. For a girl of sixteen, she seems to have matured only too quickly, in all but things that really matter. We don't hold ourselves up as shining examples, but we do deem ourselves *typical*. All of us, at one time or another, have worked in war plants without the slightest hindrance in carrying on our education, have bought War Bonds with our own money, have given blood, taken first-aid courses and, of late, with the full backing of our parents, have run a private canteen for servicemen.

Our literature has not been censored, but we have learned to choose it wisely. We firmly believe in the God for whom your sub-deb is groping so blindly.

In all sincerity,
MARGARET DALY, CLAIRE BRESNAHAN, MARGARET J. CONLON, GLORIA TAYLOR, ELEANOR M. GREALISH, MILDRED DONAHUE.

She's Super-Swell!

Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Editors: I couldn't wait any longer to tell you how much we high-school girls like the L. H. J. It was not at all surprising to find it first on the list of favorite magazines of teen-agers. Robin Roberts must be a super-swell girl. We think the L. H. J. did right by us in choosing her.

Your December issue treated the "teen-age problem" as we like to have it treated. So many people seem to think that adolescence is a sort of disease. (Incidentally, we hate the term "adolescence," but there are times when it has to be used.) Why don't older people realize that being young is something we can't help at all? S. N.

She's Not Like Us —

Olivet, Michigan.

Dear Editor: We, as a group, do not feel truly represented by Robin Roberts. We took a survey of all high-school girls here. The results follow:

Out of 92 girls, 8 smoke. Out of those 8, 5 do it secretly. Out of the same 92, 3 drink; 48 go to church regularly, or are members. At home, all but 7 have their own regular duties.

If we are wrong in assuming that Robin Roberts was to represent a typical high-school girl, then no offense is taken. But we very definitely feel that even though the modern generation has changed, it has not taken to all the things that are a part of Robin's life. Sincerely,

GIRLS OF HOMEMAKING III,
Walton Township Unit School.

(Continued on Page 13)



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

New milk factory being built

The other fellow's job often looks easier than your own. Like the city man who said to the dairy farmer, "All you do is put fodder in one end of the cow and take milk out of the other!"

Actually, of course, dairying is a complex business. It takes careful breeding, feeding and about two years' time before a four-legged milk factory even begins to produce. It takes hard work, constant cleanliness and every scientific safeguard to *keep* cows healthy and productive.

Getting the milk to you is equally exacting. It calls for skilful handling, speed and refrigeration. It calls for endless tests and clean, sterile equipment. Even bottles go through a twenty to thirty minute soaking, rinsing and sterilizing process. It calls for dependable delivery in *any* weather.

Because the dairy industry does its difficult job so well, the production of milk—nature's most nearly perfect food — has reached all-time highs and America, even in war, is the best-fed nation in the world.

Much of this progress has been made possible by National Dairy research. Our laboratories have improved the processing of milk, cheese, butter, ice cream . . . developed new dairy products . . . guarded quality and purity . . . and so helped the health of your family, your nation.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
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One above all

Among America's leading favorites there is always

one pattern of Gorham's century-famous sterling that a hostess loves above all.

Choose yours . . . order now. Place-settings comprise luncheon knife and fork, cream soup spoon, teaspoon, butter spreader, salad fork. Average cost, including Federal Tax, about $23.

Send 10¢ for booklet, *"Entertaining the Sterling Way"*

GORHAM *Sterling*

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America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

Left to right: ENGLISH GADROON, GREENBRIER, KING EDWARD. *Bottom, left to right:* LYRIC, SOVEREIGN, CAMELLIA, CHANTILLY



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Continued from Page 12

We Like Her, Though

Melrose, Massachusetts.

Dear Editor: I just had to tell you how much we all enjoyed the December JOURNAL—especially that super slang which we've quickly added to our "45 vocabularies." That was a grand article on How America Lives by Maureen Daly, and we certainly managed to find some good pointers in the story of Robin and her beaus! Your friend,

MARILYN SARGENT.

But Babs is Different!

Seattle, Washington.

Dear Editor: It gave me a sinking feeling to read Youth in Wartime: We're Telling You, and Meet a Sub-Deb. Is this the America that our boys—and I have two in service—are dying for?

Just when my feelings had reached a low stage, in dashed my next-door neighbor's sub-deb daughter. Partly to get her reaction, I sketched your article on Robin Roberts. "What a drool," said Babs. "How could she live in America and not learn about God and the Bible? Won't she be a drip of a wife? I can cook, sew and keep house"—and Babs can. She managed their big home this past summer while her mother was ill. Then she added, "I don't smoke, drink or neck, and neither does my gang—and I'll bet we have more fun than Robin and her roughnecks." Sincerely,

MARY NAUGLE.

Hands Across the Sea to Spank Dorothy Black

Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Since this is my first fan letter to you, I'll try to cover everything.

Ann Batchelder taught me to cook. I discovered her the year I was married, 1933, when my husband and I were trying to wrest a living from a sterile Oklahoma farm. I used to day-dream over the luscious recipes and wonder if we'd ever taste food like that again.

Gladys Taber, Louise Benjamin and Leslie B. Hohman (Lieutenant Commander Hohman to *me*—I get chummy with them all. But with this I'm sending an open letter to Dorothy Black, which I hope is self-explanatory.

Yours truly,

MARY SHANK.

Dear Mrs. Black: This morning I woke up early and leaped out of bed. (I thought it rather strange, since I usually drag forth groaning.) I dressed in my lovely tweed suit and my comfortable walking shoes and walked downstairs. Old Betsy, our Colored Family Retainer, usually serves my breakfast in bed.) After a luxurious breakfast and cigarette, I walked as far as the garage. I drove one of our cars to the grocery and meat market, where I was met by a smiling staff singing "Good Morning to You." The butcher waved a thick steak at me and held aloft a crown roast of pork and a pound of bacon. I pointed out the other items I wanted. "Just deliver them," I said airily. "I'm going on to town."

After an hour or so at a beauty parlor, I spent the rest of the morning drifting in and out of the North Michigan shops, where my wild spending made hardly a dent in our huge bank account, which has got huger since the war.

And so to Helen's for an afternoon of bridge and girlish gossip. We were having a wonderful time chatting about the ballet and the opera and wondering if Stella knew Dick was taking his secretary to lunch every day—when all of a sudden Alice (she's always been a bit balmy) spoke up.

"Look, girls," she said. "Tell me what to have for dinner tonight. We've had steak so much even Fred is tired of it. Do you think——"

We didn't stop to think. We started throwing our cards at her. And all of a sudden *I* was Alice, and in Wonderland, and the alarm clock was ringing, and I knew, Dorothy, I had had that dream because I read your story in the JOURNAL just before going to bed.

It's really too bad I read Grounds for Marriage. Normally, I'd have thought it sweet and gay. But not after the day I'd really spent. Trekking from store to store in the Loop all morning looking for galoshes for Jon and shoes for myself. Just any kind of shoes. Of course it isn't Hitler's or Hirohito's fault that I wear size ten with an extremely narrow last. But I *could* get shod before the war and I can't now. Don't ask me why. I could have my shoes custom-made—if I had the money. No galoshes for Jon, but a promise "in the next week or so."

Next a thirty-minute subway ride home and the afternoon spent in looking for—yes!—something to eat. At the butcher's I held card No. 25—and held it and held it and held it. Usually I smoke while "queuing," but I haven't tasted a cigarette for ages. Finally my number is called and I ask for a pot roast. There is none. No bacon, no pork of any kind. There is liver. My husband and child hate liver. And *my* husband can recognize it even in a *pâté*! I think longingly of oysters, but they are prohibitively high. Chicken is no longer sold by the piece, and I can't afford a whole one. There is rib roast, but I have not enough points for it. I settle on a pound of hamburger meat (ground scrap beef) and cheese. The cheese cleans up my points for the week.

I go to the Greek's on the corner and hand over a king's ransom for a few green things and some fruit. Oh, yes, I had to take a number in here, too, and waited and waited and waited.

Yes, Mrs. Black, we know it could be worse; and I, for one, am not crying. When Jon comes home with his less-than-a-month-old shoes soleless; when I fell down the "el" steps because my four-year-old dress pumps wouldn't support me and I couldn't find any other shoes; when my husband suffers toothache because he can't find time to go to the dentist; when I had flu and there was nobody to come in and keep house and give Jon his lunches—I honestly don't feel like a martyr.

I know when Jon goes off to school each morning, he'll be back safe each afternoon. I know when I get back to our apartment, the building will be standing. The only robot bomb I've ever seen was a small model I bought the other day for my young nephew's birthday.

But, Mrs. Black, we too jolly the butcher and the laundryman and the dairyman, and "queue" and "think up ways of cooking offal." That's really all I had to say.

And this: I've enjoyed your letters to the Goulds and feel almost that you're one of the family. So you mustn't mind my scolding. Sincerely,

MARY SHANK.

Art for Journal Millions

Oakland, California.

To the Curtis Publishing Co.: Please may we have an advertisement on the back of the paintings, the new feature in the JOURNAL? They would make lovely framed pictures if one would not be tearing out a page of some very good story in order to remove them.

I pass my JOURNAL on to others in these days, but would like to have the picture. Sincerely,

MRS. JOHN CLAPP.

Although many readers do tear out pages of the JOURNAL for framing or for scrapbooks, it is against postal regulations for the magazine to suggest that this be done, or to perforate pages to make them easy to tear out. ED.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Editor: The Fine Arts Section of the Woman's Club of Catonsville, Maryland, has asked me, as chairman, to write you our very deep appreciation of the lovely reproductions of Romantic American paintings appearing in your magazine. We have mounted them in our art file in the public library, and hope that you will continue the series.

Very truly,

OCTAVIA A. KEEN.

The JOURNAL first began reproducing famous paintings for its millions of readers in January, 1910, when its circulation was 1,285,449, and its editor famed Edward Bok. Since 1910, the JOURNAL has brought to its millions masterpieces by as diverse artists as Raphael, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Whistler, Homer, Grant Wood and James Hopper. ED.

Continued on Page 148





Easter Feast – with America's best-liked* ham

*Best by national vote! The superb quality of Swift's Premium—strictly guarded for 50 years—makes it America's favorite, preferred to the next 8 leading brands combined.



BROWN-SUGAR-CURED!
Blue label *—for easy cooking;* red label *ready to eat. In buying a slice, look for the word SWIFT down the side.*



GELATIN EASTER EGGS!

A Salad-Garnish so novel it will set 'em all talking

Recipes. For a grand Easter dinner, serve any part of a Swift's Premium Ham adorned with Gelatin Eggs. Here's how Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist, fixes the eggs. Break shells at one end, making an opening about size of a penny. Pour eggs into a bowl; save to use in recipes below (or start saving shells ahead of time). Wash shells in cold water; put back in carton.

Soak 1 envelope (1 tbsp.) plain gelatin in ½ c. cold water for 5 min. Dissolve in 1 c. boiling water. Add ½ tsp. salt, ¼ c. sugar, ¼ c. vinegar, ½ tsp. onion salt, ¼ c. each, finely chopped pimiento, green pepper, sweet pickles, and 1 c. finely chopped cabbage. Divide mixture into 3 bowls. Color with red, green, and yellow food coloring.

Fill empty shells, pouring mixture from a pitcher. Put filled shells back into carton and chill over night in refrigerator. Peel off shells, serve on parsley or watercress.



Ham and Egg Dinner. Beat 5 eggs (about 1 c.) slightly. Add 1¼ c. cooled, scalded milk, ¾ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. grated onion. Bake in greased casserole in mod. oven (350°) for about 30 min. 5 min. before removing from oven, top with slices of baked ham. (Serves 3)



Ham and Egg Lunch. To 5 slightly beaten eggs, (about 1 c.) add ½ tsp. salt; ⅛ tsp. pepper, 1 c. cubed baked Swift's Premium Ham, 2 tbsp. chopped onion, ¼ c. chopped celery, ⅓ c. chopped green pepper. Cook over low heat, in warm greased skillet, stirring constantly. Serve on toast. (Serves 3)

Your first duty to your country: **BUY WAR BONDS!**

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



THE social event of March, 1895, was the marriage of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane in the Moorish Room of her father's Fifth Avenue home, before a fireplace of ebony and pearl. The Japanese-Chinese war ended, couturier Worth of Paris died, and Richard Harding Davis wrote The Princess Aline. "The ladies of the tale, like all of Mr. Davis' creations, have an indefinable air which birth and breeding alone can give," applauded Harper's Bazaar.

"Unless a child is unusually large for his age, it is better to keep him in skirts until he is four years old," advises the March, 1895, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"Nearly all men like music," remarks Eva Kinney Griffith in a piece called The Art of Pleasing Men. "Therefore, if you have a talent in that line, learn to sing and play simple songs, taking care to enunciate plainly."

"Marie: It is not necessary to help a man on with his coat at any time or any place."

Advertisements in this thirty-eight-page issue of the JOURNAL include a steel baby carriage for $2.75, silk umbrellas for 98c, a boy's double-breasted twill suit with extra trousers and cap to match, sizes 5 to 15, for $4; but a Victoria or Columbia bicycle cost $100.

"Harry: In making an afternoon call, the topcoat should be left in the hall, but your silk hat and stick may be carried into the drawing room."

"Ogden: Potatoes, no matter how thinly sliced, should be eaten with a fork and not from the fingers."

"My dear girl, there are more ways of serving God than by going to church," advises Ruth Ashmore. "Deny yourself this pleasure one Sunday and let your mother go, while you stay behind and put the house in order."

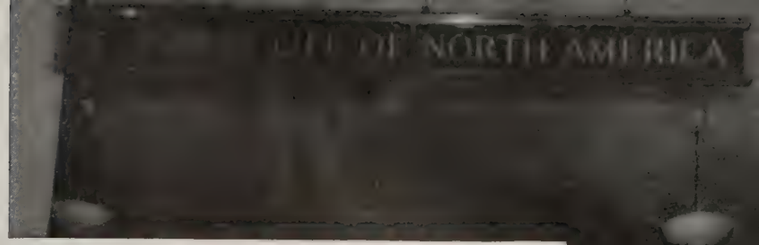
"Miss Leslie: A woman only five feet in height cannot wear a skirt over four and a half yards wide without causing a laughable effect."

Fashion notes for Easter, 1895: "Pipings of fur and heads of small animals like the seal or mink will obtain on spring wraps," writes the JOURNAL'S *fashion expert. "Capes are of crépon or chiffon, trimmed with jet or lace and sprigs of violets or forget-me-nots."*



"Ambitious stenographer: Patent-leather slippers are not worn on the street."

Beauty advice: "Jane: I certainly cannot recommend the use of belladonna to increase the size of your eyes."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

★ ***Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.***



ANGELA CALOMIRIS

Youthful visitors in the museums soon instruct the instructors.

DOWN at the entrance of the building next door two wings are standing, from a Japanese plane, labeled "Betty." And pausing for a glance the other day, ***Richard Pratt*** listened while two boys, about twelve, conversed learnedly of Nipponese aircraft. It seems, Mr. P. discovered, that Betty is the code name we give to one type of the enemy's twin-engine torpedo bomber. Lily is lighter; Sally's a medium bomber; Tony, Tojo, Oscar, Zeke and Hamp are single-engine fighters, according to the two boys, and Emily is a big four-engine bomber for patrol. This sort of information is typical among the small fry. What about girls? Well, girls don't rate. They give their greatest attention to the Air Forces men stationed at the show—particularly the handsome ones, with medals.

Hearing this, and remembering a certain apathetic attitude as a child toward exhibits of any kind, we phoned around the city for further information on the cultural curiosity of kids. You'd be surprised—it's terrific. Up at the Metropolitan, for instance, for the youngest visitors they have treasure hunts—give them mimeographed sheets of clues and

CAPUTO



Art critics in the making.

let them wander around among the painting, sculpture and other exhibits, looking for the various objects listed, and picking up appreciation as they go. At the Museum of Natural History they get almost 8000 children over a week end; have to put them in platoons with trained instructors who say that a lot of the young ones who come there regularly can soon tell *them* a thing or two. And over at the Museum of Modern Art, where they have a Young People's Gallery, and give shows of their work, and have viewing machines for animated drawings, which you turn with a crank, they also take down youthful criticism of modern masterpieces.

Everybody's heard about HARVEY, *and knows that Harvey is a big six-foot rabbit who never appears on the stage. But hardly anybody knows that the rabbit did appear at a few opening performances in Boston, where they figured the show would be funnier if he remained imaginary. The queer thing about the illusion, according to* ***Ann Batchelder,*** *is that a lot of people who've seen the play really think they've seen the rabbit. But his costume, which cost $650, is buried in moth balls in the basement of the 48th Street Theater—waiting for the movies, maybe.*

If you listen to the Aldrich Family, you may be interested to hear they've had to make a big bas-relief map of Henry's home town, so the author, ***Clifford Goldsmith,*** can keep it straight where everybody lives and works. Too many people complained that one time De Haven's drugstore would be right around the corner from Henry's, and sometimes a bike ride away, together with other discrepancies.

March is always a good book month: there's Ephraim Tutt again in MR. TUTT FINDS A WAY, by ***Arthur Train;*** a short, biographical novel of Dean Swift in those years which involved Stella and Vanessa—THE VIOLENT FRIENDS, by ***Winston Clewes;*** ***Richard Wright's*** autobiography of childhood, BLACK BOY, an amazingly vivid picture of Deep South tragedy; and a sound book which concerns our national future—SOLUTION IN ASIA, by ***Owen Lattimore.***

Alice Blinn's been talking about shopping conditions to some of the heads of the big grocery chains here in town, and one thing she turned up was that 25 per cent more men do marketing now than ever before. Men are more adventurous, they'll try something new that attracts them, even though it isn't on their list. They buy more quickly, and hardly ever ask the price, which women do as a matter of course. Clerks prefer men customers, but the manager who made that remark asked Miss B. not to quote him. "After all," he said, "it's the women who'll always keep us going."

Just before ***Beatrice Blackmar Gould*** and ***Mary Cookman*** left on their flight to Europe, as guests of the Army Air Forces, to see at firsthand how the liberated people of Europe are living, we looked over their paraphernalia for the trip. Except for their clothes, which were minimum, and regulation, but very becoming, as the picture of Mrs. Cookman shows, they took nothing, of course, but the most essential of supplies and equipment, all as compact and concentrated as

STUART



Europe-bound for the Journal.

modern ingenuity can make them. No more than they can carry themselves. A collapsible stove, for instance, you could put in your pocket, with chemical tablets for fuel, and various concentrates to cook on it; booklets of soap leaves, and flashlights. They won't even have to ask for a pin, in places where pins are rarities. They will, however, ask for information, and later on you'll be getting it from them.

"In the future we must never forget the lesson that we have learned—that we must have friends who will work with us in peace as they have fought at our side in war."

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



This is Baby Betty

(SHE HAS IT!)



This is Sister Sue

(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)



This is what happened

(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. Try Ivory care today ... and watch your skin start to glow—with that Ivory Look!



99 44/100% pure

Help save vital war materials—make soap go further. The ingredients that go into soap hav important war uses, too—so don't waste Ivory.

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER



We Got Back

If Kim was lost, she was lost too. "Oh, Kimmy, I love you so much. Dip me your wing. Say something!"

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

JULIANNE left the narrow bright blue boardwalk and found her way among the beach chairs and down across the sand to a place nearer the water where there were fewer people and where the sand was wet and smelled strongly of the sea. She lay down and looked up through her sunglasses into a pale, August sky where two planes moved. It was time she was alone awhile, outdoors in the sun; time she had a chance to think with purpose and without panic of her marriage and what was to come of it, now that Kim was home from flying a B-24 in the Southwest Pacific, and they had come, together, for his stay at the Army Air Forces' Redistribution Station at Atlantic City.

There was something in the insistence of the wind that blew her dark hair across her forehead and fluttered the brief skirt of her white-and-crimson bathing suit against her thighs, and in the yielding sand under the length of her body, that made her think of home and wish much, for the moment, that she could be back in Albuquerque, in her father's house on the hill above the campus, and have the comfort of her parents' kindness and their belief in her good sense and

THEIR WIVES COULDN'T REACH THEM. THEY LAY IN THEIR ARMS AT NIGHT AND FELT SEPARATED BY GULFS OF TIME, OF SILENCE, OF INDIFFERENCE. "DO THEY EVER REALLY COME BACK?" THE WIVES WONDERED. ★ ★ THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL.

courage. So many times in the eighteen months past, while she was making her home with Kim's parents in Indiana, she had longed to get away to the mountains for even a day. Now, perhaps, the ocean, when she began to know it, and the changes that day and night, wind and cloud brought over it, might give her the belonging strength she missed, so long away from the mountains.

"How grand, my dear," Mrs. Waters, Kim's mother, had said, "that Kim can take you with him there. Now you'll have some time to yourselves. It's a shame we've managed, among us, to give you so little time together, since he's got home. People forget how little time you were married before he went. You've never seen the ocean, have you?"

They were in the kitchen together that morning, Julianne and her mother-in-law. Julianne was pressing her dresses and then folding them carefully, between sheets of tissue paper, in the opened suitcase on the kitchen table. Mrs. Waters was letting down a hem. They had come to know each other very well in the year and a half they had kept house and waited for Kim's letters together. Now they needed, wanted, before Julianne and Kim went away, to talk about Kim and the changes war had worked in him.

"He went downtown this morning," Mrs. Waters said, "not because he wanted to, but to humor his father. I'm sure you've noticed, Julie, that since the first two mornings, Kim hasn't wanted to go downtown at all. And when people come, when the Bakers came yesterday, he wasn't asleep, out there in the sun porch. He was playing possum. They said, 'No, don't disturb him!' and that rascal lay there and let them tiptoe away and never opened an eye. And he really likes the Bakers, too, always did."

"Yes, I know," Julianne said. "But he still needs sleep."

"Kim's so quiet," his mother said, and laid the garment she was basting a new hem in across her short lap and folded her plump hands over it, for a moment's respite. "He acts so kind of *patient* with both dad and me, in something the same way he did the summer he was nine and we held out he couldn't have his bicycle until he was ten. The way he wanders around this house, now, upstairs and down, like he was penned up! There's a kind of *reproach* in his look, and I don't understand it. Do you think, Julianne, we've failed him in some way, failed to do something he counted on our doing?"

"I DON'T know," Julianne said, and turned her head away so that Kim's mother could not see how troubled and frightened she was. "I think it's just all he's been through, Mother Waters: seeing friends go down or just not come back, and that he's still tired, that makes him so quiet. Maybe, though, he's needed, wanted so much to come home, the change is too quick from there to here."

"But it's not just that he's not used to being home yet," Mrs. Waters said. "It's more than that! I heard him say to his father, yesterday, when they didn't know I was in hearing, 'When I was down there I thought this town, and the States, was something I'd dreamed, and now I'm home I know it was. Only it's not a good dream, but a slow nightmare you fight to wake up from!'"

Julianne was thinking, *If only it was just the town, the country, he felt that way about, I could wait. I could help him to see it as it really is, that it's not all selfish and heedless, that only a little of it is like that. The trouble is, he looks at me as though he thought me, and our marriage, less than perfect too. He doesn't say that, but it is in his eyes.* Aloud she said, "All the men must think of home as being perfect, the way boys away from home at school for the first time do, and then, when they come home, get a jolt."

Mrs. Waters said, "You're right. He misses those other boys, the ones gone and the ones of his crew, misses them in somewhat the way he used to miss the basketball-team boys, summers, only differently. Now Kim's seen these other boys really fighting, some of them dying, and it makes all the difference in the world. Yesterday he said to his father, in one of the few times he's wanted to talk about that fighting, 'When they got Van, bad as it was, I thought I could take it, that I *was* taking it. And then when I got out of the plane and started to walk toward the operations tent, my knees all but buckled under me, and when I started to tell them, in Interrogation, I stood there and heard my voice stammer, and it wasn't my voice at all.' He's talked with dad more than he has with me, and he's not felt like saying much to dad. Has he wanted to talk with you about it, Julie?"

"No, not yet."

HIS mother looked at Julianne. "War's just too much, even for a levelheaded boy like Kim, even though no bodily harm came to him. They take and train those boys, so they can do everything they're to have to do in a bomber, all working together, and still, you can't tell me, when they're up there dropping those bombs, fighting those Zeros, they feel that's what they were made for, that's what we brought them into the world for! There's no real sense in war. It's so—so unnatural."

Julianne slid the skirt of her yellow play suit over the end of the ironing board before she said, "Still, there *is* war, and Kim's been in it, and it's made a different man of him, for now at least. Maybe, when I get to Atlantic City, when I meet other men, other pilots who've known all Kim's known, I can understand better, can help him to get used to things here at home." She stopped and kept from adding, *Get used to me, and find his way back to being in love with me as he was in the little while we were friends, in the little while we were married, too, before he went away.*

"Let's hope so," her mother-in-law said. "Getting used to anything takes time, and time's what there's not been. They train those boys, and then give them a whole lifetime of fighting and awful hard work pressed into months and missions. They expect them to endure the unendurable and then, when they're dead tired, they send them home, and unless this redistribution station they're sending Kim to is to tackle it, there's no place for them, no place for a too-tight spring to unwind, easy. I'm glad you're going along, Julie. He goes striding along on those long legs of his—all his father's people are built like that, like greyhounds, strong, wide chests like his, lean in the thighs, and long legs—and nobody'd know, nobody but you and me, there's anything about the shape this war's got him in, for a mother to be aching her heart about, and a wife to be anxious. Since I can't, I'm glad you're going with him."

Lying in the sand, idly watching the planes overhead, Julianne remembered that talk with Kim's mother, and thought about her marriage. She wished she might be as sure as Kim's mother was that she should have come with him, that he needed and wanted her with him.

By some miracle they had been wondrously happy in the few days they were married, before he went overseas. Even though they had been alone only in the night hours, in the room that had been his all his life, they had felt that they had been together always.

She remembered Kim saying, a morning in his father's house, "You're my little cinnamon bear, found again! There he sits, in the red chair, but he's not the same bear I couldn't go to sleep without. I lost him about the time I started to school. But you know, I've got something the same feeling for you, Julie. I couldn't go to sleep without him; don't want to wake up without you! I can't remember when I didn't have him, to go to sleep with. Now, it's a funny thing—we've been married eight days, and I can't remember when I didn't have you, to wake up with, can't remember how it was, even. Seems like I've had you always, like my bear!"

Now had she, because of the war's work in him, been relegated, like the little bear, to a chair in the corner, never to be really his again? Could it be that he no longer felt his belonging to her, her belonging to him? That morning in the kitchen, his mother, whom she had counted on to give her understanding of Kim, as the man she had seen him grow to be, had turned to her, to help him. It was as though she had said, "*You're his wife. If he's to get back, it's up to you!*"

Now she had to own that Kim belonged first to the war, to the Lady Be Good and her crew, and to being with men like Pete Copeland, who was dead and yet lived again. If she was ever to have him back, in the nearness they had known before he went away, she must know what it was he needed now; that, while he fought, he had found in the companionship and understanding of other men. She must know what it was they had said to one another, what they said now, remembering, and how they felt. Only then could she know the man Kim had become.

Near Julianne two boys were playing a game of horseshoes, throwing clamshells instead of shoes. They had made circles in the sand with holes in their centers instead of stakes.

A girl in a green bathing suit came by and stopped to ask, "Is that something you played, wherever you were, or is it something you made up just now?"

"We made it up, here and now," the taller of the boys said.

"Want to play?" the other asked, and stooped and picked up two smaller shells and held them out to her.

"Thanks. Don't care if I do," the girl said, and tossed her bright, ginger-colored hair, squinting up at them, in the sunshine, with a happy ease that made Julianne like her.

"Say, what you doing with a dog tag on?" the shorter boy asked.

"Wac," the girl said. "I work here. Lieutenant Betsy Weston. This is my day off."

TWO soldiers, wet from the waves, ran, shouting, between Julianne and the horseshoe players so that she did not hear their names when they spoke them. She hoped that they might be names she had heard Kim mention.

"I like to watch a girl throw something," the taller boy was saying. "They throw so funny!"

"*That* so funny?" the girl asked, when the shell had landed in the sand. "Ringer, or I'll eat my hat!"

"What sort of accent is that?" the shorter boy asked. "And what sort of talk is that—'I'll eat my hat!'"

"It depends on where you're from, whether that's an accent or not. It's pure Nebraskan, and so is 'or I'll eat my hat.' I'm beginning to be touchy about my talk. You can take Brooklyn, the deep South and Texas, and think they're fine. What's wrong with the Midwest?"

"Nothing's wrong with it. I like to hear you talk it," the taller boy said. "Are you really from Nebraska? If you are, is there really a place there, a town, named Wahoo? Would you happen to know a pilot from there, named Jelinek?"

"There are a lot of Jelineks. Bohemian."

"Where did you live?"

"Little place out beyond Hastings. You wouldn't have heard of it."

"Hastings? Say, Curly, was that Wahoo's school, Hastings?"

"Not so likely," the girl said. "Crete, more likely."

"That's it. Hastings was a school Wahoo's school played. Played tackle. You didn't ever see him play, did you?"

"Likely," she said. "But I didn't know him." Standing with the other shell raised, her fingers curled expertly about the rim of it, she asked slowly, "Where were you?"

"South Pacific."

"Was Wahoo the only man from Nebraska you knew?"

"Guess he was."

"You wouldn't happen—you didn't know a pilot named Dave Alberts, did *(Continued on Page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS


"I've never fainted but once before in my life. I was tan and I was going to have measles."
. . . "Well, it isn't measles you're going to have now, baby."



RED IS FOR LAUGHTER

HE WAS standing on the corner with the boys when the girl walked by. She was walking fast, so fast that the wind flattened her white dress against her body, and lifted her hair off the back of her neck. She was holding her head a shade too high, and the hand at her side was clenched.

Joey saw her too. His eyes always swung with compass precision to the nearest pretty girl in the vicinity. "Look at this," Joey said, and gave the usual G.I. whistle as she came abreast of them.

It was then that he noticed what was different about her. She was crying. Her eyes were open wide and staring straight ahead, but tears clung to her lashes. She walked past the five soldiers on the corner as if they didn't exist.

He threw away his cigarette. "See you fellows later," he said.

"Don't you know a brush-off when you get one?" Joey asked.

He ignored Joey and crossed the street. It was the middle of the block before he caught up with her. She turned her head, pretending to look in the store window. After a while she realized he wasn't going to pass her.

"Leave me alone," she said tightly, and still she didn't look at him.

"It's none of my business ——" he began.

"You're right. It's none of your business."

"Well," he said, "when you're crying on the street, it is my business."

"I have a roommate at home," she said. "She has troubles of her own. That's why I'm out walking. So now you know."

"Yes," he said. "But there's a lot more."

"You don't want to hear about it. Why don't you get yourself a gay girl? You have enough grief coming to you."

"There are always gay girls."

He pulled her back sharply to the curb as a taxi cut in front of her, and felt the sudden convulsive start of her body against his arm. But when the light changed she strode ahead as fast as before.

"It won't do any good to blink the tears back," he said. "It just makes your throat ache."

She swallowed. "You think you know everything, don't you?" she said then.

"I know what crying feels like," he said. "And I know what it feels like not to cry."

She didn't say anything. She wiped the wetness off her cheek with the back of her hand. "You know," she said, "it isn't as if I didn't know. It doesn't do any good to cry. It's just no *use*. And I know that better than I know anything. But it comes all the same."

"Let it come. It's good for you."

She shook her head. He saw her trying to make a smile. "It isn't constructive," she said. The smile broke up completely then and her face crumpled. She turned away from him and walked a little faster.

"Take it easy. You don't have to be smart, when you're not feeling smart."

"Oh, yes, I do," she said. "I have a reputation to keep up. The gayest girl in Oakridge County. That's me. Honest. For years and years."

"Well, maybe you are," he said. "But even the gay ones have to cry sometime."

"You don't get it," she said. "You think I'm crying because I have something to cry about. Something that's happened. Well, you're wrong. Nothing's happened. There's nothing for me to cry about—nothing I couldn't cry about every day in the year."

"Are you sure it's as bad as that?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I'm sure."

They were out on the highway now, the lights of the town dimming behind them. She broke a branch off a hedge they passed and flicked it aimlessly against the pebbles in her path.

"Why do you have to walk so fast?"

"It isn't fast enough," she said. "If I had a car, or if I could ride a horse—anything. But just walking—it doesn't help."

"Help?"

She looked at him for a long moment. "Do you know what it's like to feel the walls closing in on you? Eight hours a day you sit in an office with the walls around you, and you go home and the walls are there, too, and you have twelve feet by sixteen feet to move around in. So you go out, and there's Main Street, and two movie houses, and a bowling alley and three saloons and a meat market. There are people out walking, and there's lots of space, but the walls are still there, and no matter how far you go or how fast you walk, you can't get away. You're still

She was crying for no reason at all. Then Bill tracked her down with a hankie, a kiss and a reason to stop.

★ BY HERMINE HALL ★

locked up inside. There's nothing to do, no one to talk to." She stumbled a little and the breath caught in her throat, but she tossed her head back angrily and kept on walking.

"Maybe you're homesick," he said. "Couldn't you go back home?"

"Yes, I'm homesick," she said, and her voice was so low he could hardly make out the words. "But home is a time, not a place. It's gone now, and it won't come back. I've been walking the world for four years looking for home."

"There are a lot of other people looking, too," he said. "For a longer time than that."

"I know." She bit her lip. "I don't really have a right to be crying, do I? When you think of the people in Europe, of the soldiers. I think of them. But the worst thing that can happen to you isn't being starved, or losing your family, or even being shot in a foxhole. You can laugh if you like, because you've probably been through those things and I haven't, but all the same I know."

"The worst thing?" he said. "Tell me."

"The worst thing that can happen to you," she said slowly, "is to be wasted. To have your life make no difference to anyone in the world, not even yourself. To have a roof over your head, and food to eat, and to know you can spend the rest of your life getting these things, so you can stay alive, so you can keep on getting them, and on and on and on, and never a better reason."

So she had figured that out too. So many people didn't until they were so old it didn't matter. But she was young to have found it out—too young. No wonder she was scared.

"You're tired," he said. "If you're on a war job you probably haven't had a vacation for years, and forty-eight hours a week is a heavy grind."

She shook her head. "That's not why I'm tired. I lived a twenty-five-hour day for four years to put myself through college and I was never tired. But I had something worth working for then."

"Don't you think the war is worth working for?"

He heard her take a deep breath. "No." She didn't look at him. She ran the branch in her hand along the fence by the roadway. "It's too big," she said, after a while. "I know what I do is necessary, and I'm glad I'm helping, but I never feel as though it's really me they need.

(Continued on Page 101)

ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE



TOO YOUNG TO MARRY?

The true mating instinct is to be trusted! The clear eyes of young love are more likely to pick a suitable partner than are the bifocals of cautious experience. ★ ★ BY HUBBARD HOOVER

JULIET had exchanged fewer than a hundred words with Romeo. She had had one dance and a kiss. She said to her nurse:

"Go, ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed."

When she heard the name, she knew that she had fallen in love with a man whose family were traditional enemies of her family. She was disturbed but not shaken. She could see that great difficulties stood between her and a successful marriage with Romeo, but she felt within herself the will and the strength to overcome them all. Juliet was very young, but not too young to marry.

No one is too young to marry who loves like that. No one is too young to marry who loves enough. Young people often try to justify their wish to marry on the scle basis of their loving each other. This is not sufficient justification unless they love each other *enough.* But what is *enough?*

There can be, of course, no accurate yardstick for measuring love, but there are some useful guiding principles:

1. Has love given these two the realization that a major experience like marriage is bound to bring its pain as well as its happiness? When the pain comes, will they go through it hand in hand, or will they suddenly discover that they are no longer in love?

2. Do they think of this marriage as something permanent—a magnificent adventure that will take the whole of a long life to complete? Or do they think of it as an exciting experiment—a sort of superduper house party?

3. Are they willing to live in a modest way so that they can have a home of their own? Can they visualize the economies and the deprivations? Have they a practical plan for making the required amount of money?

4. Has his love made him immune to a romantic interest in other women? Has he become the whole world of men to her?

5. Does their love include liking? Are they good companions? If they were of the same sex, would they seek each other out and take pleasure in being together?

6. Do they think of each other as equal partners, each contributing something special and important to the success of this joint enterprise?

7. Does each think of marriage as an opportunity for making the other happy? Or does either regard the other simply as a source of comfort, convenience or entertainment?

8. Does their love give them the wish and the courage to be on the level with each other? About their ages, their money, their faults?

These are searching questions and a severe test. No one can be expected to score 100 per cent. Many oldsters who are very supercilious about the young will flunk out entirely. Some couples who have been married for twenty years will have a hard time making a passing grade. They are still too young to marry.

Take the case of Madeline, who pouts if she can't have a new dress for every party, sulks every time her husband brings home an evening's work in his brief case, and is outraged when he wants to spend a week of his vacation on a hunting trip. It is only when the children go off on their own that she begins to cater to him. It is only when he becomes very sick that she realizes he is perishable and begins to make his happiness her first consideration. Now she is no longer content to be a mere adjunct to her husband; she has grown up to be an equal partner. At last she is old enough to marry. Luckily, she is married, and to the right man. But many precious years have been less than they might have been.

The fault is often with the man. Many train their wives to be soft and dependent. You remember Nora in A Doll's House, and how she was encouraged not to bother about great big things that were of the utmost importance to her. Nora was always capable of growing up to be a full-time wife, but her husband kept her as long as he could on the level of an ornament. After years of marriage a tragic situation made Nora grow up, but her husband still remained too young to marry.

There is some statistical evidence which seems to show that the middle twenties is the most favorable time for marriage; but when you come to individual cases calendar age counts for very little. Some couples in their late teens are old enough; some couples of forty are still too young. Everything depends on the ability to love enough, and that comes only when the heart has matured its special wisdom. In the past twenty years the Little Church Around the Corner has witnessed upwards of fifty thousand marriages, but in a single year the Rev. Randolph Ray has refused to marry almost five hundred couples because in his judgment they showed no evidence of sincerely wishing or expecting their marriage to last. This frivolous attitude toward marriage—no matter what the calendar age—means unripe, juvenile emotions.

Young lovers usually want to do the right thing and welcome *good* advice. Most adults are able to recognize gross cases of emotional immaturity and to give good advice. Unfortunately, many adults bungle badly the borderline cases—those who have obvious deficiencies but good fundamental character, those whom the experience of marriage itself would soon bring to full maturity.

The finer and more sensitive the young people, the greater the danger of an overemphasis on the responsibilities of married life. Even if they have the courage to marry in spite of all the inappropriate advice they are getting, they are likely to enter upon marriage with anxiety and misgiving instead of with joy and confidence.

Except in the obvious cases of emotional immaturity, the best advice is the least advice. In case of doubt, the safe course is not to say, "Better not marry." The safe course is to say, "What are you waiting for?"

It is a heavy responsibility to advise a person to postpone marriage until everything is perfect.

Harriet is still a beautiful woman, and in college she had many suitors. But it was Harriet's misfortune to be brought up by two foolish, meddlesome, well-meaning aunts, who had a great deal of advice to give her whenever she seemed about to fall in love. One aunt kept telling her about the "demands" that men make and the other kept telling her that one so lovely and so fine should hold herself proudly aloof until someone really worthy came along. Harriet has now turned thirty and the aunts are not entirely happy with their handiwork. Aunt Bertha says, "I wonder what's wrong with Harriet." Aunt Maude says, in a speculative tone, "How old is Harriet now?" Both aunts are saying to themselves, "I hope the poor child didn't take my advice too seriously." Harriet is saying to herself, "What's wrong with me, anyhow?" Harriet is saying out loud, "Nothing like a cozy evening with a good book." Harriet is saying out loud and defiantly, "I live alone and like it." Harriet's occasional dates are saying, "Has everything—but sort of gives me the creeps. Just when I think I'm getting somewhere, she goes bristly on me." Harriet has lost the knack of getting on easily and naturally with men.

Much harm can be done to young people of the more sensitive and docile sort by the constant stream of irresponsible middle-aged *(Continued on Page 166)*

The Forest of Arden

y Albert Pinkham Ryder . . . 1847-1917

yder was perhaps the purest romantic in all merican art. He lived almost entirely in the orld of his imagination. He worked in a dirty, uttered room in New York City, and sometimes ent as much as twenty years on a single canvas. e paid little attention to the world about him, t instead created a mysterious world of his own, owing with rich color and filled with poetic mosphere. THE FOREST OF ARDEN *is one of s most beautiful canvases. It shows a scene magic escape from the hard realities of e—a vision of untroubled and idyllic existce, a pastoral wonderland peopled with figes of grace and ease and contentment.*

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My Love is You

BY ALEXIS BRUNTON

KATHIE left the bus at her usual corner, wishing the ball of string in her middle would stop its awful winding and whirling. Her reflection glanced back at her momentarily from a store window, and she smiled a bit one-sidedly. At least, it wasn't showing in her face yet. Or was it?

Inside the supermarket, she took a second to tick off the items on her mental list. For five days she'd known exactly what this reunion dinner would be. Everything Dirk liked, with particular emphasis on the cream of mushroom, steak, frothy potatoes, and cheese dressing for the salad. The strawberry shortcake, to top off, was a must.

The ball of string started tightening again, and Kathie paused at the frosted-foods cabinet, biting her lip, no longer able to check the doubts. Yes, that's what she was dreading. This first night home together. No use pretending it wasn't, when only a matter of minutes separated them now.

If only everyone hadn't been so understanding all at once. Mr. Wetherby, for instance. She'd been taking his dictation when her mother phoned. He'd seen her face, too, as she hung up. "He's—home?"

Kathie just nodded, horribly inarticulate now that the time had come.

Mr. Wetherby took off his glasses and polished them elaborately. "Why not take your vacation now, my dear? Give you a little extra time together, wouldn't it? After all, he's been overseas—how long?"

Kathie's lips barely moved in answer. "Twenty-eight months."

Mr. Wetherby's nod was wistful. "Um-h'm! So you're going home right this minute. No buts, please." He meant it as a nice gesture, of course. He couldn't possibly dream how Kathie felt.

Nor did her mother, apparently. Certainly there'd been no hint when she called to say Dirk had arrived. "He wants to let you come home as usual and surprise you. But I'm a female, too, so I knew you'd rather know at once." If that wasn't just like muth, Kathie thought gratefully, as the cheerful, familiar voice at the far end talked on easily. "You two are going to have this leave together, in a place of your own, as it should be. I'm on my way now to stay at Aunt Jessie's."

Kathie's eyes softened. Darn it. Why was everybody being so swell? It was only that much harder to face. Even the girls at the office—patting her shoulder, looking wistful, sighing!

In a way, it was like being a bride all over again. The same queer excitement holding you—a sort of breathless expectancy. But different too. Then there'd still been time to change her mind. If she'd wanted to. She hadn't. She'd been so very sure.

But in so many months, things could happen to people. *How could Dirk be the same?* she was thinking. *After all he's been through. Maybe I've changed too. Yes, I have. I'm not the girl Dirk thinks he married at all.*

Why had she been so sure then? When they first met, his easy, quick-smiling nonchalance captured her attention. She'd played up to it with her own brand of dry humor. Mostly corn, he'd grinned, but he seemed to enjoy it. Soon they were laughing together, poking fun at this and that. Never too serious about anything. Very casual. Never sentimental. Because that's what he specially liked about her, Dirk said once. Feet on the ground and no wool in her eyes.

So sentiment was out, with Dirk. He never guessed, of course, that her laughter often covered the very qualities he disliked; that sometimes Kathie was as quick to tears as to joy. No; at first she hadn't been deliberately deceiving. She'd simply been in love and tried to be the girl Dirk wanted.

It hadn't seemed so terribly important, then, to turn her back on sentiment. To be brave-eyed, smiling and unclinging each time they said good-by. As though it didn't matter too much, and they'd see each other tomorrow—or soon. At what cost, Dirk never knew.

Her letters, she made certain, were always in that same careless, not-too-serious vein. Because his had been that way. So very cheerful and unsentimental that now Kathie wondered if Dirk still cared.

Yet she had hope. Hope in two small memories. Or you might call them three. One was the V-mail valentine he'd sent from England. Only a mimeographed affair of hearts and flowers around a bit of doggerel that went:

Roses are red, violets blue.
Believe this, sweet: My love is You.

One of his buddies designed it, Dirk said, so the whole outfit was sending them home. But it was something to cling to because of the other two moments.

The one that counted most was the evening of the house party when she was playing for the singsong. Without thinking, her fingers had drifted into an old favorite of her dad's: My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose. Kathie's glance had lifted to Dirk's, as he leaned over the piano. His nose wrinkled and his lips said, "Mush!" But even as he spoke, something in his eyes belied the word. And that was the moment she had known for sure. That this was her man. Now and forever.

The third moment was unexpected. Wandering slowly through the dusk, that last evening together, out of nowhere a vender thrust something under Dirk's nose. "A rose for the lady, sir?" Dirk looked startled for a second, then smiled and gave the woman a coin. Without a word, he handed the flower to Kathie, but as they walked along he'd started to hum, very softly, "*My love is like a red, red rose* ——" Kathie had been grateful, suddenly, for the dimness. Because it was hiding her tears.

Abruptly, she found herself at home, breathless from struggling with the bundles. She let herself in, calling lightly, "Anyone here?" But the house was empty and quiet. Puzzled, she carried the bags on into the kitchen and set them down. All was neat and tidy. And no sign of Dirk.

A glance at her watch said there was time for a shower and change before starting dinner. With studied composure she went on upstairs, wondering what to wear. In the doorway of her room she halted, breath caught. Signs of Dirk here, all right. Stuff all over the place and on her dresser too. She forced a smile, ignoring the limpness in her knees. "The masculine touch," she observed to the room at large. But where was he?

She had bathed and put on a crisp pinafore when the lock on the front door rattled. Kathie froze in mid-gesture, just listening as firm steps crossed the threshold. When, finally, she could walk downstairs, she wasn't even breathing. Hearing her, Dirk glanced up, surprised. "Kathie!" He didn't move, but kept staring at her, his eyes lighting and a strange look on his face.

Kathie arranged her nicest smile, thinking, *He doesn't even remember me*, and pushed herself the rest of the way.

Surprisingly, he didn't kiss her, although he took her in his arms. His cheek was cool and firm against her own warmer one. "I can't believe it," he was saying. "It's so much like a dream ——"

"Uh-huh. That same old nightmare!" Her nose crinkled at him in the familiar way as she took his arm. "Come on in here," she said, drawing him into the living room, "where I can really see you." She stood back, head on one side, trying to be casual, as though this happened any day, any time. Dirk mustn't know yet what was going on under the calm, frilly pinafore. *(Continued on Page 168)*



It seemed this was what he wanted to do—just more and more of this.



for the First Time... like Sun on a Cloud

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

When your editors, aware as so many parents are aware nowadays that something fundamental is wrong with the education of our children and ourselves, asked Walter Lippmann to write a series of articles on the situation, his reply was that everything had been said, and better said than he would be able to say it, by Sir Richard Livingstone in his book ON EDUCATION. (Macmillan, $1.75.)

After reading ON EDUCATION, we passed it around to our various editors, every one of whom found it helpful in his thinking. We are here presenting a 7500-word digest of the first half of Sir Richard's book.

We are under no delusion that our digest is better than, or even as good as, the original in full. But we believe every person interested in the education of citizens in our democratized republic should read Sir Richard's book. We are hopeful that this digest will stimulate an appetite for the book as a whole.

—The Editors.

WE HAVE LOST OUR GRIP ON EDUCATION

By Sir Richard Livingstone

WHY are we an uneducated nation and how can we become an educated one? We have compulsory education, magnificent schools and an enormous educational budget. Yet the newspapers and films of a country are the best index of what appeals to its masses. What view would posterity form of our civilization from these manifestations of its taste and intelligence?

Listen to a description of modern education and its effects by Mr. Walter Lippmann:

"There is an enormous vacuum where until a few decades ago there was the substance of education. And with what is that vacuum filled? It is filled with the elective, eclectic, the specialized, the accidental and incidental improvisations and spontaneous curiosities of teachers and students. There is no common faith, no common body of principle, no common moral and intellectual discipline. Yet the graduates of these modern schools are expected to form a civilized community. They are expected to govern themselves. They are expected to have a social conscience. They are expected to arrive by discussion at common purpose. When one realizes that they have no common culture, is it astounding that they have no common purpose? That they worship false gods? That only in war do they unite? That in the fierce struggle for existence they are tearing Western society to pieces? . . . We have established a system of education in which we insist that while everyone must be educated, yet there is nothing in particular that an educated man should know."

If you taught a child the letters of the alphabet and then stopped, you would probably consider that you had thrown time away in teaching him the A B C's. Yet that is what we do in our elementary education. Elementary education is not complete in itself. It prepares the pupil to go on to something else, and puts his foot on the first step of the ladder of knowledge. But in fact the vast majority go on to nothing else.

The chief uses of our present elementary system are to enable a minority to proceed to further education and the rest to read the cheap press. I am not criticizing our elementary schools or their teachers, or denying the necessity of elementary education for all. But unless it leads on to something else, it is as useless as a ladder which has no rungs beyond one or two at the bottom. To cease education at fourteen is as unnatural as to die at fourteen.

We have, I believe, wholly overlooked a vital principle. Its neglect is largely responsible for the limited success of the education we have. The principle is: That almost any subject is studied with much more interest and intelligence by those who know something of its subject matter than by those who do not; and, conversely, that it is not profitable to study theory without some practical experience of the facts to which it relates.

In some fields this is recognized. Medical students walk the wards while they study surgery and medicine. So with engineering: practical experience in the workshop is sandwiched with study of the theory. The most interesting—not necessarily the ablest—pupils I ever had came to the university not direct from school, but after a period in the army or business or some other practical pursuit. Unlike the great majority of undergraduates who study history and literature, and even politics and ethics, when they know hardly anything of the subjects with which these deal—human nature and life—these other students had seen something of both and were better prepared to think about them.

"Nobody who has seen the results of compulsory education to the age of sixteen in the United States will be under the delusion that it produces an educated nation."

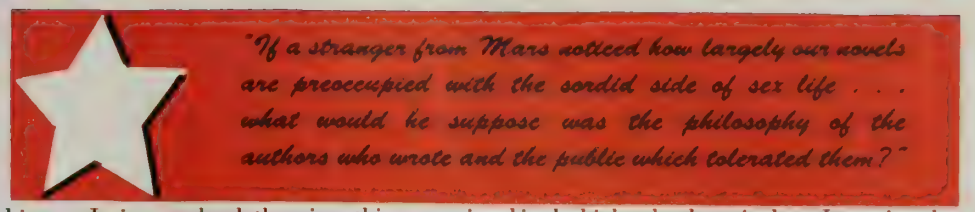
If certain subjects need experience of life for full and fruitful study, how will this affect our educational practice?

First, note that certain subjects need no experience of life for their full comprehension: among these are mathematics, languages, the sciences and some aspects of geography. They are like predigested foods, complete in themselves. Individuals may have no natural capacity for some of them—some children seem incapable of learning foreign languages, others incapable of any mathematics except the simplest—but these subjects are normally indicated for the young.

But there are other subjects in the curriculum than mathematics, languages, science. There are literature, history, economics and politics. In them the pupil studies life and human nature, of which he knows so little. Are they to be excluded from the schools? Do the boy and the adolescent profit little or nothing from their study; and if so, what profit do they get?

Studies lead to specific knowledge, but, quite apart from that, they are a training in the art of using the mind. A schoolboy, who may know

From Sir Richard Livingstone's ON EDUCATION (Cambridge Univ. Press, England). By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers, U. S.



nothing of the realities with which history or literature or politics or economics deal, can get this training from their study; their facts and theories are to him counters with which he learns to use his brain in these and related subjects. It is an excellent and healthy occupation, and on it is founded the saying that education is what remains after we have forgotten all that we have learned.

What else does a pupil learn by studying history or literature at school? My own tentative answer would be this: The child and the adolescent can learn facts—details of biography and history, the hard skeleton of knowledge. They can enjoy, too, the pictures of literature and history—and how much of both is picture!—because for this appreciation they have the necessary experience. Further, and even more important, if a child reads great literature or great history, their greatness forms his mind unconsciously.

What, then, should we do? If we lived in Utopia, the ideal plan might be for everyone to leave school at fifteen, and pass into a system where part of the week was allotted to school, part to earning a living in some practical occupation. Theory would be illuminated by practice, and practice by theory. At present the two are nearly always divorced. We lead a life of action without thought; or we think in a vacuum, without contact with the realities and problems of the world. Neither form of isolation is satisfactory.

Meanwhile, there remains the problem of the greater part of the nation who leave school at fourteen or fifteen. Some people think that the majority are designed forever to be exiles from all but the outermost court of education, incapable of any humanistic or cultural interest. But this is not so. The poorest home has pictures, however cheap, on the walls, and gives thereby proof that art of some kind appeals to all and that no one feels his life complete without it. Almost everyone enjoys some kind of music, even if it is only crooning. Just as a baby's cries show the power of speech, waiting to be developed, so in all humans there is the latent taste for art, literature and music, capable of being trained to understand and enjoy the best. But how can it be done?

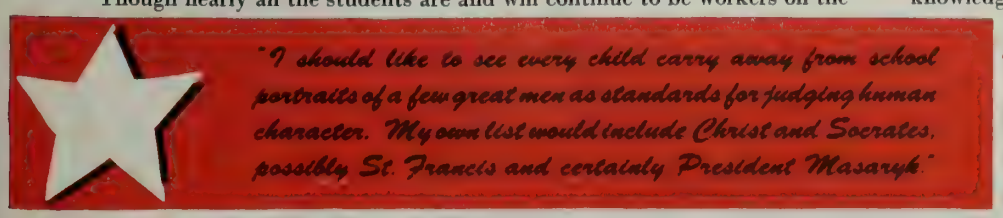
Theories are more common than achievements in the history of education. Now in the past hundred years there have been four notable achievements. These are the prewar German university, the English public school, the Danish people's high school, and the Scout and Guide movements. Of these, the third, the Danish people's high school, should be of peculiar interest to us, for it is the only great, successful experiment in educating the masses of a nation.

We find it difficult to think of Denmark as a poverty-stricken country, lacking in energy or enterprise; but such it was in the early nineteenth century, and its transformation into one of the most progressive and prosperous democracies of Europe was largely the work of the education given in these schools.

The creators of the movement were a clergyman, Grundtvig, and a working cobbler called Kold. The ideas and inspiration came from Grundtvig; Kold, a man of the people, founded schools, taught and drew men after him by strength of character and spiritual force. The first Danish people's high school was founded in 1844 to combat German propaganda in Schleswig-Holstein. Others followed. In 1864 came the disastrous war with Germany. The Danish reply to defeat was to create more high schools.

They are nearly all residential, with a summer term of three months, chiefly for women, and a winter term of five months, chiefly for men. They are private ventures, owned either by the principal or by a number of persons who form a company. The government gives grants in aid. The pupils are mostly farmers and small holders and, in a less degree, laborers. All students are over eighteen. Only 25 per cent have had anything more than elementary education; the rest have spent the years between fourteen and eighteen in farming or other work.

There is no compulsion to attend, and no reward in the form of a degree or a diploma. The cost of living and education is about £4 per month for women and a little more for men, and is paid by the student, but the government offers scholarships which pay half the fees of those who could not afford to attend without such help. Yet though all the cost in most cases, and half the cost in the rest, falls on the students, it is reckoned that about 30 per cent of the agricultural community attend a high school. Though nearly all the students are and will continue to be workers on the land, there is nothing vocational in the high-school curriculum. Its main subjects are literature and history. To these are added composition in Danish, mathematics, elementary science, gymnastics and (for the women) sewing.



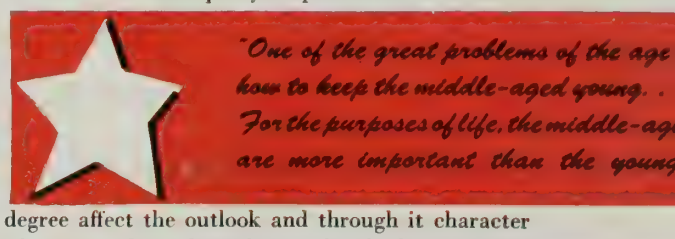
This Danish national education has three secrets of success: it is given to adults; it is residential; it is essentially a spiritual force. Let us glance at these in turn.

The P.H.S. is a school for adults. The Danes have never attempted to solve the problem of national education by raising the school age, and most Danes leave school at fourteen, resuming their education in the P.H.S. after the age of eighteen. Grundtvig refused to admit anyone into his schools before that age. This decision was not based merely on theory. Both methods were tried, and the younger pupils showed neither the intelligence nor the interest of the elder.

The second feature of the P.H.S. is its residential life. Our adult education is part-time, an hour or two snatched from the routine of life by men and women who have already borne the burden and heat of a day of work. The Dane lays the task of breadwinning aside and lives for three or five months wholly steeped in the atmosphere of education; the dye sinks deeper and takes a more lasting hold.

Another contrast. Danish adult education is essentially social. "Every high school is, in a sense, a home." Such is the effect of the common life. Living together, the pupils learn from one another's views and personalities, from contiguity and personal talk. I do not think that we shall succeed in developing adult education unless we make it more social. The P.H.S. is attractive because it is residential and because the residences are pleasant places. It is the Oxford and Cambridge of the poor man, and the more attractive because for its students the high-school course is a rare oasis in a life of hard work and comparative isolation.

The third feature of the P.H.S. is equally important. To us, adult education is primarily intellectual. To the Danes it is primarily a moral and spiritual force. The two aims can never be dissociated: education must always in some degree affect the outlook and through it character and conduct, for a man's actions depend partly on what he knows of life and sees in it; nor are ideals worth much unless they are based on and reinforced by knowledge. But the intellectual or the spiritual element predominates, according as we study in order to know or in order to act. The emphasis of the P.H.S. is on the latter.



This idealism has its practical uses. In the second half of the nineteenth century, Denmark, with no economic advantages, passed from depression to prosperity and became a pioneer and model of agricultural methods. The regeneration of a people is worth study, and this instance is of special interest to educationists, for it is generally agreed that the people's high school was one of the chief instruments in the economic progress of Denmark. And yet the schools gave no vocational courses and their backbone was the study of history and literature. How strange that such subjects should produce better farming!

That is the natural criticism to make, and our readiness to make it explains why the results of education are so often disappointing. We give knowledge to our pupils and are surprised that some do not want it and that many others make a halfhearted use of it. Our error is that we have given them the food and do not trouble about the appetite without which they will not digest it. Our education, like our civilization, is penetrated with an unintelligent utilitarianism, which makes us feel that we ought to be studying something "useful"—economics, administration, modern languages, technology, and so on. No one would question the indispensability of such subjects, but the prior task of education is to inspire, and to give a sense of values and the power of distinguishing in life, as in lesser things, what is first-rate and what is not.

That truth, often hidden from the wise and prudent, the makers of the P.H.S. divined. They did not teach their pupils how to farm well, but they produced in them a passionate desire to do it. Their aim was not to impart knowledge, but to awaken intelligence and idealism.

So the Danes avoided the great defects of our civilization, lack of aim and driving power. The

(Continued on Page 117)

Turnabout

BY MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON

ELLIE met David at the bus, and his heart jumped when he saw her standing on the corner where the old gravel road led away from the pavement, back to the farm. She looked just the same, only that now she wasn't a girl, but a woman. She was slender, but not so reedy; her fair cobwebby hair was rolled neatly back from her face instead of flying in the wind. But her dark blue eyes were unchanged and she still had a few small freckles on her nose.

"David!" she said.

She gave him a very cousinly kiss and that stopped him a little. All the way across the Pacific he had been taking increasing comfort in the fact that Ellie really wasn't his cousin. She was Aunt June's stepdaughter, and just because they had grown up together as cousins didn't really make her one.

It was strange that this fact had never bothered David until he started home. He had loved Ellie as simply and naturally as he had loved André and Mark, and his Cousin June. He had written to her once a week all the time he was gone, and he had depended on her cheerful letters as the big thing in his life as a soldier. But when he started home and knew that the place he wanted to go to most of all was the farm, he began to realize with mounting excitement that Ellie was there, and that she was not really one of the Boss cousins.

The bus rolled away and they stood awkwardly grinning at each other.

Then Ellie said, flushing a little, "Oh, David! Your hand! I thought it was well. You said it was all well."

"It is," said David. "But they put this guard on it to protect it." He lifted his hand in its metal ring, with the wires along each finger. "I take this off night and morning and exercise my hand. It's just something to wear until I go back to the hospital after my leave, and then they'll take it off. By the first of the year my hand will be in full use again. Honestly. Meanwhile, it looks kind of romantic, don't you think? It gets me all kinds of favors, free drinks and everything!"

This was the tone he had decided on months ago when his hand was burned and broken. But Ellie was not deceived by his attitude. She would have picked up his bag if he had let her. But he said to her, suddenly serious:

"Look, Ellie—you and I always understood each other. When I can't do anything, when I need help, I'll holler. Otherwise, let me go on my own. I've worked out quite a technique. I can do everything with one hand except tie my shoes and cut my meat. So don't wait on me."

Ellie looked at him soberly with her blue eyes. Her mouth was so sweet he longed to kiss her—and not in a cousinly fashion. She accepted him at his word and got into the little old car that Aunt Milly had driven all these years. He put his bag in the back and got into the seat beside her and closed the door with his good hand. Ellie started the car and turned into the graveled road.

"You don't know how glad I am that you wanted to come to the farm," she said. "Grandfather and grandmother are so pleased—and Aunt Milly! Well, it just means everything to her."

"The folks came to San Francisco to see me when I got to the States," said David. "They've been there all this month and came across country with me and went on home. They know how I feel about the farm, how we all feel. Ellie, there were times out there when I couldn't believe the farm was real. I knew it was—and it seemed like a dream; not like a storybook, but like all the storybooks in the world. To think of it, the spring and the orchard and the hill back of the orchard, and the meadow and the hay and the fruit sheds when the apples were picked, and the food and the love—as though grandmother was Demeter herself, and grandfather the dispenser of largesse—well, I longed to see it again. And here I am! I still can't believe it. Tell me, how are the old folks?"

She didn't answer for a moment. He looked at her and it seemed to him she was very sober. She said, slowly, "Of course, nothing changes. The farm is the same, the house is the same. The spring is just as clear and clean, and the trees have had to be propped so the fruit won't break the boughs. But you must remember, David, that grandmother is eighty-five years old now and grandfather is ninety. It seems to me that they didn't change at all for many years, but now they have changed. They are really very old. Grandmother has changed more than grandfather. But if you allow for that, everything is the same and you will love it."

"How come you are here?" he said. "Most of the girls I know, your age, are either dating and dancing or going in for careers. I've wondered why you were here."

"I came last summer to stay with Milly for a while. I was lonesome, too, for the farm, and—well, I just stayed. They like to have me and I like it here. I guess I'm not ambitious, David. A lot of the girls I know are married to men in the services and they have babies or small children."

She sounded vague and David felt a sense of disappointment. When they were youngsters at the farm, in the long hot summers, and were so perfectly, so ideally, so incredibly happy, Ellie had the biggest, wildest dreams of all. It was Ellie who was going to be an explorer—that was the summer they all made maps of the farm and camped out overnight above the spring. It was Ellie who was going to be an aviator, Ellie who was going to be an actress. Of course, June and Mollie were going to be actresses, too, but Ellie really got kind of a start. It was Ellie who was going to write plays, Ellie who was going to do all the glamorous things. She could think up the most wonderful things to do. And here she was—not on the farm for summer vacations, as they had all been year after year, but just living here, doing housework and feeding chickens. It was not very imaginative of her, he thought. Then he checked himself. He looked at her clear profile again and any feeling except love left him. Whatever Ellie did was proper. He knew that!

They were at the gate. David got out and opened it for her and Ellie chugged through in the old bus. *It must be twenty years old,* he thought in astonishment, and wondered why Aunt Milly had never bought a better car. She was the oldest of his father's brothers and sisters. She was the one who had always stayed at home, teaching school in the winter, looking after the cousins in the summer. Now she had taught her thirty-five years and was on pension. To his mind she had never changed, year in, year out. There was no one, in all his life, who had roused in him such feelings of respect as his Aunt Milly—except *(Continued on Page 157)*

You'd think a beautiful young girl would want to flare up and live. David just didn't get it!



He could not let the questions go unanswered. There were things he had to know.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

THIS morning the whole quality of the world had changed. This morning everything had a sudden sharpness and even the smallest trifle seemed important. Yet the day had no outward difference at all. The maple tree still tapped on the window, and through it the sun shone greenish gold to fall in little liquid patterns on the floor. A fair day, a fine day, but with an air of strangeness on it.

There was a thump in the next room, and that would be dad getting up, dazed as always, his hair a tangle on his head, his gaze vacant as if he were still halfway between waking and sleep. Johnny rubbed his eyes, and he'd never thought of dad that way before: as a separate sort of person instead of just a father. Now he knew that dad had thoughts and desires as well as anyone else, and so did mum.

Mum would be downstairs making breakfast with that clear, cool little-girl look on her face. Mum had never really grown up: mum still took intense delight in small, simple things; and he'd never known that till now either.

It was strange how many things he'd never known, and now, for the first time in his life, he realized that he didn't know anything really. It was a queer sensation, for he'd always felt sure of himself; he'd always felt he was someone important named Johnny Swain. And now he knew he wasn't and never had been.

He looked at himself in the glass. Seventeen and a half, with a long pleasant face, rather vague this morning. Blue eyes that might have belonged to anyone and light hair that had a habit of belling out above his forehead. Mouth and chin that certainly weren't determined. A very ordinary young man, a most bewildered young man. *And I thought I was good-looking*, he said half to himself and half to the maple tree that had tapped on the window ever since he'd been born. It was a big tree, a handsome tree, and it would still be here when he wouldn't.

Time was tightening about him, for there was hardly any time now. But he had no capacity for hurry, because suddenly what he did or said was of no importance at all.

This new feeling, this extremely curious feeling, had begun at the party last night. Halfway through, the party had gone dry and dead—or he had. At one moment it had all been marvelous; at the next he'd wished he were home again, out of the talk and the laughter and the noise.

Dad had been smart: dad had flatly refused to go, and so had mum. Dad had said, "It's your party, son. Why should the dull and elderly clutter it up?"

Perhaps that was what had been the matter, for the elderly had turned out in full force. They hadn't been really elderly, of course—forty, forty-five, fifty—but there is a great gap between that and seventeen and a half. Audrey's parents had to have them, of course, because there were nearly no young men left.

And Audrey's father, Mr. Hammond, had gone booming about in that big, hearty way of his. "I wish I had your chance, young fellow. Don't I wish I was you! Greatest war in history and I'm going to miss all the fun." A slap on the back had gone with it, and it had all seemed false and hollow.

This morning he knew why. He remembered that Mr. Hammond had spent the last war, that old dim war of 1917, sitting at a desk in Washington. Mr. Hammond didn't want to go now, either. He wanted to stay where he was in the big, pseudo-Colonial house on the Ridge, talking a little too much, drinking a little too much, putting pins in maps, damning the Germans and the Japanese, who probably had their own Mr. Hammonds too.

Johnny wondered why he was thinking this way about Mr. Hammond, for he'd always considered him a great, good man; even a goal to attain to, with the big house and the cars and the horses. How could he have thought anything else of him when he was Audrey's father?

It certainly was a curious morning, for his senses had always seemed to leap when Audrey came into his mind, but they didn't now. The very memory of her was blurred and indistinct, and that was extraordinary. For Audrey was vivid, vivid with her bright sweep of golden hair, her deep blue eyes, her heart-shaped face. Audrey burned with an intense vitality. Audrey was never still—not for a second. And such vivacity abode in her that one forgot she wasn't a big girl, but short and diminutive. Audrey was like the wind: unquiet, veering swiftly



★ It was only a whistle stop in time, those last few hours—but long enough to let him know he'd been whistling at the wrong girl.

Time to go



from one gusty mood to the next. Even her walk was quick and impatient. Audrey drove her bright red car like a demon. Audrey rode her horses hard. She was exciting, too, so exciting that it seemed as if some hot pulse ceaselessly beat inside her.

Or so Johnny had always thought until he woke this morning and everything was a little different, just so different that his senses didn't leap any more to meet her image in his mind. He could call up the images easily: Audrey in black boots and white breeches astride a plunging horse; Audrey in bright blue shorts and halter serving hard from the base line of some ocher-colored tennis court; Audrey in a long, pale evening gown with a scarlet flower in her hair and the moon's light strong on her creamy skin. But none of the images held that sultry magic any more—the magic that had kept him in thrall so he had been her slave. And now that was all gone and it left a curious emptiness in his heart and head.

He looked around his room and everything had a sharpness it had never had before. Even the rows of books were brighter, though their bindings had dimmed down the years. Even the big globe he'd owned ever since he was quite small had a sudden importance all its own.

He went slowly downstairs and the house—the old familiar house—had changed, too, as if some hard light, diamond clear, were playing over it. All the things—the old things, the shabby things—seemed to be attempting to fix themselves in his mind so he would remember them just as they were.

Dad was standing at the dining-room door, looking at the paper in such a dim, abstracted way that it was probable he wasn't seeing it at all. "Good grief, you look terrible," dad said. "I'm sure I don't know why one's family is such a dreadful sight so early in the morning." Dad stood there, tall and a trifle stooped, nice and brown all over, brown hair, brown eyes, with that slightly amused look on his face, as if there was always something to laugh at in the world if you could only find it. It was a kind, quiet face, too, and Johnny'd never noticed that before.

"Do stop staring at that paper, Dick," mum said. "Breakfast's been on for ages, your coffee's getting cold, and I don't think you have the remotest idea what you're reading anyway."

"Haven't," said dad and promptly sat down. "How was the party, Johnadab?"

"It wasn't very good. I don't know why."

Dad drank his coffee sleepily. He seemed about to put a piece of toast in his eye. "Going-away parties never are. Especially not for the victim. I hope I'll never go away, so no one will have an excuse for giving me one."

Mum, with her bright hair and her bright cheeks and her apron over her blue dress, looked more than ever like a little girl playing house. "Your father, Johnny, made a very distinguished success at one given in his honor in 1917. At its very height, when everyone was about to drink a toast to him, it was discovered he'd gone home and gone to bed. Why I ever married him after that, I'm sure I don't know."

"My irresistible charm," said Mr. Swain. "Your mother was mad, Johnadab—boiling mad. Her eyes snapped when I saw her next morning. Her language was unsuitable to a lady. I was obliged to kiss her a great deal before she became sensible again."

Mum pushed back her hair. "On the rare occasions when I swore at your father, Johnny, it had a most extraordinary effect."

"So I married your mother to reform her," Mr. Swain said and rapidly ate his bacon. "I signally failed. And how is the adorable Audrey, if I may ask?"

Yesterday, Johnny would have taken deep offense at his father's tone; today he didn't. "All right, I guess."

Mum was looking out the window at the sun and shade of the maple tree. "I do wish she weren't so dull." She caught herself up. "Oh, dear, I shouldn't have said that, should I?"

"Dropped a brick," said Mr. Swain. "Don't do it again or I'll beat you."

Something seemed to move in Johnny's mind with an almost audible click. For mum had put her finger on it. Audrey was awfully stupid. *(Continued on Page 106)*

"I suppose you're simply rushed to death," she said. . . . "No-o," said Johnny. "This morning I'm doing just a few things I really want to do."

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

SPRING ENCHANTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEARY



WHITE MAGIC: *the little sailor in a mood to enchant, with white roses and veiling.*

JOHN FREDERICS' FLOWER HATS—PEARL DOG COLLARS BY ARPAD—BRACELETS BY MIRIAM HASKELL



FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: *Sally Victor's brow-revealing straw bonnet with taffeta bo*

SILKEN HALO: *with a big silk rose; newest half-hat, light and soft as mist.*

ETERNAL ENCHANTMENT : : : what is there about a new spring hat that does this lovely thing for a woman? Every year the fashion is different, but the spell never fails. Spring '45 brings a flock of little sailors—white magic in their white straw, veiling and roses. Shiny straw bonnets with big taffeta bows tilt your head to the sun, make you disarming and very young. Garlands of flowers encircle new higher crowns and fall softly down the side of a peach-basket straw. A roll of brilliant silk becomes a halo above your brow. In sharp contrast to blossoms and bows, the sleek untrimmed straw, worn with a coarse mesh veil, takes its own confident position. Your hats this season are as varied and as lovely as the flowers of spring.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



PLATTER OF FLOWERS: *a burnt-straw sailor with wheat and daisies.*



LATTICE STRAW: *anadorned and sophisticated, Braagaard's new oversize pillbox.*



ROMANTIC WREATH: *meadow flowers around the new high hat in straw.*



BASKET OF DREAMS: *natural straw with ribbon, fruit and flowers.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER

he cape coat is a leading spring fashion; neutral beige, a leading color. By making the cape detach-ble, you have two versions—a coat that goes with everything. Hollywood Pattern 1543, 25c.



Without its cape, the coat becomes a simple princess-line reefer. Hollywood Pattern 1543, 25c.

Make your afternoon dress in a print or a color you adore, and give it the distinguished touch of matching gloves. Hollywood Pattern 1515, 15c.





'I CAN MAKE SOMETHING LOVELY...

. . . THAT WOULD BE EXTRAVAGANT TO BUY." Quote from a lady who has just found a beautiful piece of material or a fine remnant and has a quick mental picture of something she can make—with no additional cost except a Hollywood Pattern, a few buttons or a piece of trimming. Thousands of women who have specialty-shop tastes and a demanding budget can still have the kind of clothes they love because they make them. The cape coat has the custom-order look because of fine fabric and workmanship; the peplum dress is made of jersey found only in most expensive clothes; any suit or dress pattern becomes your personal, one-of-a-kind fashion. Wardrobe or single costume—everything you make today is priceless because you can select for quality, color or cut. Extravagance converted into economy! . . . . **BY NORA O'LEARY**

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

(FOR BACK VIEWS OF THESE PATTERNS, SEE PAGE 168)

The soft shirtwaist dress has the long full sleeves you've bee wanting; in jersey or surah. Hollywood Pattern 1544, 25



You can make the shirt dress in plain crepe or wool; dress it up or down as the hour demands.





The peplum dress is young and springlike in gray wool jersey with white piqué, or in two-tone crepe. Hollywood Pattern 1546, 25c.



Fine lightweight wool for this suit, surah for afternoon, Hollywood Pattern 1545, 25c. Koret's snakeskin bag.





n-and-printed ensemble, glorified cowboy fashion in tawny browns and tans, the jacket in , dress in crepe—around $140, designed by Jo Copeland; John Frederics' cowboy hat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER



Plain-and-polka-dot jacket ensemble in brown and white, a detachable cape, about $25. Matching crepe gloves can be made.

SPRING FASHION...

FASHION is a treasure hunt that every woman loves because taste and intelligence count more than money. Fashion has no price in America. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones—one counting pennies, the other with a free hand—can go shopping the same day in the same city and each find a new suit or dress that makes her look and feel like a million. The two will not be identical, but—provided Mrs. S. and Mrs. J. have their wits about them—both will be in fashion, equally becoming and suitable for the same purpose.



This black-and-white tailored town dress is rayon jersey, jumper fashion, around $23; worn with a piqué cloche.



Black-and-white surah dress, around $60, also has a town life. Designed by Adele Simpson, worn with straw sailor.



Great elegance for afternoon: the pastel polka-dot crepe dress by Rose Barrack, around $70, matching gloves and fan.



Also beloved for afternoon: chic little black rayon shantung one-piece dress with a peplum and mandarin shoulders, around $23; worn with black gloves, piqué hat.

HIGH AND LOW

WE HAVE chosen four fashion alternates: the plain-and-printed jacket type of spring ensemble; the woolen suit or cape dress; the tailored, one-piece dress; the soft afternoon dress—at prices ranging from $23 to $140. Notice the fashion themes: mandarin shoulders; matching gloves; shoulder capes; bow necklines; slimly buttoned, belted or tied waistlines; polka dots; combination of plain colors with patterned fabrics. For proof of the principle and for fun, see if you can guess—high, low or medium prices.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



Spring costume for many occasions: the princess-line wool coat dress with shoulder cape; around $55; diminutive sizes.

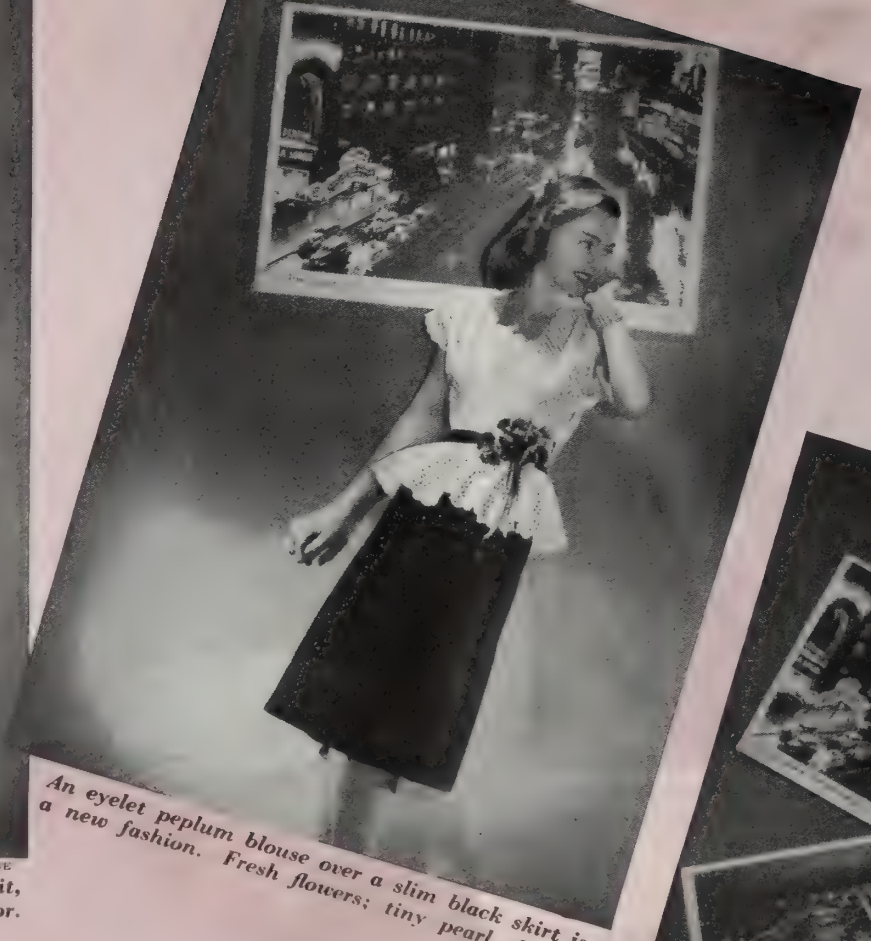


Spring suit for many occasions: in soft green wool, a Ben Reig original designed by Omar Kiam, $125, worn with a peach-basket hat.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAUMAN GREENE

ster Sunday at St. Patrick's: left, crisp young wool bolero suit, ite dickey; right, double-breasted reefer in your favorite color.



An eyelet peplum blouse over a slim black skirt is a new fashion. Fresh flowers; tiny pearl choker.



Something for your biggest evening, your best beau: white marquisette embroidered with flowers; velvet sash, bow in back.

Miss Susan Sub-Deb

Dear Susan, My new spring wardrobe is as exciting as my first trip to New York, as practical as a penny post card! What could be smarter than a three-piece bolero to mix and match with blouses and skirts, a double-breasted reefer for a double-duty coat? Is anything prettier than a bouffant flowered dancing dress, anything newer than a white eyelet blouse with a flared peplum? Here are six post-card views of eight new spring fashions; select your favorites and I will tell you where to buy! Love and kisses. . . .

Dawn Crowell



poleonic pennies trim a gold shantung dress;



Post-card view of Statue of Liberty: three-piece



"It's beautiful weather in New York" when it rains if have a beautiful raincoat! Pure white, dol-

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

What do you do about home gatherings with your ex-in-laws? Do they all love you? Ours evidently do not, and we are in a quandary, for we would like to see our grandchildren.

I have always made every effort to stay on friendly terms with our grandchildren's parents and their relatives. Sometimes, even when a break comes between two people, if you have loved not only your own child but the other person involved, it is possible to understand what has happened. In that case you can continue a fairly close relationship. Sometimes this may not be possible, but with courtesy and consideration and a real desire to be on friendly terms I think an arrangement can be made whereby the children in the family can grow up with affection for the relatives on both sides of the family.

Why don't boys who have been overseas for two years and more get furloughs home?

Because furloughs depend on military necessity and the shipping which may be available both ways. For instance, it is easier to bring boys home from the European area than it is from the Pacific area. The distances are so much greater in the Pacific, and so far materials that we have had to ship have required all the shipping space that was available. Therefore, the established policy of rotation of both Army and Navy hasn't always worked.

What do you think should be done in this country to encourage larger families?

In European countries bonuses have been paid, but I should think in this country that cheaper medical and hospital care, higher wages, better farm income—in fact, more economic security—would mean a lessening of maternal and infancy mortality and would probably be the American answer to the question.

Can an Italian prisoner of war in this country become a United States citizen?

The Geneva Convention relating to prisoners of war—Article 75—states that when the belligerents conclude a convention of armistice they must, in principle, have appear therein a stipulation regarding the repatriation of prisoners of war. At the termination of hostilities and following repatriation, the individual would first have to make arrangements to come to the United States under the immigration laws and then could seek naturalization.

If you had it all to do over again, and the man being the same, would you prefer to fall in love with a man whose career kept you out of the limelight?

I really haven't an idea, and I do not suppose anybody ever calculated beforehand what her preference would be! Most of us learn to accept whatever we have and make use of it as we live our lives. The limelight is something I would never have sought, but I cannot say that I worry about it particularly now that I have had it. I just don't think about it.

Do you think it is true that men are more sentimental than women?

Of course this is one of those generalizations that cannot be proved either way. From my own experience, I should say that men, on the whole, are more sentimental than women. I do not mean that they have more sentiment, however.

Why do you so strongly advocate a year of training to discipline the youth of our nation?

I do not advocate a year of training to discipline the youth of our nation. Discipline is a by-product I think we are likely to have a year of military training, and I would prefer not to have it completely military because I feel that all that can be learned along military lines can probably be taught either in three months or in a certain number of hours each day over the period of a year. Much might be given our boys and girls during this year which would be valuable to them for the rest of their lives and which would have for its main objective increasing the understanding and responsibility for citizenship in a democracy.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* Journal.

Do you always wear six rings at a time on your fingers?

No; I never wear rings in the country when I am doing any work where they would be in the way. Whatever jewelry I wear usually has some historic interest or personal interest, and I like to wear things which have been given to me by friends and which have some personal association.

Are you in favor of legalized lotteries?

I do not know a great deal about the subject, but on the whole I think I am against legalizing gambling as you do in a lottery.

Is it true that our infantry troops now fighting the Germans will be transferred to the Pacific after victory in Europe?

No one except the military authorities could answer this, and I imagine they could not answer it at the present time. So much will depend upon the conditions in the Pacific, the shipping available, and the conditions of our troops in Europe as well as European conditions as a whole.

Canadian stores are selling U.S. Lend-Lease butter at thirty-eight cents a pound, all you want and no points. Our stores are displaying "Sorry, no butter" signs. What's the answer?

The answer is that this is not true. No Lend-Lease butter is going to Canada. Lend-Lease butter is going nowhere except to Russia, and the War Food Administration is paying forty-six cents a pound for that.

Do you think that young children get the right kind of loving care when they are left at a nursery while their mother works? The mother I am thinking of is the wife of a soldier.

If a mother is gifted in taking care of her child it is certainly preferable to be at home with it. There are many mothers, however, who are not well adapted to the constant care of children and who would rather work, for part of the time at least.

In the case you mention, I should say that it is not probably entirely a question of choice. The wife of a soldier might very well need the extra money which she can make by working. She might feel that working will keep her mind more occupied and will give her a feeling that she is of more value to her husband and therefore will help her through the difficult time of separation and anxiety.

A child in a well-run day nursery gets good care, and I do not think would suffer as long as the mother was with it the rest of the twenty-four hours.

What do you consider the most unattractive characteristic of a woman's manner in social activities—loquaciousness, reticence, aloofness, insincere enthusiasm, cattiness, and so on?

I consider the most unattractive characteristic anyone can have, man or woman, is the kind of selfishness or lack of consideration which leads to all the other things you have mentioned. One of the very important social attributes of a woman is that she be interested in other people more than in herself.

What do you think about a couple aged forty-five adopting a baby? After nine years of marriage we have no children and are financially able to raise and educate a child well.

If you want to adopt a baby, I think it would be a great joy to you, and there is absolutely no reason why you should not prove very satisfactory parents. The only thing to guard against is the fact that as we grow older we grow more timid. One of the advantages of being young parents lies in the fact that they have the courage to let their children do the kind of things that children usually do or try to do which are, on the whole, rather adventurous and terrifying to older people. Secondly, some provision should be made for continuing the child's education if anything should happen either to you or your husband before the child is grown.

Is there any one postwar purchase which you are looking forward to making?

Yes. I am anxiously waiting until the day when I can buy a new station wagon for the country, since the one I now have is becoming almost impossible to use.

Why is the rooster the symbol of the Democratic Party on the voting ballot?

I had to do some research on this, and here is what I found. The following appeared in the November 23, 1932, issue of the Raleigh (North Carolina) News and Observer; it is taken from Mark Sullivan's column which appeared in the New York Herald Tribune:

Mr. Daniels, the editor, says that the rooster is the true emblem; that the donkey was fastened on the party in a derisive spirit, chiefly by the famous cartoonist, Tom Nast, during the 80's and 90's in the then equally famous Harpers Weekly.

The Democratic National Committee called a news service and they said that the rooster "heralded victory and the dawn of a new day."

Do you believe a good marriage is dependent on a thorough search for a "one and only," or do you feel the majority of possibilities would be just as successful with the proper amount of co-operation and adjustment?

The Old World believed that marriage was an institution for the benefit of the family, and therefore they trained their men and girls to meet that need. Older and wiser heads chose the two people who should marry and much freedom was left to the man, at least, as to whether he was faithful in the marriage relationship. In most cases he preserved appearances and the girls were trained to expect just what they got. Our conception has always been different, and therefore I think it is rather wise to try to find the "one and only," though a good many people seem to make mistakes and have to enter upon the search more than once.

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"Honest, Rose, I've never felt like this about any girl in New York before."



THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD

He was blinded by the blueness of an endless sky; yet in that hour there was the sharp, clear knowing that this was the greatest flight of them all. ★ BY ROALD DAHL



We flew on and on and I could not have turned even if I had wanted to. I do not know why—it might have been the wind—but I knew that it was so.

THE two of us sat outside the hangar on wooden boxes. It was noon. The sun was high and the heat of the sun was like a close fire. It was hotter than hell out there by the hangar. We could feel the hot air touching the inside of our lungs when we breathed, and we found it better if we almost closed our lips and breathed in quickly; it was cooler that way. The sun was upon our shoulders and upon our backs, and all the time the sweat seeped out from our skin, trickled down our necks, over our chests and down our stomachs. It collected just where our belts were tight around the tops of our trousers and it filtered under the tightness of our belts where the wet was very uncomfortable and made prickly heat on the skin.

Our two Hurricanes were standing a few yards away, each with that patient, smug look which fighter planes have when the engine is not turning, and beyond them the thin black strip of the runway sloped down toward the beaches and toward the sea. The black surface of the runway and the white grassy sand on the sides of the runway shimmered and shimmered in the sun. The heat haze hung like a vapor over the airdrome.

The Stag looked at his watch. "He ought to be back," he said. The two of us were on readiness, sitting there waiting for orders to take off. The Stag moved his feet on the hot ground. "He ought to be back," he said.

It was two and a half hours since Fin had gone, and he certainly should have come back by now. I looked up into the sky and listened. There was the noise of airmen talking beside the petrol wagon and there was the faint pounding of the sea upon the beaches; but there was no sign of an airplane. We sat a little while longer without speaking.

"It looks as though he's had it," I said.

"Yep," said the Stag. "It looks like it."

The Stag got up and put his hands in the pockets of his khaki shorts. I got up too. We stood looking northward into the clear sky, and we shifted our feet on the ground because of the softness of the tar and because of the heat.

"What was the name of that girl?" said the Stag without turning his head.

"Nikki," I answered.

The Stag sat down again on his wooden box, still with his hands in his pockets, and he looked down at the ground between his feet. The Stag was the oldest pilot in the squadron; he was twenty-seven. He had a mass of coarse ginger hair which he never brushed. His face was pale, even after all this time in the sun, and covered with freckles. His mouth was wide and tight-closed. He was not tall, but his shoulders under his khaki shirt were broad and thick like those of a wrestler. He was a quiet person.

"He'll probably be all right," he said, looking up. "And anyway, I'd like to meet the Vichy Frenchman who can get Fin."

We were in Palestine, fighting the Vichy French in Syria. We were at Haifa and, three hours before, the Stag, Fin and I had gone on readiness.

Fin had flown off in response to an urgent call from the Navy, who had phoned up and said that there were two French destroyers moving out of Beyrouth harbor. "Please go at once and see where they are going," said the Navy. "Just fly up the coast and have a look and come back quickly and tell us where they are going." So Fin had flown off in his Hurricane. The time had gone by and he had not returned. We knew that there was no longer much hope. If he hadn't been shot down, he would have run out of petrol some time ago.

I looked down and I saw his blue RAF cap, which was lying on the ground where he had thrown it as he ran to his aircraft, and I saw the oil stains on top of the cap and the shabby bent peak. It was difficult now to believe that he had gone. He had been in Egypt, in Libya and in Greece, and on the airdrome and in the mess we had had him with us all the time. He was short and round and full of laughter, this Fin, with black hair and a small turned-up nose which he used to stroke up and down with the tip of his finger. He had a way of listening to you while you were telling a story, leaning back in his chair with his face to the ceiling but with his eyes looking down on the ground, and it was only last night at supper that he had suddenly said:

"You know, I wouldn't mind marrying Nikki. I think she's a good girl."

The Stag was sitting opposite him at the time, eating baked beans. "You mean just occasionally," he said. Nikki was in a cabaret in Haifa.

"No," said Fin. "Cabaret girls make fine wives. They are never unfaithful. There is no novelty for them in being unfaithful; that would be like going back to the old job."

The Stag had looked up from his beans. "Don't be such a bloody fool," he said. "You wouldn't really marry Nikki."

"Nikki," said Fin with great seriousness, "comes of a fine family. She is a good girl. She never uses a pillow when she sleeps. Do you know why she never uses a pillow when she sleeps?"

"No."

The others at the table were listening now. Everyone was listening to Fin talking about Nikki.

"Well, when she was very young she was engaged to be married to an officer in the French navy. She loved him greatly. Then one day when they were sun-bathing together on the beach he happened to mention to her that he never used a pillow when he slept. It was just one of those little things which people say to each other for the sake of conversation. But Nikki never forgot it, and from that time onward she began to practice sleeping without a pillow. One day the French officer was run over by a truck and killed; but although to her it was very uncomfortable, she still went on sleeping without a pillow to preserve the memory of her lover." Fin took a mouthful of beans and chewed them slowly. "It is a sad story," he said. "It shows that she is a good girl. I think I would like to marry her."

That was what Fin had said last night at supper. Now he was gone, and I wondered what little thing Nikki would do in his memory.

The sun was hot on my back, and I turned instinctively in order to take the heat upon the other side of my body. As I turned, I saw Carmel and the town of Haifa. I saw the steep pale-green slope of the mountain as it dropped down toward the sea, and below it I saw the town and the bright colors of the houses shining in the sun. The houses with their whitewashed walls covered the side of Carmel, and the red roofs of the houses were like a rash on the face of the mountain.

Walking slowly toward us from the gray corrugated-iron hangar came the three men who were the next crew on readiness. They had their yellow Mae Wests slung over their shoulders, and they came walking slowly toward us, holding their helmets in their hands as they came.

When they were close, the Stag said, "Fin's had it," and they said, "Yes, we know." They sat down on the wooden boxes which we had been using, and immediately the sun was upon their shoulders and upon their backs, and they began to sweat. The Stag and I walked away.

The next day was a Sunday, and in the morning we flew up the Lebanon Valley to *(Continued on Page 110)*

PAINTING BY MILLARD SHEETS



He said, "I came on business." He stood over her bed, his powerful shoulders and crafty eyes looking incredibly sinister.

THREE WOMEN MIGHT HAVE KILLED CECILY DURANT BECAUSE THEY LOVED HER HUSBAND. . . .

PART II OF AN EXCITING FIVE-PART MYSTERY ★ BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

The White Dress

WHEN the plane landed at the Miami airport, big Tim Wales, head of the farflung Wales Airlines, was the first to step to the ground, just as he was first in everything. That was Tim's way. Behind him came Marny Sanderson, Tim's "right-hand man," and handsome, romantic André Durant, with whom Marny fancied herself just a little in love. Waiting in the car to take them to the Waleses' place, Shadow Island, were Tim's second wife, young and lovely Judith—who, Marny thought, was also a little in love with André—and Winnie, Tim's daughter by his first marriage. Winnie was so healthy and wholesome-looking, with none of Judith's beauty, yet it was Winnie whom André kissed.

Swimming alone before dinner, Marny was surprised by a stranger, Lieutenant Commander Bill Cameron, who wanted to see Tim: "Mr. Winston Churchill sent me." Tim hated cranks, but before she could get rid of this one André appeared, and Cameron turned on his heel and left. In the shelter of the hibiscus hedge, André kissed Marny.

While she dressed for dinner, she wondered if she were really "running away from love," as André said. A shadow passed the door and she looked up to see a young, white-faced girl pointing a revolver at her. "You're not going to have him," the girl said. "I am Cecily Durant, André's wife."

Marny had not known André was married. She tried to calm the girl, made her lie down and put the gun on the table. But when Marny suggested she go for help, since Cecily was ill, the girl sprang up and ran out of the room. Marny, in her white robe, ran after her, down the winding stairs. Cecily had said that Laideau, who worked for André, would row her home. Where was home? Marny reached the shore, behind the hedge, in time to see Cecily and a large, powerfully built man in a rowboat, rounding a curve of the island. She heard the creak of oars, went back to the house, met Bill Cameron on the stairway. He wanted to know what she was doing there in her robe and bare feet. She heard the creak of oarlocks stop. Had Cecily come back? She ran to her room to finish dressing. The revolver was gone.

In her swirling skirts, Marny ran out on the balcony to find the revolver—down the stairs and through the hedge to the water. As she passed the house she heard light laughter: Judith, Winnie, Tim, André and the sociable bachelor, Charlie Ingram, who had come for dinner.

On the stretch of sand, someone had thrown a coat. Only it wasn't a coat. It was Cecily Durant—dead. And Bill Cameron stepped out of the darkness to catch her arm and say, "Marny, think. Why did you kill her?"

VI

THE grip of Bill Cameron's hands on her bare shoulders was so hard it hurt; it was real and its reality, for an instant, extended to everything. It roused her; it made her believe the unbelievable. Cecily—André's wife—lay dead, there in the starlight. Only it wasn't starlight now; thick black clouds like smoke were scudding across the sky and the wind was bending the casuarina trees at the point of the little island just beyond—they made a black, moving mass. A rowboat had disappeared behind that black shadow, not far beyond the white-clad shoulder of the man before her. Who had said she would be arrested. For murder! Who had said, incredibly, "Why did you kill her?"

She cried, her mouth so stiff and dry that her words jumbled and tripped themselves, "*I didn't kill her!* She had the gun, and I took it. All at once everything seemed all right. I wouldn't have let her go, like that, if she hadn't seemed all right."

Bill Cameron held her tightly. "Go on."

"I—I followed her. Down the steps. But she went so fast and I didn't think about the gun. I didn't see her pick it up. He was waiting for her and they rowed away ——"

"Who?"

"The man. Laideau, she said. Yes, Laideau. And then you were there and we talked and when I looked the boat was gone, behind those trees. I went to my room; I didn't think about the gun. It had been—all so wrong, you see; that girl there, and the gun and the things she said. It was like a—like a bad play. I didn't believe it. Then when she fainted and I got her on the bed I—I don't know what happened, but it seemed all right. Not so—so unreal." She took a long, half-sobbing breath.

He said, "You went back to your room after you talked to me. The girl had gone and she had left the gun on the table in your room? Is that right?"

"No, no. I put the gun on the table. Then I came back to my room and dressed, and I looked down at the bed table and the gun wasn't there. So I ——"

"So you what? Tell me."

"I was afraid."

"Afraid she'd come back and kill you? Is that it? So you found her and shot her and are going to plead self-defense?"

"*No. No. No!*"

"You said you were afraid."

"How could I have let her take the revolver! I was watching. I thought I was watching. She seemed bewildered, and she ran to the door and then to the door upon the balcony and—somehow she got the gun and I didn't see it."

"Are you trying to say that she killed herself?"

"She didn't know what she was doing. She was hysterical. It's my fault. I ought to have stopped her; I ought to have seen her take the gun. The instant I saw it was gone I was afraid. Of ——"

"Of what?"

"Of this," cried Marny and sobbed.

"Stop," he said, and put his arms around her. "Stop that. Listen. You've got to stop it, Marny." He held her for a moment against him; there was something distantly and faintly familiar about it, as if he had held her like that some other time; his arms were warm and tight and shut out horror and the thin rattle of the bamboos. But then he put her away from him and made her look at him. "Who is she?"

"Cecily ——"

"Yes, I heard you call her. But who ——"

"André's wife."

"André? Oh, your—friend! Durant. Why did she threaten you with a gun?"

"Because ——" Words stuck in her throat. That unexpected moment with André to have come to this!

"Go on."

"Because of André," she whispered.

There was a silence that seemed long; clouds moved swiftly above so there were flashes of clear starlight. One such came then; a clear, straight shaft of light. Bill Cameron's face looked white and stern and the water silver and the shadows very black. From the house, distantly, came the sound of the radio; it was as if it were the same dance tune. Probably very little time had passed; it seemed years, it seemed a great and terrible gulf in time.

He said at last, "Oh, I see; André. I thought he seemed rather proprietary about you. At the pool."

"No, no! She was wrong."

"Yes, you would say that."

"Don't, don't; you must believe me. I didn't know there was a Cecily. Besides ——"

"Hi, there," called a voice loudly from somewhere in the night. "Where are you?" There was the sound of footsteps beyond the bamboo hedge. A man rounded the path; it was Charlie Ingram—his thick figure in a white dinner jacket; he came up to them, saying in his high voice, "There you are! I say, don't you know dinner's ready! Judith sent me. I say ——" He stopped abruptly. A swift path of starlight moved over them and sharply outlined his tall, stooped figure with its paunchy middle, his thin fair hair and small mustache, monocle on its black ribbon. He stared at them as if caught by their attitude. "I say, what's wrong?"

Bill Cameron's white-clad shoulders seemed to square themselves. His hand was still on Marny's shoulder; he dropped it and said, "Something very terrible has happened, Ingram. We'd better call the police."

"What? What?" Charlie peered at Bill Cameron and at Marny, his monocle glittering with light.

Bill Cameron said, "There ——"

Marny was standing alone in the shaft of starlight, her slippers deep in the sand; both men were bending over the strip of grass beside the clump of bamboo, talking, and she couldn't hear what they said. The water swished against the pier; the bamboos clattered in small slivers of sound and Charlie Ingram exclaimed in a loud, shocked voice:

"She's been shot."

Bill Cameron replied rapidly; they were beside Marny again, Charlie was taking her arm. Cameron *(Continued on Page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



Menu I

Cassoulet

Tossed Green Salad

Bread Sticks Corn Relish

Sliced Oranges
With Caramel Sauce and
Slivered Almonds

Coffee

The kid's Ok

Menu II

Deviled Shrimp and Haddock in Casserole

Vegetable-Bouquet Salad

Corn Sticks

Rhubarb Sauce

Marmalade Cookies

Tea

Menu III

Fish Creole in Casserole

Baked Stuffed Potatoes

Coleslaw **Hot Rolls**

Cake Ring with Fruit

Custard Sauce

Coffee



PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WELL, lids are off all right, what with one thing and another. And I don't mean just casseroles either. You can balance *their* lids any way you want. And feel reasonably secure about them. But there are other lids in this world, if you get my meaning—and of course you do, for you are used to me by this time. If you aren't, when will you be?

It has been some time. Do you realize how long it is since I mentioned the weather? Privately I have had some things to say about it, but in these pages I've left it strictly alone for some time. And it is in reference to the weather that I spoke of lids. For it's the wind. The w. k. March wind that is free in the land, and that leads directly to the subject of hats. And the sorts of hats the ladies are wearing nowadays have no stout anchors, no devastating hatpins to ram through buns and topknots. They perch perilously on bangs or over one eye, and the wisps of tulle or whatever that float diaphanously in the singing crazy March wind act like sails on the seven seas. They speed the frail craft on their way, from head to street, from shore to shore, as it were. And then, you see, the lid is off. It is all as simple as that. It could hardly be simpler.

Now to March mealtimes. The No. 1 menu on the list is, as you see, substantial, simple, satisfying. That is the criterion of all cold-weather meals: when you can look on the results of your effort and say those three words. Then ring the dinner bell and get going. The chief dish is a cassoulet, hearty enough to supply brain or brawn for eight, and this is the way it is made. And don't titter behind my back because of the parsley trim. I might be converted yet. *(Continued on Page 129)*

LINE A DAY

By Ann Batchelder

1 "But best of all I remember mamma." That's the curtain line of one of the most beautiful plays I've seen since Outward Bound. If and when it comes your way, save up and see it. Worth going without some lesser thing.

2 Don't decorate your salads too much. Keep the greens green, the dressing simple. After all, a salad is an appetizer. And a biscuit and cheese are all you need to go with it. Just a reminder.

3 Shad roe is around—fresh or in cans. Make up some croquettes with lemon-flavored cream sauce. Fry. Serve with fried—yes, you guessed it—*parsley*, of all things, and lemon slices.

4 As the leaf is to the tree, so is maple hard sauce to the pudding. And maple foamy, too, if foamy is your sauce.

5 Does "au gratin" spell cheese to you? Well, break two eggs to a person in buttered ramekins, season, cover with buttered crumbs and cheese and bake. Call it what you choose.

6 Have you longed for something different for Jiggs' specialty—corned beef and cabbage? Mix a cup of crushed beets with half a cup of horse-radish. *That* will learn 'em.

7 *News items:* Fruitcake that comes in a grapefruit shell—baked that way. . . . Spiced chestnuts—if you *must* have chestnuts. Pretty fancy. . . . Hickory-smoked salt—tie that if you can. . . . And for good measure a de luxe Dutch cocoa—only it's American Dutch, if you get the idea.

8 Sugaring-off time is about here. Sweeten the last apple pies with soft maple sugar. And maple-sugar cake is as native as slate pencils on a red string.

9 For Sunday-morning breakfast, may I speak of clam cakes? Mix a good griddle-cake batter, add a cup or so of chopped clams. Bake on the griddle.

10 In regard to clam cakes: if you have bacon, grill it and garnish your cakes. Hot corn bread or muffins and marmalade—that's a breakfast, and you won't forget it.

11 *Discovery Dept.:* Sweetbread pie, composed as a poem is with the best materials at hand. Parboil and trim two pairs of sweetbreads—chill—cut into cubes. So far, so good. Now try out some finely chopped salt pork and you are ready for the next step.

12 Second part: Fry the sweetbreads gently in the pork fat. Make as rich a cream sauce as you can. Add the sweetbreads and the crisp pork. Season well with salt, pepper and a suspicion of mace.

13 Sorry to be so long-winded, but now make a rich pastry, line a deep plate, fill it with the mixture. Cover with pastry. Cut vents in the top and bake. It's "out of this world."

14 Potato salad may sound pretty dumb, but add sliced hard-cooked eggs and green peas and it's like a sunset in the Sierras—very special.

15 *From an old cookbook:* "When serving grapefruit, provide straws tied with ribbons so guests may suck the juice in a ladylike manner." May I keep the ribbon, mamma?

16 A nice luncheon *or* supper dish comes out when you stuff green peppers with shrimps in a tomato sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until peppers are tender. These are good.

17 I do not hold with thickened chowders. Just a big seagoing cracker in the bottom of each plate. One in the tureen, too, if you have a tureen. It's enough.

18 Fried mushrooms done in salad oil will put a hamburger in the tenderloin class. Slice them first, season with salt and pepper and last a dash of lemon juice.

19 A potato croquette is a lovely thing. Add about three tablespoons of grated cheese to the seasoned potato mixture (bind with beaten egg, you know). Roll in crumbs, dip in egg. Crumb again and fry in deep fat.

20 *Never Despair Division: Pâté de foie gras* is hard to get. But there's another kind of liver *pâté*, in tins, inexpensive as such things go, and very good too for canapés and such. Thought you should know.

21 Speaking of *pâté*, I added half a tin to a sauce for guinea chicken and am only waiting for my decoration. It's been promised.

22 People do the craziest things; for instance, crushing up pretzels to cover au-gratin dishes. It works too. But a little on the salty side. So watch the seasonings.

23 *Herb note:* A little sweet basil in turtle soup, in stews, ragouts and casserole dishes is something to keep in mind. And in *all* tomato dishes or salads. Just to remind you—you've heard it before.

24 *Another news item:* I almost forgot it too. There's a bouillabaisse in tins that gives the original a run for its money. Add whatever you wish, or nothing. Heat and serve. And that, my lambs, is all.

25 Add a cup of grated cheese to two cans of condensed tomato soup. Heat and serve over macaroni patties, fried like meat or potato cakes. Well, you've no idea!

26 If you've any of that peach jam left, why not a shortcake for supper? Don't need to wait for strawberries, do you? Serve it with plain cream and have it *short*. No spongecake, please.

27 Cold coffee, strong, with maple sirup makes a wonder-working flavoring for a "whip" or a custard. Add a little grated orange peel. Folks just gasp.

28 Meat pies will stand most anything. Just before one gets done, cut a hole in the crust and pour in as much fine tomato sauce as the pie can take.

29 As to meat pies, sautéed mushrooms add a lot. Also small stewed onions—and, can you get them, a few sliced truffles. A pinch of sugar is a must.

30 Want to know something? Open a can of shad roe. Split it, wrap it up in bacon and broil it. With scrambled eggs it's lovely. A green salad, rolls—that is that.

31 March is the month of bloodstones, homely things I've always thought. Why did April draw diamonds? A little sparkle in life is what *I* like. Seen a robin yet? I have.

Some Certain Things

The surest way I know it's spring
Is when I get a certain thing.
An envelope all lean and brown
That's when I really go to town
And hunt the crevices and cracks
You guessed it . . .
its the Income



FILLED WITH THE NOURISHMENT OF BEEF STOCK AND VEGETABLES

Let the wind howl! You've got just the answer in piping-hot bowls of this homey vegetable soup. Here is a rich, nourishing beef stock, thick with luscious vegetables—fifteen different kinds. No wonder mothers say it's almost a meal in itself!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

FOR WINTER-SHARP APPETITES

SOUP IS ONE GOOD ANSWER . . . DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND SO EASY TO FIX









ONE IS TO OPEN—YOU CAN'T CALL THAT TOIL—

TWO'S TO ADD WATER AND BRING TO A BOIL;

THREE IS TO SERVE IT IN CUP, BOWL OR PLATE;

FOUR'S TO ENJOY IT COME EARLY, COME LATE!







Look for the Red-and-White Label

SMO-O-O-TH AND DELICIOUS

Enjoy a welcome taste of spring! Steaming plates of this smooth, delicately-seasoned soup made of garden asparagus, studded with tender asparagus tips. Fix it with milk sometimes, instead of water, for an extra-nourishing cream of asparagus.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP

HEARTY-EATING AND "DIFFERENT"

Come the dreariest of winter days, cheer them up with this hearty, "different" soup! It's a delicious purée, filled with selected whole beans, made extra-savory with the tempting taste of fine bacon. Truly a match for the heftiest appetites at your house!

Campbell's BEAN with BACON SOUP



Are YOU as healthy as you'd like to be?

YOU KNOW, *protecting* your health isn't enough—you have to *build* it, too.

If your diet is average, you're not likely to be a victim of "deficiency diseases" like beri-beri, pellagra, or scurvy—or die of malnutrition, either.

But perhaps you get tired easily...have occasional indigestion . . . a pasty complexion . . . unhealthy teeth and gums . . . or other minor troubles. You may think this is only natural. But it isn't.

Actually, a *better* diet may make you feel better—and look better too!

Consult this chart of basic daily requirements. Does *your* diet contain them all? It's a *balanced* diet that counts. Not a lot of some foods this week, and a lot of others next week—*but all of them regularly!*

Proper cooking is vitally important to nutrition, too. The new Metropolitan Cook Book contains many suggestions for making food healthful and attractive.

Write for a free copy of Booklet No. 35J.

Every Day you need...



MILK—Adults need a pint, children a quart, as a beverage or in foods



VEGETABLES—Two servings—some raw, some cooked—fresh or canned. One green-leaf vegetable. A serving of potatoes



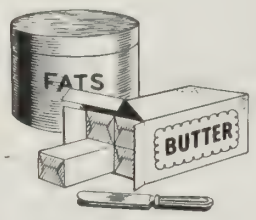
FRUITS—A citrus fruit—orange or grapefruit. Other fruits, raw and cooked, including tomato



MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, EGGS, AND CHEESE—At least 4 eggs a week and one healthy serving a day of one of the others



BREAD AND CEREALS—One or both at every meal, either whole-grain cereals or enriched bread



BUTTER AND OTHER FATS—Two or three tablespoonfuls as a spread or in cooking

Health authorities believe that all these foods are needed to fulfill normal nutrition requirements. If your diet contains them *all*, and you *still* feel tired, nervous, and lack resistance, then you should have a thorough physical checkup by your doctor.

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THE WHITE DRESS

(Continued from Page 43)

said tersely, "—— and let Mr. Wales know. I'll stay here with—I'll stay here."

She couldn't move; she had to make Bill Cameron understand exactly what had happened; she had to fight the knowledge of Cecily's death, she could not accept it. Perhaps she made some move toward the silent, small figure half hidden now by a cloud shadow, mercifully hidden, and gently.

Bill Cameron caught her swiftly and said to Charlie Ingram, "Take her to the house."

They were moving along the turf path, Charlie's warm soft hand on her bare arm, thrusting her along with him, making her walk. Suddenly there were lights from the house; Charlie was talking in a high, repetitive jumble:

"—— dreadful, dreadful. What happened, do you know? Chap said she was Durant's wife. Didn't know he had a wife. Don't know him much, as a matter of fact. Can't see what Judith sees in the fellow. Dreadful. . . . This way, now, mind the step."

Lights streamed across the porch; dance music from the radio was louder and incredibly gay, as if it came from a bright world that had ceased to exist; nothing now was right, nothing had the same proportions. The door was flung open and a moth, dislodged from the screen, brushed past her cheek. Then Charlie Ingram had drawn her into the room beyond with its lights, its flowers, its music, the glitter of cocktail glasses, and the people. All moving. All getting suddenly to their feet. All staring.

Charlie Ingram gasped, "Dreadful thing. Woman's dead. Shot. Here, take her—got some whisky there, Judith? Good."

He had put Marny down in the deep softness of a sofa, and was shoving cushions behind her. Everybody was there; Judith, in black chiffon, was saying something quick and sharp and reaching for a great crystal decanter of whisky. Tim Wales, in black and white, snatched it from Judith's hand and splashed whisky into a glass. Winnie, in a long blue dinner dress, was there, too; and André, a glass in his hand, and a cigarette, and his face a shocked, rigid mask.

Everybody was talking; Tim's voice cut through it all sharply: "What woman? What are you talking about, Charlie?"

Charlie Ingram straightened up from bending over Marny; his monocle dangled on the end of its ribbon, his face was red and his breath puffy. "Girl. Saw her. She—well, she's your wife, Durant. I'm sorry, old chap. Hate to shout it out like this. Only way. She's your wife. She's—she's dead."

"What do you mean?" said André.

He was standing beside the painted, white piano, leaning back against it as if at bay; his face had not changed except it was very white, and his eyes narrow dark points of light.

Judith swirled around and sat down suddenly beside Marny and held a huge, black chiffon handkerchief against her mouth.

CHARLIE said, "Here, here now. A shock, of course. Sorry to break it like this. Drink it now." He pried André's rigid hand from the stemmed glass he held and put the glass of whisky into it.

And Judith cried in a thin scream, "Cecily—oh, André, Cecily! She's dead. That's what he means. She's dead."

Tim was beside Judith so quickly Marny hadn't seen him move; he had his hand over her mouth, hard. *"Shut up! Stop that!"* He pushed Judith back against the pillow and held his hand tight over her mouth—which strangely, queerly, added to the nightmare: Tim always treated Judith as if she were glass and precious and might break. His eyes were like steel daggers, bright and sharp. "Charlie, what has happened?"

Winnie said, "Father—father—don't——" and went across to André, her blue gow swishing gently.

Charlie said, "Girl's dead. Marny an the Navy chap found her."

"Did you say she was shot?" Tim's que tion snapped out like a whip.

"Yes. Horrible. Shot." Charlie Ingra looked at the table where the tray of glass stood and left André, who still had n moved, who still stared fixedly out of a fixe white mask, and poured himself some whisk He drank it quickly and shivered. "Horribl I say, Tim—what does one do?"

Judith gave a little sigh and relaxed u der Tim's hand and lay back against t cushions.

MARNY'S throat stung; her eyes were longer dazed and dazzled by the light everything seemed all at once very sha and clear, like a photograph in colors.

Tim stood up. "Where is she? Con along, Charlie."

Tim led the way and Charlie Ingram fo lowed him; the screened door banged a they stepped off the porch and onto t lawn. André half turned as if to follow the gave a kind of groan and sat down in a su den huddle on a footstool, and put his he in his hands.

Judith opened her lovely dark eyes as so as the footsteps left the porch and said Winnie, "I'm all rig let me alone. . . . André André seemed to bury handsome head tighter his hands. Judith s sharply, "André! And you must listen. The get the police. If the g is dead—André, what you going to do?"

Winnie went across André again and put hand on his should "André, was it your wi Is it true?"

He did not move. T great bowl of calla lil beside Marny sent up dizzying sweet fragrance. Judith's ha still wearing the great emerald, was twist and twisting the fringe on a cushion.

The fresh, pretty color had gone fr Winnie's face; she stood for a moment lo ing down at André's bowed black head, hand steady on his shoulder, then she kn beside him, her blue dress outlining large, firm figure. She tried to take his ha from his face and he would not let her, she said in her mother's voice, steady comforting in spite of the trouble in it:

"André, André, you must get yourself gether. Whatever she was ——"

"Oh, she was his wife," said Judith s denly. "And if the girl was shot ——" servant, a colored man, came into the d way and stopped. Judith saw him and s "Rilly, hold up dinner. Tell cook ——"

He hesitated; he must have known so thing was terribly wrong. Then he s "Yes, madam," and vanished from doorway.

Judith said in a whisper, "They heard Oh, this means police. It means an inque

Winnie slid her bare, fair arm thro André's beseechingly. "They'll be bac a minute. André, answer me."

He put back his head as footsteps cro the porch again swiftly. Charlie Ing flung open the door and came in, pu again and red. "Tim says to call the poli

"But you"—Winnie got up—"you'd ter bring her in here."

"No, we can't," said Charlie. "Navy says we can't move her. Nothing we ca for her anyway. Horrible." He jerked enormous, thin handkerchief from his b pocket and wiped his face and polished monocle.

Bill Cameron came in, followed by who crossed swiftly to the hall, and

(Continued on Page 50)

HOMESICKNESS

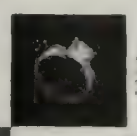
The little girl was visiting her aunt. It was the first time she had been away from home, and after the first two days the novelty had worn off and she began to cry.

"You aren't homesick, are you?" her aunt chided gently.

"No," was the tearful response, "I'm here sick!"

—THE JOKE TELLER'S JOKE BOOK: Edited by Frederick Meier (New Home Library, Blakiston Co.)

She's Engaged!

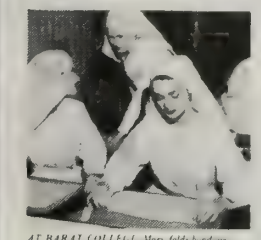


HER RING—a beautiful diamond with a large pear-cut stone in each side. It is set in a platinum band



Miss Florence McKenna, adorable senior Bookworm Beta Mu Chap. Lover

Mary Florence McKenna
of Chicago, engaged to
Lt. John Christopher Mullen,
Marine Corps Flyer



AT BARAT COLLEGE—*Mary folds bandages regularly each week* . . . the white veil an immaculate frame for her flower fresh face. "Bandages always must be filled," she says, "we wish we could fold *twice as many*. Why don't you work with the group in your community?"

She's Lovely!

Mary's face has the shining unsophisticated beauty of the first spring snowdrops.

She is another engaged girl with that enviable soft-smooth "Pond's look" about her.

"I have sensitive skin," Mary says, "and Pond's Cold Cream seems to be just what I need! It's *such* a fine, soft lovely cream, makes my face feel *grand*—so clean and smooth."

This is Mary's Beauty Creaming with Pond's

She *dips* Pond's luscious Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats on briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *raises* with more Pond's Cold Cream—going over her face with little spiral whirls of her white, cream-coated fingers. Tissues off. "I adore the nice *extra* clean, *extra* soft feeling this gives my skin," she says.

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Mary's way—every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the luxurious big jar—and help save glass. You'll enjoy it more, too, because you can dip the fingers of *both* hands in this wide-topped *big* Pond's jar.



Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

loves smooth, creamy Dreamflower "Rachel"

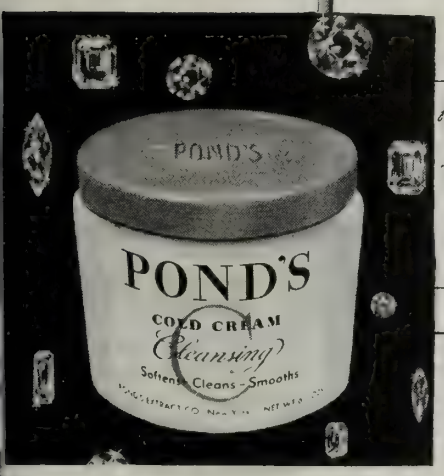
Lovely young Mrs. Roosevelt has an exquisitely contoured cheek line which gives her face fascinating lights and shadows. For her type of blonde, sculptured beauty, the right powder is especially important. It must be irreproachably smooth in texture—perfectly blended in her own creamy-blonde complexion tone. Mrs. Roosevelt has made Pond's Dreamflower *Rachel* her choice. "Its rich ivory tones give my skin such a smooth, smooth *creamy* look—and Dreamflower texture is so exquisitely soft and clinging!"

She uses Ponds!

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1 *The most famous Cold Cream in the world*

2 *Its lovely twin—Dreamflower Powder*



Both for the price of the Cream alone

NOW—AND FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY—
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Buy a jar of fragrant, luxury-soft Pond's Cold Cream (the medium 3.5 oz. size jar)!

We *give you with it* a gay box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder (.35 oz.) misty-soft, your choice of 4 shades!

Such a happy beauty twosome to bring you spring-fresh charm. *Pond's Cold Cream*—so snowy-white, so beautifully *cleansing*. You'll love the soft-to-touch feeling it brings to your skin. *Dreamflower Powder*—so clinging, so smooth! Sheer, bewitching flattery!

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Set the scene at 3:15!



1 Oh, meet the girl wonder!
Her name is Marie.
She got home from school
at a quarter past three.



2 At four o'clock sharp
she was ready for fun.
In the meantime—you'd never
believe what she'd done!



3 What, *all* of the windows?
Amazing, but true!
(Her mother had trouble
believing it, too.)



4 But clever Marie knew
a time-saving trick—
That WINDEX makes windows
look wonderful—quick!



5 A spray and a wipe
gets 'em gleaming again—
And it costs you much less
than a penny per pane!



6 Get WINDEX (the 20-ounce
bottle) and be
A gleaming-glass wonder
like clever Marie!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

DON'T TRUST cheap substitutes. There's no streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs less than a penny per window.

For Extra Economy, Buy the Big 20-ounce Size



Copr. 1945, The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 48)

heard him at the telephone. "Operator, operator—get the police—I don't know what the number is—get them. It's murder."

This time nobody moved or spoke until André, slowly, as if he didn't know what he was doing, dropped his hands and turned his handsome black head and stared at Bill Cameron, who stood just inside the room. Everybody was staring at Bill Cameron.

Marny thought desperately, *He'll tell them now. He hates me. He'll say I killed her. André's wife. Because I wanted André.*

Tim was talking into the phone. "Shadow Island. . . . Yes, off the causeway; the Wales place. . . . Right. . . . No, there's no other house on the island; just follow the drive. Hurry. . . . Name was Cecily Durant. Yes, she's been murdered; she was shot in the back."

André got up then slowly, turning as if blindly toward the porch. Charlie Ingram caught his arm. "Better not go down there, Durant. Leave it to us."

"Who killed her?" whispered André then, staring at Bill Cameron.

Bill Cameron stood perfectly still. He looked extraordinarily big and firm in that white Navy uniform with the little row of ribbons. He said, "She was your wife, then, Durant?"

André's lips moved. "Yes—that is, I suppose so. If it is really Cecily."

Bill Cameron said, "I'm sorry. There was nothing we could do for her."

"Who killed her?" said André again.

"I don't know," said Bill Cameron. "She was shot in the back and the gun is gone. We couldn't find it anywhere. I'm—sorry, Durant." He did not look at Marny.

"How did you know it was Cecily?" asked André.

VII

THERE was only one way for Bill to know that it was Cecily and that was because Marny had told him. The whole story was going to come out now. But then it had to come out anyway, and she had to tell it. The police were on their way to investigate the suicide ——

But they had said murder! They had said that Cecily was shot in the back and the gun was not there.

André was still looking at Bill Cameron, waiting an answer to his question, and Tim Wales was returning from the telephone, his footsteps loud across the tiled floor of the hall.

Marny took a long breath and began: "Cecily ——" and Bill Cameron's voice cut in rather loudly:

"Miss Sanderson had seen her. She knew it was Cecily Durant."

André turned quickly to her and Judith and Winnie both gave her startled, questioning looks.

Tim Wales, from the doorway, said, "Did you know the girl, Marny?"

She tried to sit more erectly in the deep sofa, pushing the cushions behind her. "No. No, but she was here."

Tim said, "She wasn't staying here, was she, Judith?"

Judith shook her dark head once; she was watching Marny and scarcely seeming to breathe. And Bill Cameron crossed quickly to Marny and took the glass from her hand

"You've had enough of that," he said shortly, and turned to the others. "She told me when we found Mrs. Durant. It was this way. Mrs. Durant had come to the house and happened to meet Miss Sanderson. She told her who she was. So Miss Sanderson recognized her, of course."

"Cecily came here?" cried Judith.

"But she couldn't have. She was never here—we didn't know there was such a person—we ——" Winnie stopped as her father advanced heavily.

He said, commanding the room instantly, "This is a bad business. I don't need to tell you. I've called the police. But before they come we've got to get some things clear. This girl was your wife, André?"

André looked at the black screened door, he looked at Judith, he looked at the rug, he ran his hands through his black hair and said, 'Yes."

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Tim glanced at Judith. "Did you know he girl?"

"No," replied Judith composedly. "I new she existed. I never saw her."

"How long has André been staying here? t Shadow Island?"

Judith's hands moved and the emerald ashed green fire. "I don't know exactly. A ionth, perhaps."

Tim turned to Winnie. "Where did he ome from?" He jerked his head toward ndré. "Why did you invite him here?"

Winnie went to her father; the gesture ith which she put a soothing hand on his m was exactly like that of the first Mrs. ales. "Now, father," she said, "don't take at tone, please. We invited André here be-use we met him and liked him, the same we would invite any guest to stay in our me. This is a terrible thing. But don't cuse ——"

"I'm not accusing," said Tim sharply, it he looked quieter somehow, comforted. There's so little time before the police get re, Winnie. Give me the details."

"All right," said Winnie. "It's just as I ld you. We met him first, I think, at Mrs. odge's—you know, Ella Hodge—and then veral times at the Bath Club or at differ-t parties. Then—I don't remember just w it happened ——"

Judith was sitting perfectly still, watching innie and Tim, watching Marny—watch-everybody with ose lovely, heavily ide-up eyes. She d suddenly, "I'll l you exactly. We re all swimming e day at the Beach ib and he said he s going to have to ve because the ho-where he was stay-had been sold and s being redeco-ed and everybody s to be turned out. ere are only two or ee hotels open in summer, in the ation he wanted—many hotels have n taken by the ny or the Navy—said if he couldn't l a place before—whatever day it that he was to be ned out—he could e here and we'd him up till he nd a place. So he . That's all."

But"—Tim hesitated—"what of his ? Why wasn't she here?"

ndré cleared his throat. "I'll tell you t, sir," he said. "It—it is a painful thing, the fact is my wife was not well."

im said shortly, "If she was sick, your e was at her side."

udith moved, crossing one knee over the r. Marny glanced at her and a faint e touched Judith's painted mouth and gone; it was a queer little shadow, half sement, half derision, wholly Judith.

ndré said, his face grave and pale, "It not that kind of sickness, sir."

Are you meaning to imply that your was insane?"

o," said André. "No. It might have a better if she had been; then she could e gone to a sanitarium and been properly ted. As it was, we could do nothing."

We?"

Myself, I should have said."

Where was she? Where did you leave "

ndré hesitated. He said, "She came me from Havana some months ago. illness developed alarmingly; she was violent—oh, nothing like that. But had fancies. One was, for a while, that didn't wish me to be with her. We were oing in a hotel; she made me leave and another hotel. It was all," said André pectedly, "very expensive."

Again Tim seemed to hesitate for an instant. Then he said, "Was she alone there? Had she any friends?"

"Laideau ——" began Marny suddenly, intending to say that Laideau was with Cecily, intending, again, to tell all the things that must be told, and Bill Cameron said loudly:

"We need some coffee before the police get here. It's likely to last forever—the inquiry, I mean. May I get it, Mrs. Wales? Will you show me the way, Marny?"

Tim had heard the name. He said, "What's that? Laideau—who is that?"

Judith said, "Of course, Commander Cameron. Tell the butler ——"

André said, "Laideau is my friend. Cecily was fond of him; he took care of her. I'm going to phone to him now."

BILL CAMERON had taken Marny's arm and half lifted her from the soft depths of the sofa, and then slid her arm through his own.

Winnie said quickly, "I'll go. Let me."

"Thanks, I'll see to it," replied Bill Cameron briefly. "Come along, Marny."

They were in the wide hall with its gay tiles and white and scarlet furniture, now brilliantly lighted. He steered her rapidly toward the dining room at the back—a lovely room with the candles lighted already on the table, circling a great silver bowl which reflected them, and the silver and glass glittering. Covers were laid, dinnertime long past. He put her down in a high-backed chair.

"Why did you drink all that?" he said angrily. "You haven't got the head of a kitten. I'd have stopped you if I'd known. Didn't you ever take a drink in your life before? Stay there." He went quickly to the swinging door into a pantry beyond. "Hey, there, Rilly! Coffee. Quick." He came back and stood, big and substantial and solid in his white uniform. He said, "You're tight. You're in a jam. The police will be here. It's murder. How quickly can you sober up?"

"I don't know—I'm not tight."

"You ——" He stopped, shrugged and pulled a chair up near her suddenly and sat down. "Listen. Do you understand me?"

"Of course!"

"Well, then. I may be the fool of all the world, but—I can't see any other way to play it. I'm going to take a chance."

"Chance?"

His eyes were exasperated, intent. "I'm going to tell you what to say to the police."

"I know," she said. "I've got to tell them about Cecily and the gun and ——"

"You're going to do no such thing. Listen, and shut up." He lowered his voice. "You're going to say this. Word for word. Now pull yourself together, if you can, and listen. You'll say that you were in your room—upstairs there off that balcony. Cecily came along. She stopped and said she was—oh, what?—looking for Durant, of course. Had she talked to him?"

Marny sought back, trying to remember. "Yes—yes, she said she'd talked to him."

"Okay. She was looking for Durant ——"

"But she ——"

"—— and you said something—how do you do, anything; she said her name was Cecily Durant. And that's all."

"I've got to tell them. If she was murdered ——"

"*That's why!* Can't you understand? Marny, they'll arrest you. No matter who did it. You were in love with André ——"

"No."

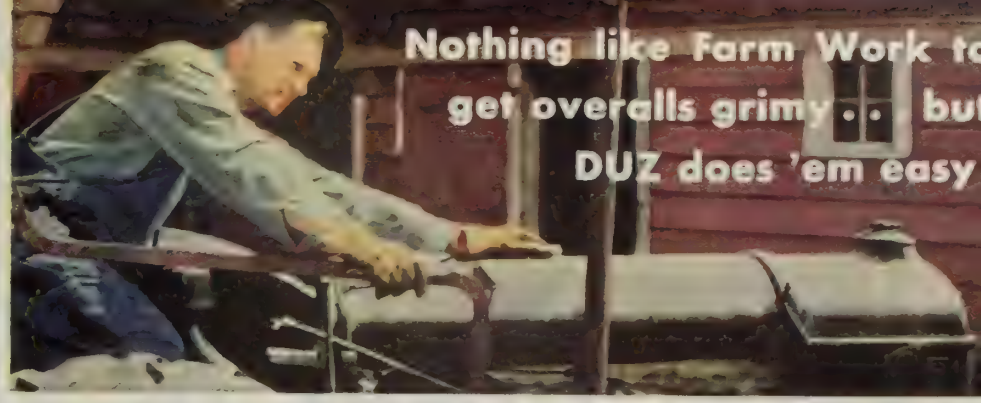
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Girl of Ten

By Thomas W. Duncan

Wearing blue jeans, long-legged, she will ride
Where shade is checkered with bright splashing heat.
Gripping the handle bars, she swings astride
The saddle recklessly, as if the street
Echoed to the wild hoofs of a white stallion
And she a handsome horsewoman, instead
Of being just a freckle-faced rapscallion
Sent to the store to buy a loaf of bread.

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Test DUZ on grimy overalls—filthy towels—no soap made gets 'em cleaner and whiter. Yet DUZ helps clothes last, too, 'cause DUZ is safer for colors than any other leading granulated washday soap. Yes, DUZ does more—it's safer even for rayon undies. DUZ does everything!

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No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!



FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

"She threatened you with a gun. She was found a few minutes later, shot. You found her. If any of those facts get into the hands of the police ——"

"But I didn't kill her."

"No," said Bill Cameron very quietly, "somehow I don't think you did."

The warm night breeze touched Marny's face. For a long moment she looked at Bill Cameron and he looked at her. It was, somehow, like a repeated experience. As if they had known each other, somewhere, very well.

Perhaps she *was* tight, she thought confused; perhaps he was right. Perhaps he was right, too, in what he told her. She said, "But Cecily—if she was murdered, I've got to help them find whoever killed her. She—she was so young."

He didn't reply for a moment; there was the clatter of china, soft and musical, from somewhere beyond the pantry door. The breeze drifted through the room again. Then he said, "All right. Be noble and brave and a martyr if you want to. But has it occurred to you that your little story is going to put André on a very bad spot?"

"*André!*"

"Who else? She was his wife. Your story will present them with the thing they'll need most—a motive. He wanted to get rid of her to marry you."

"No, no, he didn't. He couldn't have."

"Oh, *think*. I'm talking about the police. If you want to give them evidence against André that'll hang him or whatever capital punishment is in this state, go right ahead. But you ——" He paused, looked at her for a moment and said in a different, quieter way, "Time is the important thing just now. Don't do anything irrevocable until we see something of the setup. Don't throw yourself—or André—into a cell with a murder charge until—well, say until morning. Will you promise me that?"

"Why are you doing this?" she asked suddenly. "What does it matter ——"

The nameless thing that had held their gaze linked like a chain broke and dropped away. He got up with a brusque motion. His profile, straight and hard, was clear against the candlelight. He said shortly, "I don't know why. I'm not trying to get something on you, if that's what you mean." He went to the door and met the colored butler coming out, a small silver tray in his hands. Bill Cameron took it and put it on the table beside her. He took the silver pot and began to pour coffee into a cup as the telephone in the hall rang sharply. They could hear a woman's voice answer it: Winnie's—capable, pleasant in spite of its undertones of gravity:

"Yes, Edward. . . . Yes, it's quite all right. Let them come in. . . . Oh, Edward, there's been some trouble at the house. Dinner is late; in fact, we've not had it at all. Rilly will be late bringing your supper over. But you'd better stay at the gate. Let me know if—if anyone tries to come in. Except Mr. Laideau. He'll be here soon; let him come to the house. Thank you."

The telephone was put down. Winnie's firm footsteps came toward the dining room.

BILL CAMERON finished pouring the hot clear stream of coffee into the cup. As Winnie reached the doorway and came in, he said nonchalantly to Marny, "Sugar? How much?"

Winnie came nearer. "Are you all right, Marny? I thought you looked sick." Winnie was worried; her thick, rather shapeless brown eyebrows were drawn together. "That was the man at the gate," she said. "He phoned to say that the police have come."

Bill's brown hand paused, holding itself still over the coffee. He did not look up, but said, "The man at the gate? Who?"

"Oh," said Winnie. "Edward, the chauffeur. We always have a man at the gate at night. Judith and I, living alone, and so many odd people drifting around ——"

"Do you mean that this man, Edward, is on guard at the gate?"

"At the bridge, really. There's a little house there, hidden by vines; I planted ——"

"When did he go on duty?"

"Why, about sundown. Six, as a rule."

"Was he there tonight?" asked Bill.

"Yes, of course."

"Does he always phone to the house when somebody comes?"

"Yes."

"Who came tonight?"

"Why, I—nobody. Except Charlie Ingram. And you."

"Is anybody else here? I mean besides you and Mrs. Wales and your father and Marny, and me and Charlie Ingram and Durant?"

"Why, the servants, of course, but ——" Winnie's eyes widened. She stared at Bill. Slowly one large hand went up toward her throat. "*None of us killed her!*"

Bill dropped the lump of sugar into the cup. "Here, Marny," he said and put the cup in her hand. He turned to Winnie. "There are other ways to get on the island—boats—other ways. That doesn't mean that somebody on the island killed Cecily."

But it did mean it, thought Marny; and he knew it. His denial was really like an affirmation. Unless the murderer came in a boat.

Winnie said, "There's the bell. It's the police. I'll go."

OLD TRUTHS

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling. —GAELIC.

The way to be safe is never to feel secure. —EDMUND BURKE.

Thinking well is wise; planning well, wiser; doing well, wisest and best of all.

—PERSIAN.

Lose an hour in the morning and you will be all day hunting for it.

—BISHOP WHATELY.

VIII

THE police left at exactly twenty minutes after two and did not question Marny beyond a few formal queries as to the position of the body, and her discovery of it, and she did not tell them of Cecily's visit to her room and Cecily's threats.

So far as she knew, she made no decision about it; she accepted Bill Cameron's decision as instinctively as if it were a life line. Or a safe and unexpected path through a dark and treacherous swamp. She hadn't murdered Cecily and somehow, somewhere, there must be a way to prove it. But perhaps no such proof existed for André; and in any case her story would damn him even more certainly and inevitably than it would herself, for André was, as Bill Cameron had said he would be, the immediate suspect of the police.

It was instantly evident. They didn't even question anyone at length, except André, André and Laideau, who arrived soon after the police came.

Led by Tim and Charlie and Bill, they tramped down across the lawn; policemen in uniform and detectives and, later, the medical examiner. Their flashlights shot long dancing rays of whiteness over grass and shrubbery and the black water. And then disappeared behind the bamboos.

They made André identify the body—watching him, probably, as he did so, for any betraying word or look or move. She must warn André, thought Marny rather desperately; she must tell him what had happened; she must put him on his guard. There was no possible way to do so, then.

Later photographs were made; flashlights. Shortly after that an ambulance came and men carried away a burden which seemed light, from the way they walked across the lawn and toward the drive. Judith came then, and watched them go, her lovely face a mask, her dark eyes lambent. Winnie shivered a little, and put her arm around Judith.

Marny turned away, unable to watch that small, somber procession. She went into the drawing room; she'd do anything; she'd simply sit down there by the calla lilies and stare at the beige and white rugs and wait.

And André was in the hall. She heard him come in; she went to the door of the drawing room and André was standing in the middle of the hall. He looked shrunken somehow, his shoulders drawn in.

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Says Paula Stone

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LIPS LOOK LOVELY

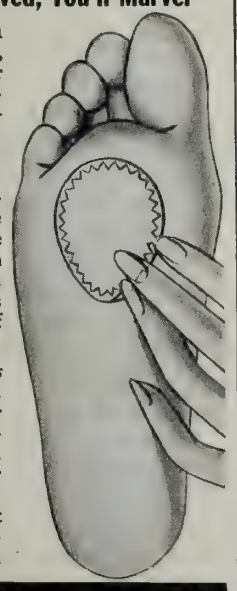
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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

"André," she cried—but low, remembering Judith and Winnie on the porch. She went to him. "André, I'm so terribly sorry."

He looked at her without speaking, his dark eyes black and unfathomable.

"André." She looked over her shoulder; no one was in the dining room and it was at some distance, anyway. She said, whispering, "Cecily came to me, André. She had a gun. She said you had told her that you wanted to leave her. For—for me. Because of me."

Still André did not speak, but only stared at her, as if not understanding.

She shook his arm a little. "André, you must listen. You didn't tell Cecily that, did you?"

He moved his lips twice before a sound came out. Then he said, "Tell Cecily what?"

"That you—that you were in love with me. That you wanted to—to marry me."

He shook his black head. "No. Certainly not. Never."

"She said—she thought —— André, you're not listening. I know it's horrible, but don't you see, you've got to know. They'll suspect you. They'll—André, did you see Cecily tonight at all? I mean after we got here, from the airport?"

André blinked slowly. "No. She ——" His eyes quickened, as if at last the thing she was trying to tell him had got through his terrible, tragic preoccupation. "Marny, what are you saying?"

"Sh-h. Listen." Half whispering, quickly, she told him the story.

He said, when she'd finished, only two words: "Poor Cecily."

"André, don't you see ——"

He looked at her then. "Marny, you are so good. So normal and generous and—and *right*, somehow. Not like Cecily. It was horrible, Marny. I tried to make things better; I didn't know when I married her. Poor child, it wasn't her fault. It was—it was in her blood, I suppose. How could I tell anyone! How could I bring the shadow of—of *that* into anyone's house! I didn't see her tonight. If she said all that to you, it was another of her fancies. She hated women. She was crazily jealous. It was one of her—her delusions."

Footsteps were entering from the porch, across the drawing room. Marny whispered, "Someone is coming."

André gripped her hands. "Who did it, Marny? Do you know?"

And Winnie came to the door, saw them and stopped. André let go Marny's hands. Winnie said, "Can I help you, André? Has anything happened? I mean ——"

André touched his face again with his handkerchief. "No, no, Winnie. It's only that the police have been questioning me and are going to again. As if I had killed her."

Winnie waited a moment, her hands automatically smoothing down her blue dress, her eyes anxious. She said then, "But you didn't, André. You couldn't have. We have faith in you, all of us. Don't let them trap you into saying something that is wrong or suspicious. I'm going to order some food. We'll all be the better for it. You haven't had anything to eat; none of us have had. Go in there and when they question you, just tell the truth and no more." She moved toward the dining room.

André said, "Winnie is so sensible. Yes, I'll do that. I'll ——" His eyes met Marny's. "Thank you."

"I had to warn you ——"

"Oh, not for that. For something much greater. For having faith in me," said André, and went into the drawing room.

Rilly came with sandwiches and coffee and Winnie made them all eat.

The photographers and the fingerprint men had gone; the police had apparently done everything they could do at the pier, and drifted to the house. The police by that time consisted of three policemen in uniform, and a chief of detectives in a neat gray seersucker suit with a blue tie, and tanned face and extraordinarily honest-looking light blue eyes. It was strangely matter-of-fact; Winnie had the plates of sandwiches and coffee brought out on the porch and put on a long

VITAMINS

Have you, too, wondered?

Few are the Americans who have not at one time or another wondered whether they ought to take a vitamin supplement.

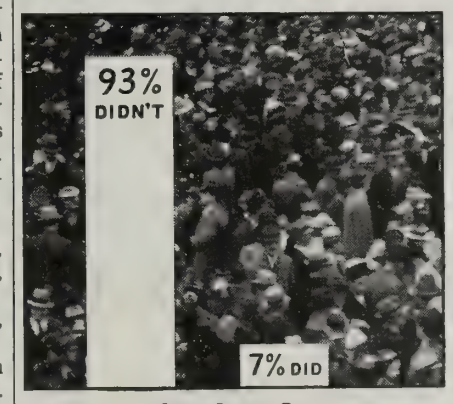
Frequently this problem is caused by the appearance of symptoms that may warn of vitamin deficiencies: mental listlessness, excessive fatigue, inactive appetite, slowed-up digestion, nervous irritability.

Unwise are those who merely wonder about, then ignore these symptoms. For as your Doctor can tell you, vitamin deficiencies in the diet today are widespread.

Just how prevalent they are can be seen from the latest dietary study conducted at a world-famous American technological institute.

93% didn't get enough

Most startling fact established by this study: that 93% of the survey group, a group including rich, poor and in-between, did *not* receive the Recommended Dietary Allowance for vitamins and minerals. Of the 7% who did, all were children.



Only One in Ten
got adequate vitamins and minerals

In other words, only about *one person in ten* was found to be getting all the vitamins and all the minerals needed to make up what could be called a "really good diet."

Furthermore, the following percentages of the total group did not receive the Recommended Dietary Allowance: of niacin 75%, of Vitamin B_2 (riboflavin) 63%, of B_1 (thiamin) 62%, of C (ascorbic acid) 48%, of calcium 37%, of iron 28%.

These recent findings add emphasis to the conclusion reached by the National Research Council that ". . . without exception inadequate diets are widespread in the nation."

Scientific Approach

This study is highly significant for it was made by an unusually accurate and reliable method not often used on a large scale because of its expense and the large technical staff required.

In this technique, the actual cooked meal—which included fortified as well as natural foods—was taken from the subject without warning and analyzed in the laboratory.

Actually the meals of 71 families (checked against the meals of 3,336 families throughout the nation) were used in this survey.

The study extended over different seasons of the year. It covered a comprehensive cross-section of population as to economic status, age, sex and physical activity.

Thus, in spite of the fortification of foods with vitamins, the importance of



For Peak Energy
Vitamins and minerals are essential

taking a dietary supplement cannot be overrated. However, highly important, too, is the choice of which one.

Minerals necessary

Vimms are so often recommended because, unlike most vitamin preparations, Vimms contain not only *all* the vitamins that Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet, but also all the commonly lacking minerals. Besides all the essential vitamins, Vimms supply Iron necessary for good red blood, Calcium and Phosphorus needed for bones and teeth.

Vimms are pleasant-tasting—leave no after-taste. They come in three tablets a day. No product that comes in one tablet or capsule per day, gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms.

RECOMMENDED VITAMIN PROPORTIONS		VIMMS FORMULA (3 TABLETS)
4,000 USP Units	A	5,000 USP Units
1 mg.	B_1	1 mg.
2 mg.	B_2(G)	2 mg.
600 USP Units	C	600 USP Units
400 USP Units	D	500 USP Units
no value stated	NIACIN	10 mg.

Medical Council Standards
Vimms meet or exceed them

The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council has adopted Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals.

Three Vimms, taken daily—preferably at breakfast—will raise the average diet of children and adults up to or above these Recommended Daily Allowances.

(Advertisement)

Was ever a bran muffin so light and fluffy



Muffins

NABISCO ORANGE-CRUMB BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran	¼ cup sugar	3 tsp. baking powder
1 cup milk	2 eggs	½ tsp. salt
¼ cup shortening	1 cup sifted flour	

Soak Nabisco 100% Bran in milk 5 min. Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add Bran mixture. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture; stir only until well mixed. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. ORANGE TOPPING: mix 2½ tsp. grated orange rind, and ¼ cup sugar. Sprinkle on unbaked muffins. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 25 min. Makes 12 muffins—light as a cloud! The secret of their fluffy texture is Nabisco 100% Bran—for Double-Milling makes the bran particles smaller . . . your muffins *lighter!* (They help supply important "diet-bulk," too.)

or a breakfast treat so delicious!



Cereal

NABISCO BRAN APPLESAUCE DANDY

Nabisco 100% Bran	Brown sugar
Applesauce	Top milk

A *new* breakfast dish that'll make a hit! Even plain with milk and sugar, Nabisco 100% Bran's just as tempting! Most important . . . it's often a help when constipation's due to insufficient bulk. *Gentle . . . mild* . . . because it's Double-Milled, making bran particles smaller . . . less likely to be irritating. Of the highest quality because Nabisco uses only the finest grade of bran, produced in its own flour mills.

Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly. See your physician if your condition isn't helped soon.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Better for both, because it's double-milled!

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

NABISCO

table there, and had candles lighted and put in hurricane lamps. Everyone ate, or pretended to; even André.

There was very little talk while they ate. Tim said once, looking up from his coffee with his little bright eyes shrewd and his face sharply lined, "I never saw her before. None of us knew her. She wasn't well."

"So you said, Mr. Wales," said the chief of detectives. His name was Jimmy Manson; he was a captain by rank; he was just a man—thinnish, with thinning brown hair, a sun-tanned, rather wrinkled face, just a man such as one would meet a hundred times in a day, on the streets, in the bank, at the post office, anywhere. He took the last bite of a sandwich and lifted his cup, eying Tim over the rim of it. "So you said. I'll get some statements from all of you as soon as we finish eating. . . . This was a good idea, Miss Wales. Nothing like food where there's a hard job ahead. You did right to call the police right away. It beats all, sometimes, the way people get so upset they don't know what to do. . . . Reminds me, how about lawyers? Any of you folks feel you'd like to have your lawyer in on this? Sometimes a police investigation takes a long time, you know. Sometimes we get a break right away, but sometimes not."

"Are you advising us to get lawyers?" asked Tim sharply, looking surprised.

Captain Manson shrugged. "Sure, if you want to. You're a pretty famous man, Mr. Wales. I want everything to be on the up and up."

"But I don't know anything about the girl's murder!" said Tim angrily.

"That's what I mean, Mr. Wales. But it did happen on your island, you see. Reporters'll be here soon as they get onto what's happened. You know; that's their job, of course. News. . . . How about you, Mr. Durant?"

André lifted his head with a jerk. "I didn't murder her either," he said.

"Now, now," said Captain Manson. "It's only for your own good. If you don't want a lawyer, you don't have to have one."

Something inside Marny roused for an instant and said, *The man is smart. He knows now that no one will call a lawyer; he'll question and inquire without interference.*

Bill Cameron, his Navy whites no longer immaculate but wrinkled, and stained with grass across the knees, slapped at a mosquito and Winnie said, "Perhaps we'd better go inside. There are so many bugs." They were circling around the candles, beating against the glass shields.

Tim said slowly, "Why, yes. Yes, that's a good idea, Winnie." He led the way, holding the door open for Judith, who rose, still without speaking, and preceded him.

IN THE long living room with its low tables, its calla lilies, its pleasant, gay and everyday atmosphere, Captain Manson made a little speech about murder. He said that a murder inquiry was very difficult and that they must not think, when he asked questions or when another detective or policeman asked questions, that they were going outside their line of duty.

"It's our job, you see," he said, and took a cigarette and lighted it. "So I wanted to say now, that it'll make everything easier for everybody if you'll answer and not be worried about getting involved in anything. Nobody's going to be accused of murder falsely, if I can help it, and I'll do everything I can—and that's quite a lot—to keep anything out of the newspapers that you want kept out."

"I don't think we have anything to hide, captain," said Tim Wales at once.

Tim is smart, too, thought Marny, in another odd flash of something that was normal and sensible and everyday—which again was lost in nightmare.

OBSERVATIONS

The most destructive criticism is indifference.

—ED HOWE.

The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

—ANON: Quoted in Little Things That Linger. Bob Carter. (Orlin Tremaine Co.)

Good temper is an estate for life. —WILLIAM HAZLITT

Enough is what would satisfy us—if the neighbors didn't have any more.

—Answers.

One of the policemen took out a paper-bound notebook and a pencil.

"Now as I understand it," said Captain Manson, smoking, "it happened like this. Miss Sanderson"—his blue eyes traveled around the room and reached Marny—"Miss Sanderson, walking down to the pier, found her just as Commander Cameron got there. They saw she was dead and then Mr. Ingram came and Mr. Ingram and Miss Sanderson came back to the house and you"—he looked at Bill Cameron, sitting solidly on a hassock, smoking also—"stayed with the body until Mr. Wales came. Then all three of you came to the house and you, Mr. Wales, called the police. Now then, you say you didn't touch the body, commander, but you looked about the shrubbery and didn't see a gun anywhere."

"That's right," said Bill Cameron.

"GOT a record of that, Willie?" said Captain Manson, looking at the policeman with the notebook, who nodded without looking up. The detective said, "Now let's try to get some of the main facts straight. Mr. Wales, you said you didn't hear the shot."

"No, I didn't."

"Did anybody hear it?"

There was a silence. Judith, on the sofa, twisted her emerald ring. Winnie had picked up her knitting bag and was holding it in her lap, gripping it tightly as if the touch of something homely and matter-of-fact was comforting. André sat huddled in a great armchair, his head leaning on a hand that shielded his face. Laideau stood behind him. The light was on Laideau's face. Marny had not seen him when he arrived; he had been met by André and they had gone immediately across the lawn and not through the house, to the pier and the bamboo hedge where Cecily lay. She had been aware of him on the candlelighted terrace: a man of medium height with great stooped shoulders and long arms; a man who looked large because his features were heavy and his head big; but he had said nothing, had kept close to André, had refused anything but coffee. He wore a white shirt, open at the throat, rather soiled white trousers and rubber-soled tennis shoes. He was the man she'd seen in the boat with Cecily. *Did he know why Cecily had come? Did he know why she had returned?* His face was sallow, his eyes half hidden under thick black eyebrows, his mouth unrevealing.

Bill Cameron shook ashes from his cigarette and said that probably nobody had heard the sound of the shot because there was so much noise about the place.

"Noise!" cried Winnie, looking surprised. "But it was so quiet ——"

"I mean the radio was going," said Bill, "when I arrived. Nobody was down yet and I sat there on the porch and several boats passed—motorboats and once an outboard, and you know what a racket they make. If the girl was shot here on the island, the noise of the boats might have covered the sound of the shot."

"If she ——" Tim shot him a look of quick comprehension which had something like gratitude for the suggestion in it; he said coolly and promptly to the detective. "But then I don't see how she could have been shot here on the island, captain. She must have been killed some other place and brought here. By boat."

Laideau spoke. It was the first time Marny had heard his voice; it was metallic and rusty-sounding. His little dark eyes sought the captain. "I told you," he said "that I brought her here. I did. But she was alive."

"Let's have that again, if you please," said the captain. "Only a brief statement for the record."

(Continued on Page 56)

The New Promise of American Life

The advent of a victorious peace after the nefarious Axis has been smashed will yield substantial dividends.

At home, tranquillity will again bring an opportunity to set American workers and farmers free to concentrate on producing better living for 35 million American families.

The necessarily depressing effect of diverting in wartime at least 55% of all goods and services currently produced to government for the winning of the war and other purposes will be mitigated.

Peace may be expected to reduce the abnormally high cost of government.



Economical governmental housekeeping will enrich families by leaving for civilian use a much larger ratio of the year's production of goods and services.

When the opportunity comes to beat our guns into plowshares, the upswing in American living standards can be resumed.

In order to assure post-war prosperity, we should use the basic ingredients which produced affluence in the past.

These ingredients include both natural resources and man-made attributes.

As pace setters for the world, we must continue to give American workingmen and farmers tools with which to beat competition from any and every source.

Likewise, we must recognize that national growth and progress spring from a recognition of the essential harmony of interests of all American groups. This attitude is the very antithesis of destructive class warfare. It represents a quest for an equilibrium under which farmers, industrial workers and the great service groups are in balanced income relationships. Under such circumstances they can provide employment for one another through interchanging the specialized products of their year's labor.



In our interrelated national economy, the far flung Armour activities redound to the advantage of all groups—farmers, workers, customers, manufacturers and government itself. By way of illustration Armour's leadership in finding by-product uses for materials hitherto considered waste, improves the market for farm products while relieving meat consumers of part of the overhead cost of packing houses and while supplying industry with low cost domestic fats and oils to replace scarce foreign oils.

The fruitfulness of American industry points the way. The final and most important ingredient for postwar prosperity must be restoration in its full vigor of the essentials of the free American system of government and business organization.

President, Armour and Company

Ninth of a series of statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company.



To Glorify This Simple Supper

Springtime Platter

(Serves 4 to 6)

1 can Armour's Treet
1 can Armour's Star Vienna Sausage
Molded Salads:
1 tbsp. gelatin or 1 envelope
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 cup hot water
3 tbsps. vinegar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento

Soften gelatin in cold water. Add sugar, salt and hot water, and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice. Cool. Add remaining ingredients and turn into individual molds. Chill. To serve, unmold onto platter with sliced Treet. Garnish, as illustrated, with water cress or lettuce leaves and Armour's Star Vienna Sausages.

Treet is the meat



To Make This Homespun Dinner

Treet and Corn Custards

(Serves 4 to 6)

1 can Armour's Treet
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine
2 tbsps. flour
¾ cup milk
¾ tsp. salt
Pepper
2 cups cooked whole kernel corn
2 Cloverbloom Eggs
¼ cup chopped green pepper

Blend flour in melted butter and add milk gradually, stirring until thick. Add seasonings, corn, beaten eggs and chopped green pepper. Bake in well oiled timbale or custard cups set in a pan of hot water for 40 minutes in 350° F. oven, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Score loaf of Treet and stud with cloves. Combine 1 tbsp. corn syrup with 2 tbsps. brown sugar and spread over top of Treet. Bake 25-30 minutes in 350° F. oven. Arrange as shown.

BUY THE BEST

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BUY ARMOUR'S TREET

Trust Treet to take the work out of the most lip-smacking meals your family ever raved about! Breakfasts, lunches, dinners! Treet is extra delicious and ready-to-eat—choice pork shoulder delicately and delightfully seasoned, and vacuum-cooked in its natural juices. That's why its flavor is so rich and good. Keep Treet on hand for the finest quick meals—for economy, too! Treet is all meat—no bone, no waste. One tin serves four. Enjoy Treet cold—sliced as it comes from the tin. Enjoy Treet hot—fried, broiled, baked—for easy and appetizing variety.

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night, over CBS. See local papers for time.



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

ARMOUR and Company

Little things THAT MAKE WASHING WORK CLOTHES EASIER!



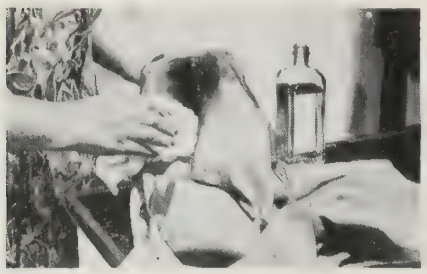
1. Don't be scared to grapple with grimy work clothes. Relax! There are Things To Do—like starching 'em to give 'em resistance to dirt, spots, and perspiration. Like adding Satina to your starch to *make ironing easier.* More tips? Read on!



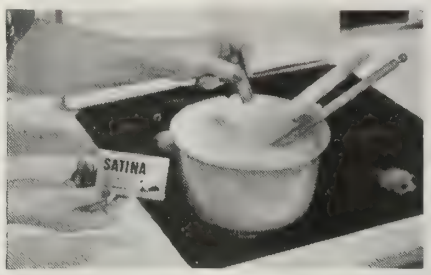
2. Separate work clothes into light and dark groups to be washed accordingly. If a garment is being washed for the first time, wash it separately, because the color might run slightly. Sew on loose buttons, and close zippers.



3. Get rid of surface dirt. Give clothes a good brushing. Turn pockets inside out and brush out the grit. If a garment is very soiled, soak it in lukewarm water, after removing spots, for about thirty minutes before washing.



4. Out with spots! Saturate greasy and oily spots with kerosene, or add a cup of kerosene to your soaking water. Scrub especially soiled places (like collars and cuffs) with a brush and soapsuds, then wash and rinse as usual.



5. Use thin Satina-starch mixture for work clothes. (Don't starch *heavy* denims.) Add fragrant Satina to your basic starch; dilute mixture with 3 to 4 parts warm water to 1 part basic starch. Satina makes clothes even *more* dirt-resistant!



6. Whenever you starch *anything*—add Satina to speed up your ironing job, help prevent snags and tears—give your things a glossy, fragrant finish. No sticking, no pulling—with Satina! Only a few cents for a whole month's supply!



Tune in: "Two on a Clue," new mystery-comedy, every day, Monday through Friday, CBS.

(Continued from Page 54)

"Well ——" Laideau seemed to hesitate. He turned to the policeman who was writing. "She wanted to come to Shadow Island. She asked me to bring her in a rowboat. So I did. She came up to the house and I waited down there at the pier. She came back and got in the boat and we started away. Then she said that she wanted to come back. Said she'd forgotten something. So I rowed her back to the pier. She got out and said for me not to wait but go on back to Miami Beach. Said she'd get home all right. So I did. That's all."

"Okay," said the captain. "Why did she want to come to Shadow Island?"

Laideau's opaque dark eyes shifted to the captain. "She didn't say."

"Why did she want to return?"

"She didn't say that either."

"I see."

The detective had a disarming appearance of accepting every statement at its face value; he was smart, thought Marny again, her business sense—the sense that Tim Wales had trained and cultivated—rising to the surface again, touching this new Marny who didn't seem to know what she was doing, who was perplexed and horribly bewildered and frightened.

"Mr. Durant," said the detective, suddenly turning to André, "this has been a shock, of course. Can you—I've got to ask you some questions, you understand."

André gave a kind of shiver like a dog coming out of water. "All right," he said in a muffled voice behind his hand.

Judith made a sharp motion forward, opened a crystal cigarette box, took out a long cigarette, reached for a match and then accepted a light from Charlie Ingram, seated beside her.

The detective said as the match sputtered, "What was your wife's maiden name?"

"Watts," said André, behind his hand.

"Cecily Watts?"

"Of course."

"Where was her home?"

There was a slight pause; then André said heavily, "In Jamaica. She was the daughter of an English planter; he owned a sugar plantation."

"Is he alive?"

"No."

"Relatives?"

"I—don't know. I believe there was a cousin in England. Cecily didn't correspond much with her."

"When were you married?"

"About a year ago."

"Was her father alive then?"

"He died the week we were married; he'd been sick a long time. His name was Harrison Watts." André moved restively. "There's a record of everything there at Kingston, if you want it. I don't see what this has to do with Cecily."

"I was thinking of people to notify. Had your wife any enemies?"

"Not that I know of."

Laideau said raspingly, "She was her own worst enemy. She shot herself and threw the gun into the water. She was not well."

"That would have been impossible," said the detective so completely without emphasis that it was flatly convincing. "She was murdered. . . . Had she any enemies?" he repeated, looking at André.

"No," said André after a pause. "Laideau is right, though. She wasn't well. It is why we were not living together."

"I see. Had you taken her to a doctor?"

"No. She wouldn't let me. She had—fancies like that."

"Yes," said Laideau heavily, little eyes fixed on the detective, sallow heavy face impassive. "She had fancies like that. It is why I did not question her when she wished to come here, and when she wished to return. It was always best to humor her."

"You mean that she was mentally unsteady—erratic?"

"Yes," said André.

"But did you not consult a doctor?"

"No. I thought it best to—to wait. I hoped she would be better."

"Mr. Durant, I must ask you if you quarreled with your wife. I could ask the employees, the maids and bellboys at the hotel where you tell me she lived, but I would prefer getting your statement about it."

He'll ask them anyway, thought Marny; *he is saying that to warn André.*

André was aware of it too. He said, "I told you she was not well. There were times when she was hysterical. It was not easy."

Laideau said, "I was there. He did everything he could do for her."

The detective put out his cigarette. He said, "Mr. Wales tells me that he had never seen Mrs. Durant. Did you know her, Mrs. Wales?"

Judith said "No." She did not add to it; she did not explain; she returned the detective's glance with every appearance of candor.

He said, "I understand Mr. Durant is a guest here."

"Yes, he is," replied Judith. "He has been here almost a month. Except for a trip to New York."

"I didn't know about that," said the detective. "When did you return, Mr. Durant? Did you take your wife with you?"

André said, "I went to New York a week ago—a little over a week ago—on business. Cecily remained at the Villa Nova, the hotel. I got back this afternoon."

"We all arrived together," said Tim Wales, and explained. They had come in by plane; they had reached the house before seven o'clock.

"Did you communicate with your wife, Mr. Durant? I mean during your visit North?"

"No."

There was a little silence.

The detective said, "Mrs. Durant must have had some purpose in coming here. Was it to see you, Mr. Durant?"

"No." André looked at the detective, his eyes bright and hard. "I did not see her. I did not see her or talk to her. I know nothing of this. Nothing."

"Miss Sanderson saw her," said Bill Cameron suddenly. "I told you about that. Mrs. Durant was on the balcony, so she did reach the house."

"I understand she told you her name." The detective was looking at Marny and Marny replied as if somebody else were speaking, somebody who'd been told what to say and why, and how to say it:

"Yes. Yes, she told me her name."

"About what time was that?" the detective went on.

"I'm not sure." She thought back: it had been a quarter after seven when she had returned to her room from the pool. She had talked to Judith, rinsed her hair, had a long bath. "I think it was after seven-thirty. I'm not sure."

"Had you ever seen her before? Did you know her?"

"No. She ——"

"She was very nervous, Miss Sanderson said," intervened Bill Cameron with every appearance of being helpful and informative. "Then she went down to the boat and I saw it leave." He jerked his head toward Laideau. "As you know, Laideau was with her, rowing."

"Did anyone else see her?" asked the detective. His blue eyes went slowly around the room. No one spoke. He said, "I'll have to ask for statements, by the way; I may as well do it now. So far as we know now, the girl was killed between seven-thirty and a quarter after eight, when she was found. Is that right, commander?"

SO THEY SAY

The difference between a moral man and a man of honor is that the latter regrets a discreditable act even when it has worked.
—MENCKEN.

It would be nice to have all the money you've spent foolishly so you could spend it foolishly again. —ANON.

A necessity is something you can't get along without, but do. A luxury is something you ought to get along without, but don't. —ANON.

CLOROX-CLEAN BATHROOMS... a basic step in Home Health Protection!





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Bill Cameron thought for an instant, frowning a little. "Yes, I think so. I arrived about seven-thirty, perhaps a little after that. No one was down yet; the butler showed me to this room and I went out on the porch. As I told you, I saw her leave; it was not later than eight-fifteen when we found her."

Judith stirred; she sat up straight. "If you want alibis, Captain Manson, then I can give you at least one."

Tim said, "*Judith* ——"

"You seem to believe that André—Mr. Durant—may have murdered his wife. Simply because she was his wife and you must have a suspect. But I can tell you that he didn't." She lowered her eyes, slowly, so the white eyelids veiled them. She appeared to look at her cigarette, burning down almost to the slender white finger tips. And said, "He was with me."

But André, thought Marny suddenly in the sudden silence, had not told her that.

IX

TIM WALES got up with a violent motion, his face red. Winnie got up quickly, too, said repressively, "Now, father," and went to sit beside her stepmother.

"I'm sorry, Tim," said Judith, without looking at her elderly husband. "But obviously the police suspect him, and he simply couldn't have done it. He ——" She looked directly at the policeman with the notebook and made her statement. It was brief, concise and simple. She had gone to Marny's—Miss Sanderson's—room and talked for a few minutes. She had happened to note the time when she left and it was just past seven-thirty. She had returned to her own room and André, already dressed for dinner, had come to her there. He had wanted to tell her the outcome of his business in New York. She was in the dressing room adjoining her bedroom and had heard him knock at the bedroom door and told him to come in. "I told him I was dressing; to sit down and wait. He sat in a chair by the window and talked through the door; it was open a little. I had only to get into my dress and I did so, and came out into the bedroom. He sat there and talked until we came downstairs to dinner. That's all, except if Cecily was murdered during that time André couldn't have done it."

Winnie put her arm around Judith, with a defiant glance at her father.

The detective said, "You corroborate this, Mr. Durant?"

André glanced at Tim Wales and said hesitantly, "I—well, yes. That is—yes."

"You may have to tell this in court, you know, Mrs. Wales," said the detective. "Have you thought of that?"

Judith's lovely chin went up. She still would not look at Tim. "It is quite true, captain."

Winnie's face flushed. She cried unevenly, "It doesn't matter. It isn't the way it sounds. That is—it's just Judith. Just—I mean—why, we all go into Judith's room; we have breakfast coffee there or—it's just a custom."

Tim Wales said in a strange voice, "Winnie, don't try to explain."

And Captain Manson said quietly, "Will you take the other statements, one at a time, Willie? We have some routine to see to. It's late; you've all been very patient." He made a quiet little bow and walked out of the room through the hall and out the front door.

It was so late, and so still that they could hear even at that distance the murmur of voices outside, where apparently a squad car waited for him, and then the sound of an automobile starting up. It gave them all perhaps a curious sense of shock and surprise; it was as if he had seen something they had not seen, had gathered some evidence that none of them had gathered, and had gone away to do something about it.

Winnie half started up, sank back on the sofa, her face bewildered. "But he—he's gone. *Why* ——"

Tim said to Judith, "It's late. You'd better go upstairs."

"My statement ——" began Judith, and Tim said roughly:



Mrs. Oh-But-I-Couldn't-Think-of-Changing

"I've been washing for twenty years, young lady . . .

"And I've always done my washing and my bluing *separately!* No, ma'am, I wouldn't dream of changing!

"Of course it takes time! But what was good enough for Mother is good enough for me."



Mrs. I'll-Try-Anything-That'll-Do-A-Better-Job

"Listen! If there's any way that I can make less work for myself, and do a better job—I'm for it!

"And if La France bluing flakes can blue clothes snowy-white, *right in my regular soapsuds,* without a single bluing streak—

"Well, wouldn't I be a sap *not* to try it? Mercy! What a relief it will be to do without that back-breaking *separate* bluing job—

"And what fun to get lovelier, whiter, brighter washes with easy, gentle La France! . . . Why don't you try it, too?"

La France

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"He's got your statement. He'll have you sign it. You've said enough."

Bill Cameron crossed to Marny and sat down on the arm of her chair. His face was cold and hard-looking; his eyes enigmatic. He said, "This may take a little time. Cigarette?"

Judith got up from the sofa gracefully, and went to Tim; she put her hand on Tim's shoulder and looked at him with a strange, still expression. This time, however, it was Tim who would not look at her; he said, "You'd better go."

All at once Judith became again the beautiful, self-possessed and charming woman they were familiar with but did not, Marny thought suddenly, really know; she lifted her bare shoulders in a faint shrug and said, "Very well. I'm sorry, Tim; but I had to tell them the truth. They would have charged André with murder in another minute or two." She went calmly, with great self-possession, to the door, turned and incredibly smiled and said good night.

Winnie started to wring her hands, seemed suddenly aware of it and stopped, with a queer look of amazement on her face. She went to her father and Tim said, roughly again, "Not now, Winnie," and went abruptly out onto the porch. And the business of making statements began. Statements which at once reduced themselves to the recital of a few simple facts.

Marny listened automatically, thinking of Judith and André and André's alibi. Winnie had been dressing and seeing that the table was properly laid and the flowers arranged; Bill Cameron had been sitting on the porch and had seen Cecily leave, then he had joined the others; Charlie Ingram had arrived at eight, and had come immediately into the drawing room where everybody but Marny herself was already gathered.

Bill Cameron knew when and in what order people had arrived in the drawing room and told the policeman succinctly. He had looked at his watch, he said; he wasn't sure just when Mrs. Durant had come down the stairway from the balcony and had crossed the lawn, but he did know that it was five minutes to eight when André and Judith came into the living room, for he had heard their voices and had joined them; Winnie had come in a few minutes later, and then Tim Wales and Charlie Ingram. Miss Sanderson, he said definitely, had come down the stairs from the balcony, had strolled across the lawn: "She went down toward the bay; it looked very pretty just then. I went after her to tell her dinner was ready. I reached her just as she found Mrs. Durant."

It was the truth as far as it went. The policeman made quick marks in his notebook, and went out onto the porch to question Tim. And at twenty minutes after two exactly he, too, went away.

Charlie Ingram went home, looking shaken and red and worried; Bill Cameron stayed in the house and so did Laideau. Winnie invited them.

"You'll want to stay with André," she said to Laideau. "Please do; there is a vacant room next to his—a small one, but —— And you, too, Commander Cameron. I'll get a razor and pajamas for you. You can't get a taxi at this hour, I'm afraid; it is rather difficult since the war."

"Thank you," said Bill Cameron. "I'd like to stay."

Winnie led him upstairs. The servants had gone to bed long since; the light was on at the top of the stairs, and along the corridors that branched irregularly from a central landing above. André and Laideau had disappeared together and Tim was at the telephone, getting long distance.

"The reporters will get at the New York office first thing in the morning," he told Marny. "Have to tell somebody what to say."

Marny went on up the stairs; she felt exactly like a mechanical doll, wound up but running down; she opened the door to her own room and entered it and sat down on the bed. The bed was turned down. The carafe of water refilled and the stopper replaced.

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Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

Otherwise the room was exactly as it had been when she'd left it to find Cecily.

Well, she'd found her.

Quite suddenly the thing that had sustained her, the wound-up spring, ran down completely. She flung herself over, across the bed, and put her head in her arms. She couldn't cry and it wouldn't help anyway. She couldn't think and she must think.

For one thing, she had to decide for herself a course of conduct. She had followed Bill Cameron's lead, obeyed him blindly, failed to tell the police what she knew of Cecily's visit to Shadow Island. Was it because it was easier? Because she dreaded the ugly implications? Because they would say she had murdered Cecily? Or because of André?

But Judith had had courage. If Judith had not given André a firm and prompt alibi they would almost certainly have arrested him and charged him with murder. It was in the air; it was in the detective's eyes; it was in the way all of them looked at André. André was the obvious suspect; no one else except Judith even knew Cecily. You had to know somebody very well, thought Marny—you had to have some very strong and very urgent and very personal motive to commit murder. But André was with Judith when Cecily was shot in the back.

How long did a police investigation last? Until they found the murderer, of course. Until they discovered who it was who met little Cecily Watts—Cecily Durant, married to André a year—there by the pier and behind the bamboos, and shot her. So no one in the house knew that that shot had been fired.

Somebody was walking along the balcony. One does not immediately accept a thing so bizarre, so awry, so vehemently outside the ordered scheme of things as murder. Marny thought merely, without much interest, *Someone is walking on the balcony; someone is approaching this room.* Murder had walked that night—somewhere on the island, somewhere near.

She sat up, her heart pounding in her throat, her eyes fastened upon the black screened door, open, with its little froth of insects gathered on it outside.

Then Tim Wales was there: Tim in a white bathrobe, Tim looking queer and pale in the half light. He said in a whisper, "Marny," and opened the door. He came in and sat down on the foot of her bed. "Got a cigarette?"

Her heart was still beating hard in her throat; it was atavistic, this sense of danger.

She said, "Yes," and went to the dressing table and came back with the small green cigarette box and matches. Tim took the cigarette and lighted it with a jerk.

"Marny, you'll have to help me. The newspapers will be on us like vultures in the morning. I don't know how Manson kept them off tonight." He rubbed one hand over his head. "Judith won't talk to me. She's gone in her room and locked the door. If she'd kept still they'd have arrested André Durant, and a good job. He killed her."

After a moment Marny said, "He couldn't have killed her. He has an alibi."

"You mean Judith gave him an alibi. She saw it coming. We all saw it coming. He hadn't the chance of a snowball in hell. I don't believe all that stuff about her being crazy. She was crazy to marry him—but that's all. He saw a chance for better game and left her. Got himself wedged in here. Told Laideau to see that he kept Cecily out of the way. Didn't even tell anybody he was married."

"Judith knew it."

Tim hunched up his knees and wrapped the bathrobe around him so he looked old and sagging and fat and helpless. But he wasn't helpless; he was as wily as a fox and as strong as a wolf. He said, "Yes, Judith knew it. Judith—that's why we came to Florida, Marny. I didn't tell you; it didn't seem fair to Judith. She's young and she's beautiful and men like her and why shouldn't they? I've been afraid—but if or when she got mixed up with a man I wasn't going to



I was simply amazed!

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let it hurt her. I wasn't going to let it be an André. He—I've investigated him a little."

"You what?"

His small, shrewd eyes shot her a suspicious glance. "I said I investigated him. Not very thoroughly—yet. But enough."

"Enough ——"

He made a vague gesture. "Oh, he's never been in jail. But his record ——"

"What do you mean by record?"

"I've—well, I've inquired. Some. I—you see, Judith sent him to me, with a letter asking me to consider giving him a job. I never knew Judith to take much interest in getting anybody a job, so I sized the fellow up; not that it needed much thought. I kept him around, as you know; let him talk, watched him. I didn't find out about Cecily; I'll know more about that by morning. So will the police. From here I'd say he got hold of her when her father was sick and couldn't do anything about it; married her as soon as he was sure her father was going to die, and got whatever money there was."

"Tim, you are ——" She checked herself. She couldn't say jealous—suspicious—determined to get rid of André in the same inexorable, all-but-unscrupulous way in which from time to time he'd got rid of business rivals. She said, "You are not quite fair, Tim. You are letting yourself be influenced by your emotions."

He went on: "Not much money, I fancy, for he seems to be very thoroughly out of cash right now. Of course this fellow Laideau may have got his share. They're always together; they're an unsavory pair. Well, I came down here to get rid of André as quickly but as quietly and easily as I could. You see"—Tim took a long puff from his cigarette and looked hard at his slippered feet—"you see, Marny, I have to go slow. I have to ride with an easy rein. I couldn't come down here and order him out of the house and tell Judith never to see him again. If I were younger—if I were a—a"—he said with a wry twist of his lips—"if I were a more romantic lover, I could do that. As it is—no. I had to do it easily, skillfully. At least that's what I planned. That's why I came. I didn't think Judith would let herself get involved with a man of his type. God knows there are plenty of them floating around. But Judith seemed too smart, too sophisticated. I thought I could do it slowly, find out just how much she was involved. But I didn't figure that she really loved him."

The disarming thing about Tim Wales was that even at his shrewd, suspicious, all-but-unscrupulous worst you liked him.

She said quickly, "She doesn't love him, Tim."

"You're kind, Marny, and you're fond of me. You're trying to save my pride. Would a woman like Judith put herself out on a limb like that for a man she didn't love?"

"Tim, we all know Judith. She's always been casual, informal ——"

"Informal," said Tim and gave an ugly short laugh. "The trouble is I can't, now, kick him out of the house. Everything's public now. I've got to stand by him to save Judith's face. Winnie says there was nothing to it—Judith and he were simply good friends. Judith likes anybody who amuses her. She always has."

"Winnie is right, Tim."

He shook his head. "Winnie'd swear herself black in the face to stand by Judith. I talked to her just now for a while. I—God help me, I questioned her. Judith's in love with Durant, and God knows how far she's got herself involved. I'll bet anything I've got that he's made his livelihood by women. Why, he even made a play for you, Marny."

"Tim ——"

"While he was trying to get me, Judith's husband, to give him a job that paid well and involved very little work, he went after you! Thank God, you had sense enough to know it."

"Tim, you're wrong. You're—you're jealous and unfair. It's blinding your judgment. He wanted nothing from me."

He swept on, staring at the floor, unheeding: "I'd like to kill him with my own hands.

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I—was so happy, Marny. I love her so much."

Suddenly she couldn't bear the look in his face. She put her hand almost timidly on his arm. "Tim," she said, "give yourself and Judith a chance."

Again he did not listen; he went on: "We've got to plan things. We've got to fix up a story for the newspapers. I've got to save Judith from the—headlines. From the things that could happen to her all the rest of her life. But he murdered that girl. And he's going to hang for it. And," said Tim, hard and white and grim, "I'll be there to see it. I'd like to see him hang."

"*Tim* ——" Again she checked herself.

But he wanted to believe in André's guilt. He was determined to believe in it. He went on: "The police will be here tomorrow. They didn't even get unlimbered tonight. That fellow Manson is smart. He's going to look over the ground, investigate, check. He left loopholes—all kinds of loopholes; questions he could have asked and didn't. He was going to arrest Durant; I'm sure of that. And Judith put a spoke in his wheel. So now he'll go about it cagily, getting the dope quietly, sneaking around, and then spring it on us. I know his type." He got up and found an ash tray. His fat, shiny hands, usually so firm, so determined, so steady, were shaking.

She said, trying to overcome a kind of sick horror, trying to speak calmly and sensibly, "You'd better go to bed now, Tim. It's horrible, all of it. It's—stunned us. I can't think anything that's straight and logical and makes any sense. Neither can you. Go to bed and take something to sleep. You've got those pills the doctor gave you last winter when you weren't sleeping, haven't you?"

"I don't know. Yes."

"Take one. Talk to Judith in the morni Don't be emotional about it. You're smart, Tim. Use your head. You"—s forced herself to speak crisply, matter-factly—"you've got out of worse scra than this."

He looked at her then; it was a stran look, sad and bright and rather terrible. said, "I'd kill him now if it were not Judith. But I'll see him hang. All rig Marny. I'll go. We'll talk in the mornin

He went without another word—by w of the door into the hall instead of as he h come, by the balcony.

It was three o'clock; looked at the little g hands of the clock fo long time. She knew T when he was like this; thy, was never anything ar body could do with h 't And now because it Judith, because it was 's. business but someth rt- that went infinitely dee he into that stubborn, cra ft not-too-scrupulous he ex than any business f of could possibly go, he even more obstinate. ls. Wales was an enemy never gave up.

She'd better go to bed, she thought du She got out of her dress and into pajam and tied her hair with a ribbon. She turn out the light and got into bed. And thou suddenly of Bill Cameron. He was lev headed and cool. He might help. He h befriended her, at least.

Or had he? Had he instead obligated her him? So he could ask for whatever he wan of Tim?

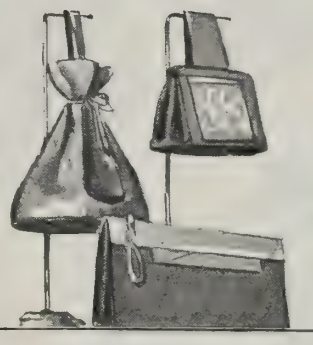
She sat up again and clasped her ar s well spent. Glamour- around her knees and stared at the fain y faithfully massaging lighter space that was the door upon tening cream. (Pretend balcony. Was that his motive in seeming a snug glove.) Shrewd protect her and André, in telling her stc ish self-consciousness. ays, self-consciousness rewd enough to choose nt from thick, stubby has *flat, tapered ends* o revealing lines can , your poise.

THE BEST AGE

Twenty-four is the best age for a mother to give birth to a child. The closer she is to forty-five when the children are born, the greater the danger that the child will be physically or mentally subnormal. Fathers between forty-five and sixty produce two to ten times as many talented children as fathers under forty-five. —H. G. BEIGEL: Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.

is character was—
almy
sign language
lamour-hands







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- ☐ Plump, drawstring

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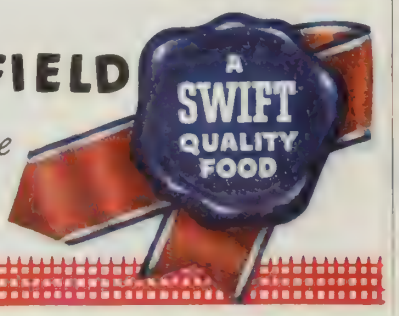


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SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD

America's favorite pork sausage



Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS!

(Continued from Page 62)

to the solitude of his own quarters when old friends come to the house. Don't let him. Insist on his remaining in the room, and let him know by your attitude that you expect him to assume his share of responsibility for carrying on the conversation and assisting in the entertainment.

Perhaps he enjoyed a good card game in the old days. Very well. Get some of the Braille-marked cards that are put out especially for sightless people and play gin rummy and pinochle with him, or get up a game of bridge or poker. It may be slow going at first, but your patience—and his—will be rewarded in the sense of achievement and enjoyment that will come with practice.

Did he enjoy reading before he became blind? If so, see that he is well provided with the reading matter in Braille and on the Talking Book which circulates free to sightless readers through regional libraries for the blind. If he has not yet learned to read Braille, encourage him to do so. Home teachers for the blind are available without fee in almost all parts of the country today. He probably already knows about Talking Books (books and plays recorded on long-playing disks for the use of the blind exclusively), since all hospitals caring for blinded servicemen consider them essential equipment. He may not know, however, that he can still get the Talking Book service free. Your local agency for the blind should be able to give you full information on this subject. If there is no such agency in your vicinity, or if there are questions which your agency cannot answer, write to the American Foundation for the Blind (the national, nonprofit organization which developed the Talking Book) at 15 West Sixteenth Street, New York 11, New York.

Among Talking Books recorded to date are some which should be required reading for all newly blinded persons, and for every member of the family as well. The following are among the best: The Story of My Life, and Midstream, both by Helen Keller, who tells in them of her struggles and her victory in overcoming the triple handicap of blindness, deafness and dumbness; The World at My Finger Tips, by Karsten Ohnstad, a young American boy who was overtaken by blindness in his final year in high school, yet who completed his college education and made a successful life for himself; I Begin Again, by Alice Bretz, a woman stricken blind in middle age who so remade her life as to be able to live alone in a New York apartment, do her own housework, entertain and enjoy a completely normal routine; The Night's Candles, by René Roy, a young Frenchman blinded in the last World War, who became an engineer.

THE whole idea of the foregoing advice is to surround the blind person with as nearly as possible the kind of life he knew before he lost his sight.

There are other simple rules which should always be observed. Doors should never be left half open; they should either be left wide open or closed tight, otherwise the blind member of your family may someday receive a nasty bump on shin or head. Objects should never be left on staircases, or chairs or other bits of furniture pushed into the middle of a room. If there are children in the house who own bicycles, scooters, kiddie-cars, and so on, make certain that these vehicles are never left lying across paths or walks, or propped carelessly in front of steps. Above all, be careful about tidying up your man's room. Clean it thoroughly, of course, but be sure to put things back exactly as they were. He will soon find a place for everything and learn to keep everything in its place simply because it is easier for him that way. Don't confuse and irritate him by shifting these things about.

In the matter of personal appearance, you may have to be constantly on guard for your blind husband or son. Because he can no longer see what he looks like, there may be a tendency to let down where the outer trappings are concerned. Don't let this happen. Let him know that you expect him to be as careful in the matter of grooming and personal care as he was before he became blind. When his clothes begin to wear out or to look on the seedy side, let him know that it is time to refurbish his wardrobe. Go with him when he shops—if he wants you to. Describe the features which he cannot determine by touch, such as color, pattern, and so on, and then *let him make his own choice.*

THIS is an extremely important bit of advice, and one which should be carried over into every other situation in his life. Never, on any account, make a blind person's decisions for him. Give him whatever facts he needs to enable him to size up a situation, but let the final word come from him.

Then there is the matter of manners. Here again, because of his early sense of frustration, the newly blinded person may exhibit a "don't-give-a-damn" attitude. He may give way to moods, outbursts of temper or just plain boorishness. Try, by all means, to understand such behavior, but never condone or overlook it. Make him toe the mark when it comes to manners, even if it requires an occasional sharp check. Blindness alone is handicap enough, without the additional one of bad manners; and he will thank you one day for making him behave like the civilized member of society he is.

There is one aspect to this problem of manners that will require a particularly sympathetic and helpful attitude. This is in the matter of eating. If you think it's easy to feed yourself without benefit of sight, try it sometime. Close your eyes and try getting all the food on your plate to your mouth. If you succeed without jabbing yourself in the face or scattering the contents of your plate to the four winds, you may consider it a minor miracle. There are many ways in which you can make this task easier for him. If necessary, cut up his meat, pie or other such items for him. Always place his bread-and-butter plate, his napkin, water glass and silver in the same relative position, so that he will know where to find them. Don't fill his glass or coffee cup too full, and so avoid the spilling that might otherwise occur. Break his roll or bread, and butter it for him; and by all means encourage him to use a piece of bread as a "pusher" to get food onto his fork. It will save him the frustration of lifting his fork to his mouth time and again only to find that there is nothing on it. Always attend to his wants at table as unobtrusively as possible, particularly when there are other guests. Never put a newspaper under the plate of a blind man to "protect" the tablecloth. And God have mercy on your soul if you isolate him at mealtime. Either procedure can have only one effect, and that is to make him feel little better than an animal or an imbecile.

Therefore Each Spring

By Joseph Auslander

Because my heart has known
The hunger never fed
By mortal meat and bread,
And seldom by its own,
Therefore each spring my spirit
splits the graveyard stone.

Therefore, in this dark hour,
When April faintly stands,
With beating heart, cold hands,
Drenched in a golden shower,
I thank God for the strength that
breaks the winter's power.

I thank God for the grace
Of straight rain and strong earth,
For struggle and rebirth,
For wind upon my face,
For light that makes the bush of
thorns a holy place.

"Easy does it... and SO DELICIOUS!"
—DAN D. DUFF, The Gingerbread Man



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Because the proportion of blind people in the country, including our war-disabled, is so relatively low (1 in 700), the majority of you will probably never experience blindness in your own home; but as our war casualties increase, you are quite likely to encounter it, perhaps for the first time, in your community.

If you want to volunteer some of your time and energy to help the blind veteran, here are some hints on how to proceed: Your local agency for the blind will probably be able to tell you if there is a returned soldier who has lost his sight in your community. If there is, arrange to meet him. Find out if there is anything you can do for him in a personal way, and place your free time at his disposal. Take him walking, shopping or to the movies, if that is what he wants. Perhaps he enjoys a good concert once in a while. This is the kind of volunteer work that is most needed and most appreciated by those who have lost their sight.

Before the war there were in the United States hundreds of blind men who were eager, willing and able to fill a wide variety of jobs, yet who were unable to obtain employment because of the conviction on the part of seeing people that the blind are incapable of doing anything beyond chair caning, piano tuning, broom making or rug weaving. The war, with the serious manpower problem which it posed, changed that situation to a great extent, and at the present time, in factories, workshops and offices throughout the nation, blind men and women are filling jobs which it was thought at one time only seeing persons could handle. Not only are they filling these jobs well; in some cases they are doing better work than seeing people engaged in the same type of undertaking.

There is not a person reading this article who may not at any time now find himself or herself in close or casual contact with some newly blinded man or woman. Here are a few suggestions that will help you:

WHEN walking with a blind person, helping him across a street or onto a bus or streetcar, never take his arm and attempt to guide him by pushing, shoving or boosting. Offer him your arm, and he will follow you easily. Be sure, though, to let him know when it is necessary to duck to avoid cracking his head against overhanging objects or low ceilings.

When being introduced to a blind person, always shake hands. Even if he does not offer his, reach out and take it. When he fails to make the initial gesture it is usually because he has no way of seeing what your intention is, and does not want to be embarrassed by extending his hand if you are not prepared to take it. Remember that touch now takes the place of sight to a great extent, and while he cannot see your smile of friendliness, he can appreciate the warm clasp of your hand. Always address him directly, never through his guide or companion. Nothing is more annoying to him than to be treated as if he were also deaf and dumb. If you do not know his name, lean toward him, or touch his arm or shoulder lightly to indicate that you are addressing him.

If an unaccompanied blind person enters the room where you are, let him know of your presence by greeting him, even if all you say is a pleasant good morning. If he is unfamiliar with the room, offer him your arm and guide him to a chair. A blind man I know who receives a great many sightless people in his office merely says, "There's a chair over here," and kicks the leg of the chair which stands beside his desk.

Never get up and offer to any blind man your seat in a bus, street-car or other public conveyance, particularly if you are a woman. This kind of thing embarrasses him beyond words, since it not only draws attention to him, but implies that he is something less than a man and is incapable of standing on his own two legs.

Never ask a blind man how he lost his sight. It's bound to be a painful subject. And last, but not least, read at least one book dealing with the problems and experiences of a newly blinded person.

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It's rich-tasting, smooth-spreading—and a *nutritious* dairy food. A *big* help with the ration point budget these days. Particularly when you let the folks have delicious Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese to spread on the breakfast toast or pancakes or waffles; when you spread this wholesome cream cheese on lunch box sandwiches. See the name *Philadelphia Brand* on the package when you buy. It is backed by Kraft's *guarantee of freshness.*



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Slightly soften Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with milk; whip up fluffy with a spoon. On curly endive, place peeled halves of fresh pears (or home-canned). Top with the whipped cream cheese; garnish with sliced maraschino cherries.

SOON AGAIN, WE HOPE—Because of the Government's tremendous need for cheddar cheese, these two famous Kraft varieties have been missing from your food dealer's display. But soon again, we hope, civilians can have Kraft American with wonderful medium-mellow flavor and our famous Old English with the tantalizing sharpness of rare, aged cheddar. Keep on the lookout for the return of these favorites.

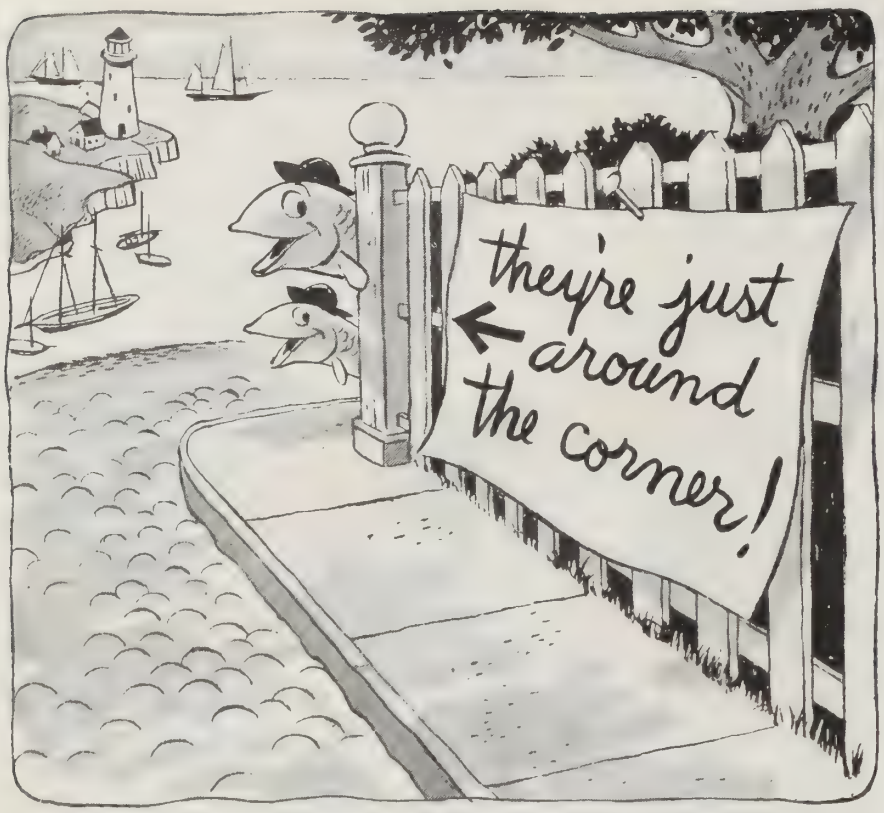
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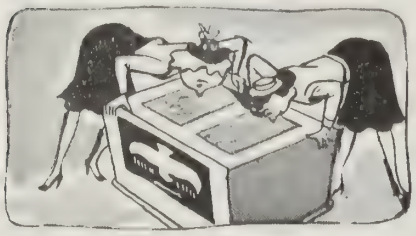


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We catch our cod in the cold North Atlantic—where fish are best. We rush them ashore, where—*within 4 hours*—they are cleaned, boned, washed, filleted, and Quick-Frozen!



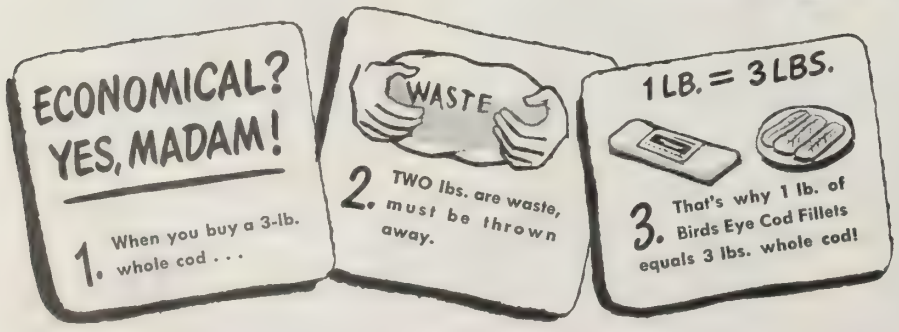
We do ALL the work. You just enjoy! For these delicious cod fillets are superb eating—with the tang of the ocean sealed in! And NO WORK!

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WE GOT BACK

(Continued from Page 18)

you?" She was still standing with the raised shell, her head held high, looking from one to the other of them.

"No, I'm sorry," Curly, the shorter one, said gently. "Is he missing?"

"Yes." The shell left her hand and fell well outside the circle. "Thanks," she said, and went, without another word, walking quickly away from them, in the sand, toward the water.

She came so close that Julianne saw the disappointment in her very young face and wanted to get on her feet and catch up with the girl, say something to her, but instead she laid her arm across her eyes and said, *Kim's home. Not missing.*

"Say, she's all right, isn't she?" she heard the tall boy say to Curly.

"Roger," Curly said.

"You know, she's got that—that Wahoo had—do you know it? Something breezy but solid, something you don't get in a town girl. Looks all right in that green suit too."

"Roger."

"She counted on our maybe knowing this boy after we told her we knew Wahoo. Did you see that? What'd she say his name was? Alberts."

"Yes. She's right young to be a lieutenant. I thought WAC officers were older, more like school principals. She's cute!"

When they had gone Julianne thought about Kim again, and about their coming together to Atlantic City. The train trip had been hot and tiring. Kim had been quieter and even more remote on the train than he had been at home. He had slept much and read a little. Sometimes when he opened his eyes to find her looking at him he would tuck her hand under his arm and drawl slowly, while he pulled his lean face into a grimace, "Glad to *see* ya!" and she would answer, as he had taught her to answer, "Glad to *be* ya." Even his talk when, rarely now, he was playful, he seemed to need to take from his flying life.

In their room, on the seventh floor of the Ritz, she had waited for him to say something that showed some recognition of their coming there together being their long-delayed honeymoon. Instead, Kim dropped into a chair, flung his long legs over one arm of it, rubbed his back against the other arm, and said:

"Want your shower first?"

She had answered, "No, you go first. You're faster, and I'll unpack and hang up our clothes."

A moment later he shouted, from under the shower, "Say, this is all right, isn't it, kid? This is really quite a dump! Do you know, either I saw Mouthy Pierson downstairs or I saw Santa Claus, and that's no snow job. He was just going out the door, getting into a bus. Have I told you about Mouthy?"

"No, what about Mouthy?" Julianne asked. She stood before the dressing table, looking into the mirror and wondering that she could still look pretty with the signs of August travel in an unconditioned train on her still, and waited prayerfully.

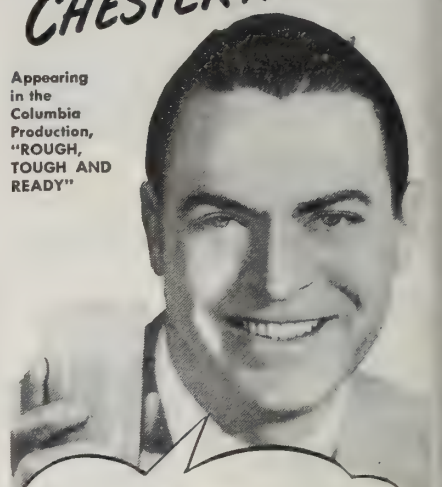
"He's a character," Kim stuck his head out of the water to yell.

That was all. Had he not heard her, or had he once again opened the door of understanding between them and gently closed it? Kim had come home. He had brought his thin body, his voice and a few of his old ways home, but he had not yet come home to her. Even in their love-making they had not found the old happiness, the familiar and renewed joy.

Julianne lifted her new yellow dress and was grateful to be hanging their clothes in a quite empty closet, one that held no lingering fragrance of another woman's living and housekeeping. She felt a sudden excitement in the newness of their living together in a strange place, sleeping in a bed where they had not slept. She touched the round of the pillow and went to stand by the window and look down again on the water and the sand,

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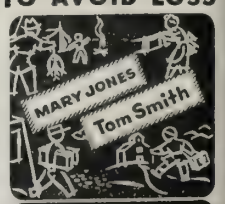
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and clasped her train-grimed hands hard together and prayed, *If you will—let Kim come home!*

"Say, you look all right, Julie," Kim said, when he looked up from reading Yank, which he had brought up to their room with him. "You can get ready fast, and you're the only girl I've ever dated who could."

"It's a gift," Julie said, not wanting to let him see how praise from him moved her. That was a little what they were, now, a boy and a girl, dating, slowly and somewhat cautiously getting acquainted with each other. Once day came, with sleep and love-making put behind them, they were like two people not yet acknowledged sweethearts. She went to the window, where already the sight of the sea drew her, and said, "Kim, why are there so few bathers down below this hotel and so many down the beach a way?"

He tossed the paper onto the bed and came to stand beside her. "Roped off," he said. "Nothing's too good for the boys. Say, that's all right, isn't it? I'd heard they had a space, here in front of the hotel, for the officers, and another down in front of the Ambassador, where the enlisted men are. I want to go down there sometime this afternoon. See who's there."

"You think maybe Joe and Hank and some of the others will be there?"

"Maybe," he said, and turned quickly from her. "Let's go and eat now."

Was it that he didn't like her speaking the engineer's and the waist gunner's names? She had thought Van's name, but had not spoken it. She was tired from the trip; tired, too, of letting any and all of the strange things he did now go by with nothing said about them.

When they were in the hall she asked, "Kim, what's wrong with my asking you if you wanted to see those men?"

"Nothing wrong—just didn't know you knew their names, that's all."

"Not know their names! Why, Kim, you've written me of them, of them all, in so many letters. You've not forgotten that, have you?"

"You know, it's a funny thing about letters," he said. "You don't remember them, either the ones you write or the ones you get. You want to get them, and it's their coming, the *reality* of them—the envelope, with the stamp on it, the paper with writing on it—that matters. You've *heard*, and know everybody's all right—that, and pictures, *that's* what counts. So often you're tired, when they come, and you sort of swallow them whole and ——"

"Bring them up to chew on later, like a cow her cud?" Julianne asked, smiling up at him. Even though he was making such a strange revelation, he was *talking* with her, about something that mattered, he was *telling* her something.

"Yes, something like that," he said. "Anyway, days later, reading the letter over, you begin to get the full meaning of it. It's like reading a new letter—you come on something you'd not even seen, first time you read it."

"But that's true for us, too," Julianne said. "I simply skim through one of your letters, Kim. Why, I've written you about that. I've said, 'I swing from one "darling" to the next, like a monkey in a tree.' Didn't I write you that?"

"Sure, sure you did! . . . Here's our down car."

In the elevator he drew her quickly to his side, to make room for men who got on at other floors—and, she wanted to believe, to let those men know she was his.

In the Palm Room they joined the line of officers and their wives moving toward the dining room.

Ahead of them were a very young bride and groom who had quite given up, as useless, not wanting people to guess they were newly married. The girl had a mop of shoulder-length bright orange hair and was astonishingly thin and pretty. Screened on one side by his bride's hair and on the other by her very large pocketbook, they kissed quickly, and then, when the line moved, walked the few steps and kissed again.

"They make me feel I've been married years, don't they you, Kim?" she said.

But Kim had dived away from her to greet a pilot, to pump his hand and slap his shoulders and shake him, but with an almost wordless wonder that Julianne understood only when he brought the boy to her and introduced him. He was a broad-shouldered, blunt-nosed young fellow with deep-set brown eyes, and a way of laughing when he talked that set Kim, Julianne and the people who were next in line, and the bride and groom ahead of them, to laughing too.

"Kim thought they'd got me," he told Julianne; "that's why he looks so funny. I just walk around here scaring people. . . . You should have seen Major Crabb, Kim. He's up there in the dining room now."

"What'd he say when he saw you, Pete?" Kim asked, with more enthusiasm than Julianne had heard in his voice since the first moments of his homecoming. She looked up at him, hoping his face would still hold, for her, that alert happiness when he again looked down at her.

"With your wife's permission, I'll not repeat what the major said."

As they went up the steps to the surf dining room Kim turned, looked back over Julianne's head and said, "But I saw that boy go down. I saw him *killed!*"

"You mean you saw him bail out?"

"No. I saw him go down, afire—P-47." At the table he asked, "What's wrong, Julie? Didn't you like Pete Copeland?"

"Of course I liked him," she said, and added, half wishing she was not letting herself say it, "I envy him a little too. I envy him making you so glad to see him."

"Well, honey, I saw him go down, in flames, over enemy territory, over one of those beaches. We took it that day, it's true, but I thought he'd got his. Here he is. Makes you feel funny, that's all." His voice was suddenly harsh, impatient. It was as though he said, "*It is something you know nothing about and can't possibly understand. Don't try.*"

She felt a sudden and quite unaccustomed anger with him, along with her hurt, and said the words that rushed into her mind: "Maybe he was killed. Maybe they're all killed, and don't know it, like the people in that play we put on in school, Outward Bound. Maybe we're all dead."

She was ashamed, even before she stopped for breath, but Kim did not seem to mind her outburst and said calmly, "No, you know when other people are dead. If you see them, you know." Then he surprised her by suddenly smiling and saying, with a

Next Month

"Where does she think we've been?" Wincy asked Angus. "In jail? She's a pill."

"Picklepuss."

Wincy and Angus found England *different* from America—so hilariously different they made a firm attempt to teach their parents civilized American ways. The results make history at Oxford, in Daisy Neumann's

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LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

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IS THEM OUR (GULP!) CHILLUN, DAISY MAE?-RECKON WE NAMED 'EM AFTER MAH FAV'RITE BREAKFUST— CREAM OF WHEAT— ON ACCOUNT THEY LOOK SO SMOOTH AN' DEE-LISHUS, HUH?

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AN'-LOOK-HYAR COMES YO' MAMMY WIF A DIFF'RUNT SIZED BATCH- OUR OWN LI'L "THIAMINE" AN' "NIACIN" YOKUM!

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Dogpatch U.S.A.

To All mammys an' Pappys an' li'l chillun:

Effen Yo' all waNts t' be strong liKe me an' mah chile Li'l Abner, or cuTe an' sweet liKe Pappy, eat lots o' Cream of Wheat on ackount of its smo-O-oth an' extry nouriShin' an' tastes so good an' everybody liKes it.

writ by machine Pansy Yokum age &#

FETCH ME MAH CREAM OF WHEAT, QUICK, MAMMY!!-AH JEST HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE— NAMELY-THET AH WERE MARRIED!!

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"Imagine! No separate beating of eggs! Just mix them right in with the other ingredients. It's *so* easy!"

"Use only 1 bowl!"

"Our New Method is a real wife-saver! There are fewer dishes to wash. Cuts down on kitchen mess."



Temptation Spice Cake

Have all ingredients room temperature (70°-75°). Shortening should be soft, not melted. Pre-heat oven to 350° (moderate). Grease and dust with flour *two 8" round layer cake pans* (1¼" deep). Sift Gold Medal Flour before measuring. Measure all ingredients accurately (level) before starting.

Sift together into bowl
- *2 cups sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour
- 3½ tsp. double-action baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1⅓ cups sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. cloves

Add...
- ½ cup high grade vegetable shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). You can rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium* speed for 2 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.

Add...
- ½ to ⅔ cup unbeaten eggs (2 large)

Beat 2 more minutes, scraping bowl frequently. Pour into prepared pans. Bake *35 to 40 min.* in *moderate oven* (350°). When cake is cool, frost with your favorite white icing, to which has been added ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup cut raisins.

(See recipe folder in sack for baking at high altitude, or for Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour.)

HERE'S a delicious New Method recipe for Gold Medal Flour. It's called "Temptation" Spice Cake because few folks can resist it! It smells "yummy," *tastes* even better!

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jerk of his head toward the table to the left, "Did you hear that?"

"What?"

"Oh, just talk. Aleutians, I guess. He just said when the men talk to the sea gulls, that's all right. When the sea gulls start talking to the men, it's time."

"Time for what?" Julianne asked, answering his smile.

"Just time," he said, and shrugged his shoulders. "It's quite some time since I've heard that in just that version."

"How did you hear it?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. He was still smiling, looking around on the men and the few young wives at the tables near them, searching for faces he knew. "Some of these boys did all right, like me," he said, "and some of them were sure flying blind when they picked their wives. There's a slick chick over there by the windows."

"She's beautiful," Julianne said, turning to look at the couple at a small table by the wide windows. "She's beautiful, but she doesn't look at all happy."

"Why should she care how she feels when she looks like that?" Kim said, and for an instant his eyes looked into hers, laughing and full of a gentle teasing that she did not recall having seen in them since his return.

"Her husband doesn't look happy either," she said. "They're very handsome together, aren't they? He's so fair and she's so dark."

"How come you're so happiness-conscious all at once?" Kim asked.

"Isn't that what this place is for, to give you some individual happiness?"

"Where'd you read that?" he asked, still smiling, and looking past her toward the water. "It's for rest, checking up and reassignment."

"In England, and in Australia, they call these places Flak Houses, sometimes Flak Heavens."

"In England and in no place else in the world are there places like this one but here in the U.S.A. And we've just the four in this country, they tell me. They're original with the Air Forces."

"What do they call them? I mean, what do the boys call them?"

"Don't know," Kim said. "Me, I calls it heaven, baby. It's a sweet setup."

"You like it like that, Kim?"

"Sure do!"

"Because the rest of them are here, and there's time to rest?"

He smiled at her and said, "Here comes chow," and when the waiter had set their plates, "Know what I heard downstairs? Rudolph himself, who was headwaiter at the Ritz in New York, is headwaiter here. That's right! All the waiters are enlisted men. The cooks too. And I used to be scared stiff of headwaiters in swanky places. This is all right, isn't it, baby?"

"It begins to be," Julianne said. Had his sudden liveliness come of his being again in the midst of men who flew, of seeing his friend, Pete, who was killed and yet lived, or of his beginning to feel really rested?

"Corn on the cob!" he said. "My, my, never hoped to see!"

Now, lying in the sand, Julianne felt the hope that, at noon, Kim's being more nearly his old self had awakened in her. It might be that patience was all that was needed, that if she went on with waiting, just as she had done through the seventeen months he was away and the weeks he had been home, everything would come out all right. But she wanted happiness at once, and at the first sign of it she yearned to clutch it and hold it tightly. Why should she need to go on waiting?

Near Julianne, and very pretty in a turquoise-blue bathing suit, a very fair girl had set her baby down and was shaping a sand castle for him. The boy looked to be about a year old. He was beautifully fair, like his mother, and his body glistened in the sunshine with sun-tan oil. As her hands shaped the castle the girl talked to the baby, with such intense tenderness that Julianne found herself thinking, *If I had a boy like him I could tell him about Kim, and the change that has come in him, and that would help.* The girl looked up, saw Julianne, smiled fleetingly, and then looked toward her again. *She's afraid*, Julianne thought. *She's afraid in the way an animal is when there are people around.* She got up and went to the girl and said:

"I'm Julianne Waters, Lieutenant Kim Waters' wife. Kim's down there swimming, or somewhere on the beach."

"I'm Nora Blane," the girl said. "This is my boy, Johnny." She was so shy that to speak at all was not easy for her. She quickly gathered the little boy up to her, glanced over her shoulder toward the water and said to him, "Where is he? Where is his daddy? Where is that major?"

THE boy nestled his cheek against her shoulder, gave Julianne a slanting luscious smile, and laughed aloud.

"He is not bashful, like me!" the girl said. "He is bold, like his father. Have you a baby?"

"No. I was just wishing I had a little boy like him."

The girl smiled, and gently but determinedly drew the boy's arms from about her neck and set him down again in the sand. "I must not spoil him, Jack says. Must not make sissy of him!" She spoke carefully, with an accent that Julianne could not place. "If you had him," she went on, "you might be sorry you had had him! Does your husband wish that—that you had had a baby while he was gone?"

"Kim? He's spoken of our having children, in letters."

"In letters? Yes. But since he came home—has he said he wished you had a baby?"

"No, I believe not," Julianne said. "But there's been so little time for talk. You see, he has more relatives than anyone I've ever known, and they all wanted to see him, and to ask him to their homes, and ask him a thousand questions, and I've had so little of him to myself. I find myself thinking, still, 'When Kim comes home!' But I guess it is not as any of us thought it would be; their coming home."

"No?" the girl asked, and slid closer to Julianne in the sand. "For you, too, nothing is as you thought it would be? Having the baby wasn't as I thought it would be; waiting for him to be born wasn't either. And now—this!"

"Had your husband gone overseas when the boy came?" Julianne asked.

"He was gone. He was in Africa, then in Italy. I was alone." She was quiet a little and then said to the baby, in no ordinary mother-to-baby talk but with a respectful tenderness that assumed the baby's interest, if not his understanding, "You're a fine boy. The doctor said that. The policeman in the park said that. I say it. Only your father will not say it." And to Julianne, "All the time I wait and wait for him to come home to see the baby. I dress him up. I curl his hair on top his head, so. I say, 'Your father will be crazy about you!' That was just a story. A story, to fool a little baby waiting for his father to come home and see him the first time. My husband, the major, knows only, cares only about airplanes, fighter planes, Mustangs."

"A man must come to love his plane very much, when he flies it alone," Julianne said, feeling her words weak and unworthy of the girl's honesty. "What does your husband want, now, in the way of an assignment?"

"He does not tell me," Nora said, and shrugged her broad shoulders. "Just the first

(Continued on Page 70)

UGLY WORDS

What are the ten ugliest words in the English language—from a standpoint of sound and connotation? The National Association of Teachers of Speech (English) has chosen: phlegmatic, crunch, flatulent, cacophony, plutocrat, treachery, sap, jazz, gripe and plump.

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(Continued from Page 68)

day, we were happy, before I saw he was not going to love the baby. Then we talked, and he told me things. Not now." She worked with the sand, repairing a side of the castle the baby had whacked away with his shovel, and asked, "It is not polite, but is your husband mad at you, or does he love you as he did before?"

"I think I know what you mean," Julianne said. "They're not mad at us, Nora. We mustn't think that. We must remember the letters, to comfort us, and all they've been through, to understand."

"The letters! They're not for now!"

"They're tired. They've had to be so watchful, serious and responsible, for so long. They've seen men they were briefed with, just hours before, shot down, and men beside them get killed. The work, the fighting is still there, though they've done their share and wanted to come home—but they can't forget the men still there, and the ones still to go. And here at home the people who know we're at war and are working are not very obvious and the selfish ones are. They're too tired to see a way through, or to be hopeful. I think they're just serious and anxious, not mad. Not mad at us, anyway."

"Did your husband tell you that?"

"No, that's just how I believed it must be, from the little he's told us at home, from all I've read, and from seeing men's faces, on the trains and here."

"Jack's told me nothing," Nora said. "Only to other men he talks about Mustangs. He says, 'How that baby can climb! Reconnaissance? It's a fighter.' This is *my* baby, and a plane called a Mustang is his, and that is how it is."

"Where was your home?"

"In the lake country, in Minnesota." Nora put handfuls of sand into the newly battered castle and smoothed them with her large, well-shaped hands. "You know things, because you are not 'out of this world' like me. That is what he said to me, many times, when we were in the canoe, when we cooked over a fire—'Nora, you are out of this world.' He liked me because I lived in a log house on a lake and was so scared I could not speak."

"Were you married long before he went?"

"No. We were *just* married. When his wife divorced him and everything looked dark to him, he remembered me. He said I was the person in the world he wanted to see again and to have his wife. He borrowed an old plane and flew up there and landed in a place he remembered, good for landing, and walked on in, and told my brothers he wanted to marry me. They thought it a good thing and we were married that day, and took my canoe, and went away. We had eight days, and he forgot his bad wife and was happy."

"And you were happy," Julianne said with sureness.

"Yes, I was happy then." Nora leaned along her arm to get the shovel the boy had thrown beyond his reach. "I was happy when I knew about the baby coming, and all along, while I waited for him, and when the baby came too. Only now—I am not happy. He does not love my baby!"

"You stayed there with your brothers?"

"No. He wanted me to come to New York, and I came."

"You're Swedish?"

"Swedish and French. But I went to school. In winter I went on my skis and in summer I rode my pony. I learned all the poems in the readers and I say them to Johnny, and he listens. He knows some of them apart, and waves his arms and laughs for the ones he likes."

"You were alone in New York?"

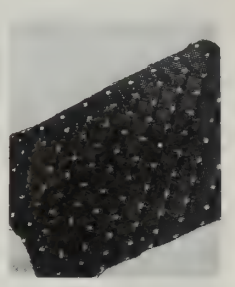
"I was alone and there was no one I knew. I asked a woman in the park who had a fine baby to tell me her doctor's name. Jack has his Mustang and he flew it alone and loves him. I had my baby and I had him alone, and I love him, and that ought to make it even. A Mustang is like a canoe. Very good. It is *not* like a baby. I am ready to love his Mustang, but he is not ready even to *look*, and to love my baby!"

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE



by Ann Bucilla

Money Saving . . . Easy-to-Do . . . Needlework Ideas



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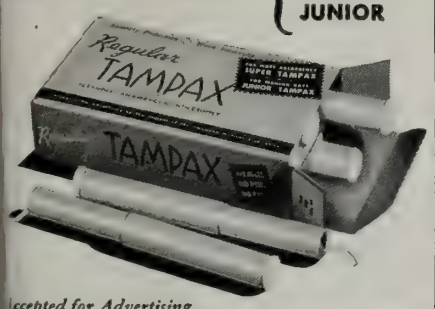
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Julianne wanted to say, "*But of course he loves your baby, his baby,*" but Nora's disappointment and resentment were too tearless and convincing to be refuted.

"Do you know what he said when he came? He said, 'We will put him in a hospital and we'll go up to Maine. I'll get a canoe.' Right away he wanted to go off and leave him!" Now she turned quickly about and her face lighted. "Here is my husband," she said.

But she was not smiling as he came nearer. There was an anxious, almost fierce look in her eyes, Julianne thought, and wondered if there was ever, in the weeks since his return, any such look in her own eyes when Kim came back to her, after hours away.

The major was tall too. He had a receding hairline that made him look older than he was, dark-rimmed and deep-set eyes, and a cleft chin. He smiled to see Julianne with his wife and baby, and when Nora had haltingly introduced him, dropped down on the sand beside the castle and said, "I'm glad you're here, Mrs. Waters. Nora needs to get out of the nursery more. I suppose you've been discussing feeding formulas, the price of strained spinach and the shortage of diapers." There was mockery in his voice that was anything but kind.

"We've not," Julianne said, quick to answer for Nora, when she saw the set of her lips. "We've been talking about canoeing in the lake country, and I was about to tell Nora that I didn't have any honeymoon at all. Kim came to Albuquerque and we were married and went right to his folks in Indiana, and were going to have a short wedding trip—but Kim's father had poison ivy. I took over and did the work so Mother Waters could nurse dad, and we stayed right there. We all liked each other. There's nothing like a bad case of poison ivy for breaking the ice." Julianne spoke rapidly, watching Major Blane's face. He was older than most of the men. She thought that he must be at least thirty.

"It is just in theory that two people marry and live happily all their lives, just the two of them," he said. "There's sure to be, always, his family or hers, a war, diapers all over the bathroom, or poison ivy."

Nora sprang to her feet, gathered the baby and his playthings up in her arms and looked down at her husband. "He has had enough sun. He will not burn, for he has a good tan, but it is time to take him in. He is a good baby. He never cries in the night, but a minute. He has never had a temperature!"

"I'll stay down here awhile," her husband said. "Want to leave that bucket and stuff for me to bring up?"

Nora shook her head and said to Julianne, "I hope to see you again," and went without another glance toward her husband.

Major Blane looked after her and said, "I suppose I'm prejudiced, but it strikes me my wife walks better than any woman I've ever seen. Even carrying that lump of a baby, she walks like an animal."

"She's beautiful," Julianne said. "She's a wonderful mother too."

"Yes, she's such a good mother she's forgotten she was ever anything else."

"I'm sure she's forgotten nothing," Julianne said, suddenly angry with him. "You should have heard her just now, remembering the lake country and your canoe trip."

"That right? But you notice she's willing to let one canoe trip do for our lives. She

'TAINT SO

Three delusions among women are widespread and painful: Marriage is currently supposed to reform a man; a rejected lover is heartbroken for life; and if "the other woman" were only out of the way, he would come back.

—MYRTLE REED: The Spinster Book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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couldn't leave that kid, who's strong as a bear cub, and go up to Maine with me, for the three weeks I had before we came here. And she wouldn't come here even without lugging him along. But that's how it is." With a sweep of his wide hand he leveled the top of the sand castle. "No, you can't win! I had one wife who had dinner parties and social obligations. She divorced me. Grounds—barbarous treatment! All right. I married a child of Nature who'd never heard of a dinner party and who paddled a canoe like an Indian and thought flying was what a man was made for. What did *she* do but have a baby!"

"But she had *your* baby!" Julianne said. He was not listening. He was looking past her, with a respectful and welcoming look, and Julianne turned to see Kim coming toward them across the sand. Did Nora feel, when she saw this big, very dark and sarcastic fellow again, the tumult of happiness that was hers when she saw Kim?

"Hello, Julie," Kim said. "Haven't you been in? Why, you've not! You've not even got that sarong wet. I've looked everywhere for you."

"I'm getting used to my first ocean gradually," Julianne said. "Kim, I want you to meet Major Blane. He was in Africa and then in Italy. I've been talking with his wife and baby, who've just gone to their hotel."

"Having a family—a child, that is—means special concessions. It means you have to live elsewhere, can't stay at the Ritz," the major explained, after he had shaken hands with Kim.

Kim stretched out in the sand beside Julianne and said, "Pilot?"

"Fighter. P-51B for a while; and in Italy, P-51C."

Julianne looked away toward the water where a few boats sailed, while their voices flowed over her in phrases like "flush skin joints" and "low drag wind." Her attention came back to them when she heard Kim asking the major, easily and naturally, what it was he wanted to do, now he was to be assigned in the United States.

"I'll go back, if they'll have me," the major said, "after the three or six months at home. If they'll not, I think I'd like instructing, though I'm far from sure I've the patience for it. What do you want?"

"I don't know for sure," Kim said, "but I'd like flying. I'd like B-29 training, if I could be lucky enough to get it."

Julianne got to her feet. "I think I'll go in," she said. "The sun's made me sleepy."

"I'll be back before dinnertime," Kim said. "Want to go over to the Ambassador and see if I can find Hank, my engineer."

"I'm glad you and Nora got together," Major Blane said. "She's been alone too much. Just lives in that kid. It's not good for her."

A BOY and girl were walking ahead of Julianne along the tunnel that led from the beach, under the boardwalk, to the hotel. The boy was very brown from some tropical sun, and the girl, in her black swim suit, with her very dark hair, startlingly white.

The boy was saying, "You're so quiet, Peggy. That's not like you. Aren't you happy?"

"I didn't think I'd ever be happy again," the girl said. "I'm just scared, I guess."

"What are you scared of?"

"That I'll wake up and find you still in China, still flying over the Hump, still to get safely home."

"You worried," the boy said, with a careful New England accent. "I wrote you not to worry."

"But I didn't get your letters. And it was so awful, Bill!"

"At Victor's, you mean? Why didn't you want to go to mother's, Peggy?"

"She didn't like the looks of me, that's why, or the way I talked. I'd not have been comfortable in that house, without you there."

"You couldn't have been too comfortable there with your sister. I didn't like Victor. He didn't get smart, did he?"

"He learned his place. But I never liked him either."

"What makes you so quiet, Peggy, so thoughtful about everything? You were so happy. Now you're like a little nun."

"Am I?" the girl said. "Maybe I am doing penance."

"You!" he laughed, and reached for her hand and they ran the last few steps together.

IN THE dressing room Julianne saw that, beyond question, the girl was crying. She wanted to ask if there was anything she could do to help, but the girl turned from her and cried as quietly as she could, in the way a woman who expects to be troubled and sad a long time cries.

In her room, Julianne brushed the sand from her hair, and then lay across the bed with the thin violet robe Kim's mother had made for her over her, and thought of Kim and the major talking together. Why was it that men told one another, without withholding or hesitancy, the things their womenfolk longed to know?

She fell asleep and dreamed she had a baby, a very blue-eyed, husky baby with a fine tan, and that Kim was reproaching her for having had him without asking him first, and saying, "But you might have written me!"

She woke and lay wondering about the dream. In the dressing-table mirror she saw her reflection and was comfortedly happy in its reality, in her own dark beauty and Kim's pride in it. She would dress and go down, and perhaps in the lounge find Nora Blane. She and Nora had, in common, their having known their husbands only briefly, and their finding their men's home-coming not as they had expected it to be. Was that true, she wondered, of other wives, other very young wives?

She put on the pale yellow dress that fastened down the side front with amber sabers and, standing back from the mirror, thought that even with her slimness and free dark hair she looked older than her twenty-two years.

She did not find Nora in the lobby. Instead she found the pretty girl Kim had spoken of as a slick chick. The girl was taller than Julianne and she looked handsomer still than she had at lunch. She was wearing an American Beauty rose dress and her hair she wore high and lacquer-smooth. Her mouth, that was both small and petulantly full, and her nails were exactly the red of her dress. The girl beside her was tall, too, but not nearly so pretty. When Julianne spoke they answered with slow, very Southern voices, and she thought how, if her mother-in-law were there, she'd be saying, "*Those girls are awfully put out about something.*" The less pretty girl asked Julianne where her room was, on what floor, and if it overlooked the ocean or the town.

"The ocean," Julianne said. "I've never seen the ocean until today. I'm glad we're where we can see it, and hear it at night."

"See?" the girl in red said, turning to the other. "What did I tell you? There are

(Continued on Page 74)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Old-Fashioned Bouquet

BY NATHANIEL BURT

I'd pluck a pansy from a nook
And violets from beside a brook,
Bind them and, shaking off the dew,
Give them to you.
If I had words as fresh and clean
As these gentle flowers have been,
I'd pick some shy ones, and a few
Passionate too.
I'd tie them all up in a kiss,
Crystal words and flowers blue,
And I'd not need to send you this.
But this must do.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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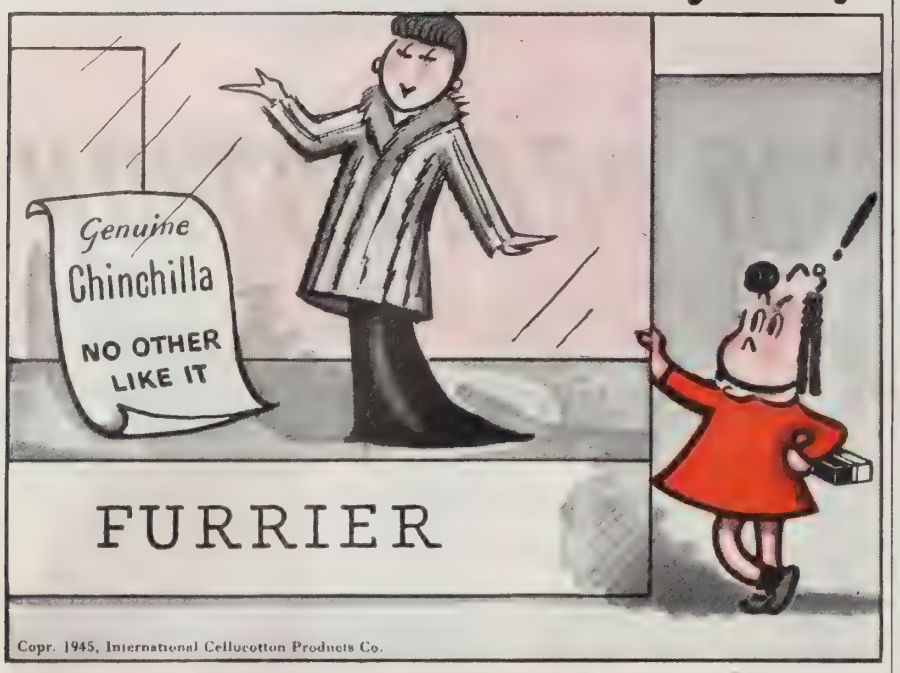
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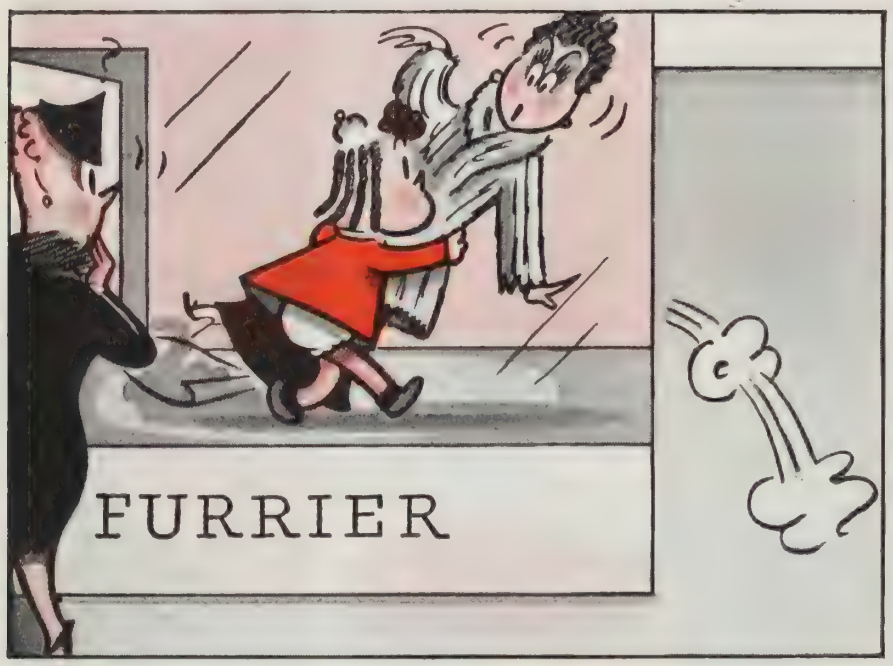
TOMATO JUICE

WHERE FOOD GROWS FINEST...
THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

LITTLE LULU by Marge



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(Continued from Page 72)

rooms that overlook the ocean! To put us off there is a low, Yankee thing to do!" And to Julianne, "We're both on the other side of the hotel, on only the fifth floor, and we're not going to stand for it. We've sent the boys down to speak to them!"

"To whom?" Julianne asked.

"To the colonel, the major, or whoever's in command here! I'm not going to wait hours and hours at the airport like I did, and see my reservation taken away from me by an artillery lieutenant—he was awfully sorry, but he said he couldn't help it, and I suppose he couldn't—and sit there nearly all night, before I could get a plane to Washington, and keep papa up until nearly morning with me, and come here from Washington on the hottest old train I evah saw, and then they put me and Bob away ovah on the back side of this hotel, away from the watah!"

"We came from Indiana in the night and this morning," Julianne said, "and as far as Philadelphia the trains were air-cooled." She resisted the wish to tell the girl she was lucky to have got on the plane and the crowded train at all, and to find even standing room.

A man came into the lounge and smiled when he saw Julianne and she recognized him as Pete Copeland, and got up and went to talk with him.

"You know Gorgeous?" he asked, and wrinkled his brow toward the two girls on the sofa.

"Not well," Julianne said. "And I didn't get off to a very good start, just now, telling them, when they asked me, that Kim and I have a room that overlooks the water. They have rooms over the town and they don't like that and have sent their husbands to complain to the management."

Pete snorted. "Well, I don't know Gorgeous' husband, but I met the husband of the other one this noon, and you want to know where they are? They're not downstairs bearding any major about their rooms. They're up on the third floor, in the game room, playing billiards. They'll come down here, pretty soon, dragging their faces, and tell the girls 'No luck.' What'd they want to do *that* for? They've got beds, haven't they? That's women for you! Oh, I came near getting hooked, talked myself into it and talked myself out of it, and happened to be talked out, when I got my orders. When I was down there I was glad I wasn't married, with all respect to your charming self and the state of holy matrimony."

"Lieutenant Copeland," Julianne asked, choosing her words carefully, "what is it you mind most, in the attitude of people here at home, toward the war, toward the Air Forces in particular? You, like Kim, like other men I've heard talking today, have a courteously patient air, talking with us. Why?"

"Right off the bat?" he asked, and said, the laughter gone from his voice, "I guess my first and best beef is that only males under twelve know what we're saying, when they ask us something and we try to tell them."

"But your words are all peculiar to the particular branch of the Air Forces you're in," Julianne protested. "Or even to your own particular crew. How could you expect us to understand it?"

"Only a little of it is peculiar to a squadron or crew. That we make up as we go along, we talk just with men who understand it. The most of it is in the papers, for everyone to read, and it strikes me—I may be all wet—that almost nobody takes the trouble to read it with any understanding. A flight, a group, a wing, a strike, a target, a P-47 or a C-47! It's all one to them, all flying—or, rather, all bombing. I'm unreasonable, maybe, but it looks to me, if we can fly 'em, they—at least the people who have men in the Air Forces—might get onto reading about it so they could make sense out of it."

"Amen, Pete," Kim said suddenly at Julianne's shoulder. "But this girl's different! She's read the AAF guidebook until she







knows more about fighter planes than you know about a B-24, and that's a fact."

"I grant you we ought to know what you're doing when we read about it," Julianne said, "but there's new language that fits every part of the Army, and the Navy, too, and we can't know it all."

"You can know enough to read the papers," Pete insisted. "Or at least so it looks to me. And anyway, once the war's over, flying will go right on. People, Americans, ought to know about flying. Pilots' wives ought to know, anyway. Maybe, if they did, some of the marriages that bust up wouldn't bust up. What do you say, Kim?"

"I say, let's eat!" Kim said. "Eat with us, Pete. I want to watch them cross themselves when they walk in and see you feeding that face of yours. Sure scared me!"

They went into the dining room, and sat down at a large table with a young navigator and a pilot, Captain Taylor, who had been in Africa and then in Italy.

Lt. Betsy Weston was going into the officers' dining room when she heard a low whistle that she recognized as the impudent but friendly greeting of Captain Howe, of the permanent party at the station. She said, when she heard his laughter at her shoulder, "Will you go away, sir? I don't want to talk with you or to eat with you!"

"What a way to talk!" he said. "I don't want to talk with you either. I just want to sit across the table from you and watch your eyes and your freckles blaze. Have you found that man yet?"

"How can you say that?" Betsy cried, and whirled around to look at him.

"How can I say anything else?" he asked, his grin shaping long lines in his swarthy cheeks. "You're so young and eager. Tell me, Lieutenant Weston, did you run away from home and lie about your age to get in? You can't be more than fourteen now. Where'd you get those bars? Silver! My, my!"

"I am a first lieutenant in the Air Force of the United States Army," Betsy said, "and I'm entitled to courtesy from a fellow officer. How old I am is none of your business, and I worked for these bars."

"You're cute," he said. "You're cute as a button! And you tease so sweet. Wish we'd had you on the paper, before ever I took to stick and rudder and Army cameras. You'd have been cute in a newspaper office, Betsy. . . . You didn't answer my question. Have you found you a man yet?"

"You don't deserve to be answered."

"I'm not asking to be answered. I'm asking to get your goat. The answer's in your face, and on your dewy brow. Life's before you, shining and bright. So's love. Wait! He'll come! Sit here where you can watch for him."

"IT MAY be I know more about life, more about real love, too, than you'll ever know, Captain Howe," Betsy said, and sat very straight.

"Could be, but I doubt it," the captain said. "This he, now?"

Betsy looked up to find Lieutenant Brown and his friend, Curly, smiling down at her, and introduced them to Captain Howe.

"And she'd like you to know," Howe said, "that she's eating with me only against her will and better judgment. Would you join us?"

"Say! Now I see you in uniform," Curly said, "I recognize you. I saw you drilling your company on the boardwalk yesterday morning. Say, you're all right."

"But did you notice," Captain Howe asked, "that there was a good five inches of beruffled and embroidered pantalette hanging below the lieutenant's skirt? There's really no disguising a sweet old-fashioned girl."

"Oh, hush!" Betsy said.

Flora Lee Yates was watching Lt. Betsy Weston. "What does she think she's doing here?" she asked her husband.

"She's an officer," Bob said, turning his head to look at Betsy.

"I don't know how girls can do it! Pretty girls, even. She's rather pretty, don't you think, Bob? But that's a well-tailored uniform, of course. How could she do it?"

"Do what?"

"Enlist, or whatever they do, to get into those women's auxiliaries! I heard at home that there's only one that's socially accepted. I don't remember which one it is, but I don't believe it was the Wacs. They're all just stenographers and hairdressers."

"Don't say things like that, Flora Lee!"

"Why not? I'm just trying to be pleasant, to be sweet, Bobby, and not have people thinking we're not speaking to each other—that there's something wrong. Why shouldn t I say that?"

"Because it's dumb, and vicious!"

"WHY, Bob Yates! I've never pretended to be any walking encyclopedia—papa says 'heaven forbid'—but I've never done a vicious thing in my life."

"The Wacs are not auxiliary. They're Army. A Wac is a *soldier*."

"I know. That's just what I said, and I don't see how they can do it! Men don't like them. I've heard men at home say they didn't!"

"I've heard men overseas say they did."

"Overseas? Well, maybe. But here, where there are plenty of girls, just the fat ones, the wallflowers and girls nobody'd ever look at twice get into uniforms! . . . I'm trying to be sweet. I don't understand, Bobby. You don't seem to want to talk with me. You can't be tired still, Bob. You had three whole weeks to rest, out there with your folks."

"I didn't rest much. I couldn't."

"But your mother was better, Bobby. You wrote us she was. Were you still anxious about her, when she said, and the doctor said, she was better? Or were you still thinking about all that fighting?"

He was silent.

"Are you jealous? Because men notice me, Bobby? Well, you mustn't be. Men, boys have liked me, been crazy about me ever since I was a little old girl in pigtails."

"I'm not jealous, not in any way you'd understand."

"Why shouldn't I understand? How are you jealous, Bob?"

"Well, since you ask me, I'm jealous of that B-24 pilot over there. That navigator, across the table from him, is telling the pilot's wife something—a story, looks like—and she's listening. And when the pilot tells her something—I saw them at lunch—she listens. She isn't looking around to see who's watching her, and she's very pretty too."

"Bob Yates, that's mean! I listen. All that fighting and strafing and bailing out. Can I help it? It's all over and you're back."

"*They're* not back, Flora Lee."

"Well, Bobby, in a war, a lot of men get killed. You can't help that."

"I *could* have helped it. I could have waited another five minutes. I sent seven men to death or German prisons. I told them to bail out! I lost my crew."

"I know, Bobby, but anybody makes mistakes. Honestly, Bobby—you might think about me! You won't talk, and you look so cross. People will think ——"

"What do I care what people think? What do you think *they* think, if they're, any of them, alive and waiting? You expect me to sit here and make polite conversation when that's all I can think about, and you won't even let me tell you about it!"

"But you have told me, Bob. You've told me a hundred times already. . . . If you think they're honeymooners, that pilot and his wife, they're not. I met her this afternoon. They're from Indiana, and her name is

GOOD PROSPECT

Marriage seems to be a health-preserving state for women. Out of 100,000 women at the age of forty, 74 more single and 140 more widowed women die than married ones. There is a further claim: married people of both sexes provide fewer candidates for insane asylums than others.

—H. G. BEIGEL:
Marriage: Fables, Facts and Figures.



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ANN PAGE FOODS
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It's time to turn to A&P

Julianne, and they've got a room that overlooks the water!"

After dinner, Pete went off. The other men talked and Julianne listened, sitting in the lounge. Always, when she looked up, the eyes of the young navigator were on her, sometimes merry, sometimes wistful, and most admiring.

When he told her good night he said, "I like to look at you."

"Do I look like someone you know?"

"No, I just like to look at you," he said again, and went.

"He's so nice," Julianne said. "And he did look at me as though I reminded him of someone. That was a strange thing to say, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sounded strange, I guess. But it wasn't a strange thing to think. It's a funny thing to say, Julianne, but when you first get home, you think most anything you think of to say would sound strange, said. We're not so civilized as we think. We forget what's said and what's not said, a year or more away. That was a compliment, really. And you can take it. That's one of the nice things about you, Julie. You look nice, and you are nice, and anybody can see that. You can take it when men look at you like that boy did, like Captain Taylor did." He drew her hand under his arm, pressed it and smiled down at her, and she was happier than she had been in many days. "If you don't care, I'd like to go find Pete again," he said. "I've not yet had a chance to talk with him, by ourselves."

"Was Pete a special friend?"

"No, but he and Wahoo were friends."

"Did you know Wahoo?" she cried.

"Sure did. Don't tell me you know Wahoo, that *he's* here, like Pete!"

"No, he's dead. I heard two men who were playing horseshoes with clamshells on the beach talking about him. He was with their crew. He's missing, anyway."

"Who were they?" he asked, his hand gripping hers hard.

"I don't know who they were, except that one was called Curly. They were talking with a girl from Nebraska, a Wac."

"I'll be back before nine," Kim said, "and we'll go down and dance."

Julianne went up the stairs to the Palm Room and, seeing a major with a chaplain's cross on his collar sitting alone, she went to him, told him who she was, and asked whether he was a returnee or a chaplain at the station.

"I'm a returnee," he said, and smiled. "Is there something special on your mind you want to talk about?"

"If there were, would it be fair to burden you with it now, when you're off duty?"

"More than fair. Whatever it is, it's not a grievous problem."

"No, I suppose it's not, nor an unfamiliar one to you, I imagine. I'd not thought of unloading my troubles, but now I think I'd like to. My husband's been home three weeks, and we've just come here. He was with the Thirteenth Air Force."

"And you're not too used to each other, and your being the different people you've become."

"Yes, that's right."

"How do you think *you* have changed—for the better, or for the worse?"

"I? Why, *I've* not changed!"

"Perhaps you have. About all that we know about life, for certain, is that it changes. And your husband, how has he changed?"

"In just his not always making me sure, as he did when we were first married, that he wants us to be together. I'm not sure he loves me as he did."

"Had you known him long?"

"Only the weeks he was in training in Albuquerque, where my home was. We were just friends. When they sent him out to the Coast he had still to discover that his wanting me was greater than his prejudice against marrying before going overseas. When he got his first leave, we were married."

"You were sure you wanted to marry?"

"Never surer of anything."

"Tell me, how has he changed?"

"Oh—he's quieter, to begin with."

"They're nearly all quieter. These men have sweated it out and are tired."

"He seems to want to talk about the war only with other men here. As though there were no words to tell us how it has been."

"You're right. There are no words. The routine of flying, of bombing, the boredom, the loneliness, the danger, the witnessing of death are hells they have endured. Even doctors and chaplains do not get used to death."

"I know," Julianne said. "Kim's sad."

"Yes, he's sad. As the boys say, he's 'numerously sad.' Though there's been no time for it, up to now, these men are grieving." He was looking straight ahead, his long, sensitive hands on his knees. "I suppose war does bring out the best in men. Their training taught them to think and to act. Fighting taught them to love their brothers. You'll hear a bomber pilot say, after a group of them have been ribbing a fighter awhile, 'He can have my cot, and I'll get up out of it and give it to him, any time,' and then tell how he's seen a fighter stay up there, over a crippled plane, stay to the last minutes of gas he could spare."

"But they have one another," Julianne said. "At home we have been lonely, too, and so anxious about them."

"Yes, but his loneliness was greater. The man who has been accustomed, even newly accustomed, to taking his wife in his arms when he would experiences a terrible longing that gnaws at him worse than hunger or the hardships of fighting. If he is a man who has the assurance of his wife's love, he's blessed indeed. I know no hell any fighting man goes through like that of doubting his wife's love, or her faithfulness."

"Kim knows I love him, that I've thought of no one else, ever."

"I'm sure of that," the chaplain said, "and I'm just as sure that, whether he ever puts it into words, he thanks God every day that that is so."

"When I read stories," Julianne said, "of servicemen's wives' unfaithfulness I resent them, for the majority of us who go on loving our husbands and writing them every day. We're plainer people, from plain good homes, Kim and I, and that couldn't happen to our marriage. It does happen, I know, but it couldn't happen to us."

"Yes, it happens," the chaplain said. "Too often I talk with men, with women, too, for whom it has happened. You've done me good." He smiled. "You will be all right, the two of you. Be patient!"

Under her door Julianne found a note that said, "Where have you been? Looked everywhere for you. I'll be down in the bar. Come on down. Kim."

At the far end of the barroom Julianne saw Kim, sitting with one of the men she

(Continued on Page 78)

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FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SALON OF

Dorothy Gray

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(Continued from Page 76)

had seen on the beach and the pretty Wac. He saw her, and, watching him make his way among the tables, she thought he looked somewhat rested, for even the one day with men from his own new world.

"Found that fellow from Wahoo's outfit," he told her. "Brown, Lieutenant Brown. Good guy. He's from Wahoo's crew, or rather from a crew that was Wahoo's after he left us. Whole new crew Wahoo was in."

"You didn't see Wahoo go down?" she asked, as they moved between the tables.

"No, honey, they'd sent him on. They were thousands of miles from our base when they got him. Everybody liked Wahoo. A Czech. Should have heard him play his fiddle!"

"Did he have a wife?"

"Wahoo? No, just that fiddle."

"You didn't waste any time," Julianne said to the tall pilot when Kim had introduced the Wac and Lieutenant Brown. The Wac smiled. It was hard to reconcile her calm pleasure in the pilot's admiration with the disappointment she had seen in the girl's eyes, a few hours before.

"Know what I'm going to name my B-24, if I ever have a new one?" Lieutenant Brown asked. "I just thought of it. The Brown Betsy! . . . Will you dance, Mrs. Waters?" On the floor he said, "You know, I nearly asked you to come play horseshoes with us this afternoon."

"Why didn't you?"

"Bashful," he said. "No foolin', when you get back, when you've not seen girls for a long time, American girls, you feel backward as anything."

"Lieutenant Brown," Julianne asked, as she had asked Pete Copeland in the afternoon, "what is it you mind most, about us, now you're home?"

"About girls?"

"No, about all of us, here at home. What don't you like about us?"

"It's not about *you*, that I don't like. It's about myself. I don't get used to things. I don't feel I belong anyplace I've been. Feel more like it here tonight, or since I met Betsy this afternoon. Found her in the dining room at dinner and asked her for a date. You see, you come home and the reporters come, wanting to interview you, and either you don't tell it well, or they foul it up so it's not what you meant to say, and you're ashamed to walk down Main Street for the rest of the time you're home."

"And your friends at home—do they seem changed?"

"They're none of them there. They're all in the war, all the men. They have a party for you and there are a few of the girls you knew, though most of them you'd ever dated are married, and a whole new crop of girls who've grown up while you're away, and they seem—well, they're cute, but they seem such kids. You feel lonely. That's what I hate."

"You want to go back?"

"If they send me. I think they'll make me a trainer. That's what I'm going to ask for, and they say you've got a good chance of getting what you ask for if you don't ask for something that's overcrowded already."

"What do you like best here?" Julianne asked.

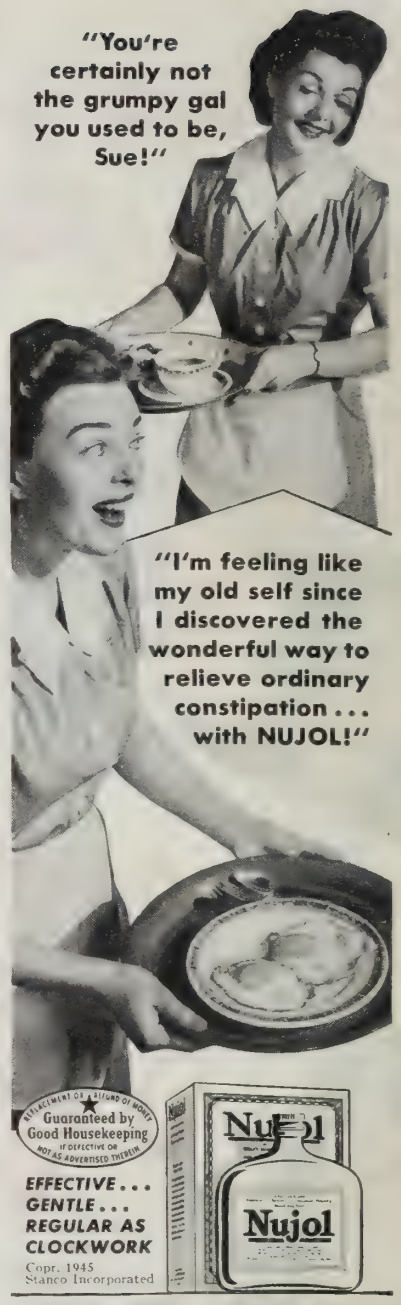
"Say," he said, grinning down at her, "you're not another reporter?"

"No, I should say not. I'm just interested in—in *him*," she said, as the music stopped and she found Kim at her side.

The Wac was not smiling now, but again looked very grave. Julianne heard the lieutenant ask her, as they went back to their table, "He didn't know him either?" and saw the girl shake her head.

"So you're 'interested' in me, honey?" Kim said, and rested his cheek an instant against her hair, after he had placed her chair for her. The music began again and Kim said, when they were alone, "She had me on the spot, asking about that boy, Dave Alberts!"

"You did know him, Kim? You know what happened to him. He's not a prisoner?"



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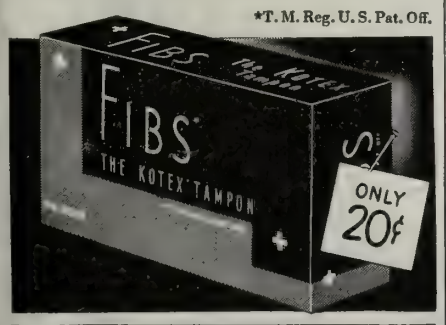
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CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Rubber Heels & Soles

"No, and he's not missing. He got back, but he was—cracked. His plane and his mind too. He was hospitalized home a long time ago. In a hospital in this country, last I heard of him. Nice guy too!"

"Then why hasn't she been notified? Why does she think he's missing?"

"'Cause his folks want her to think that, likely. Because they think that's what he'd want her to think. It's better for her to think he's missing."

"Kim, does that happen to many men?"

"Not too many. They pretty well know how to weed out the men who'll not be able to take it—in training, if not when they first get in. And once they're flying, overseas, the flight surgeons are on the lookout, and if a man's jumpy they usually catch it, ground him for a few days until he's fit to go up again."

"And men like hers—hospitalized home? Will they get over it?"

"Some of them. A lot of them, I guess. I don't know much about that, baby. Don't think about it!"

"But why didn't they make her man rest, if he was near breaking?"

"Because they couldn't spare him, that's why! Do you have any idea how few planes we had in the Pacific, even two years ago?" His voice had risen sharply, so that people at the next table turned to look.

"I'm sorry," Julianne said.

He put his hand on hers, his voice quiet again. "No, *I'm* sorry," he said. "Let's us go up to bed. We start in on this processing line in the morning. Funny, I feel tired in a way, and I feel rested too."

LOVE

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

—T. GAUTIER: Quoted by Winchell in N. Y. Daily Mirror.

Mothers! When your daughters are sixteen, do you take them aside for a heart-to-heart talk? If you do, you'll learn a thing or two!

—VIC OLIVER.

"Isn't that Pete's Gorgeous dancing?" Julianne asked. "Kim, that's not her husband she's with. That's Captain Taylor."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

The Wac raised her hand from Lieutenant Brown's shoulder to wave.

"She's a cute kid," Kim said. "Brown likes her, doesn't he? I doubt it'll get him anywhere. I suspect she asked to come here, where she could meet returnees. She asks everybody about him. You know, it's sad, but it kind of does you good to see a girl like that, one that doesn't sit home and mope or forget in a month, but goes into the Army, does something, and still sticks to a man, when he's missing, won't *let* him be dead. I wish he knew, if he's in shape to know anything, his girl's a Lili Marlene."

"I wish he knew too," Julianne said.

"But I'd hate it if anybody told her, and if she keeps on asking she'll sooner or later meet somebody who'll tell her."

In their room, Julianne went to the window and stood looking down on the water. Kim came and stood beside her, one hand on her shoulder. She smoothed her cheek against the hand and said, "Down on the beach this afternoon, a girl I talked with asked me if my husband was mad at me, or if he loved me in the way he did before." She waited, her heart beating hard.

Kim asked, after seconds, "Well, what did you tell her?"

"I said I thought you, and her major, weren't mad at us, that you were just thinking and ——"

His arm dropped away from her and he went to the bed and sat down and put his face in his hands. She came and stood beside him, but did not touch him.

"What did I say wrong, Kim?" she asked. "Do I fail you, disappoint you in some way with everything I say, everything I do?"



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V-8—Fresh Vegetables the Tasty Way

"No," he said. "There's just the one thing, Julie. If you wouldn't—if you could just not be so eager, so anxious to help me. That's what I can't take! I come home and I don't know what I'm going to do, where I'm going to be, for now, or after the war. I want to take care of you, and instead—you all but hold your breath, watching over me. Like mom. Like I was a kid, getting over the flu or something."

"You mean you wish I didn't love you?"

"No! You're all right, Julie. It's me." He groaned. "It's just—I don't know where I am! I've turned back alone. I've peeled off and turned home and—I'm lost!"

She sat down beside him and put her hand on his knee. "If you're lost, I'm lost too," she said. "I peeled off, turned home, when you did. We're over friendly territory. At least, today we are. You're the leader. You've got to get us back. Oh, Kimmy, here I am, and right beside you, and I love you so much. Dip me your wing. *Say* something to me!"

"Joe, what day is this?" Mary Groblowski asked. She was standing by the open window in her nightdress, a small, compact woman with light brown hair that she had not yet put up and wore in two loosely woven braids over her white shoulders. She had slipped one of her husband's brown G.I. socks over her hand and was darning a worn place in the heel.

"Um-m—Tuesday, I guess," Joe Groblowski said. He was lying on the bed, still, in his pajama trousers.

"No, I mean what day does this make, we've been here in Atlantic City?"

"Ten days, Mary."

"How do you feel this morning, Joe?"

"Swell. I've felt better every morning. Rest—that was all I needed, Mary, and to see you again. You know, Mary, something pulled me up with a jerk, yesterday, something I heard."

"What?"

"Oh, just some of us were talking. Kim—you know, my pilot, Lieutenant Kim Waters—was over, from the Ritz, and he'd brought with him a B-17 pilot that's been in England. Pretty bad shape. Operational fatigue. Flak-happy. We were talking about what we're all thinking about now: jobs, after the war. Down on the atoll, we'd talk about women, bombers, getting drunk, fighting, but it was jobs we were thinking about, and what we'll do when we get home."

"Yes," Mary said, and it was her way of saying, "*I'm listening, and I want to hear whatever you have to say.*"

"Kim, this B-17 pilot and a supply-truck driver and a tail gunner were talking about getting jobs, whether we'd try to get our old jobs back or strike out and find something new. And this supply-truck driver, he said a mouthful. He said, 'Now they promised me mine back. They said, "Don't give it a thought." Then, when the guy who took my place was drafted two, three months later, what'd they do but give him the same send-off! Well, I went home, see—I talked with this guy who is drivin' my truck. Married, has kids. Are they countin' on a couple of us gettin' bumped off, maybe? Three men—one truck. What's the pay-off?'"

"What else did he say?" Mary asked.

"He said, 'I don't care about myself. I've always found work. But I got married before I was drafted. My wife's got a war job and we count on her not working, when the war's over. Start a family. I don't know how she'll take it if I don't get a job, right off. She's used to things now. She's got more than she ever had!' That's what he said, and this gunner spoke up and said, 'That's it. You know what I was making a week, in Cincinnati? Eighteen dollars!' He's not over twenty, Mary. This gunner'd met this girl, see, while he was in training, and she's kind of upper crust. Not so much money, but style, position in the town where the training school was. I guess, selling himself to her and her folks, he didn't tell them what he'd made a week, and that he didn't have anything saved. He was just in love with the girl, see, and they were engaged. Well, he took two days of his delay en route, to go see his girl and her folks, and he couldn't enjoy himself for the layout he ran into there. She's set on getting married, soon as he gets another leave, and that'd be all right if she had it straight how they'd have to live, but you know what she's done?"

He spread his large hands and waited for Mary to ask him "What?"

"She's got a big church wedding planned, a fine wedding dress, six bridesmaids, and she asks him could they go to Palm Springs on their honeymoon. He said he'd never told her the way they'd have to start out, that she'd just imagined things. While he was across it hadn't made any difference—and now he's back it's drivin' him crazy."

"What did Kim say?"

"Kim says, like he will, 'Well, just tell her. Tell her how it is.' Kim can say that. He's got a good wife, like I got. Tell her? I'd rather go over New Guinea again! And then the darnedest thing happened."

(Continued on Page 82)



"Isn't it nice just to relax and forget about boys for a change?"



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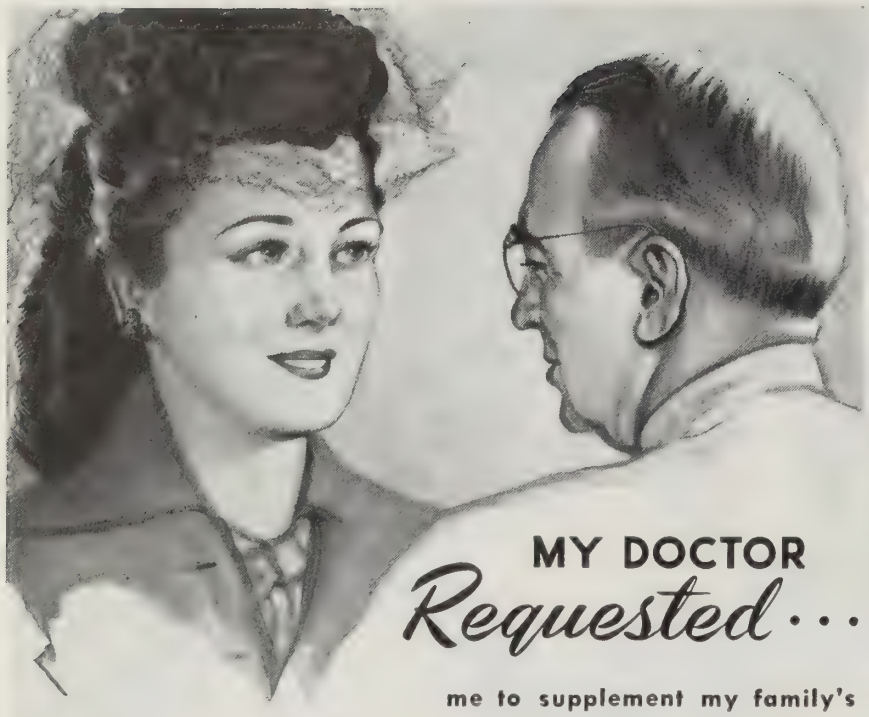
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(Continued from Page 80)

"What, Joe?"

"This other pilot, this Yates, Kim had brought over with him, said to the gunner—he'd just been standing there, he's too nervous to sit down much—he said, 'Yes, *tell* her! Just try to tell her. Just *try* it!' I turned round to look at him, and you know, he was gray, and his cheeks were going in and out, and he was shaking, hard, like he'd just got out of the hospital too soon, like he'd just got out of the plane after a bad run. Kim said something, offhand, like he didn't notice, and said to me, 'Be seein' you, Joe,' and left, takin' the guy back to the hotel."

"Hadn't he ought to be in a hospital?"

"Sure, he ought to be in a hospital. They send him here to be with his wife he'd not yet got to be with at all. That's what they wanted and they let him have it. Worst thing they could have done—but how'd the Army know that?"

"She can't help him?"

"No, Mary. She don't try. I've seen 'em together, and I've seen her with other men too. There's a squadron commander she's after."

"What's she like?"

"Well, she's built like ——"

"That's enough outa you, Joe," Mary said, with a smile dimpling her round cheeks. "You stop talking rough!"

He got up and came to her, where she stood rolling his socks into a neat, flat ball, and put his hands on her smooth shoulders, and looked down into her steady blue eyes. "When we were on the ship, coming home," he said, "and they were talking about the States, how there were strikes and all that, so it looked like we might as well turn around and go back, I'd listen, and then get your letters and read 'em again, Mary, and it didn't scare me, any of it. I knew I'd make out. If you've got a good wife, you're all right."

MARY dropped her eyes and let her breath out slowly between her slightly parted lips, shook her head in happy confusion, and said, "I hoped I'd get that rash on my hands all cleared up before you came, but working, I couldn't."

"What do we care?" he said, and his hands gripped her shoulders harder. "I wasn't going to tell you, Mary. I was going to keep it to myself until I knew for sure, until I got my orders to pack and get on over there, but lying here, watching you darn my sock, thinking about those fellows yesterday, I got to thinkin' I'd tell you now."

"Tell me," Mary said.

"I don't have to wait till the war's done," he said, his voice rising and laughter breaking through it. "I don't have to wait any longer than our stay here. That thing I worked out, down there, for the ailerons; Kim had told them about it, and they had a note about it, clipped to my card, when I talked with that crew engineer in Classifications. They're sending me to Wright Field, Mary, to set it up. I'm to have an engineer to help me draft the plan, and if it is as good as it sounds—and it *is*, Mary—they'll be turning them out, putting them on planes. Not after the war, but now, while they're needed!" He shook her a little, still looking down into her face, and said, "Don't you get it, Mary? Not any waiting for patents and all that stuff, not waiting, years, after the war, to get enough together to do it on my own. They've a department here, at this station, they set up just for men who have worked something out, invented something, like this, and they assign men through it to go on to Wright Field, where they'll have every chance to sweat it out, take the bugs out of it, experiment, until they get just the thing wanted worked out."

"And it will be yours, Joe, after? The money, if there's money in it, will it be yours?"

"Sure."

"Joe, what'll you do with it?"

"Do with it? See it put on planes, see it helpin' men get there and back, Mary! Oh—you mean the *money?* Don't you know?"

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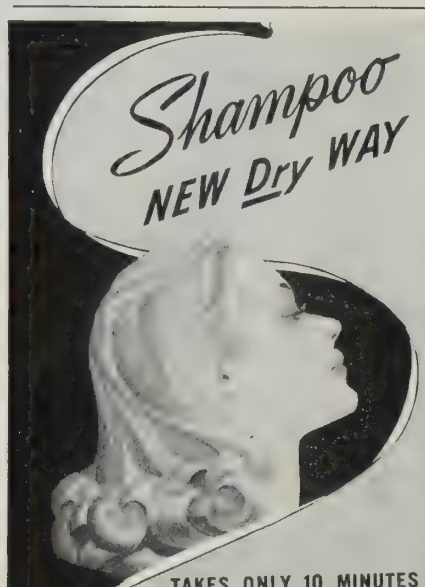


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"Yes," Mary said, and put her sturdy arms up about his neck and held him close while he kissed her. "I went out there," she said, "more times than one, Joe. And the place is even better than it looked that day."

"You still want that farm?"

"Yes." She pressed her work-roughened hands against his chest and pushed him away from her. "Let me go, Joe! I want to get out your clean shirt. Tell me again. What did the man in the office say?"

"Mary, I love you," Joe said. "I've loved you all the time. I sure did love you yesterday—those boys talking, tied up to dumb, lazy women! I come home, and hear talk like everything here had gone to pot, and then I see you. I look at your hands, and see how you've been working, making those shells, buying bonds, salting it away. I see how you are, not silly, not stuck on yourself, but nice! Whatever I did, I *loved* you, Mary, loved you all the time! You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," Mary said. "And your new tie I bought you. The socks I just darned. It's like our wedding day. It's like a confirmation. Go get shaved, you, Joe!"

Julianne was sitting up in bed with both pillows behind her back, hugging her knees and watching Kim tie his tie. "I was born out of my time," she said. "I'm sure I was."

"How's that, baby?"

"Oh, because I feel that I—Kim, if I had got pneumonia and died, while you were away, would you ever have loved some woman not at all my size, shape or complexion?"

POOR INDEED!

Who is the richest and who is the poorest person in all the world? I call the person with a loving mother rich, and the person without a loving mother I call poor. The period when one has a loving mother I call day: the period when one has not a loving mother I call the disappearance of the sun.

—BUDDHA: Quoted in Mercure de France, Georges Bonneau.

"You'll never die," he said gently. "You'll always be around seven and full of foolish questions. If he'd had any notion you were so young, the chaplain'd never have married us! Why were you born out of your time?"

"Oh, just that I'm the kind of woman who, if I lost you, would do my hair up in a tight knot on the back of my head, and go around, a shadow, and never love again."

"But you'd still think, and ask questions, wouldn't you?" He was grinning at her in the mirror.

"No, I doubt I should! Kim, come here, let me see you've got your bars and all your ribbons just right. Let me *look* at you!"

"And get lipstick on my cuff, maybe, like the lieutenant who talked to me. That's right. He had lipstick on a brand-clean blouse cuff. We ignored it."

"With my heart, with my head," Julianne said, "I might fall in love, because I'd be lonesome, but not with the rest of me."

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, Mrs. Waters," Kim said, finished with his tie and turning to look at first one shoulder and then the other in the mirror, and then at her reflection. When their eyes met, he turned about and came to her quickly and she rose on her knees in the bed and threw her arms about him and kissed him.

"Kim, am I doing better," she asked, "in not loving you too much, most of the time?"

"That, or I can take it better, baby."

"Kim, do you think of how young we are? Not just you and I, but all of us here? We're like a whole young world, come here to catch our breath, to take hold of life again, away from the war!"

He sighed, and held her close. "They were young too—Wahoo, Tommy, Van. I think of them, dead, and I'm ashamed to be breathing air, waiting for an assignment, making love to you. Who am I to get back?"

200 Witnesses Watch Her LOSE 86 POUNDS

Mrs. Mary Knicley, Hagerstown, Md., wins new figure and new job.

There was no secret about what she was doing. Her husband had suggested it. Her doctor had approved it. Everyone in the office knew about it. What amazed them all was the change in Mary Knicley as she went from 222 pounds down to 136, from a size 44 down to a size 14, and they cheered as the former heavyweight of the department, now slender, gracious, and gay, was moved up to the front office, promoted to cashier!

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These two snapshots of Mrs. Knicley show her, at the left, when she weighed 222; at the right, when she weighed 152.

"Today, I'm really aglow with health and happiness. My doctor told me taking the Course was the best thing I could have done."
—Mary Knicley

MRS. KNICLEY'S MEASUREMENTS

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HEIGHT	5 5½"	5'6"	+ ½"
BUST	46"	34¾"	—11¼"
WAIST	39"	28½"	—10½"
ABDOMEN	43"	32"	—11"
HIP	48"	37½"	—10½"



Above, Mary Knicley as she is today—weight 136 pounds. Of the Success Course, she says, "I had no idea there was anything so wonderful in the world."

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"No. Who are *we* to get back?" Julianne whispered.

He kissed her again and laid her back against the pillows and tucked the sheet up under her chin. "Like my crew chief, Joe, I begin to feel like myself again, Julie. Go back to sleep! I'll see you at noon. I'll likely have something to tell you by then."

"Peggy," Bill asked, standing by the window, watching his wife brush curls around her finger, "are all your dresses black? Didn't you bring any red dresses, any bright blue ones?"

"Don't you like this?" Peggy asked. "It's my best dress, Bill. I saved it for today, for the day you'd likely get your assignment."

"Well, Peg, they're not going to bury me! No foolin', there's something wrong. There has been, from the first. You say you're happy, but you're not. You act like ——"

"I act like what?" the girl asked, and whirled about. "Why do you question me, ask me every day if something's wrong? Don't I do everything I can? I'm here whenever you want me! I don't even go down on the sand, for fear you might get through with a conference and come back and not find me. Don't I think of you every minute?"

"Sure you do, Peg! Nobody could be better, sweeter. It's just—you seem so solemn."

"Why shouldn't I be? Bill—I thought you wouldn't get back!"

"What made you think that, sweetheart? I told you I'd come back."

"Yes, you told me, and I believed it, and then—something happened. You mustn't ask me what, but I began to be afraid you wouldn't get back."

"What happened, Peg?"

"I told you you're not to ask me, ever!" She was crying suddenly.

He came to her and held her by the shoulders, and said, "Here, what's this? What happened, sweet?"

"I told you not to ask me!"

He led her to the bed and sat her down. "Now stop crying," he said, in a voice suddenly firm. "I've had an idea, ever since I got back, there was something. What is it?"

"Don't think I've not wanted to tell you!"

"Never mind that. Just tell me."

"From the first night I've wanted to tell you. He said it would be easier after a while. He didn't know. It's not easier. It's harder, every day."

"Who said?"

"The doctor. He said I was to have the *character* never to tell you, that to need to tell you was just self-indulgence."

"Peg!"

She put her hands over her face and sobbed.

"Tell me," the boy said. "There was someone else! Who was he? It wasn't Victor?"

"No, not Victor. I hated him. Does that matter, who he was?"

"Yes—as much as anything matters now. Where did you meet him?"

"In the office. He came in to see a girl. We talked and he asked me to go out to dinner, and I did. And after that I'd meet him after work. We walked in the rain—it rained the whole time—and we talked."

"Who was he?"

"A corporal on furlough. He wasn't any wolf, Bill. He ——"

"He wasn't? How would you know?"

"The doctor said, when he'd told me I wasn't in trouble, that to tell you would spoil our marriage. All right, I'm spoiling it! What he didn't know is that it *is* spoiled, for me, by *not* telling you. It's not just *your* marriage. It's mine, too, and if it's not right for me, it's not any good."

"Who was he?"

"No one you'll ever know, I tell you. Do you have any notion how it is to wait months, *months* for a letter?"

"You're asking me that, Peg?"

"I mean for a girl to wait, when she's married to a man who never made her sure he wanted her?"

"I never made you sure, Peg?"

"Not for the time after you'd gone, you didn't! I'm not trying to make what I did right. It wasn't. It was just—natural."

"Natural! How long did you go on seeing him, being with him?"

She leaped to her feet and ran to the window and said, with her back to him, "We were friends. We talked together as I'd never known what it was like to talk with anyone. We walked in the rain and talked and then we went to his place—friends had gone away and left him their apartment. Your letters came, at last, but they didn't make me sure you loved me, were glad you married me, that you liked me more than anyone else. Bill, I needed to *talk* with someone! And he was Irish, like me."

"You could have had someone. I took you to my mother. You could have gone to stay with her. You could have known her friends, and mine."

"No, that's where you're wrong, Bill. I couldn't. I could have kept *that* to myself, but what difference does it make, now? I went to see your mother. I'd not heard from you in months, and there were people ——"

"I know, Aunt Beulah and some friends. Mother told me."

(Continued on Page 86)

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

IT IS easy to tell which family in a neighborhood has a stand-in with the butcher; just observe where the dogs gather to chew bones.

They discovered early in my life that I could straighten a room—and I have been doing it ever since.

Social prestige in adolescence may hinge on whether a sandwich is halved cornerwise or through the middle.

Children should not be condemned for accidents. Compared with an adult, the child is all left hand.

A woman will spend more money downtown if she has someone at home doing the work for her.

I find that I have to be as careful about dividing my affections between the dog and cats as I do between my husband and the children.

Life is like a camel: you can make it do anything except back up.

One thing the average man doesn't comprehend when he marries a woman is that she expects him to lead her through traffic as well as life.

Small girl's comment after visiting a friend: "I wouldn't want Jane's mother for mine; she does too many things in one day."

So much housework is water over a dam, but hours spent with children go into the great stream of life.

Pausing for ration identification has helped some women lose weight.

When a telephone rings, the average man settles deeper into his chair with the observation, "I wonder who that can be?"

The only form of rationing which has broken my heart has been the shortage in sauerkraut.

It was one of those moments when the parent isn't sure whether to hit the nail on the head with gentle words or the child in the rear with something less gentle than words.

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(Continued from Page 84)

"But did she tell you she sat there, asking me how I wanted my tea, and a letter from you on the table beside her ——"

"It was an old letter. She'd not heard either. She thought you'd heard, and chose not to tell her."

"I came away, and he was waiting for me, near Jean's, and we went to his place. It was raining."

"And I suppose it was all a surprise to you! You just went home with him, out of the rain?"

"No," she said, letting her tears run down her cheeks unminded. "No, I knew it would happen. I *wanted* it to happen! There in your home it was so cold and unloving! Do you know what it is, not to hear from a man you've married, with everyone he knows against your marrying?"

"I married you, Peg."

"This boy—he didn't come from your part of town and with everything against loving me. He just loved me as I was."

"And you loved him."

"No, no, I didn't love him. I just wanted love, and *not* to be in love with him. You can't understand that, can you?"

"No, not from you, I can't."

"Well, now I've told you! I thought, after I did that, that you'd be killed. And then your letter came, and I thought how crazy, that God would let a bomber be lost to punish *me* for wanting love, when I'd come to doubt you loved me. I prayed to have you back, and you did get back, and still it isn't enough! I've got to have *me* back, too, Bill. I'm *glad* I've told you. I'm not glad I did it—you know that. It will hurt me all my life. I'm just glad to be free of *not* telling you. The doctor ——"

He came to her and took her in his arms and held her close and kissed the top of her dark head.

She clung to him, unbelieving, trembling hard. "Bill, you forgive me? You can forgive me?"

"If you can forgive me, Peggy."

"What is there for me to forgive you?"

"My not making you sure we were married! For better, for worse, so that, when I couldn't get word to you, you'd know I was thinking of you, loving you just the same. And I'm not perfect, Peggy."

"Well, if you're not—don't tell me, Bill. *You* be the one to have the character to hold your own council. One thing I must tell you, Bill—it couldn't happen again. You'll not doubt me?"

"I'll never let you out of my sight," he said. "Peg, don't you know how I've loved you, why I wanted you? You were so sweet and alive, and ready to be yourself. Even if they sent me back you'd not doubt my love for you?"

"Even to China," she said. "Bill, hold me tight, a long time!"

"I can't, sweetheart. I'm going to be late now."

Nora Blane was wheeling her baby down past Convention Hall, where his father was that morning, getting his assignment. Jack had looked furious about the diapers in the bathroom. She had wanted to explain carefully to him, once again, that there was not room to hang the diapers singly, but she had not said anything. They had hardly talked in the past days. Jack, when he was with her and the baby, would sit and look at them moodily. At least, he was paying attention to her and the baby now.

"When we go where we go, we will have a washroom, a place to wash his clothes, a place to dry them," she had said finally.

"How do you know?" he asked. "They told us we might not be able to take our families with us."

"You must ask for something right for the baby," Nora said firmly.

"I must *ask?*" Jack said. "Nora, I'm still in the Army, still a pilot. They do not ask 'What should your baby like you to do?'"

Now, wheeling the baby, she said to him, "You are good. You are the best baby he ever saw. Does he see that? No, he sees only the diapers!"

They lived two lives, she and Jack and her baby. While the day lasted he was distant, cold, though he had been much more mindful of her in the days just past. When darkness came and the baby slept, it was as though he forgave her the day, forgave her the baby, and loved her. She would let him make her forget the day, let him rewin her to the night and to caresses, but not always.

"He will find a place good for you or I will not go," she said to the baby.

"Here," a voice said, "all but collided! Comes of my not looking where I'm going." A boy with a miniature plane in each hand was smiling at her, then looking down at the baby.

"Wait," Nora said. "May I see? May I see the planes?"

"Sure. They're just models."

"Is it a Mustang?" she asked.

"That's right."

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't sell me the Mustang?"

"Well, no, I'm sorry, I guess I wouldn't," he said. "I made 'em for my brother. He's twelve. I made 'em in the convalescent hospital."

"You are sick? You are wounded?"

"Not now. I just came on here. I just came on here today."

"Could you—would you let my little boy look at it, the Mustang?"

"Sure, but he's pretty small, isn't he, to be interested in models?"

"No," she said. "He's a very bright boy. He pays attention."

He held the Mustang down where the baby could see it. Johnny put up his hands, caught at the plane.

"Look, Johnny Blane," Nora said, "only look now! It is this he flew, this plane, this Mustang, over Italy. It is this your father, the major, is crazy about!"

"Is this Major Blane's kid?" the boy asked. "Are you his wife?"

"Yes. But do you know the major?"

"No, I don't know him. I just heard about him. I just heard about him from the pilot who was locked up with me at the hospital in Tennessee. He said, 'First thing I'm going to do, when I get out—when I get well, find that guy Blane.'"

"Did he have a fight to fight, with Jack?" Nora asked.

"No, no, nothing like that. Just the major saw him home, that's all. Got the jerries that were after him, chased them home, so he got back."

"But your ribbons!" Nora said. "You were in the Pacific."

"That's right, I was in the Pacific. And that's not all!"

"My husband, he will know your friend in the hospital. What is his name, so I can tell him?"

"He won't know his name. He won't ever have heard it," the boy said. "Beefie Bonnette, his name was, Lieutenant Bernard Bonnette." The boy put the Mustang into the baby's hands. "She's yours," he said. "From Beef Bonnette, via your Uncle Dave." He went, the Mosquito held high on his left hand.

"Give it to me," Nora said, and took the plane from her boy before the rudder reached his mouth. "You are only to *look!* I shall hang it to the electric light, by a string, and you shall watch it fly and *want* it. Do you know who sent it? The angels! That is what the bombers say: the fighters are the angels. This little angel, you know what he is to bring to you? Your father! Your father is to look at you and say, 'Nora, look at him look at that Mustang!' If he won't, we are through. We will go back to the woods and never come out. Never!"

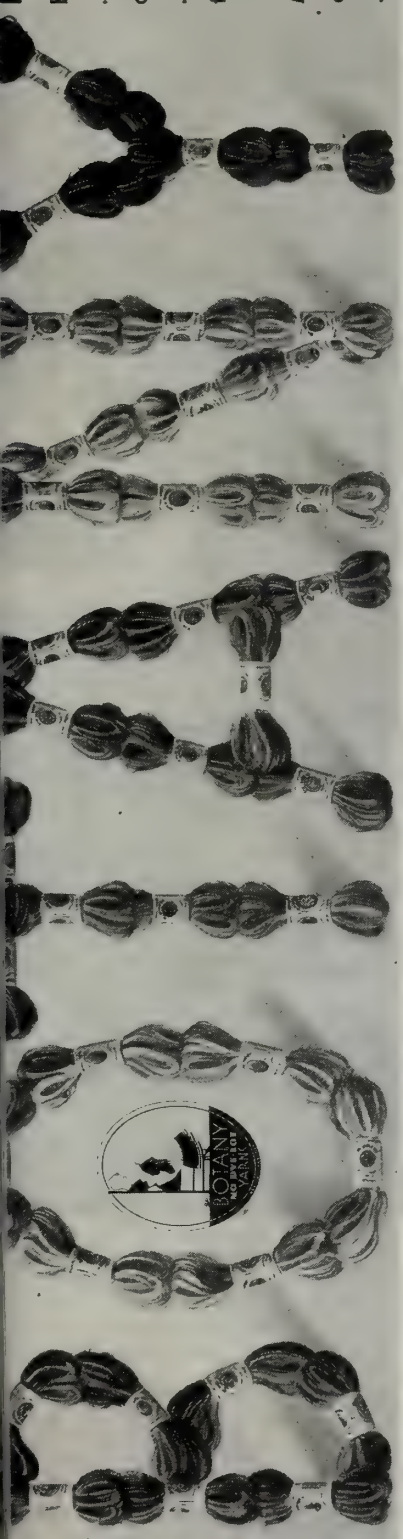
Flora Lee Yates was sitting at the dressing table, pinning up her dark hair and talking to her husband. She was in riding clothes and she smoothed her hair and redrew her mouth with a pointed brush. "I can't help it, can I," she asked, "that men like me, that a captain wants to dance with me, wants to take me horseback riding?"

"I'm not saying anything, am I?" the boy asked. He was sitting on the edge of

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the bed, clasping and unclasping his long hands.

"But you look so dark," Flora Lee said. "I can't help it if boys, if men fall in love with me, can I? You fell in love with me once yourself."

"We fell in love with each other."

She laughed. "You were awfully serious, though not in the way you are now. You told me all about yourself, your whole life. You didn't get me in until three in the morning. Papa was furious!"

He came and stood behind her. "Flora Lee," he said, "there's something I'd better tell you. They want me to come back there again today, to the medical offices. The surgeon, the colonel, wants to talk with me again."

"But Bob, what for? You've had your physical. You had it days ago! What do they want you to come back for?"

"I told you—I tried to tell you, they've had me come back, almost every day."

"Whatever for?"

"I have to talk with the psychiatrist again. That's what I've got to tell you. I don't think they'll give me an assignment now, Flora Lee. I think they'll send me back to a hospital."

"A hospital? But why? You're not sick. You look fine. You ——"

"They say I am sick, Flora Lee, that I have to have treatment and rest. Today they'll tell me where I'm to go."

"You mean you won't go on, in the Air Force? You won't ever be promoted? You'll just lie around in some old hospital?"

TOLERANCE

It has been my fortune to love those men who have thought differently from me. I have no more right to be angry with a man whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Siena, and who writes to me that he likes the place.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"That doesn't matter," he said. "I'm lucky they didn't break me. They let me take a bomber up again, take up a new crew, on another mission even. A lieutenant's is rank enough to tell men to bail out!"

"Oh, Bobby—don't start talking like that! You know what you do, when you start talking about that? You *stammer!* That's what you do. If they send you to a hospital, what am I to do? Just go home and sit around, and wait? I've waited now until I could die."

"It won't be for long. I've not got it like some of them, Flora Lee."

"Not got what? That old fatigue? Do you want to know what I think about that? There's not anything really *wrong* with you, Bobby! Papa'll give you a place in the mill, a good job, or in the real-estate office. Papa wouldn't like you just giving up and lying down in the shafts, like this."

"Flora Lee! Do you think the doctors don't know anything?"

"All I know is, you don't *look* sick, and that nobody's going to do anything for you, while you stay off up here in your room and *act* sick. If I want to dance, to go swimming or riding, I can just go find somebody to take me!"

"I told you I had this conference this morning. Anyway, you'd already told this captain you'd go with him, before you said anything to me about it."

"Well, Bobby, what am I to do? Sit around like I was old, like I wasn't pretty, and wait for you to get back from going to see doctors? I tell you, we didn't like it, papa and I didn't, when you went home to see your folks instead of coming to us. That girl, that girl you dated in high school, that you swore to me you weren't in love with, Bobby. Are you sure you didn't go home to see her?" *(Continued on Page 89)*



Evening in Paris

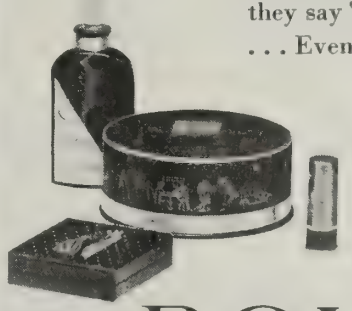
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(Continued from Page 87)

"I wanted to see Jo. She wasn't there. She's in nurse's training, in Buffalo."

"She is? Well, why didn't you tell me? Bobby Yates, you didn't lie to me when you said you weren't in love with that girl, did you? Were you in love with her? Ever?"

"If I was, I didn't know it."

"Does that mean you're in love with her now?"

"No. I just wish I could talk with her, that's all. We used to ride our bikes out to her uncle's farm, and go up to their orchard and talk."

"What do you want to talk to her about now?"

"You know what—the thing I've tried to tell you about, Flora Lee."

She was suddenly coquettish and prettily sympathetic. "Stop walking the floor, Bobby. Come sit down here by the window, and tell me. Only tell me quick. Captain Taylor will be coming any minute now to take me riding."

He sat down and drew her onto the arm of his chair and said, "I've tried to tell you about it. I needed to tell you and you never let me, never let me tell you through, so you'd know what happened. How it was when I ordered them to bail out and how it is for me, now, how it is I have to *think* about it."

"*That!*" she said. "But you've *told* me that, Bobby!"

"No, I've never told you."

"You mean that bailing out? But you have. You've told me a hundred times!"

"No, you've always stopped me."

She ran her hand through his fair hair and kissed his forehead, a quick kiss, and said, "Well, tell me, then, Bobby. Tell me, quick."

He took a deep breath and began doggedly, "I felt it was different when we were briefed. I didn't go to sleep. I lay down, but ——"

"I know, honey," she said soothingly, like a mother who is trying to trick a child into thinking she is going to stay with him, the quicker to get away. "You couldn't get to sleep."

"I got up and went down to the Betty Jo."

"The Betty Jo! Is *that* where you got the name for your B-17? From that girl?" She leaped up and tried to pull away from him. "Well, go tell *her!* Go on up to Buffalo and find her in her little old ugly training uniform, and *tell* her!"

HE HELD to her and answered quietly. "It wasn't named for Jo. It was named for Scoggins' little girl, for his baby. It was his plane before it was mine. He got hit, got killed. Sometimes the name sticks."

"Why couldn't you have named it a new name? Weren't you married? Couldn't you have named it after me?"

"No. I couldn't. The rest of the crew were the same. When his little girl was born they sent her a purse. They sent her mother thirty-five dollars, the crew did, and they named the Fort the Betty Jo. Flora Lee, let me tell you! You don't know how I feel about your not letting me tell you, now, how I've come to feel. It's crazy, but it's like I was up, and running out of oxygen, to be trying to tell you, and you not listening!"

"I am listening. You make me tired, Bobby. You didn't go to see that girl, that Jo, on your way here? You've not talked with her?"

"No, I've not seen her, talked with her or written her. . . . I got up and went down to the Betty Jo. An English morning isn't like you read about it, with dew and nightingales. Just planes. Planes, and propellers, and a raw chill."

"They're not so much, nightingales," Flora Lee said. "I heard one once, on the radio, singing from England, and I'd rather hear one of our little old mockingbirds, any time."

"You heard one sing? I didn't hear one, there. Just the planes. They were checking her, and she was all right—Number Three too. I waked the boys myself. Pinkie didn't want to get up. He wound the top blanket about his head and said, 'Aw, go 'way, can't you, just once?'"

"I DON'T think you ought to talk about it," Flora Lee said. "You ought to just put it out of your mind and forget it. It just gets you stirred up."

"We went up and met our squadron and before we hit the Channel we rendezvoused with our group, and over the Channel, with our wing. It was low. Our fighters were over us, our first escort ——"

"But you've told me that, Bobby. You're acting just like an old person who's failing. Is it that bailing out you want me to hear again?"

"I've never told you. You've never let me!"

"You have! Honestly, Bobby, if papa knew how you act, how you talk to me, he wouldn't like it. He wouldn't like it a bit!" There was a knock and Flora Lee ran to swing the door wide. When she saw an elevator man standing there with a note in his hand she cried, "Is it for me? Thank you. Thank you so much! Wait." When she had read the note, she said, "Tell Captain Taylor I'll be down in just minutes, and that I am dying to go riding with him this morning."

"Don't go," Bob said, when she had closed the door and pirouetted twice on her way to the mirror. "Don't go, Flora Lee. I've got to tell you. I've got to talk to you! This isn't anything that can wait forever, that can be broken off a hundred times. We didn't have but a little time together, but I did fall in love with you. I wrote you, and thought of you all the time. I've hardly seen you since we got here. You don't listen, you don't care, but still I have to tell you this. I told seven men to bail out, and then ——"

"I'm sorry, Bobby, but I told him to tell Captain Taylor I'd be right down." She had taken up a hair net and was holding it spread between her two hands, looking at her reflection through it. "I don't like to wear a net, but I'll look a sight, riding, if I don't."

He came and stood behind her. "I let Gene take over when I couldn't get Howard on the interphone, and went back there. He was lying there in the ball turret, all over blood. His arm was taken right off, at the elbow. Flak. I pulled him up, got him back in the waist and laid him down. He said, 'I'm all right,' and asked about the engine, about Number Three, that we'd told him was dead. I answered him, but he didn't hear me. He'd gone away."

Flora Lee had pinned the net and was holding her hands out, away from her, toward the mirror, and pouting her lips, her head on one side. "What do you think, Bobby? Do you think this nail polish goes all right with this shade of green?" She shrugged her shoulders. "If it doesn't, I can't help it. It's a cute shade, don't you think?" When she found him standing just behind her she said, "Bobby, you scared me!" She put up her hands and touched his cheeks with her finger tips and kissed him on the chin. "Why, Bobby, you're shivering! Whatever are you shivering for? It's not cold at all. Be sweet, Bobby. Don't be bad any more," she said and ran.

Julianne was in the Palm Room waiting for Kim. She had been reading, and now she looked down to find a little boy in blue pants and blue-and-white-striped sweater looking up into her face. She smiled and held out her hands to him and he backed away from her, his hands behind his back.

LIFE

The reality of life is in the living tissue of it from day to day, not in the expectation of better, nor in the fear of worse. Those two things, to be always looking ahead and to worry over things that haven't yet happened—these take the very essence out of life.

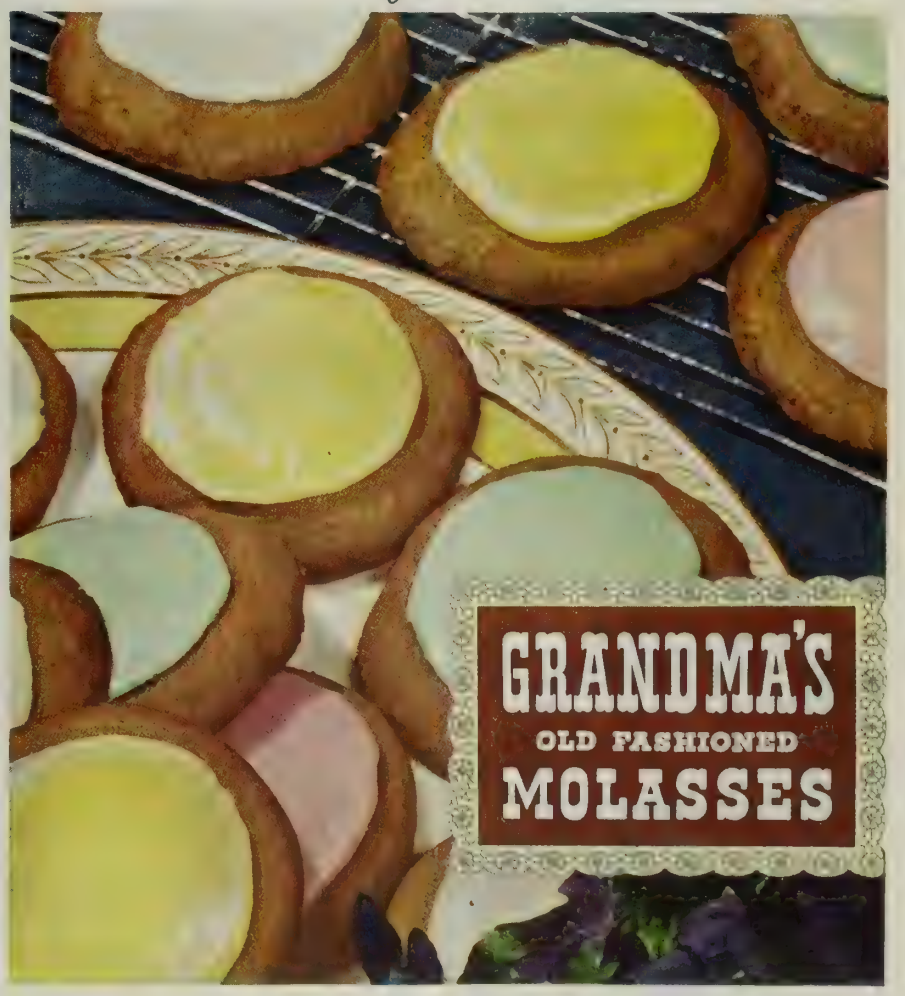
—STEPHEN LEACOCK: Quoted in The Best Digest of All (Leisure Age Pub. Co. Pty. Ltd.)



For Spring Festivities!...

"Whopping big" cookies... that's what a man loves!... And here's Grandma with a brand *new* recipe for Molasses Jumbos. These man-size treats are festive and *delicious*. The secret of their wonderful old fashioned goodness... their richer flavor is Grandma's *sweeter, mellower* Molasses. *It does not contain sulphur dioxide but is rich in iron.* For more of Grandma's mouth-watering recipes fill out and mail the coupon below.

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GRANDMA'S OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES JUMBOS

½ cup shortening	½ cup Grandma's	2 tsp. baking	½ tsp. allspice
¼ cup sugar	Molasses	powder	⅛ tsp. baking soda
2 eggs	1½ cups sifted flour	½ tsp. salt	¼ cup milk

Cream together shortening and sugar; add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add molasses. Sift together dry ingredients; add; beat until smooth. Gradually add milk. Drop by *tablespoons* on greased cookie sheet 2" apart. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Remove to cake rack; cool and frost. Makes 20 giant size, old fashioned Jumbos.

PASTEL FROSTING

Water
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
Vanilla extract
Yellow, pink, green vegetable coloring
Lemon extract
Peppermint extract
Almond extract

Slowly add enough water to confectioners' sugar to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Divide mixture into 4 separate bowls. To ¼ add a few drops vanilla extract. To ¼ add a few drops yellow coloring and lemon extract. To ¼ add a few drops pink coloring and peppermint extract. To ¼ add a few drops green coloring and almond extract.

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"He'll come to you after a little," his young mother told her. "Go on, Dickie. Go talk to the lady!"

"How old is he?" Julianne asked.

"Seventeen months. You know, he gets streaks like this. I was up with his father's folks, up in Massachusetts, and we were out on the farm there, and not many people came, and he was scared of everybody. I sent Rich lots of pictures of him, because he said that's what he wanted, more than anything. He'd never seen him. And the morning Rich phoned he was in town, and I drove in to meet him, his mother said she'd keep Dick, and I let her, because I thought if I took him into town with me and he fought and kicked, and wouldn't make up with Rich, it would just about kill Rich. And all the way out I could hardly talk and listen for worrying about how he'd take it, if Dickie cut up like that—wouldn't have anything to do with him. Well, we went up to the house, came in the back way, into the kitchen, and there were his mother and sisters, and when they'd all hugged and kissed Rich, we looked down, and there, coming from the bedroom, dragging his bunny blanket, and his cheeks red from his nap, came Dickie. And you know—Rich just squatted down there by the kitchen door and held out his arms and said, 'Come to papa,' and that baby let go that blanket, and *ran*, ran right into his arms! I guess that was the happiest moment of my whole life, when Dickie did that."

At the turn of the stairs, where she had stopped to read the posted menu, Captain Howe found Lt. Betsy Weston. "Well, if it isn't Betsy Ross. Waiting for me? That's touching."

"I'm waiting for Lieutenant Brown," she said, "and if he comes and finds you here with your hand on my shoulder, he'll bounce you down those stairs."

"Well, come sit down and talk with me while you wait." He turned her toward the steps.

"I've nothing to tell you," Betsy said.

"Oh, come now. I'm sure you have. Just any of those little details that delight a man's ears! Have you had a good morning at the office?"

"I——" Betsy began, and then said quickly, "Please, Captain Howe, go away. I can't talk with you today!"

"What is it, Betsy?"

"Do you mean that?" Betsy asked. "That *human* look?"

"I sure do."

"It's just—I had disquieting news last night. It's not really news. It's not even a real rumor."

"I get you, just a lead. What was it?"

"Well, first, if I'm going to risk telling you, I guess I'd better tell you about Dave."

"Dave? He's new, isn't he? Yes, you'd better tell me about Dave."

"He's not new," Betsy said. "He's the only man I've ever loved."

Captain Howe mastered the smile that quirked the corners of his mouth. "I'm just an old newspaperman, Betsy. You don't have to dress it up—just tell me. What happened to him?"

"I don't know," Betsy said. "He was missing. I thought he was missing. That's what they wrote me—his folks. Last night, Lieutenant Brown asked me how I'd feel, what I'd do, if I found out Dave wasn't missing, after all. Captain Howe, do you suppose he knew anything? About Dave, I mean? He said he asked me only because he was in love with me himself, and had to know how I felt about Dave, if I felt the same still."

"Do you?"

"Yes," she said. "But I was glad, when I had no business to be, that Lieutenant Brown fell in love with me. Some men don't like uniforms. That's the only thing that made me hesitate—that Dave might not like it. If Lieutenant Brown could fall in love with me, now I'm in a uniform, don't you think Dave, if he got back, would be in love with me still?"

"No more hearts than so many monkeys!" Captain Howe said. "Women! What you want to know is whether your friend Dave is still missing or something's been heard of him? That it?"

"Yes. I can't find out, but if you could find out—the truth!"

"I can and will. Betsy, are you really a good filing clerk, stenographer or whatever you are down in that office?"

"I am."

"Well, I'll tell you something. I thought you were cute. You remember, I told you you're cute as a button? For a minute, here, when the sun went behind a cloud and dimmed your freckles, you were beautiful."

"You think Dave is alive? You think Lieutenant Brown had heard something, something he didn't know, for certain, so that he couldn't tell me?"

"I wouldn't know, Betsy. I wouldn't know a thing. But I'll find out. How old are you, Betsy? Tell me the truth!"

"Over twenty," Betsy said. "If he were all right, wouldn't he write me, come to find me?"

When Julianne saw Kim and Bob Yates on the stairs, she went to meet them and was happily surprised when the little boy who had stood off so shyly ran to her and put up his arms to be taken, to go with her.

"I'll bring him right back," she said to his mother, and to Kim, when he came to her, "Aren't you surprised?"

"Say, where'd you find him?"

"He came to me, decided to make up with me, just this minute," Julianne said. She smiled at Bob, and let him take the little boy, when he offered.

"Well, what do you know!" Kim said. "Look how he passes me up and goes right to Bob! Here, what has he got that I haven't got, young fellow?"

"No foolin'," Bob said, holding the baby as though he were used to children, "there's a family up home I go out to see, have a houseful of kids, and they pile all over me. I give them turns riding on the handle bars of my bike, and they go through my pockets for candy. Only trouble was they wanted to be with us, every minute. Wouldn't leave me any time alone with my girl. She was their aunt. She went into nurse's training."

The little boy was struggling to get down. He had seen his father. They watched him run, shouting, to still other opened arms, and Kim said:

"Six, I'd say. Six is about right."

Rain

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

I love my city when the rain is done,
And all the windows glisten, and the roofs
Repeat the emerging luster of the sun,
And the gutter rings again with hollow hoofs.
Each leaf is brilliant with its idle drops;
Each blade of grass is like a shining spear;
The hedges burn like jewels, and their tops,
Beaded with rain, are tremulous and clear.
The gutter rings again with hoof and wheel;
Umbrellas tap, shoes shuffle down the street;
And oh! it makes my lone detachment reel
When I hear the mingled click of lovers' feet,
And see them from my window marching by
Under the washed blue archway of the sky.

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"Four," Julianne said. "All boys! Did you get your assignment, Kim?"

"Not yet, but Bob's got his. Tell her, Bob!"

"Albuquerque."

"The bombing school there? But that's where we met, Kim and I!" Julianne cried. "That's wonderful!"

"No, not the school. The convalescent hospital."

"At Sandia, isn't it?" Julianne asked. "They've camps in the mountains too. It's a game preserve up there. One spring, when they'd first opened up the road, and we drove up there, I counted eighteen deer and fifty wild turkeys. From up on the top you can see better than a hundred miles on a clear day. I think you'll like it, Bob." She wanted to ask, "*Will Mrs. Yates go out to Albuquerque?*" but something in Kim's look forbade her. "I'd like you to know my parents," she said. "I'll give you a note to dad. And mother, when she's heard that we know you, will be coming out to see you as often as she can spare gas for the trip."

"What Julie means is, if you like her, you'll like her folks," Kim said.

"I'll tell her folks," Bob said, "and be mighty glad they're there."

"Come on, let's get in this line," Kim said. "Eat with us, Bob?"

"Thanks. I'll wait for Flora Lee." Bob smiled again at Julianne, a smile so wearily sad that she did not like to leave him alone.

When they had reached their table, a table for four, because Kim liked to leave a place for Pete, Captain Taylor or the young navigator, Julianne said, "Kim, that boy's really very sick. He's heartsick too. Did you notice, when he spoke of that girl, just now, the one with all the nieces and nephews, he looked *happy*, for a minute? I think the trouble is that Flora Lee doesn't make him think well of himself. The few times I've seen them together he's ill at ease, almost apologetic. He wasn't that way, speaking of this girl of his, or with that little boy either."

"No, she doesn't make him think well of himself," Kim said, "but the doctor he talked with, this morning, did. Bob waited and told me about this convalescent hospital, all the way over here. Like somebody going off to school. . . . Here's Pete!"

PETE grinned broadly and said to Julianne, "You're prettier every day, Mrs. Kim, and that's a fact! You know, I was going to ask them to send me wherever they sent you, Kim, and now fate's taken a hand and that's not to be."

"You're going back," Kim said.

"How'd you know it?" Pete cried. "That's right! I'm that one out of a thousand. They asked me what I wanted to do and I said 'Go back.' And the major looked up my sheet and said, 'Okay, back you go.'"

"When?" Julianne asked.

"This evening, likely. Funny thing, you know what I wish I had me now?"

"A wife," Julianne said triumphantly.

"Roger; and you know whose fault that is? Yours, Mrs. Kim. Here, when I'm checking out within hours, I wish I had time to find me a wife. Can you beat that?"

"Will it be the Pacific again?"

"I suppose so. I go to a B-24 school for a few weeks first."

"Oh, well, that's all right then," Julianne said. "You can find you a wife while you're in training. Kim did."

"No, not me," Pete said. "And here's my cure for that pretty notion walking into the dining room right now—Gorgeous! I'll get along. She's got Taylor where he doesn't know whether he's afoot or horseback!"

Captain Taylor had come into the dining room, and he came and sat with Kim and Julianne. She felt that it was Captain Taylor's interest in Flora Lee that made the strained feeling among them.

"You'll have to excuse me," Captain Taylor said. "I had some bad news, just now. Buddy I went to school with killed. Undershot the field."

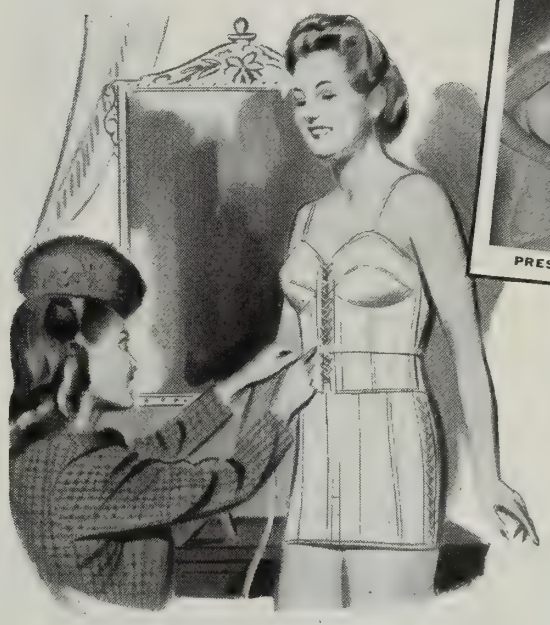
"In Italy? You just heard?"

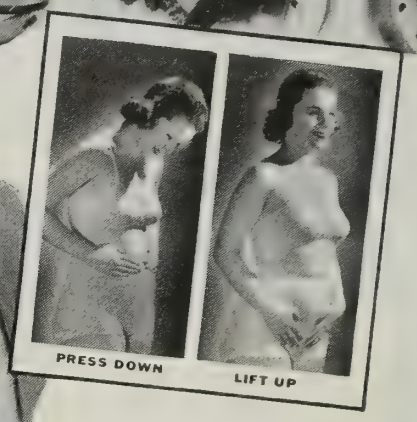
"No, here in the States. He's been back nearly a year. Major Blane was just telling me—he knew him in Africa. Had a desk

I never thought I'd hate the sight of food!



1 Anybody can tell by looking at me that I like to eat! But with laundry and cleaning and all the other things I have to do, it got so I hated even the thought of mealtime! Just more work—when I was already too tired to budge. Then one night my sister came to dinner. I was so exhausted I thought I'd cry.





2 She took one look and said, "Maybe you're not getting the support you need." She made me press down on my stomach, and ooh—it was the same dragged-down feeling I had all day. Then she said, "Now lower your hands and lift up." What a relief! "That's the *natural* support you get all day from a Spirella!" (Pictures show how to try Press and Lift test yourself.)

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Grand Idea for Lent! This easy New Orleans Two-Dish Supper



LENTEN time or any other time, New Orleans loves its seafood and a crisp, green salad tossed with tantalizing Wesson Dressing! When you make the dressing (and this seafood casserole, too!), be sure to use New Orleans' own salad oil—Wesson Oil, that fine, delicate salad oil that coaxes out the best in your seasonings.

SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

(Serves 6-8)

1½ pounds fish fillets
1 cup carrots, cooked and diced
1 cup onions, cooked
1 cup peas
3 tablespoons Wesson Oil
4 tablespoons flour, sifted
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 to 3 cups mashed potatoes

Arrange fish and vegetables in layers in greased casserole. Heat Wesson Oil in pan. (Note how this sunshiny salad oil fairly *sparkles* as it pours, it's so clear and pure. No wonder more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil!). Next, blend in flour. Slowly add milk, stirring constantly over low heat until thick. Add lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and seasonings. Pour in casserole. Top with mashed potatoes, heaping them lightly. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.



WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Your first taste will show you how light and delicate Wesson Oil lets your own seasonings stand out—never drowns them under a heavy, oily taste.

For occasional variety in Wesson Dressing you may enjoy the addition of ¼ cup Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg or 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

P.S. Try this grand Wesson Dressing on your favorite salads. (Even salads you may never have thought of serving with French dressing!) See if it doesn't make them taste fresher, zestier. Get a bottle of light, sunshiny Wesson Oil today, and clip the recipes *now!*



Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS

job. Kept up his flying Sundays, when he could. His wife didn't like it, his flying."

"She was afraid for him?" Julianne asked.

"She was afraid he'd be late for dinner," Captain Taylor said. "She told him, if he went up, he could get back in time for dinner—she was having guests to dinner—or else. He said he'd be back early. He was! He was married two years. She'd told him she'd file suit for a divorce if he didn't give up flying."

There was such a hurt, such real sorrow, along with resentment, in the captain's face. Julianne wished suddenly, and very much, that he *knew* Bob Yates, knew what he was going through, in his state of fatigue, in his marriage to Flora Lee. Surely, if he knew, however much he liked Flora Lee, he would not add to Bob's troubles.

When Pete and Captain Taylor left them, Kim said, "You see, baby, to fly, to keep your rating, you have to put in your flying time, you have to keep your hand in. You have to keep good, to be good."

"Kim, will you be flying, do you think?"

"Would you rather I'd not, Julie?"

"No, not if you want it. Our being married is ours; your work's yours. I'd like to fly myself. After the war, couldn't I learn?"

"You? Do you want to, baby?"

"Yes, I do."

"Let's have those six little boys first," he said. "How's your friend Nora and the baby? Gosh, that kid's a specimen! They ought to take him around to fairs!"

"I'm going to the beach with her this afternoon. She's not a bit happy, Kim. Major Blane doesn't get used to the baby."

"Takes time, I expect. Here, don't you want your pie?"

At their table, Flora Lee said, "I'm so hungry, Bobby. I'm always hungry after I ride. You haven't asked me if I had a good time."

"Did you?" Bob asked.

"Yes, I did. Captain Taylor's sweet. Bobby, I told him he wasn't to, when I saw he was, but he's fallen in love with me."

Bob laughed, but there was no pleasure in his laughter. "You've not asked me whether I had a good time."

"You? Did you go someplace, Bobby?"

"No, but I am going someplace. I'm going out to Albuquerque. They're sending me out to the convalescent hospital there."

"Where's Albuquerque, Bobby?"

"Out West. There's a bombing school there. Pilot I met had his training at the bomber school out there. His wife's folks live there. But you know them—Kim and Julianne."

"She doesn't like me," Flora Lee said. "I can't help it. Girls, pretty girls, hardly ever like me. Papa'll never let me go out there."

"No, I suppose not."

"You mean you don't want me to come out?" Flora Lee pressed her napkin to her red mouth. "Something's happened, Bobby. What was it?"

"I TALKED with a doctor, that's all. I told him about the bailing out. I told him all about it. I told him about us too."

"About us? What about us?"

"That we've not been able to talk; that you're not satisfied with me, want to be with other men. Wish you were free to marry someone else, for all I know."

"Why, Bob Yates! That's just a great big story! I never've said that. How could you say that to any old doctor we don't know!"

"I know him. I've talked with him for a few minutes almost every day for a week. But I'd not told him about the bailing out. Today I told him about it and how I've wanted to tell you—how I felt I had to tell you!"

"Felt you *had* to tell me! You *did* tell You told me until I could scream!"

"No, Flora Lee. I tried to tell you. didn't listen."

"I was just as patient as—as a mot I've stood by you, Bobby. How could tell any old doctor I want to be with o men, like I wasn't nice! I can't help men fall in love with me, can I?"

"No, Flora Lee, you can't help it, bec you don't know any better, because t the way you were brought up. I've to un stand that, take it into account, wait —

"The way I was brought up? Why, Yates! I was brought up nice!"

"I didn't mean to start this, Flora Not here in the dining room. Let's w

"Wait! For what? For us to be u that room, by ourselves, where you say these things and I have to liste them ——" She was crying.

"FLORA LEE," he said, "don't cry! I cry here! I was trying to tell you: he h me to see it's not a flop, not necessaril we'll wait, if we'll talk and try to unders each other. We're *married*, Flora Lee."

"Can I help it?" she wept. "I've tri hard! I haven't even written papa a it!" She got up from the table, after a look along the aisles between the ro tables. "I'll not stay to have you with me like this, Bobby," she said papa ——" She went quickly, her han chief pressed to her lips.

Her husband looked after her, and di get up and follow her. Instead, he beg eat. For the first ti months he was hu ravenously hungry. voice, and the sharp s of her angry heels, away from him, dir from his hearing. He v eat; then he would g to their room—no would go down or sand and sleep, sle long time.

Bob Yates found ter from his mother his mail at the desk put it into his pocke went up to his room found his wife sitti the desk, writing an ing furiously. She s more like a very girl in a movie t wife. He felt no need to do anything her crying.

"Go away," she wept. "I'm writing I'm asking him to get me a divorce."

She sounded like a pretty girl in a too. There was no need to answer he put his hands into his pockets and f letter and went to the bed and lay dow opened it. There was another letter in letter from his old girl. It was not w to him, but to Jo's parents. Jo's moth brought it over for his mother to re was a letter that made him rememb clearly. The letter in his hands was more real to him than was his wife.

Suddenly he saw Flora Lee's red hands snatching and then tearing the and he felt surprise that she could hav out of the movie and across the roo

"You hear from her!" she scr "You write to her! You're making l that girl, all the time. That's what's w

He did not reach for the letter. He t tired to do anything about it. He t his bathing trunks and went toward th

"I'm going to see Captain Taylor," Lee sobbed, "and I'm going to tell him thing. He loves me. Two can play game, Bob Yates!"

He went out and closed the door a not wait for the elevator, but went do stairs, talking to himself, saying Bibl his mother had taught him, and spea Flora Lee's voice, "——without love— ing brass! Tinkling cymbals." He f place as far away from others as th to be found on the beach, stretched closed his eyes and was asleep almost

(Continued on Page 94)

WASTED EFFORT

There is so little money earned in attending to other people's affairs that we wonder people don't quit it.

—E. W. HOWE: Country Town Sayings. (Crane & Co.)

It is the exceptional woman who goes out of a man's life without banging the door.

—M. E. MORTON: Quoted in The Woman.

What a wonderful world this would be if we all did as well today as we expect to do tomorrow.

—GRIT: Quoted in Parade.



THIS NEEDS COLOR



These foods are fine for flavor, but beg for some cheery color to brighten the eye and whet the eating urge. (Try using your pale vegetables with a rosy meat such as corned beef.)

What a difference color makes!

These before-and-after pictures show how the sunny gaiety of Niblets Brand Mexicorn and a few color changes turn a dullish meal into a bright, inviting one.



HERE IS COLOR



Color does it. Slice the apples so their skins show warm and red. Add the deep green of broccoli, and toss in the lovely gold of Niblets Brand Mexicorn, flecked with bright bits of sweet red and green peppers. Here's a meal as ringing with cheer as a dinner bell. Good for morale, too!



The happy Green Giant on this can reminds you that here's another of his fine products. This time it's Niblets Brand Mexicorn. It's just a little different way to enjoy those famous yellow corn kernels from that famous special breed (D-138, exclusive with us).

Niblets Brand Mexicorn gives you all the tenderness and flavor of your favorite corn, plus the color-and-flavor sparkle of sweet red and green peppers—and minus the bother of adding them yourself. Ready to heat and serve.

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn., and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Whole Kernel Corn, Green Giant Peas, Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.

Niblets Brand Mexicorn

Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor

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XICORN"
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Pompadour Pudding

½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 beaten egg yolks
1 beaten egg
2 cups milk, scalded
1 teaspoon *Burnett's Orange Flavor*

Combine sugar, flour, salt, egg yolks, and whole egg. Add small amount of milk, blend, stir into remaining milk. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly. Cool, add *Burnett's Orange Flavor*. . . . Top with Chocolate Fluff.

Chocolate Fluff: Add ½ cup confectioner's sugar to 2 stiffly-beaten egg whites, beat till it stands in peaks. Slowly add 1-ounce square unsweetened chocolate, melted, 1 tsp. *Burnett's Vanilla Flavor* and ⅛ tsp. salt. Chill. Serves 6.

IT'S FLAVOR MAKES A FEAST!

A hint of Mint in pale pea soup . . . a whiff of Celery enriching a casserole . . . a touch of pungent Garlic in a crisp green salad . . .

And desserts! The spice of Cinnamon tucked in a deep apple pie . . . the bland flavor of Almond or the fragrance of Banana in tempting puddings and custards . . .

Cook the Burnett Flavor way! There are 29 fine Burnett Food Flavors . . . to make every dish a special treat, a feast of every meal.

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"Be patient, dear—you're next over the threshold!"

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Cheerful Card Co., Dept. H-2, White Plains, N.Y.
WRITE FOR SAMPLES

(Continued from Page 92)

Julianne found Kim lying in the sand, resting on his elbows and talking with Pete. Between them was a sand relief map that she thought she recognized as the island of New Britain.

"Mrs. Kim, you're good!" Pete said approvingly.

"I look at all Pacific maps, in papers and news magazines," Julianne said, "until I'd see them in the dark, if I woke in the night.'

"Your missus, Kim, besides being so easy to look at, talks uncommon well. And what she says ain't just prop wash, either."

"Natch!" Kim said. "She's been brought up on books; and besides, she's had the benefit of my letters for a couple of years."

"I still regret never knowing what you talk about," Julianne said.

"Well, I'll tell you," Pete said. "We talk about women, Mrs. Kim. All but Kim, here, of course. He just sits back and smiles. Mostly, we're thinking how we'll get along, when we get back."

"Do you know Roberts, Pete?" Kim asked. "Let me tell you what he came home to. He's been flying the shuttle, to Russia. He sent his wife everything he made, practically everything. Wanted to start up a business for himself, when he got home. He'd sent her better than two thousand dollars, and do you know how much she has of it in the bank? Six hundred!"

"What had she done with it?"

"Spent it. She'd bought a car, with another girl, paid five hundred down, on a better car than he'd think of buying, and the other girl dummied out, and she had to take over the whole thing. She said he'd said she was to have some of the things she'd always wanted. He'd not been able to get her a ring, so she got herself one. That and some clothes—she says she likes to dress up when she gets out of overalls—is all she's got to show for it."

"Women!" Pete said.

"Now let me tell one," Julianne said. "You know Rose Hallet, Kim, at home, who married Don Wendell? Do you know what she's done for Don?"

"What?"

"Not only banked his allowance, but saved, out of her earnings, enough to keep him in school a year. Don wants to go to law school. And do you know what he did? This is for you, Pete, and to even up! He wrote to her that money had come to mean nothing to him, and he'd gambled away every bit of it. And with that, I'll leave you."

"I'm crushed by your tale," Pete said. "You really wouldn't care about a blow-by-blow account of a poker game, would you, Mrs. Kim?"

"I'm going," Julianne said.

Flora Lee met Captain Taylor in the cardroom where she had told him to wait for her. He was so intent on listening to the radio that he did not know she had come into the room until she sat down beside him and said softly, "Don't look at me, captain, honey. I've been crying, and I look a sight! It's just, it's so *awful* to have someone spoil your whole life—I *had* to cry!"

HE DID not look at her. "Those Russians are moving right along," he said, looking earnestly at the radio.

"If I'm disturbing you, I beg your pardon," she said. "I'll go, and right now."

"No," he said, and drew her to him and pressed her head to his shoulder.

She said, her voice ready for tears again, "Oh, honey, it's so awful. My husband—he goes around like somebody in a dream. He's made them think he's sick, and he's *not* sick! He just *acts* that way! He's just a *stranger*, and I don't love him any more, and I've written papa to get me a divorce, and he will, too!" She raised her head from his shoulder and touched his cheek with her finger tips.

He did not kiss her. Instead, he closed his hand hard over her hand and said, "You don't seem married. You've never seemed married. You're like a girl!"

"I am a girl, honey, and I didn't know what I was doing—getting married. We had

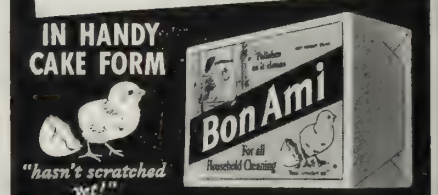


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The DASH that makes the DISH

such a pretty wedding, and a trip to Atlanta, and he went back to the base—there wasn't any place for me to stay there, that papa'd let me go live in ——"

"Where did you say he was in the war?"

"In England, and he couldn't take it! He got all upset, about the bombing and the bailing out. There was flak, and they got behind, his plane did, and an engine went dead. No, I believe it was two engines, and he told the men to bail out—the men that were left. Two, I think it was, were dead, and one, the crew chief, was wounded. He crawled where he could help Bob and they got things fixed so Bob got back. Only, he was dead by then, the chief was. Bob *broods* over it, wants to talk about it until I could scream."

"Where did they bail out?"

"I don't know. After they'd dropped the bombs and were coming back, I think it was."

"Were they all lost?"

"I don't know. I guess so. They were lost or they're prisoners, or something."

"Didn't he tell you?"

"Oh, I guess he did, but I can't *stand* it, honey—all the flak and stuff, and men bailing out and being wounded, and dying! Why should he *want* to talk about it? *You* don't! Other men don't."

"Why do you think he wanted to tell you, Flora?" he asked very gravely.

"I don't know. It's just on his mind. The trouble is, captain, honey, he's just not mature, Bob isn't, like you, like the rest of them. He's just a *boy*, Bob is, or he wouldn't mind, so, things that happen."

She smiled suddenly and said, "Don't look so dark. I'm here, and *we're* not dead!"

"No," he said, "we're not dead. . . . Where are they sending him?"

"I've forgotten the name of the place. A hospital in Arizona or New Mexico."

"You don't know where the hospital is?"

"No, I don't. 'Twas a long name; I've forgotten. I've never been out West. Papa's said we'd go, sometime, and see the Grand Canyon."

"Why are they sending him out there, or don't you know?"

"You aren't a bit nice to me this evening, Captain Taylor. You're hurting my hand. Let me go!"

"You don't know what's wrong with him, why they're sending him to a hospital?"

"No. But it's not anything serious. He's not wounded or anything. He's just tired, he's got to rest and get hold of himself and ——"

He took his arm from about her and got to his feet. "I suggest you go find him, wherever he is," he said, "and try telling *him* something. Tell him you're not going to divorce him, that you'll try to grow up and act like a woman, and not throw him down!"

"Why, Captain Taylor!" Flora Lee gasped.

"I wish I'd met him, the night I met you. I ought to go find him myself and offer him my apologies for taking so much of his wife's time, and my sympathy."

"YOUR sympathy! Captain Taylor, you can't talk to me like that! I wish I'd never met you. I despise you, I do!"

"That's understandable," he said. "I don't think too well of myself. Good-by, Mrs. Yates!"

Flora Lee went swiftly along the hall, and when, at the elevators, she heard footsteps behind her, she said fiercely, "Go away. I don't want to see you, ever again!"

"You won't," a laughing voice said, and she whirled about to look up into the wide and homely face of Lt. Pete Copeland. "Captain Taylor took the stairs."

"Lieutenant Copeland," Flora Lee said, and managed a faint smile. "I lost my temper with Captain Taylor. I have an awful temper. I always have had."

"You forgive the captain," he said, wondering, as he spoke, that he should feel any urge to tell her. "He's had bad news today. Friend of his died—his wife killed him."

"She *killed* him, Lieutenant Copeland?"

"Because he wanted to fly, and she thought if he did he'd not get home for supper."

"You are kidding, Lieutenant Copeland!"

"No, not this time. And besides, the captain's disappointed in love. He's disillusioned. He's going up to pack—he's going out, in hours now, and—here's your up car, Mrs. Yates."

FLORA LEE did not find Bob in their room. She felt very much alone, and frightened too. She went to the mirror and looked sadly into her own dark eyes and wondered why it was that she should be both so pretty and so lonely. She sat down and thought about Captain Taylor with regretful hatred. No man had ever talked to her so in her life. Just why he had turned from love to hatred, within hours, she did not understand. Bob, and his telling the men to bail out, and his going to the convalescent hospital, had something to do with it. "Not throw him down," Captain Taylor had said. It might be he knew something about Bob that she did not know. Anyway, whatever Bob was, he wasn't ugly toward her. He had been so sweet when they were first married, so much in love with her.

Albuquerque! That was the name of the place! She wished she could have remembered, talking with Captain Taylor. There was a bombing school out there, she remembered Julianne saying. There were dude ranches too. She didn't like to ride in a Western saddle, but she could have her father send her saddle out to her. It comforted her that she knew men who rode better than Captain Taylor rode.

When Bob came in she would kiss him and tell him she was sorry. She would send her father a wire telling him not to mind her letter. She went to the dressing table to search for her lipstick brush, and as she searched she composed the telegram: "Lovers' quarrel. Forgiven him. Never mind letter."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All Gentle Things

By Jehanne de Mare

You have been to me
That one safe place
Wherein my heart could hide
Its grievous face.

You have been to me
All gentle things alone
Wherein my heart forgot
The bitter stone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Major Blane put his key in the lock, he was surprised not to hear Nora's quick step and to have the knob turn under his hand, and the door open. He had phoned to tell her he would be back at three-thirty. Nora knew that he was punctual. She was not in the room. The door was open into the bathroom and baby noises came from there.

He waited, and when Nora did not come out, he called, "Nora, I got my assignment."

She did not answer. He went to the bathroom door and looked in. The baby was standing in the empty tub on a rumpled blanket. When he saw his father he waved his arms, lost his balance and sat down, hard, and looked up indignantly.

"Don't cry," Jack said to him. "That didn't hurt you."

The boy smiled, reached for the edge of the bathtub and hooked his hands over the side and pulled himself up. No sooner was he on his feet than he began an experiment that, obviously, was not a new one. Holding fast to the wide and slippery top of the tub, he lifted a sturdy leg and tried to hook his toe over the edge.

"I'd not do that, sir, if I were you," Jack advised. "Your leg's too short. Where's your mother?"

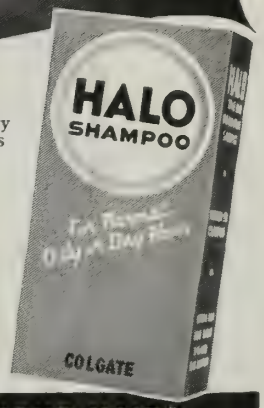
Spoken to, the boy forgot everything, brought his arms up and then down again, and again his feet went out from under him. This time, instead of sitting down, he slid across the tub, the blanket bunching up under his feet, and lit on his stomach and his chin. Prone, he lifted his head and looked

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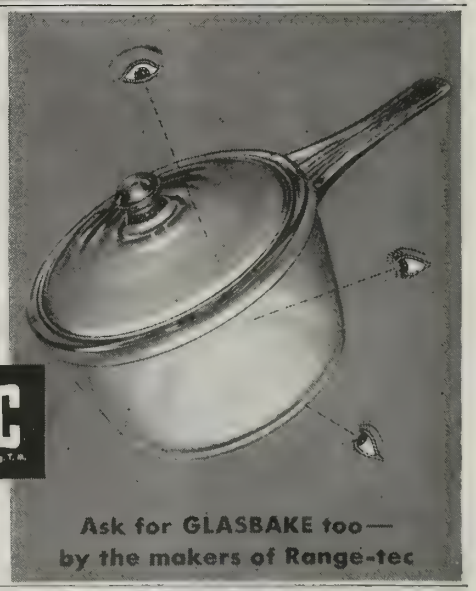
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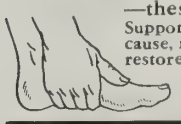
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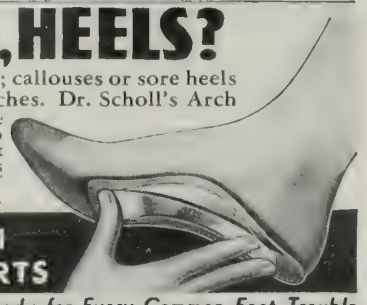
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up at his father, his eyes welling tears, his chin puckering and dimpling.

"Don't cry," Jack said again. "Get up, and this time watch what you're about. Don't let it throw you. Keep your hand on the stick, now."

As though he understood him, the baby gathered his legs under him, braced with his hands and brought himself up to a hands-and-knees position. Again he looked up at his father.

"Don't look at me," Jack said, and knelt on one knee beside the tub. "If you're man enough to climb out of this tub, climb out, and keep your mind on it."

Once more on his knees, the boy reached for the top of the tub, put his hands over the edge of it and, when he was standing again, raised the leg until he could hook his toes over the edge of the tub.

"Atta boy!" Jack said. "Now don't lose your nerve or your grip. Now you're comin'! Heave, and you'll make it!"

To his surprise, the baby obeyed him, but with a quickness that was bewildering. His arms caught the boy and held him up from falling on his face.

"You made it!" Jack said. "But you can't come in, you can't land like that, kid. Now do it again. And get your landing gear down."

He set the baby back in the tub, and again he struggled up and over, and again was caught from falling, and at last was praised. Jack caught him up, got to his feet with him, holding him in his arms, and set him on his shoulder, and carried him into the other room, where the baby began to kick and throw himself about, so violently that Jack almost dropped him. Then he saw what the boy was reaching for, what he wanted. Hanging by a string from the ceiling light fixture, where Nora must have had to climb up on the table to tie it, was a plane, a small Mustang.

"Where'd you get that?" Jack asked the baby. "Where'd you get that Mustang? Here, that's not to eat!" He held the grabbing hands away from the plane, and when the boy kicked and yelled to have the model back, Jack put him down on the bed, well toward the middle, and said, "Now watch! Sit there and *watch!*" He loosed the string from the model and, holding it in his hand, sat down on the bed beside the boy and said, "Now keep your hands down and *watch!*"

Sitting bolt upright, his hands on his fat brown knees, his underlip drooling, and his blue eyes following the slowly moving plane, the baby watched. It was so that Nora found them when she opened the door. For a long moment she stood by the door, her hand pressed to her throat.

JACK got to his feet, looked back at her over his shoulder, the plane stopped in a downward swoop, and said, "Shut that door, Nora. We're not ready for wind yet."

She came, on tiptoe, and stood at the foot of the bed, watching the baby. After one glance at her, Johnny's eyes had gone back to the moving plane.

"What do you mean, going off and leaving him in the tub, Nora?" Jack asked. "Don't you know he can climb out?"

"No!" Nora cried. "Did he climb out? It's the first time, the first day, ever! It is the first time I left him too. It ——"

"Why did you? He could have broken his neck!"

"I wanted you to find him, to come home and find him, and the Mustang too. Which did you find first, Jack?"

"The boy. Nora, I got my assignment."

"You did, Jack? What? Where?"

"Where we'll have to rough it, all of us—him too!"

"Where?"

"Down in Florida. I'm going to be training cadets. We'll have to live in a shack, in a tent, a trailer or whatever we can get."

"Of course," she said.

"He'll have to take whatever I find for us."

"Of course."

"Nora, why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"That he knows what you *say* to him?"

"Does he?"

"Sure he does. Now look. Come watch him, Nora. Come watch him watch this plane. Where did it come from, anyway?"

"From angels," Nora said. She went to his side, and he surprised her by taking her in his arms and saying:

"Nora, I'm sorry. It's taken me a while to get straightened out. But here, at the station, I've talked with a number of men, in the processing line and in the hotel—pilots. They all had something to get straight, Nora. I talked with a doctor here the other day, and he told me about another pilot who came home to find his wife had given their baby away—*given* it away, Nora."

THEY kissed, but the kiss was brief. The baby had slid to the edge of the bed and was going off, head first. It was Jack who saw him and caught him.

"We've got to watch him, Nora," he said. "He's *eager*, this kid is!"

POLITENESS

"Beg your pardon," said the fat man, returning to his seat. "Did I step on your foot as I went out?"

"Yes, you did," said the injured one, expecting an apology.

"This is my row, then," mumbled the other as he squeezed by.

THE JOKE TELLER'S JOKE BOOK: Edited by Frederick Meier (New Home Library, Blakiston Co.)

Bob Yates dreamed that he was falling, his plane afire, and sat up to find his long legs burned red and his shoulders afire with sunburn. How he had slept so hard, had burned so badly, he did not know. He got to his feet and his head swam and felt very strange. Was he going to be sick now, he wondered, just when relief from tension had come, now that, at last, he was free of the terrible need to think about the bailing out, and to tell Flora Lee about it? She had not swung back into reality, for his having slept and rested. She still seemed like someone in a movie. The miracle was that she had ever seemed real. He walked toward the boardwalk, with his ears ringing and the strange feeling that his feet were walking of themselves, without help from him, and were not doing very well. Walking between the rows of beach chairs, where a boy was playing a guitar and singing to his wife, he began to sing:

"All the lovers, little lovers, love to hang around. . . .
They call him Sam, the Old Accordion Man."

That was what was wrong. They were married, he and Flora Lee, but they were not lovers, like these others. Being married, having a honeymoon trip, had not made them lovers. Flora Lee did not really care about love, any more than she cared about him. She had wanted to be married only because she thought she would like the picture, and now she didn't like it. He was tired of the picture himself. He did not want to go up to his room and find her crying or ready to kiss and make up. He wanted to go to a room where he could be by himself and go to sleep again, until his shoulders and his legs stopped burning.

He heard his name and turned, hoping it would be Kim Waters calling him, since it had to be somebody. It was not Kim. It was a red-haired fellow who looked like someone he had known long ago, someone he had known in training, likely. The boy came quite close, breathing hard from running. He must have followed him in from the beach, must have recognized him when he got up from the sand. He couldn't quite get him into focus. He took hold of the railing of the steps that led up to the boardwalk and waited for him to come up to him.

"Don't you know me, Bob?" the boy asked. "Pinkie."

"You got back," Bob said. "Did any of the rest?"

"Sure. Three of us did. Underground. You're all in, Bob."

(Continued on Page 98)

What a Happy, Sensible Daily Rule . . . to give this

Helping Hand

AGAINST COLDS, INFECTIONS AND FLU





So delicious—refreshing—a wonderful Helping Hand to spark up the family's appetites!



Quick and Convenient—it is a welcome Helping Hand in preparing the family's daily meals.



The Doctor says every man, woman, and child needs the Helping Hand of vitamin C every day without fail.

Protective Vitamin C is needed every day . . . and canned grapefruit juice supplies it in richly generous portions . . . delicious and ready to serve!

● Colds and flu—wholesale destroyers of time and health—are ready to strike at millions! But today there are countless families prepared to meet the threat of colds before they even get started. These families have found an easy, delightful, *natural* way—to fortify their bodies with protective vitamin C. At the very first hint of a cold, they drink canned Florida grapefruit juice—a GOLD MINE of this vitamin.

So rich in vitamin C is Florida grapefruit juice, that Uncle Sam sends millions of cans to our fighting men—to supply them with this Helping Hand against colds, fatigue, and infections. And this very same juice, with its vitamin C, is right on the shelves of your grocery store a block or two away!

And don't miss this

. . . deliciously blended Florida
ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

The luscious sweetness of Florida orange juice plus the appetizing tang of grapefruit juice! Try a can today.

Other delicious canned fruits and juices
Florida Canned Orange Juice
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IT'S THE COMMANDO FRUIT
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FIGHT *Infections!*
FIGHT *Fatigue!*
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A BIG HELPING EVERY DAY!



It's the NEW

G. WASHINGTON'S INSTANT COFFEE

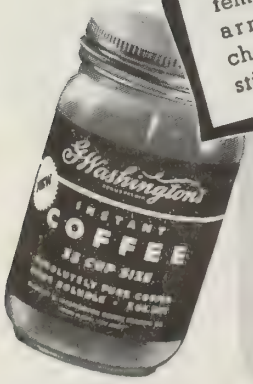


COSTS NO MORE THAN OLD-STYLE COFFEE

It's new! It's easy! It's delicious! Think of it—just *half a teaspoonful* of this NEW G. Washington added to boiling water makes the best cup of coffee you ever tasted—[j]ust 5 seconds! No coffee pot; no [g]rounds; no waste. Always uniform. [A]nd it costs no more than old-style [c]offee; the 2 oz. container is [e]qual to a *pound of ground coffee!* Try the NEW G. [W]ashington. You'll like it!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All G. Washington's Instant Coffee now being made is temporarily required by our armed forces. However, check your grocer. He may still have some.



NEW

G Washington's INSTANT COFFEE

(Continued from Page 96)

"Ya, sunburn. Lay out there and slept. Sunburned."

"Come on, let's get in," Pinkie said. "I saw your name, scheduled, and I've been lookin' for you. Your wife's here too? Does she know you're sick, that you're burned like this? Come on in and get your clothes on, and let's go up and find her."

"No," Bob said. "I think she's divorced me. She was going to divorce me. Don't tell her."

When Bob got into his clothes he was so unsteady he could scarcely stand alone. Pinkie went up in the elevator with him and, when he insisted on getting off at the second floor, got off with him and stood by while Bob told the girl at the desk he wanted to make a long-distance call, that he wanted to talk to Buffalo, New York. Pinkie took his address book from his hands and found the name of the hospital for him, and stood by outside the booth while he phoned.

When Bob heard Jo's voice, at last, he laughed in a way a little boy laughs when he finds something he treasures, lost a long time. "I've got me one terrible sunburn, Jo," he said, "and Pinkie's here. He got *back*. Three of them got back. Underground. . . . Can you hear me, Jo?"

"Yes, Bob," she answered. "Are you in the hospital? You're sick, Bob!"

"Ya, fatigue. And this sunburn. I'm going out to Albuquerque."

"To the convalescent hospital?"

"Yes. I'm not going to be married, Jo."

"What did you say, Bob?"

"I'M NOT going to be married. I'm going to get out of that picture. When I'm all right, when I'm *not* married—she wants a divorce, Jo—will you ride out to your brother's with me, Sunday?"

"Bob, is anybody with you?"

"Sure, Pinkie's here. He got back. He says we're going over to the hospital, get something for this sunburn. Good idea. I don't have to go up. I don't have to see her again, not tonight, anyway. Will you go out there with me Sunday, Jo?"

"Of course, Bob."

"Jo, I love you."

"Bob, let me talk to Pinkie, if he's there."

"Will you wait for me, Jo, until Sunday?"

"Until Sunday, dear. Let me talk to Pinkie."

"Got a temperature, I'd say," Pinkie said to the girl Bob had called on the phone. "Burned like a lobster. I'm taking him right over to the hospital. Cuckoo with fever. They'll look after him."

"Tell him I love him," the girl said. "Take care of him, and tell him I love him."

"She loves you," Pinkie said to Bob. "Now come on. Let's get out of here! Where's the hospital?"

The elevator stopped and an uncommonly pretty, tall dark girl got off. She was looking for someone, Pinkie thought. She looked remarkably like the picture Bob had had pinned over his bed, at the base in England. Pinkie stepped in front of the chair where Bob sat until she was safely out of sight.

Lt. Betsy Weston stopped on the circle drive before the hotel so that she would not walk into focus of a camera. A girl was taking pictures of a bride and groom. The bride was a Wave and the groom an Army pilot, and they had just been married in the chapel in the Ambassador, and had come over to the Ritz, where they were to spend their honeymoon. The girl was tall and very grave. Her friends were urging her to smile and she at last cried:

"No, let me be! I don't want to smile. I'm too happy!"

"And she's right, the Wave is," Captain Howe said.

"Where did you come from?" Betsy said.

"From work and from doing what you asked me to do."

"Captain Howe, what—what did you find out? *Tell* me!"

"Go up to the game room and wait for me. I'll be up."

The elevators were too slow for her. She could not bring herself to wait for them, but

How do you clean a roasting pan?



with a chisel?

Gouge out the bottom of a good pan? No! Use Brillo—spunky but *gentle!*

with a dish rag?



Hard and messy! Dish rags and general-purpose cleansers haven't enough backbone! But watch *Brillo!*



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Yes! Brillo's square, metal-fiber pads scour neatly, *easily! Polish* too! Get Brillo Soap Pads; or Brillo Cleanser—pads and soap separate. Genuine Brillo's in the red and green box!

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For nearly 50 years "KA-BAR" has been the sign of quality, fine materials and skilled craftsmanship on household, pocket and outdoor knives. Recently our fighting men have been taking about all the cutlery that we could make. But very soon now you will be able again to buy KA-BAR Household Cutlery at your favorite cutlery counter.

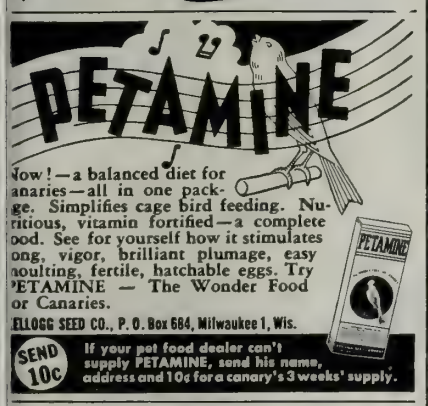
The new KA-BAR Slicers, Paring Knives and Fruit Knives have that nice balance, hand-fitting handles and sharp, thin blades that cut cleanly and fast, which make them a joy to use. So watch for "KA-BAR", and don't be satisfied with a substitute.

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ALSO PLATES CUPS, FORKS SPOONS TABLE COVERS NAPKINS

SUTHERLAND PAPER CO.
KALAMAZOO 13D, MICHIGAN

ran up the stairs, stopping on the second floor a moment to get her breath. In the hallway of the third floor she met Julianne.

"I was coming to look for you," Julianne said. "I wanted to find you right away. I didn't *say* anything to spoil anything." She took hold of Betsy's arm and her hands were trembling. "Run," she said. "Run, Betsy!" and went on down the hallway and, when she got into the elevator, leaned against the wall and shut her eyes.

"Here, Mrs. Kim, what's wrong?" she heard Pete's voice asking.

"Don't say anything," she whispered. "Just hold your breath and thank God, Pete! I found him, Pete. I found Dave Alberts! I just asked him who he was, and where he was, and a few things like that, and then I told him to sit right there, right where he was, and went to find Betsy, and there she was in the hall!"

"How'd he get here?"

"He was ordered here. He's been in hospitals, in a mental hospital and, since, in a convalescent hospital. Months now. He's well and is here to get his assignment."

"Does he know his girl's here?" They got out of the elevator on the seventh floor, and Pete held to her arm. "Why, you're shaking like a leaf!"

"He *didn't* know—he does now! Where's Kim, Pete? I feel so strange. I never felt like this in my life!"

Kim opened the door to them, when Pete bumped it with his elbow and yelled for Kim to open it. He was carrying Julianne.

They laid her on the bed, and Pete remembered to hang her head over the edge

THE BLESSED TENTH

I have made up my mind that this world is made up of 50 per cent natural people, 30 per cent shy people, 10 per cent snobs, and 10 per cent idiots. I ask you to be extremely nice to the natural people, to be tolerant of the shy people, give the snobs a quick kick in the pants, and thank God for the idiots, because they will never find you out!

—SIR SEYMOUR HICKS: In The Lancet.

and Kim brought water and patted her face with a damp towel and waited for her to open her eyes. He was alone with her when consciousness came back to her. Pete had gone to fetch the hotel doctor.

"I feel so foolish," she said. "I guess I fainted."

"I guess you did," he said. "What was it? What was the matter, baby?"

"I don't know. I was just terribly happy, and excited. I've been terribly happy and excited lots of times and never fainted before in my life, never but once."

"But what were you excited about?"

"Fate, and mine being the hand of it," she said, and raised her hand limply. "Dave Alberts is here, and now Betsy's with him, in the game room."

"You keep still. You rest until the doctor gets here."

"Doctor—I'm not going to have any doctor, Kim. I'm not sick. Let me up."

"Lie still."

"Kim, did you get your assignment?"

"I did. But that's going to wait. Here's Pete, back."

"Found a flight surgeon," Pete said breathlessly. "Major Traine, Mrs. Kim! Lieutenant Waters, sir."

"I feel so foolish," Julianne said, looking up at the doctor, who looked rather angry. "I've never fainted but once before in my life. I was ten. I was going to have measles."

"And now, you're going to have a baby," the doctor said quietly.

"How do you know?" Julianne whispered.

"How? Because, up in Alaska, I was called on to deliver a baby one night and they promptly put me in the hospital and made me Chief of Obstetrics and, when I was supposed to be on Kiska, I was helping

New Orleans Molasses Sponge Cake

A LUSCIOUS SUGAR-SAVING CAKE THAT GETS ITS FLAVOR FROM BRER RABBIT GREEN LABEL MOLASSES



NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES SPONGE CAKE

4 eggs, separated
½ cup Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses*
1 teaspoon lemon juice
6 tablespoons sugar
1 cup sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon soda

Beat egg yolks very light; gradually beat in molasses. Beat egg whites until foamy; add lemon juice and beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in sugar. Fold into egg yolk mixture. Mix and sift other dry ingredients; fold into egg mixture. Pour in two ungreased 9-inch layer cake pans lined on bottom with waxed paper. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 20-25 minutes. When cool, spread vanilla pudding (packaged) between layers and sprinkle top with confectioner's sugar, using paper doily for stencil. 8-10 servings.

*For a rich molasses flavor, use **Green Label.** If you prefer a milder flavor, use **Gold Label.**

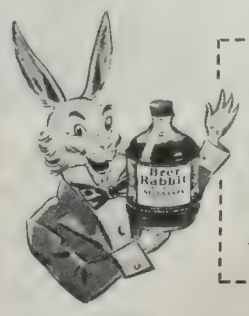
You'll love the delicious lightness and mouth-watering tenderness of this easy sponge cake made with molasses.

But do be careful to use Brer Rabbit *New Orleans* Molasses. It's full of the luscious flavor of Louisiana sugar cane—the flavor you can get only from New Orleans molasses.

Brer Rabbit molasses comes in two luscious flavors:

Green Label Brer Rabbit is a full flavored, dark molasses especially recommended for cooking. And one tablespoonful added to a glass of cold or warm milk makes a full flavored Brer Rabbit Milk Shake that is *rich in iron* and calcium.

Gold Label Brer Rabbit is the highest quality, fancy, light molasses—sweet and mild for table use and cooking where a mild flavor is desired. Delicious on pancakes, waffles, French toast, bread and cereal, and for a delicately flavored milk shake.



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Brer Rabbit NEW ORLEANS Molasses



Indians, and officers' wives, have babies. It was six months before my howl got through to Washington and I finally got out of there. That's a fact."

"Is she all right?" Kim asked.

"Sure she's all right."

"Then why'd she faint?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Some do," he said. "You can call another doctor now and leave me out of this. That was a purely social and not a professional opinion I just voiced. I was brought up here on false pretenses. I'm slated to go on to an Air Force convalescent hospital, from here, and I'm not going to get sidetracked in Atlantic City as a baby doctor. She's all right. Congratulations, young people, and good evening."

When the doctor had bowed himself out, Pete backed out after him, grinning his gentler grin, and shaking his wide head. "See you at dinner," he said. He was going to be gone before dinner, but he hoped they would not know that.

"That right, baby?" Kim asked, when the door was closed after Pete. "Do you think he knows what he's talking about?"

"I think maybe," she said. "I've been holding my breath about it since we got here. Do you mind, Kim?"

"Mind? I'll say not, baby!" He kissed her gently.

"Kim, did you get your assignment?"

"Sure did, baby."

"What?"

"Processing line. Desk job, honey. I'll be interviewing Pacific pilots, men who've just got back. In Classification."

IT'S BEEN SAID

Has a woman who knew that she was well-dressed ever caught a cold?—NIETZSCHE: Quoted in a New Dictionary of Quotations. H. L. Mencken. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

If you want to hear the whole truth about yourself, anger your neighbor.

It doesn't depend on size, or a cow would catch a rabbit.

Contentment is the best powder for women's faces.

A child that is loved has many names.

"Where?"

"Here, baby. Will you like that?"

"Here at Atlantic City, at this station?"

"That's right. We'll find an apartment, somewhere, here. We'll settle down now, Julie."

"For the war?"

"So far as I know, yes."

"Here by the ocean?"

"That's right."

"He'll be born by the sea," Julianne said, "and when he's just old enough to begin to remember, we'll take him home to the mountains."

"And to Indiana. Say, won't dad go nuts? Do you feel like coming down to dinner, Julie?"

"Of course, Kim. I want to go down. I want to see them all again, all of them who've not gone on to new places. It's like a whole lifetime, these ten days in this place. All of us here, all us young ones, getting back, finding one another. We, here at home, know so little of all that you've come home from, Kim."

He was looking down at her with a tender gravity that made her remember the chaplain's saying, "He is sad, 'numerously' sad." She reached to take his face between her hands and whisper, "Kim, are you thinking of the men, of Van and Tommy and the others?"

"No, I was thinking of him. Briefed to take off, in a time like this, with the world like it is!"

"He'll make it," she said. "It may even be a little better world, by spring!"

(THE END)



It's The Long Slow Baking That Makes 'Em Extra Good

Look for delicious B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans at your Grocer's. These New England favorites are really baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you true Down-East-recipe goodness. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that is keeping his present supply limited. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Maine.



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Means "Oh, So Better" salads when served with a genuine French Dressing that's made really genuine with zestful, superfine and pure Pompeian Olive Oil—the olive oil with the clear color and delicate flavor.



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*Look for the Cory glass filter rod when you buy!

It's a patented Cory feature. Insures delicious coffee every time. Does away with messy filter cloths. Eliminates metal, too. And so much more convenient. Just rinse off, and it's clean. *Fits all standard glass coffee makers,* and you can buy it separately. 50c at

RED IS FOR LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 21)

They need a pair of hands at a typewriter, and a brain to condense rafts of material. But they don't need *my* hands or *my* brain. They don't really need me at all."

"Look," he said. "You'll make yourself sick if you go on this way."

"I am sick," she said. "I am sick."

"Stop it." He took her by the shoulders and shook her.

"Leave me alone," she flared. "You didn't have to come in the first place. You didn't have to be the noble good Samaritan, you didn't have to listen ——"

He pushed his mouth against hers and stopped the words, and held her so for a long time. "You talk too much," he said. He drew her arms around his neck and kissed her again. He felt the tenseness leave her body, and after a while she stood quiet against him, her head bent a little, just touching his chin.

"I needed that too," she said. "And you knew it." She turned away from him. "I'm so ashamed."

"Don't be," he said. "Everybody needs that sometimes." Still she would not look at him. He took out his handkerchief and blotted her wet cheeks. "What's your name?"

"Pamela."

"My name's Bill." He wiped off her eyelashes and tilted her face up to examine his handiwork. "M-h'm," he said. "It's not a bad face, as faces go. If you wouldn't soak it so long in the brine. What are you trying to do—make yourself a pickle-puss?"

"A pun," she said, "is the lowest form of wit." But she was smiling.

"Hold it. I just caught a glimpse of the gayest girl in Oakridge County."

"Which way do you think she went?"

He looked back down the road, to where the sky was purpling at the horizon. "Through the hills and over that star, I think. Do you want to track her down?"

She nodded. "Please."

He stuffed his handkerchief back in his pocket. "We'll have to go back to headquarters and plan our strategy." He turned her around, and just then the street lights came on, warm and yellow, all the way down the highway as far as eye could reach. They stood and looked, the two of them. After a long minute he smiled. "Pamela, did you ever get a high sign from heaven? Because that's it." He tucked her arm through his. "Let's go."

It took them about fifteen minutes to get back to the center of town.

"The first thing," he said, "is to take you home and wash your face. Where do you live?"

"It's not far. Turn right at the traffic light and walk down three blocks."

"Got that," he said. "The next thing is to dress you up right. Have you got a red dress?"

"A red dress?"

"A girl with chestnut hair and gray eyes should have a red dress," he said.

She considered this. "I have a red suit."

"That'll do it."

The apartment was dark when she opened the door. "Jane must have gone to the movies," she said, as she snapped on the light.

He got a hazy feeling of cool green walls, and flowers in the right places, and books by the fireplace. Very nice, all in all, but he felt cramped. He walked down the room and across to the window with a measured tread.

"What are you doing?"

"You were right," he said. "It is twelve feet by sixteen. Not big enough. Not nearly big enough. Even for you." He crossed the room and stood in front of her. "You may have twenty minutes," he said. "Twenty minutes to wash your face and comb your hair and put on your red suit and look like a reasonable facsimile of the gayest girl in Oakridge County. I think that'll be the best way to trap her. Use you as decoy."

"Only twenty minutes?"

"That's all," he said firmly. "We have a bus to catch to the city."

He sat down on the studio couch in front of the windows to wait. Yes, it was a nice little apartment all right. There were cushions where you wanted them and ash trays within reach, and they hadn't cluttered up the place with too much furniture. There was a feeling about the place—that it could grow into home, if there were only growing space, space for more than just a couple of girls.

Pamela stood in the doorway. "Reporting for duty," she said.

He stood up and inspected her gravely. Her hair gleamed in the lamplight, lipstick was banner-bright on her mouth, and the red suit gave a proud set to her shoulders.

"I—I couldn't do much about the eyes," she said. "They're still a little swollen."

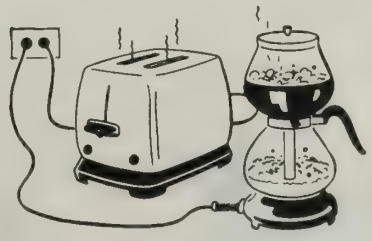
"A slight Oriental look is no drawback in this sort of business," he said. "In fact, it might be good strategy to emphasize it." He picked a nasturtium from the vase on the desk. "Here. Put this in your hair." He clipped it on just above her temple. "Perfect."

In the bus he sat beside her and watched the wind lift the curls gently off the back of her neck. Her hand was clenched into a fist in her lap. He reached over and spread her

(Continued on Page 103)

Wire Service

FOR the duration there will be no repairs for home lighting installations if there are still usable circuits in the house. That means if the circuit supplying the living room fails, it can't be replaced if there is a usable one in a bedroom. Circuits are round-trip paths for electricity and have definite capacities. Overloaded circuits strain the wiring and lower the performance of lights and appliances. To trace circuits, plug lamps into convenience outlets and turn on all lights. Then go to the fuse box (near electric meter), loosen—but do not entirely remove—a fuse and see which lights go out—that shows which outlets are on one circuit. Diagram the circuits as a future guide. If irons heat slowly or lamps dim when others are turned on, it's a sign of overloading with too many lights or appliances on one circuit. Electric power is measured in watts, and most



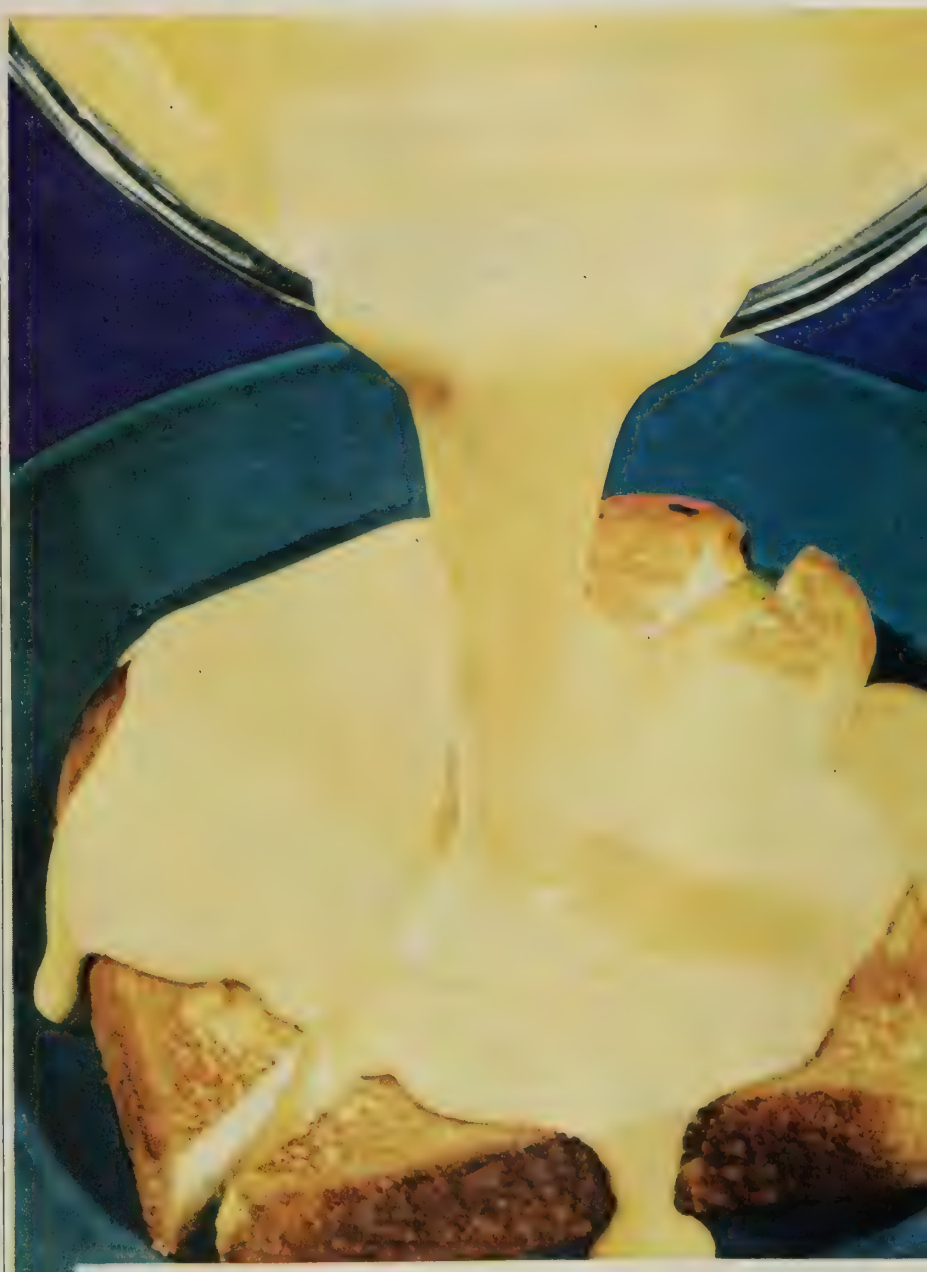
household circuits are designed to carry 1650 watts. Stamped on electric appliances and light bulbs is the rating in watts—sometimes abbreviated "w." Add watts connected on a circuit.

Connect electric appliances to convenience outlets—not to lamp cords, for wires to lamps don't carry enough electricity for irons or toasters. Keep electric cords dry, free from sharp bends and away from grease and acids.

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le Bredehoft Dairy
, Illiana Dairy
r Ridglydale Dairy
Stamer's Dairy
ort Union Dairy
arles Riverview Dairy

ANA
ille Rauth's Dairy
cago Prairie View
t Eby's Dairy
augh Dairy Products
ayne Eskay Dairy Co.
Allen Dairy Prods.
& Hammond
Cloverleaf Dairy Co.
Dixie Dairy Co.
ity Solms Bros.
t Hillcrest Farm Dairy
gton Pure Milk Co.
ap's Capitol Dairies
m. H. Roberts & Sons
o Med-O-Bloom D'y
tte Furnas Ice Cr.
e Scholl Dairy
n Pure Milk Co.
ernon Rosenbaum Bros.
ond Wayne Dairy
Bend Reliable Dairy

A
F. H. Logsdon
port Wyanet Farms
odge Creamery Co.

SAS
Country Club Dairy

UCKY
nd Hickory Hill Dairy
ille Cherokee S. Milk
nsboro Model D'y, Inc.
ton Cream & Butter
nester Marsh Dairy Co.

NE
A. H. Ouellette
gton Richvale Farm
eld Maple Lane Farm
on A. H. Ouellette

YLAND
ore Green Spring D'y
h Hill Kennersley F'm
rick Ideal Farms Dairy
rstown
en Plains Dairy Farms
Woodside Hall Farms
sville Harvey Dairy
m Moughon Farms
eposit Mt. Ararat F'ms
lle Sycamore Dairy
ury Fairview Dairy
Homestead Dairy
msport
Woodside Hall Farms

SACHUSETTS
boro Devine's Milk
n and Vicinity
Deerfoot Farms
H. P. Hood & Sons
Wethersfield Farm
White Bros.
Whiting Milk Co.
ord Robert H. Sawyer
ton H. P. Hood
Cod
annis H. P. Hood
White Brothers
mouth H. P. Hood
ods Hole H. P. Hood

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
E. Bridgewater H. P. Hood
East Walpole Endean Farm
Fitchburg Tri-City CoOp.
Framingham Deerfoot Farms
Greenf'ld Sheldegren Farm
Haverhill Rob't. H. Sawyer
Holyoke F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Shadylawn Farm
Hopkinton Frankland Farm
Littleton J. Fred Herpy
Longmeadow
F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Lowell John Kydd & Sons
Marlboro Deerfoot Farms.

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
Westfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
Worcester Deerfoot Farms
Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
United Dairy System, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor Hirth Brothers
Bay City Bay City Dairy
Flint Genesee Dairy
Kalamazoo Lockshore Farm
Lansing Heatherwood Farm
Midland Smith Dairy Co.
Saginaw Huebner Dairy
Saginaw Dairy

MISSOURI
St. Louis St. Louis Dairy
Versailles Repelmar Farm

MONTANA
Billings Billings Dairy

NEBRASKA
Lincoln Skyline Dairy
Omaha Roberts Dairy

NEVADA
Reno Model Dairy

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Elizabeth Dairyland Farms
Wood Brook Farms
Fanwood Wood Brook Farms
Florham Park
Florham Park Dairies Inc.
Haddonfield Abbotts D'ries
Hightstown Conover's
Hightstown Guernsey D'y
Hillside (with Elizabeth)
Mt. Vernon Farms
Irvington Alderney Dairy
Mt. Vernon Farms
Port Murray Dairy
Sunrise Dairies

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
New Brunswick Krauzer's
Kreiger Dairy
Mayer's Sanitary Dairy
Middlesex Farm Dairy
Paulus Dairy
Schmidt's Dairy
No. Arlington Forest Dairy
Paterson Franklin Lake
Peapack-Gladstone Dairy
Perth Amboy
Supreme Milk & Cream
Plainfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook
Point Pleasant
Van Schoick's Dairy

NEW YORK
Albany Mark W. Stevens
Boulevard Dairy Co.
Norman's Kill Dairy
Auburn Auburn Guernsey
Buffalo Beck's Dairy
Clayton Merle L. Youngs
Conesus Damian Farm
Frankfort Hillside Dairy
Hoosick Falls
Fillmore Farms, Inc.
Mill Neck Beaverbrook Farm
Newburg Forge Hill Farm
New Rochelle Dellw'd D'y
Oswego Oswego Dairy
Pattersonville W.W.Jeffers
Plattsburg Dairy Co.
Rochester Hudson Dairy
Nakoma Farms Dairy
Schreiner Milk Co.
Schenectady Connelly Bros.
Syosset Woodside Acres
Syracuse Syracuse
Guernsey Dairy Co-Op.
Troy Collar City Creamery
Utica Sunshine Dairy
White Plains Dellwood D'y
Yonkers Dellwood Dairy

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville Southern Dairies
Boone New River Dairy
Concord Clear Springs Farm
Durham Durham Dairy
Elkin Klondike Farm
Hendersonville
McNaughton Farms
High Point Clover Brand
Kings Mount. Archdale D'y
Laurinburg Silver Cup D'y
Lexington Coble Dairies
Mount Airy Hatcher's D'y
Mt. Pleasant Green Hills
Tryon Hidden Valley Farm
Winston-Salem Selected D'y

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo Fairmont Creamery

OHIO
Akron Akron Pure Milk
Belle Isle Farm
Chestnut Ridge Dairy
Mountrose Dairy
Bexley Diamond Milk
Cincinnati Opekasit Farms
J. H. Berling Dairy
Cleveland & Suburbs
Dairymen's Ohio
Farmers' Milk Co.
O. A. Dean Dairy Co.
Franchester Farms
H. J. Munz Dairy
Schneider-Bruce Dairy
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.
Columbus Diamond Milk
Dayton Grocer's Coop.
Himes Brothers Dairy
Shoemake Farms, Inc.
Dover Cappeldale Farms
Hamilton McGreevy Dairy
Lancaster Bennett Dairy
Mansfield Raemelton Farm
Mt. Vernon Jewell Milk
Sandusky Esmond Dairy
Springfield Citizen's Dairy
& Lynn Guernsey Farm
Toledo Babcock Dairy Co.
Wooster Ideal Dairy
Youngstown Sanitary Milk

OKLAHOMA
Ardmore Primrose Farm
Tom Cooper Farms
Enid Jerry Oven Farm
Oklahoma City
Gaylord Guernsey Farm
Meadow Lodge Farm

OREGON
Colton
Vancho Guernsey Dairy
Eugene Chula Vista Dairy
Hillsboro Morningdew F'ms
Medford Cloverhill Farm
Portland Fairview Farms
Shedd Prairie Rose Dairy

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown Hess Lehigh
Altoona J. E. Harshbarger
Ambler Meyer's Dairy
Ambridge Taylor Milk Co.
Beaver Falls Bonnie View
Berwick Corner Park Farm
Berwyn Chesterbrook Farm
Bethlehem Mowrer's Dairy
Big Run William Irvin Co.
Brockport Keystone Dairy
Butler Moser's Dairy
Carbondale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Chadds Ford Hill Girt Farms
Chambersburg Dairy
Chester Miller-Flounders
Cornwall Fairview Farms
Donora Triumphant Dairy
Doylestown Smith's San.D'y
Gardenville Farms
Easton Moyer's Dairy
Easton Sanitary Milk Co.
Ebensburg Webster Griffith
Elizabeth Mentor Farms
Ellwood City Fisher's Dairy
Erie Meadow Brook Dairy
Frommknecht & Heidecker
Yaple's Dairy
Fayette City Patterson D'y
Greensburg Silvis Farms
Hamburg Paul R. Kohler
Smith's Model Dairy
Harrisburg Goose Valley
Harrisburg Dairies
Hatboro Ivycrest Dairies
Hazelton S. C. Price
Modern Sanitary Dairy
Honesdale
Bethany-Homestead Farms
Hummelstown Geo. Fromm
Indiana Indiana Dairy Co.
Jenkintown Taylor's Dairy
Johnstown Sanitary Dairy
Somerset Dairy Co.
Kane Ideal Farms
Kennett Square
Brandywine Manor Farm
Lancaster Queen Dairy
Lebanon Hershey Choc. Co.
Lewistown
Lewistown Pure Milk Co.
Meadville Moore-Davison
Mechanicsb'g Konhaus F'm
Monongahela Hank's Dairy
Mapleview
Norristown Holiday Dairy

PENNSYLVANIA (Con.)
Parkers Landing
Parker's View Fa
Phila. Breuninger's Da
(Main Line) Brookme
Pittsburgh Lewis Dair
Page Milk C
Pottstown Levengood Da
Pottsville J. H. Brok
Pulaski Pleasant Ac
Quarryville Norwood F
Reading Clover Fa
St. Lawrence Da
Red Lion Warners Da
Roxborough
Hamilton Dairies, I
Missim
Wood-Narcissa Dair
Scranton Glendale Fa
Shamokin Sanitary M
Sharon Minner's Da
Shippenville Gruber & S
Sligo Shook's Da
Stroudsburg Penn-D
Terre Hill White Oak Fa
Tunkhan'ck Shadow Bro
Uniontown Garner Da
Friendship Hill Da
Wayne Brookmead Dair
Waynesboro Antietam Fa
West Chester Eachus Da
Wilkes-Barre Glendale F
Goodleigh Fa
Wilkinsburg Chas .G.Tur
Williamsport Milk Produ
Willow Street C. H. Witm
York Warner's Da
York Sanitary M

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington
Cedar Lane Fa
Cranston H. P. Ho
Pawtucket H. P. Ho
Providence H. P. Ho
Warren Cedar Lane Fa
Warwick H. P. Ho
Woonsocket H. P. Ho

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston West End Da
Chester Hillbright Da
Columbia Edisto Farms Da
Zimalcrest Fa
Hartsville Guernsey Da
Moncks Corner Gippy H
Orangeburg State Colle
Spartanburg Hill Top Fa
Union Union Da

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls Lakeside Da

TENNESSEE
Germantown Kilalla Fa
Knoxville Farragut Fa
Memphis Gayoso Fa

TEXAS
Dallas Cabe
San Antonio Dairyla

UTAH
Logan Cache Meadi
Ogden Arden-Sunfre
Salt Lake City Arden Da
Cloverleaf Da

VERMONT
Bennington Fillmore Fa
Brattleboro
Shaw-Bellville Dairy
Springfield Estey's Da

VIRGINIA
Alexandria Dairy Co.
Bristol Southern M
Denbigh Burkholder Da
Fairfax Willowmere Fa
Fredericksb'g Farmers C
Galax Round Hill Fa
Kenbridge Guernsey Da
Lynchburg Westover Da
Lynnhaven Bayville Fa
Martinsville Fisher Fa
Norfolk Bayville Fa
Portsmouth Pine Grove Fa
Radford
Clover Creamery Co., I
Richmond Lakeview Da
Curles Neck Dair
Richmond Dairy
Virginia Dairy
Roanoke Clover Cream
Garst Brothers Da
Roanoke Da
Staunton
Augusta Dairies
Virginia Beach Bayville

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Thompson's Da
Wakefield Da

WASHINGTON
Bellingham Hillview Da
Bremerton Price's G. Da
Everett Arown Da
Olympia Meyer's Da
Port Orchard Price's Da
Seattle Marymoor Fa
Golden Arrow Da
Vancouver Golden West
Middale Guernsey Da

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston
Imperial Ice Cream C

WISCONSIN
Ashland Howard Jo
Chippewa Falls
Clover Dairy C
Eau Claire Uecke Da
Dolly Madison Dair
Fond du Lac Luxerin Fa
Green Bay Delwiche Fa
Kenosha Milk Pro's. Co-O
La Crosse Dolly Madis
Madison Bowman Farm
Manitowoc Sorge Da
Menasha Gear Dairy C
Milwaukee Golde
Guernsey Dairy Co-O
Oconomowoc
Shoreland Fa
Racine Progressive Da
Stevens Pt. Altenburg Dai
Superior Russell Creame
Tomahawk
Ta-Ma-Awk D
Waukesha Fox's G'nsey D
Wausau-Bridgeman-Russe
West Bend Decorah Farm D
Wisconsin Rapids
Wis. Valley Creame

WYOMING
Casper Dairy Products, In

A taste-treat plus extra health in every quart of

GOLDEN GUERNSEY MILK



Most people know that milk is one of our most perfect foods, but here's news! GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk is what many people call *super* milk because it gives you *more* of the elements that promote health and vitality. Yes, one quart of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk actually provides well over ⅓ of your daily protein requirements—material needed for vital tissue-building.

Not only is it richer, it's more delicious, too. The creamy eye-appeal of GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk is topped off by a taste-treat that will delight your family, adults and children alike.

Backing up health and taste extras, the GOLDEN GUERNSEY label guarantees you uniform high quality, because GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk is produced only on carefully selected farms, comes from fine Guernsey cows. And, of course, it must meet the high requirements of local and State health authorities plus national supervision by GOLDEN GUERNSEY, Inc.

More good news! With all its superiorities, GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk costs only a trifle more than ordinary milk. And each quart gives you a full ½ pint of cream! For a new lift in your family's life, start using GOLDEN GUERNSEY. War conditions limit the supply, but ask your milkman to start delivering GOLDEN GUERNSEY Milk to you as soon as possible.

MASSACHUSETTS (Con.)
Methuen Greycourt Farm
New Bedford Frates Dairy
Gulf Hill Farm
North Adams
Fillmore Farms, Inc.
North Attleboro Devine's
Northampton United Dairy
No. Easton Langwater Farm
Pittsfield Crescent Cr'y.
Pittsfield Milk Exchange
Shrewsbury Hillcrest Dairy
Jensen's Wayside Dairy
So. Dartmouth Gulf Hill Farm
So. Hadley Shadylawn Farm
Springfield F. B. Mallory, Inc.
General Ice Cream Corp.
United Dairy System, Inc.
Swansea Cedar Lane Farm
Taunton Devine's Milk Lab.

MINNESOTA
Austin Marigold Dairies
Barnum Barnum Creamery
Faribault Marigold Dairies
Farmington Brandtjen Farms
Mankato H. N. Best & Son
Lawguern Farm
Marigold Dairies
Minneapolis
Ewald Bros. Sanitary Dairy
Moorhead Fairmont Cr'y.
Owatonna Marigold D'ries
Pipestone Allen Gewecke
Rochester Marigold Dairies
St. Paul Sanitary Dairies
Van Dyke Guernsey Farms
Winona Marigold Dairies

MISSISSIPPI

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord Summit Farms
Hancock The Flagstones
Laconia Knowles Dairy
Manchester Bachelder's D'y
Milford Crosby Farm
Nashua
Hampshire Hills Farms
Salem Rockingham Farm
Wilton
Hampshire Hills Farms

NEW JERSEY
All Northern Counties
Alderney Dairy
Audubon Abbotts Dairies
Bloomfield Mt. Vernon F'ms
Bridgeton Rainier's Dairies
Camden Abbotts Dairies
Clifton Sisco Dairy

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Irvington Con.
Phil Knorr
Port Murray Dairy
Jamesburg
Forsgate Farms, Inc.
Kearney Mt. Vernon Farms
Linden Mt. Vernon Farms
Madison
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Medford Locust Lane Dairy
Mendham Audley Farms
Merchantville
Parks Dairies, Inc.
Metuchen Wood Brook
Midland Park Franklin Lake
Moorestown Locust Lane
Newark Alderney Dairy
Dairyland Farms
Mt. Vernon Farms

NEW JERSEY (Con.)
Port Murray Dairy
Princeton Rockwood Dairy
Rahway Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Ridgewood Franklin Lake
Riverside & Camden County
Abbotts Dairies
Millside Farms
Parks Dairies
Roselle Sunrise Dairies
Roselle Park Sunrise Dairies
Summit Canoe Brook Farm
Florham Park Dairies, Inc.
Union Ideal Dairy Farms
Mt. Vernon Farms
Westfield Sunrise Dairies
Wood Brook Farms
Westville Abbotts Dairies
Westwood Franklin Lake

(Continued from Page 101)

fingers out one by one, until they lay quiet and relaxed.

"You're not tied up in knots any more," he said. "Remember?"

She looked up at him and then down at her hand lying the way he had smoothed it on her lap. "I—I remember."

In the city, Saturday night strode the streets in a dozen different ways—in the masses of khaki in the shifting crowds, the brilliantly lit store windows, the high-school girls walking four abreast down the sidewalks, the white caps of naval officers. Pamela walked beside him, her gray eyes eager, alive, her lips parted a little. Saturday night was in her too. He could feel it.

"City girl?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, yes. I love the city. Because even if you are alone, there are always lights to watch, and the people, and if you don't like Main Street, there are always all the little side sections to explore."

"We'll explore them," he said.

They walked for hours, first through the downtown theater section, and then to the market place on the East Side where fat chunky Italian men cried their produce in unintelligible English, and small children darted in and out of doorways and around parked cars and wagons and vegetable carts. Then there was Chinatown. And after Chinatown came the amusement park.

They shot down Japs in the penny arcade, and Pamela downed ten Zeros in a row. They munched popcorn and drank sodas. They went on the Ferris wheel, and the Whip, and finally the Dodgems. Bill watched Pamela scooting around the floor in her little red car. Five soldiers ganged up on her and rode her to the wall.

Bill slammed his car into the melee. "I'll run interference for you," he shouted to Pamela. He rammed into one of the cars to give her an opening and she was through it in a split second, her hands tight on the wheel, her hair flying in the wind, and six-year-old excitement spilling from her face. "If I had a car," she'd said, "or a horse—anything. Do you know what it's like to feel the walls closing in on you?" She wasn't afraid of the walls now, now that she had her hands on the wheel and power at her feet.

"See?" he said, when the ride was over and they were walking off the floor. "The walls—you can drive right through them."

"Can you, Bill?"

"I think so."

"Can—can I?"

He smiled. "Yes," he said, "you can."

They went dancing after that, at the Starlight. It was an open-air pavilion, and the stars hung so low they could have reached up and brought down a handful. She didn't put her head on his shoulder as they danced, but there was something about the way she first moved into his arms that made him feel as though he had known her a long, long time. It was a good feeling. He had danced with other girls, girls whose hair touched his cheek, and he had disliked their closeness, because he knew that inside they were far away. She was closer than any of them, though there was distance between her and him.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I was thinking," he said, "that there is a—a serenity about you, a strange serenity for someone who is so trigger-quick most of the time."

She looked up at him briefly and then turned her head away from him, and he could see how the light tipped her lashes with gold. "You slow me down," she said. "The right way. With other people, it's a strain. But with you, it's as though the slowness was always there, deep inside me—and there would always be more when I need it."

He didn't say anything. The beat of the music changed subtly and he swung her into a long side-step and sway, and spun her around into a dip, and everything he did she followed perfectly,

"Bill," she said, "how do you know so much?"

"I don't know very much."

"Yes," she said. "You know what I mean."

Yes, he knew. He knew because he had lived through loneliness, through lostness; because he had wanted something without knowing what he wanted; because he had felt the undefeatable emptiness of a room at five o'clock, in that hour after work, before it was time to eat, the chill wistful feeling that creeps in through the chinks of the day, at five o'clock, and at seven in the morning when you begin to dress, and at midnight when you are back from the movie and the warmth and the lights and the people have faded. He knew.

"You learn," he said. "You have to. And there are some people who help."

"Your parents must be wonderful people."

"They were," he said. "They died in a car crash when I was sixteen."

"Oh." He felt wordless sympathy in the new warmth of her hand in his. "What did you do? Were you all alone?"

"Yes," he said. "I was due to enter college in the fall and there was enough money to stake me through the first year. After that I worked in the summers, and managed all right. It kept me too busy to think much."

People liked to say that, but actually it wasn't true. You were never so busy that you didn't think and wonder, and try to make some sense out of things. Only if you were busy enough it kept you from getting into a mental treadmill and wearing yourself out inside your head.

"And after college?"

"Oh, then the war came, so I enlisted. There didn't seem to be anything else I had to do that was more important at the time."

"But if the war hadn't come?"

He looked down at her as they danced—at her straight nose that stopped at just the right point, and her mouth, serious now, for all its brightness, at the scarlet flower at her temple.

"Oh," he said, "I was going to be an architect. I like to build things. I was going to house that 'third of a nation' they talk about in sociology books."

"Was?" she said. "Aren't you still?"

"Well, yes," he said. "But there's a lot more we have to knock down first. And the ground has to be cleared all over the world, not just in one country."

"I know." She didn't say anything for a little while. He liked her small thoughtful silences. He had known so many girls who chattered. "Get yourself a gay girl," she had told him. Well, she could be gay. He had seen that tonight. And she could be more than gay.

"How about you?" he said. "What were you going to do if the war hadn't come?"

"I?" She smiled a little to herself—a small dead smile. "I was going to get married."

"Was?" he said. "Aren't you still?"

Her mouth set. "Not to him."

"Change your mind?"

"I was wrong all round," she said. "I thought he loved me, needed me, that I could give him something no other girl could, because I was I, and I loved him. But he just wanted a girl, not really me. I happened to be around, that's all."

"So?"

"So—that wasn't good enough for me." Her throat was tight again—he could tell from the way the words came out.

(Continued on Page 105)

ANCIENT ADAGES

There is pain in acquiring wealth, pain in preserving what has been acquired, pain in its loss, and pain in expenditure—why have such a receptacle of sorrows?

—SANSKRIT.

A sure test of a person's sense of humor is whether he will be angry when accused of lack of humor. —CHINESE.

Great men never feel great: small men never feel small.

—CHINESE.

made for the folks who like
Homemade Soups



all the flavor of "Aristocrat" tomatoes and rich cream ..... spiced just right!

HEINZ Condensed CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

One tin of soup plus one tin of milk or water makes four big bowlfuls of delicious soup

Add a wealth of flavor to meat loaf and extra richness to spaghetti by using Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup as a Sauce!



To the Ladies

These gallant young women are dedicated to the service of our country. WAVE, WAC, SPAR, Marine, Cadet Nurse—they know that every ounce of work and loyalty is urgently needed now. They and millions of other Americans are putting all their hearts and energies into the fight for Victory. To them, Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales," an old family friend, says: Keep up the good work!

Just as soon as conditions permit, we hope to be able to fully meet the ever-increasing demand for Canada Dry Ginger Ale... and again make "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" available to you in the handy 5¢ individual bottle.

SO DELICIOUS, SO PURE,
SO REFRESHING . . .
ENJOYED THE WORLD OVER!

CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

(Continued from Page 103)

"Look here," he said presently, "what is
l this about people not caring whether it's
ou or any girl? It seems to be an obsession
ith you."

"It is," she said. "Can't you understand
ny? What's the point of being alive, of
eing a person instead of a clod of earth or a
op of water, if it isn't that you're different
om every other person in the world? And
hat's the point of being different if what
e world wants from you isn't your differ-
tness, but your sameness, the part of you
at everyone else has?" Her voice broke
eacherously and she stopped. He could
el her holding on to herself. Then she
iled, a good smile, and said, "You're
uch too easy to talk to."

But she made sense, Pam did. More
nse than any other girl he had talked to.
d he wouldn't have much more time to
lk with her.

As if she had read his thoughts she asked
m, "When do you have to go back?"

"Tonight."

Her eyes widened. "Your leave's up to-
ght?"

"I have to catch the two-o'clock train,"
said. "But my bags are at the station.
ere'll be plenty of time to take you
me."

"Please," she said, "let me go to the sta-
n with you. It—it would give us a little
re time."

He looked around for a clock and saw one
the opposite wall. Eleven-thirty. If he
k her home they would have to leave
w. And he didn't want to let her go. "All
ht," he said. "If you're sure you can get
me safely."

"I'm sure."

The station was even bigger than he had
nembered it, and the few people walking
wly around from ticket office to the
eckroom to the telephones only made the
ce seem emptier. It was a good feeling to
y your ticket, knowing Pam was just be-
d you; to stand by the train gate and
ch the half-smile on the faintly tired
e of an Army captain watching you.
u knew what he was thinking. Another
dier saying good-by to his wife. His *wife.*
t his girl. That was the way he'd been
ling about Pam. She was more than a
l with wide gray eyes and chestnut hair
d spent the evening with. She was the
l who had walked the highway beside
n, crying; who had stood quiet in front of
n, while he put a flower in her hair; who
d said, "You slow me down—the right
y." She was the girl who stepped into
arms and danced with him as if she had
ne home. Yes, and with her he knew what
ne was like.

He had to tell her all this, and more, in
three minutes that were left. He looked
vn at her, memorizing the slant of her
brows, the small freckles across her nose,
good straightness of her shoulders.

"What—what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking," he said slowly, "how
ch I am going to love you someday. I
e you so much now, and we've had only a
hours. But later, when there is time
in ——"

"PLEASE," she said. "Don't say any more."
kept her eyes on the second button of
shirt. "You've been kind," she whis-
ed. "Kinder than anyone I've ever
wn. I won't cry again—not for a long
e. But you mustn't try to do any more,
tend it's love when it's only pity ——"

"Pam," he said, "you idiot. You out-of-
-world idiot."

"No," she said. "You would have done it
anybody. That's what's so wonderful
ut you. But it wasn't because it was
Pamela Winters ——"

The train was beginning to move. "I'll
ack," he said. "Wait for me. Wait just
g enough so I can come back and knock
e sense into your head." He tipped her
up and kissed her and then dashed for
train, the words roaring in his head,
ve the noise of the wheels, *I'll be back . . .*
t for me . . . I'll be back . . . wait.

He didn't have a picture of her, and she never answered his letters, but it didn't seem to make any difference. She was the realest thing in his life, more real than the months that passed, the shell-churned earth beneath his feet, or the sound of bombers overhead, or even the cold, smooth barrel of the gun in his hand. It didn't matter where he was—drinking beer in an English pub, or tramping along the dusty French roads, or, as he was now, crouched with Joey in the little gully, waiting for a chance to wipe out the Nazi machine gun at the top of the ravine—he had only to think of her, and the low, ever-changing cadences of her voice would sound in his ears, he would feel again the softness of her hair against his face. "*Get yourself a gay girl. . . . What's the point of being different if what the world wants is your sameness? . . . How do you know so much, Bill? . . . The worst thing that can happen to you is to be wasted.*" . . . Well, he wasn't being wasted. He had time to think of that even as he felt the searing bite of the bullet in his flesh, before the earth rose up

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Scrapbook Minds

By Bianca Bradbury

Women are contrarious, for they
Will covet tidiness, yet store away
Odd useless things against a rainy day:
A straggling lilac by a door,
A row of small scuffed shoes beneath a bed,
The fall of moonlight on the floor
Of a silent house, the look of children sleeping,
The touch of silver, and the feel of bread
Raising to lightness. Girls or mothers, wives,
Women all their lives
Sort out the odds and ends for keeping,
Let the great things go.
Letters, buttons, bits of lace,
A look or word or laughing face;
Just as their cluttered cupboards grow,
Their years are scrapbooks. And they hold
Forever, in the heart's hot painful mold,
Dreams cherished, and grown shabby, and grown old.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

before him, and the very noise seemed to lift him up and dash him to the ground.

They sent him back to the States. It was going to take a long time to put him together again. Well, that would be all right, so long as they did put him together. And he could see Pamela. She would come, even though there was half the country to cross, even though she had not answered his letters.

Still, he had not expected her so soon. Not, certainly, on that particular afternoon with the cold rain slanting slowly past his window, and the landscape gray and soggy as far as eye could reach. He didn't know how long she had been there, watching him, but when he turned his head there, suddenly, miraculously and yet naturally—yes, above all, naturally—there she was.

She was standing at the foot of the bed, the curtains white behind her. She was wearing a red suit, and there was a scarlet nasturtium in her hair. He had remembered that she was beautiful, but he had not remembered how beautiful. They said women became more beautiful when they were loved. Did she know how he'd been loving her all these months?

He swallowed. "A girl with chestnut hair and gray eyes," he said, "should always wear red."

She nodded wordlessly. He noticed how her knuckles strained white across the bed-rail. "There was a boy who told me that once."

"Was there? He must have been a smart guy."

"He—he was."

He shifted in the bed. *This blasted strait jacket.* "Would you mind?" he said. "Coming a little closer, I mean. I've got only one good eye to see you with and you were always just a little too beautiful even for two."

She was beside him then, sitting on the edge of his bed, her gray eyes searching his face. "Bill," she said, "they wouldn't tell me anything. How are you? Is it—bad?"

"I'M ALL right," he said. "That is—I will be. Right now I'm their favorite jigsaw puzzle, with a couple of pieces missing here and there. But the doctors will find them. They're very bright boys indeed."

"How—how has it been so far?"

"Not bad," he said. "Not bad at all." He thought of the weeks he had spent staring at the ceiling, thinking maybe he couldn't walk again; thinking, *Maybe she won't come;* thinking, *What do I do now, how do I start?* He looked away from her. "It's just—the walls. Did you ever feel them closing in on you?"

He felt her breath trapped in her throat for a split second, but when she spoke her voice was steady. "Oh, the walls," she said. "You—you can just drive right through them."

"Can you?"

"Yes."

"Can I?"

"Yes," she said. "You can."

He looked down the length of the bed, where his body raised the covers in a queer, distortedly angular fashion. "Well, maybe. But not right away."

"Yes, right away." She looked at him, her gray eyes level on his. "I'll just run interference for you a little while."

My girl. The words towered in his heart. *This is my girl.* But he kept his voice flat. "Oh, no," he said. "You've been very kind. Kinder than anyone I've ever known. Do you think I don't know what you've done? But I can't let you pretend ——"

She stopped the words on his mouth, her lips moving warm and full against his. "You—you talk too much," she said.

He stayed where he was on the pillow and looked at her. She kept her gaze carefully on a point just below his chin. "Well," he said. "The forward type. Who'd have thought it?"

Her eyes were bright, a little too bright. The brightness quivered like quicksilver on her lashes, brimmed over. He traced the wetness down her cheek with his finger.

"This," he said, "is where I came in. What are you trying to do—make yourself a pickle-puss?"

"Oh, Bill," she said. "You lug, you lug." And the tears stormed her face. She buried her head in the bedclothes.

He ran his fingers through her hair, feeling it strong and thick and soft against his hand. "I had to say it," he said, "so you'd realize how silly the words are. They sound silly even when I say them."

"I—I was such a dope," she said, between sobs. He felt her trying to get hold of herself, failing, crying against her will.

"Listen, nearest of kin," he said. "This is a fine exhibition of the stiff upper lip."

She raised her head. "What—what did you call me?" she whispered.

"It's an old Army phrase," he said. "Nearest of kin. Everyone has to have one. So I picked you. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind. We'll have to make it legal, of course. The War Department is a little stuffy on these points."

"Nearest of kin," she said slowly. "Pamela Winters, nearest of kin." He watched her taste the words.

"Pamela Winters Brownell," he corrected. "Dearest of kin." He raised himself on one elbow. He could feel the smile start way inside him, right up through the bandages. "Dearest," he said, "come a little nearest."



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Avon

COSMETICS • AT RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

TIME TO GO

(Continued from Page 31)

It was inconceivable, but it was true. Audrey couldn't bear to read a book. Audrey had no ideas about anything outside her immediate circle. Only her blazing vivacity hid that. Audrey's talk was vivid until you analyzed it. Audrey did some things so well—riding, dancing, swimming—that you never realized there was nearly nothing in her mind.

Mum knew. Mum had known all along. Mum had never liked Audrey much, but she'd played fair. She'd never said so, not even when her son had been intense inside and sulky outside and undoubtedly a horror to live with merely because he was counting the minutes till he could see Audrey again.

Not knowing all this, dad was desperately trying to be tactful. "The lovely lady and your gang will be down to see you off, I suppose. What time does the train go?"

"They said so," Johnny told him, and he suddenly had a distaste for being seen off by Audrey and her friends. They'd scream and chatter so.

"The train, my dear," mum said, "has always gone at three o'clock."

Dad got up, dusting himself off and making a terrible fuss about it. "I suppose I'll have to be there."

Johnny looked at him gravely. "It wouldn't look right if you weren't."

His father and his mother were a lot of fun—a lot more fun than anyone. They flicked over things so lightly, for dad wouldn't miss being at the train for anything and he was only going to work this morning so he'd be out of the way, so Johnny could do what he wanted these last few hours.

Dad smiled. "Oh, well, I will. Nuisance, though."

Dad looked quite old, and Johnny remembered that there'd been another war once, a dim, dusty, forgotten one, and dad had been in it. It didn't seem possible, but dad must have been about his age then.

"Dad, what do you remember most about when you were in the Navy?"

"Standing on street corners in strange cities without a nickel in my pocket," dad said promptly.

He began to walk toward the hall and Johnny could see him very sharply twenty years ago and more: the slight, tall figure in blues—there in the roar of Boston or Baltimore or Philadelphia—young and lonely and broke. It made dad seem entirely different somehow. He rose and followed him.

"Look, dad, did you ever feel as if you didn't know anything really?"

Mum was much amused. "My dear Johnny, your father hasn't known anything for years and years. . . . Yes, Richard that really is your hat and so you might stop staring into it and put it on. It's quite used to being on your head, you know."

"Woman," dad said, "I detest you!" He slammed the door.

Mum began picking up the dishes and she didn't do it very well. "You mustn't mind your father, Johnny. He's upset." Mum had her little-girl look, that clear, cool look but some shadow underlay it now.

"I know, mum. I'm upset myself. Suppose I help you clear up?"

Mum kept pushing her hair back, though it didn't need it. "Suppose you don't. Suppose you go out and don't think a thing about me or your father and do anything you want to do—anything you really want to do—no matter what it is."

Mum was right. It would be strained and awkward if they spent the morning together and their eyes would stray to the clock and there'd be less and less time till there wasn't any at all.

"All right, mum."

He went out on the steps and stood there blinking. What do you do when you have



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only five short hours left? He didn't know, so he went slowly down the street, savoring the tall trees, the little pools of light along the walk and all the hot, sweet smells of summer.

"Hi, there, Johnny!"

He turned and Mr. Thompson was doing something to Doctor Livingston's front steps. Mr. Thompson looked more than ever like some elderly bird. His hair, almost white, was a mass of cowlicks, and his face was a little like a bird's, too, all pinched together as if his mouth and nose and ears had slid. Mr. Thompson was the best carpenter in town, and long ago when Johnny'd been a small boy, Mr. Thompson had been his almost constant companion.

Johnny went up the walk and Mr. Thompson ceased hammering and sat down on the steps, his face and eyes quick and keen for all he was so old.

"Hear you're goin' in the Navy, Johnny."

There was the smell of shavings again, hot and sweet and like nothing else on earth: a smell that took him straight back to being six. "This afternoon."

"Going with a gang of other boys?"

Johnny shook his head. "All alone from here. I get off at Decatur and then I'll have some company."

"Prob'ly won't feel so funny then," said Mr. Thompson and took up his saw. "Don't seem to have seen much of you for a long time, Johnny."

That was true and it was queer, too, for he knew now that Mr. Thompson had been one of his best friends. Only he'd lost track of him when he'd begun going around with Audrey's gang. There'd been so much to do, so much to say that there'd been no time for long, lazy hours with Mr. Thompson. But there had been once, for even a small boy had known that Mr. Thompson was the wisest man in town.

There'd been the time when mum and dad had been thinking of sending him away to Essex School. He'd heard them talking about it one night and dad's voice had sounded tired and old:

"We ought to do it, Margaret, but it'll make things tight—awfully tight. A boy should go to a good boarding school, but ——"

Mum had said, "We can manage."

It had troubled him all night, and so next day he'd told Mr. Thompson about it.

Mr. Thompson had listened most attentively. "Don't sound right to me," he'd said. "Trouble with parents is they're always dead set on sacrificin' themselves for their children and then it don't work out. I done some work out at Essex and it ain't near as good a school as they say. I'd bet you'd learn more goin' to high right here."

So Johnny'd told his parents he didn't want to go to boarding school, and he had learned a lot at high and he'd had a good time. Mr. Thompson had been right, as he always was. He was a good man to consult when you were in trouble.

"Mr. Thompson," he said, stretching his legs out, for it was warm and lazy in the sun, "I used to think I knew a lot, but this morning when I woke up, I knew I didn't know anything. It's a funny feeling."

"Sensible one, though," said Mr. Thompson, still sawing. "Most boys don't get it till they come out of college and go slam-bang up against the world. Then they either grow

KNOWLEDGE

When you notice how much smarter you are today than you were ten years ago, don't stop there. Follow the same line of thinking until you partly realize how much dumber you are today than you will be ten years hence. That ought to hold you a while.

What you don't know doesn't hurt you, says our friend William Feather, but it amuses a lot of people.

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN: Quoted in Your Life.

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up or they don't. Ones that don't just stay college kids all their lives."

Johnny wondered if Audrey's father had ever grown up and decided he hadn't: with all his noise and his back slapping, he was just a college senior still.

"All that's happened to you, Johnny," Mr. Thompson drawled, "is that you've woke up a mite early. Lucky thing for you, too, because the Navy'll know darned well you don't know anything, and if you're both agreed you'll get on better."

"I wonder what it'll be like."

Mr. Thompson consulted his plug of chewing tobacco. "Somethin' like goin' to school all over again, I spose. Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut and remember to say 'sir' to your officers and you'll skin along all right."

It was quite comfortable to be talking with Mr. Thompson, because he knew everything.

"Queer about Jean Underwood," Mr. Thompson said, fixing his eyes on the bright blue sky. "One minute she was a leggy little filly and the next she's downright good-lookin'. Wouldn't wonder but what she's the handsomest girl in town. I can remember when you and she used to make mud pies together."

Jean came into his mind, so sharp and clear she might have been standing there. And he couldn't get up quick enough.

"Good-by, Mr. Thompson."

"So long, son. What time was it you said you went?"

"Three o'clock."

He was hurrying down the street now, for he'd wasted time—years and years of time—and now there was nearly none left. And there'd always been Jean ever since he could remember: Jean plump and chubby, to play jackstones and marbles with; Jean, suddenly all arms and legs, and always good for a game of one ol' cat; Jean to share an ice-cream cone with, or a single soda and two straws. Jean had been so much a part of his youth—his very young youth—that he wondered how he'd ever let her slip away. No time at all now, and Maple Street seemed leagues long. He'd never get there—and then, suddenly, he had.

THERE was the Underwoods' little house; there was the picket fence; there was Jean in striped shirt and hard at work with a paintbrush on the fence. He was all at once unaccountably shy and his shoes wavered all over the sidewalk.

"Jean!"

"Hello, Johnny." Jean straightening up with a hand on her back, as if she'd stooped so long she had a stitch in it; Jean's hair, swirling out in those soft dark wings; Jean's face, brown over rose; Jean's eyes, so clear and gray they were like cool, deep water. Jean, tall now without being lanky, and all a soft, flowing grace when she moved. No wonder Mr. Thompson said she was the handsomest girl in town. Jean, calm and poised and not startled or surprised or anything. "I hear you're off to the Navy, Johnny."

"Today's the day."

"Excited, Johnny?"

"No, I feel sort of funny."

Jean nodded as if she understood. "It'll be all right when you're actually in it." She took up the paintbrush again. "I suppose, since it's almost the last minute, you're simply rushed to death."

Johnny leaned on the fence, and he'd done that so many times that even its sharp wood felt friendly. "No-o. This morning I'm doing just a few things I really want to do."

Jean flushed just a little. "I'm flattered. And when you make a formal, farewell call, I would be all over paint."

Johnny said simply, "I guess I've wanted to see you for a long time."

Something was between them that hadn't been there before, some swift current, warm and pulsing as the summer itself. It was a good feeling—only it was a trifle awkward.

Jean broke the awkwardness to bits. "That's nice, Johnny. I'm glad you did. If you'd just gone away ——"

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Arden

Jean, he suddenly saw, was honest with eryone—even herself. She didn't pretend. nd so it wouldn't be right to pretend with r either. "It's been such a long time since e've seen much of each other, Jean. I don't now what's been the matter with me."

She gave him a clear, level look. "There sn't been anything the matter with you, hnny. Since father died and mother's been ill, I've just been slipping out of things. ve had so much on my hands I haven't en much fun. And anyone likes to have n, Johnny—anyone does."

It hadn't been much fun for Jean, he could e, and suddenly saw much more. When r. Underwood had died, there hadn't been uch money and everything had fallen on an too young. She'd braced herself to eet it; she'd done the shopping, the cook- g, the cleaning, she'd looked after her other. She'd done it all without making e slightest bit of fuss.

Mum had known that and so had dad, t Jean, harried, worried Jean, had slowly pped away from the old crowd and the old ys and he'd let her slip clear out of his life o. That had been a stupid thing to do.

"I don't think you've had much fun your- f, Jean."

Jean dropped her paintbrush into the pail. don't know, Johnny. If I'd been smarter, might have managed some. But I'm not art." She tossed her head, and her dark ir was like a wave. "Let's not be so mourn- . Come into the kitchen and have a ughnut."

It was just like old times in the clean, ght kitchen: Jean sitting on the table, inging her legs; Jean iling as if she'd gone long way back and s almost a small girl ain—a small girl om unhappiness uld never touch be- use there were so ny bright, shining rs ahead.

"We used to have ch good times, hnny."

"I guess that we'll ve some good times ain, Jean," he told . "I guess ——"

But there was the chen clock, ticking ay like mad, and its nds simply seemed spin.

"Oh, Johnny! Johnny! I'll never get that rned fence painted. And there must be lots things you want to do before"—her voice oke just a little—"before you go."

"Only one. I want to see Miss Wescott."

"I'm glad, Johnny. She's getting very l." Her cheek seemed to brush his, and ether she'd actually kissed him or not he n't know then or after. "Good-by, Johnny. od luck."

E STUMBLED out into the sunshine and he t dizzy as if something quite new, some- ng quite extraordinary, was singing away is head—something that really must have en there all the time if he'd only realized it. Jean came flying out on the steps. ohnny! Your train? What time?"

The library was red brick and covered h ivy—a very quiet, peaceful place. He went slowly in the door and there were the books, shelves and shelves of them. There was the great desk with Miss scott behind it, bent over a catalogue, a woman in a soft faded dress: a big woman h a rosy face and her iron-gray hair still e up into a hard, tight knot on top.

"Wipe your shoes," said Miss Wescott hout looking up.

Johnny was suddenly six again and he'd ought back a book and fallen down on the y and it hadn't done the book much good. ll wiped, Miss Wescott."

The big woman whipped off her glasses l she had grown old. Miss Wescott soon uldn't be here any more and that was too l, for she was the library and all the books that had ever been written or ever would be.

"Why, Johnny Swain!"

"I'm going away today, Miss Wescott, so I thought ——"

The big woman came out from behind the desk and her glasses clattered on their gold chain as they always had. "Johnny! You're not nearly grown up enough ——"

"Navy, Miss Wescott."

The big woman's eyes blurred as if she were seeing many small boys—small boys who simply wouldn't wipe their shoes.

"I don't suppose it'll be much like Mr. Midshipman Easy now, Johnny."

SHE was bringing them all back, all the long, lazy, golden days he'd spent curled up on the window seat with a book—a book Miss Wescott had chosen for him. And he had the queer sense that when all the wars were over and all the captains and the kings gone down to dust, the people who came swarming out of those books—those old, old books—would still be vivid and alive.

"I don't know what it'll be like, Miss Wescott."

Miss Wescott dabbed at her eyes. "You'll be all right, Johnny. You'll be all right. Would you like me to send you a letter sometimes, Johnny?"

"I'd like it a lot, Miss Wescott."

Someone was about to come in, and Johnny must have grown quite young again, for Miss Wescott had certainly folded him to her soft, ample bosom. There was no doubt about a kiss this time.

Miss Wescott backed away. "Francis Perkins, you go straight back and wipe your shoes!. . . . What time do you go, Johnny?" she asked.

"Three o'clock."

He went blindly out into the sunshine.

Two-thirty at the sad brown station, and not a soul on the platform but mum and dad and himself.

Dad was having trouble with his hat again. "I wish that train would come. I hate seeing people off almost as much as I hate being seen off myself. Have you got that money I gave you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir." Dad was right. It was awkward—awfully awkward—waiting here in the slow sun with nothing more to do and nothing more to say.

Mum's little-girl look was still there, but it was troubled. She kept staring around the corner of the station. "Didn't Audrey and your crowd say they'd come, Johnny?"

They wouldn't come, he knew. There'd be one more hole of golf, one more set of tennis to play, and so they'd be too late.

"Gosh, I hope they don't, mum. It's just right as it is."

Only mum didn't think so; mum was troubled because no one was coming down to see him off.

He cleared his throat. "Look, mum, I want to say something." The words had a hard time coming out. "Well, we've always had an awfully good time together ——"

"Better leave it at that, son," dad said.

There was a terrible tightness over everything—a tightness you could almost touch—and mum turned her head away.

Mr. Thompson shambled slowly around the corner of the station. "Afternoon, Miz' Swain. Afternoon, Mr. Swain. Just passing by, so I thought I'd step over." He held out a square white package. "Brought a little something for you, Johnny. Most likely you can't use it."

Mum's face was all alight. "How nice of you, Mr. Thompson! How very nice!"

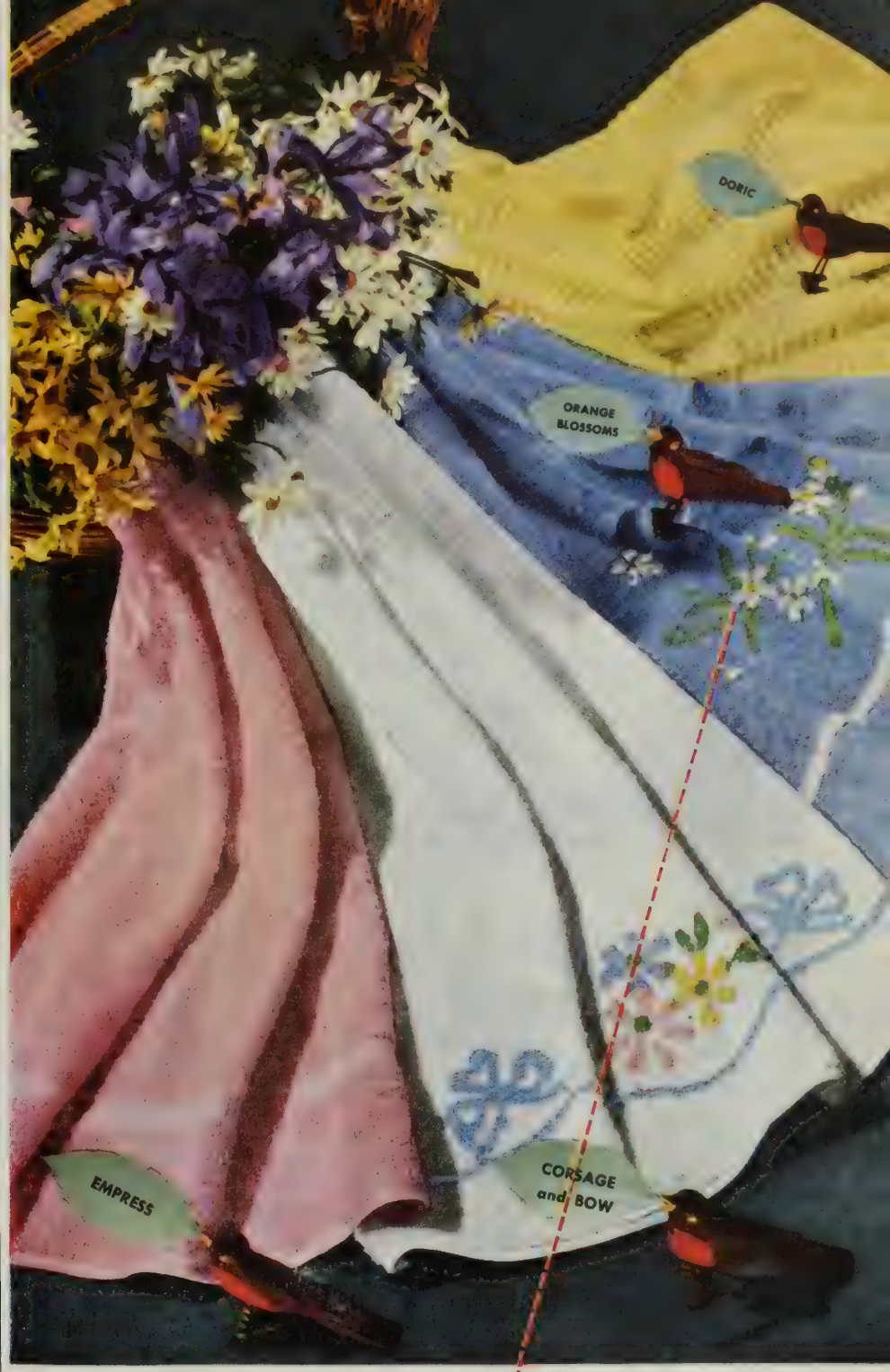
Mr. Thompson shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. "Johnny and I've known each other a pretty long time."

There was a queer scurrying sound, and Miss Wescott had a large hat on one side of

CREED FOR LIVING

Humanity is no empty word. Do not be taken in by the claptraps of this troubled epoch, by the runners amok, by the St. Vitus's dancers and the howling dervishes of whatsoever creed they may uphold. To be true, to be simple, to be gentle of heart, to remain cheerful and collected in sorrow and in danger, to love life and not to fear death, to serve the spirit and not be haunted by spirits—nothing better has ever been taught since this world first began.

—BRUNO FRANK: In the London Mercury; quoted in Fiction Parade.



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her head, a hat with a bird on it. Her glasses were a golden jangle and she was all out of breath.

"I hope you don't mind my coming down. You see, Johnny—Johnny and I ——" She pressed a square white package into his hand. "Just a trifle, Johnny."

Dad took off his hat. "Miss Wescott, we're delighted. Fact is, we were having rather hard going till you and Mr. Thompson showed up."

Miss Wescott looked at Mr. Thompson as if she were sure he wouldn't wipe his shoes.

Here it came at last—what Johnny knew now he'd been listening for—the sound of running feet. Jean burst through the station door and she was laughing. There were gray smudges on her face, and a gaping tear showed on one leg of her blue slacks.

"It's all your fault, Johnny Swain. The front tire came off my bicycle and I ran into a tree and I'm a dreadful disgrace, but I don't care because I got here in time all the same. And Johnny"—she fumbled in her pocket—"here's a small gift." She held out a square white box and then saw the other two in Johnny's hand. "Oh, dear!"

Johnny grinned. Whatever he'd do with three wrist watches he was sure he didn't know.

Dad looked much amused. Dad whipped something white from his pocket. "Handkerchief. Wipe your face with it, Jean. It's been my sad experience that when a gentleman doesn't tell a lady her face is dirty she detests him. I am, of course, used to being detested by my wife."

Up the track, the signal dropped and Johnny just stood still for a second, taking them all in—the five people who meant the most to him of everyone in the world: mum and dad and his three good friends. It was fine to have friends like these.

Faint and far away, there came the long-drawn whistle of a train. Time to go.

THEY SHALL NOT GROW OLD

(Continued from Page 41)

ground-strafe an airdrome called Rayak. We flew past Hermon, who had a hat of snow upon his head, and we came down out of the sun onto Rayak and on to the French bombers on the airdrome, and began our strafing. I remember that as we flew past, skimming low over the ground, the doors of the French bombers opened. I remember seeing a whole lot of women in white dresses running out across the airdrome; I remember particularly their white dresses,

You see, it was a Sunday, and the French pilots had asked their ladies out from Beyrouth to look over the bombers. The Vichy pilots had said, "Come out on Sunday morning and we will show you our airplanes." It was a very Vichy-French thing for them to do. So when we started shooting, they all tumbled out and began to run across the airdrome in their white Sunday dresses.

I remember hearing Tinker's voice over the radio saying, "Give them a chance, give them a chance," and the whole squadron wheeled around and circled the airdrome once whilst the women ran over the grass in every direction. One of them stumbled and fell twice, and one of them was limping and being helped by a man, but we gave them time. I remember watching the small bright flashes of a machine gun on the ground and thinking that they should at least have stopped their shooting while we were waiting for their white-dressed women to get out of the way.

THAT was the day after Fin had gone. The next day the Stag and I sat once more at readiness on the wooden boxes outside the hangar. Paddy, a big fair-haired boy, had taken Fin's place and was sitting with us.

It was noon. The sun was high and the heat of the sun was like a close fire. The sweat ran down our necks, down inside our shirts, over our chests and stomachs, and we sat there waiting for the time when we would be relieved. The Stag was sewing the strap onto his helmet with a needle and cotton and telling of how he had seen Nikki the night before in Haifa, and of how he had told her about Fin.

Suddenly we heard the noise of an airplane. The Stag stopped his talking and we all looked up. The noise was coming from the north, and it grew louder and louder as the airplane flew closer, and then the Stag said suddenly:

"It's a Hurricane."

The next moment it was circling the airdrome, lowering its wheels to land.

"Who is it?" said the fair-haired Paddy. "No one's gone out this morning."

Then, as it glided past us onto the runway, we saw the number on the tail of the machine, H-4427, and we knew that it was Fin.

We were standing up now, watching the machine as it taxied toward us, and when it came up close and swung round for parking we saw Fin in the cockpit. He waved his hand at us, grinned and got out. We ran up and shouted at him:

"Where've you been?" . . . "Where in the hell have you been?" . . . "Did you force-land and get away again?" . . . "Did you find a woman in Beyrouth?" . . . "Fin, where in the hell have you been?"

Others were coming up and crowding around him now, fitters and riggers and the men who drove the fire tender, and they all waited to hear what Fin would say. He stood there pulling off his helmet, pushing back his black hair with his hand, and he was so astonished at our behavior that at first he merely looked at us and did not speak. Then he laughed and said:

"What's the matter? What's the matter with all of you?"

"Where have you been?" we shouted. "Where have you been for two days?"

Upon the face of Fin there was a great and enormous astonishment. He looked quickly at his watch. "Five past twelve," he said. "I left at eleven, one hour and five minutes ago. Don't be a lot of damn fools. I must go and report quickly. The Navy will want to know that those destroyers are still in the harbor at Beyrouth."

He started to walk away. I caught his arm. "Fin," I said quietly, "you've been away since the day before yesterday. What's the matter with you?"

He looked at me and laughed. "I've seen you organize much better jokes than this one," he said. "It isn't so funny. It isn't a bit funny." And he walked away.

We stood there, the Stag, Paddy and I, the fitters, the riggers and the men who drove the fire engine, watching Fin as he walked away. We looked at one another, not knowing what to say or to think, understanding nothing, knowing nothing except that Fin had been serious when he spoke, and that what he said he had believed to be true. We knew this because we knew Fin, and we knew it because when one has been together as we had been together, then there is never any doubting of anything that anyone says when he is talking about his flying; there can only be a doubting of oneself. These men were doubting themselves, standing there in the sun doubting themselves, and the Stag was standing by the wing of Fin's machine, peeling off with his fingers little flakes of paint which had dried up and cracked in the sun.

Someone said, "Well, I'll be ——" and the men turned and started to walk quietly back to their jobs.

THE next three pilots on readiness came walking slowly toward us from the gray corrugated-iron hangar, walking slowly under the heat of the sun and swinging their helmets in their hands as they came. The Stag, Paddy and I walked over to the pilots' mess to have a drink and lunch.

The mess was a small white wooden building with a veranda. Inside there were two rooms, the one a sitting room with armchairs and magazines and a hole in the wall through which you could buy drinks, and the other a dining room with one long wooden table. In the sitting room we found Fin sitting down talking to Tinker, our C.O. The other pilots were sitting around listening, and everybody was drinking beer. We knew that it was really a serious business, in spite of the beer and the armchairs; that Tinker was doing what he had to do, and doing it in the only way possible. Tinker was a rare man, tall with a black mustache, an Italian bullet wound in his neck and a casual friendly efficiency. He never laughed out loud; he just choked and grunted deep down in his throat.

Fin was saying, "You must go easy, Tinker; you must help me to stop thinking that I've gone mad." Fin was being serious and sensible, but he was worried. "I have told you all I know," he said. "I took off at eleven o'clock, climbed up high, flew to Beyrouth, saw the two French destroyers, and came back, landing at five past twelve. I swear to you that is all I know."

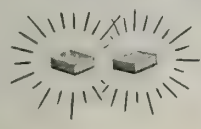
He looked around at us, at the Stag and me, at Paddy and Johnny and the half-dozen other pilots in the room, and we smiled at him and nodded to show him that we were with him, not against him, and that we believed what he said.

Tinker said, "What am I going to say to Headquarters at Jerusalem? I reported you missing. Now I've got to report your return. They'll insist on knowing where you've been."

(Continued on Page 113)



"Personally, I don't know what he sees in her. She's such a mess!"

"I'm just waiting for you to say the word that these  *are back!"*

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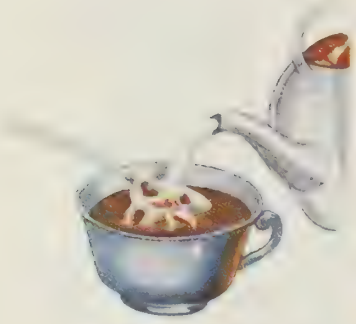
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1 cup liquid (water, milk or vegetable water)
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The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 110)

The whole thing was getting to be too much for Fin. He was sitting upright, tapping with the fingers of his left hand on the leather arm of his chair, tapping with quick sharp taps, leaning forward, thinking, thinking, fighting to think, tapping on the arm of the chair, and then he began tapping the floor with his foot as well.

The Stag could stand it no longer. "Tinker," he said, "Tinker, let's just leave it all for a bit. Let's leave it, and perhaps Fin will remember something later on."

Paddy, who was sitting on the arm of the Stag's chair, said, "Yes, and meanwhile we could tell H.Q. that Fin had force-landed in a field in Syria, taken two days to repair his aircraft, then flown home."

Everybody was helping Fin. The pilots were all helping him. In the mind of each of us was the certain knowledge that here was something that concerned us greatly. Fin knew it, although that was all he knew, and the others knew it—one could see it upon their faces. There was a tension, a fine high-drawn tension in the room, because here for the first time was something which was neither bullets nor fire nor the coughing of an engine nor burst tires nor blood in the cockpit nor yesterday or today or tomorrow.

Tinker felt it, too, and he said, "Yes, let's have another drink and leave it for a bit. I'll tell H.Q. that you force-landed in Syria and managed to get off again later."

We had some more beer and went in to lunch. Tinker ordered bottles of Palestine white wine with the meal in order to celebrate Fin's return.

After that no one mentioned the thing at all; we did not even talk about it when Fin wasn't there. But each one of us continued to think about it secretly, knowing for certain that it was something important and that it was not finished. The tension spread quickly through the squadron, and it was with all the pilots.

Meanwhile the days went by and the sun shone upon the airdrome and upon the aircraft, and Fin took his place among us, flying in the normal way.

Then one day, I think it was about a week later, we did another ground-strafe of Rayak airdrome. There were seven of us, with Tinker leading and Fin flying on his starboard side. We came in low over Rayak and there was plenty of light flak and, as we went in on the first run, Paddy's machine was hit.

As we wheeled for the second run we saw his Hurricane wing gently over and dive straight to the ground at the edge of the airdrome. There was a great billow of white smoke as it hit, then the flames; and as the flames spread, the smoke turned from white to black and Paddy was with it.

Immediately there was a crackle over the radio and I heard Fin's voice, very excited, shouting into his microphone, "I've remembered it. Hello, Tinker, I've remembered it all," and Tinker's calm, slow reply, "O.K., Fin, O.K."

WE DID our second run and then Tinker led us quickly away, weaving in and out of the valleys, with the bare gray-brown hills far above us on either side; and all the way home, all through that half hour's flight, Fin never stopped shouting over the R.T. First he would call to Tinker and say, "Hello, Tinker, I've remembered all of it, every bit of it." Then he would say, "Hello, Stag, I've remembered it, all of it; I can't forget it now." He called me and he called Johnny and he called Wishful; he called us all separately over and over again, and he was so excited that sometimes he shouted too loudly into his mike and we could not hear what he was saying.

When we landed, we dispersed our aircraft, and because Fin, for some reason, had to park his at the far side of the airdrome, the rest of us were in the operations room before him.

The ops room was beside the hangar. It was a bare place, with a large table in the middle of the floor on which there was a map of the area. There was another smaller table with a couple of telephones, a few wooden chairs and benches, and at one end the floor was stacked with Mae Wests, parachutes and helmets. We were standing there taking off our flying clothing and throwing it onto the floor at the end of the room, when Fin arrived. He came quickly into the doorway and stopped. His black hair was standing up straight and untidy because of the way in which he had pulled off his helmet; his face was shiny with sweat and his khaki shirt was dark and wet. His mouth was open and he was breathing quickly. He looked as though he had been running. He looked like a child who has rushed downstairs into a room full of grown-ups to say that the cat had had kittens in the nursery, and who did not know how to begin.

We had all heard him coming, because that was what we had been waiting for, and everyone stopped what he was doing and stood still, looking at Fin.

Tinker said, "Hello, Fin," and Fin said, "Tinker, you've got to believe this, because it's what happened."

Tinker was standing over by the table with the telephones; the Stag was near him, square, short, ginger-haired Stag, standing up straight, holding a Mae West in his hand, looking at Fin. The others were at the far end of the room. When Fin spoke, they began to move up quietly until they were closer to him, until they reached the edge of the big map table, which they touched with their hands. There they stood, looking at Fin, waiting for him to begin.

He started at once, talking quickly, then calming down and talking more slowly as he got into his story. He told everything, standing there by the door of the ops room, with his yellow Mae West still on him and with his helmet and oxygen mask in his hand. The others stayed where they were and listened, and as I listened to him I forgot that it was Fin speaking and that we were in the ops room at Haifa; I forgot everything and went with him on his journey, and did not come back until he had finished.

"I was flying at about twenty thousand," he said. "I flew over Tyre and Sidon and over the Damour River and then I flew inland over the Lebanon hills, because I intended to approach Beyrouth from the east. Suddenly I flew into cloud, thick white cloud which was so thick and dense that I could see nothing except the inside of my cockpit. I couldn't understand it, because a moment before everything had been clear and blue and there had been no cloud anywhere."

"I STARTED to lose height to get out of the cloud, and I went down and down and still I was in it. I knew that I must not go too low because of the hills, and at six thousand the cloud was still around me. It was so thick that I could see nothing, not even the nose of my machine or the wings, and the cloud condensed on the windshield and little rivers of water ran down the glass and got blown away by the slip stream. I have never seen cloud like that before. It was thick and white right up to the edges of the cockpit, and I felt like a man on a magic carpet, sitting there alone in this little glass-topped cockpit, with no wings, no tail, no engine and no airplane.

"I knew that I must get out of this cloud, so I turned and flew west over the sea, away from the mountains, and then came down low by my altimeter. I came down to five hundred feet, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred, one hundred, and the cloud was still around me. For a moment I paused. I knew that it was unsafe to go lower. Then, quite suddenly, like a gust of wind, came the feeling that there was nothing below me; no sea or earth or anything else, and slowly, deliberately I opened the throttle, pushed the stick hard forward and dived.

"I did not watch the altimeter; I looked straight ahead through the windshield at the whiteness of the cloud, and I went on diving. I sat there pressing the stick forward, keeping her in the dive, watching the vast clinging whiteness of the cloud, and I never once wondered where I was going. I just went.

"I do not know how long I sat there—it may have been minutes and it may have been hours; I know only that as I sat there and kept her diving, I was certain that what was below me was neither mountains nor rivers nor earth nor sea, and I was not afraid.

"Then I was blinded. It was like being half asleep in bed when someone turns on the light. I came out of the cloud so suddenly and so quickly that there was no space of time between being in it and being out of it. One moment I was in it, and the whiteness was thick around me, and in that same moment I was out of it, and the light was so bright that I was blinded. I screwed up my eyes and held them tight-closed for several seconds.

"When I opened them everything was blue, more blue than anything that I had ever seen. It was not a dark blue, nor was it a bright blue; it was a blue blue, a pure shining color which I had never seen before and which I cannot describe. I looked around. I looked up above me and behind me, and I sat up and peered below me through the glass of the cockpit, and everywhere it was blue. It was bright and clear, like pleasant sunlight, but there was no sun.

"Then I saw them.

"Far ahead and above, I saw a long thin line of aircraft flying across the sky. They were moving forward in a single black line, all at the same speed, all in the same direction, all close up, following one behind the other, and the line stretched across the sky as far as the eye could see. It was the way they moved ahead, the urgent way in which they pressed forward, forward, forward like

We are the Young

BY JESSE STUART

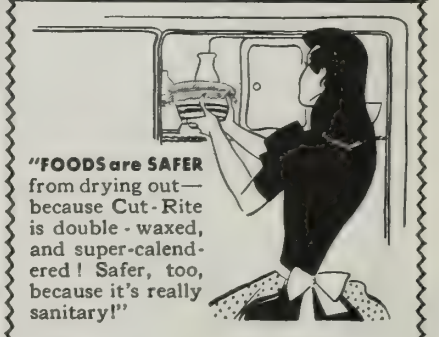
We are the young today; the power
is ours
To clear the hills of brush and plow
the ground,
And all the hours we live are silver
hours.
Fresh nourishment from earth is in
our veins.
We are the young, and beauty of
the flowers
Makes strong impressive channels
in our brains.
Look to the east and west: the
purpling sky
Over the earth is lazily floating
by—
We are the young and we can
reach the sky;
Put out your hands: the sky will
come to us
And to our loves; green leaves will
sing for us—
The green tobacco and blue corn-
flowers
That hang out in the wind and love
the hours.
We are the young today: the power
is ours.

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CUT-RITE
WAXED PAPER



IN THE BLUE AND WHITE CARTON AT YOUR GROCER'S

Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc., Hoboken, N.J.

ships sailing before a great wind, it was from this that I knew everything. I do not know why or how I knew it, but I knew as I looked at them that these were the pilots and air crews who had been killed in battle, who now, in their own aircraft, were making their last flight, their last journey.

"As I flew higher and closer I could recognize the machines themselves, and I saw in that long procession nearly every type that there was. I saw Lancasters and Dorniers, Halifaxes and Hurricanes, Messerschmitts, Spitfires, Stirlings, Savoia 79's, Junker 88's, Gladiators, Hampdens, Macchi 200's, Blenheims, Focke-Wulfs, Beaufighters, Swordfishes and Heinkels. All these and many more I saw, and the moving line reached across the blue sky both to the one side and to the other until it faded from sight.

"I was close to them now, and I began to sense that I was being sucked toward them, regardless of what I wished to do. There was a wind which took hold of my machine, blew it over and tossed it about like a leaf, and I was pulled and sucked as by a giant vortex toward the other airplanes. There was nothing I could do, for I was in the vortex and in the arms of the wind. This all happened very quickly, but I remember it clearly. I felt the pull on my aircraft becoming stronger; I was whisked forward faster and faster, and then suddenly I was flying in the procession itself, moving forward with the others, at the same speed and on the same course. Ahead of me, close enough for me to see the color of the paint on its wings, was a Swordfish, an old Fleet Air Arm Swordfish, and I could see the heads and helmets of the observer and the pilot as they sat in their cockpits, the one behind the other. Ahead of the Swordfish there was a Dornier, a Flying Pencil, and beyond the Dornier there were others which I could not recognize from where I was.

"We flew on and on, and I could not have turned and flown away even if I had wanted to; I do not know why, although it may have been something to do with the vortex and the wind, but I knew that it was so. Moreover, I was not really flying my aircraft. It flew itself; there was no maneuvering to reckon with, no speed, no height, no throttle, no stick, no nothing. Once I glanced down at my instruments and saw that they were all dead, just as they are when the machine is sitting on the ground.

"So we flew on. I had no idea how fast we went. There was no sensation of speed, and for all I know it was a million miles an hour. Now I come to think of it, I never once during that time felt either hot or cold or hungry or thirsty; I felt none of those things. I felt no fear, because I knew nothing of which to be afraid. I felt no worry, because I could remember nothing or think of nothing about which to be worried. I felt no desire to do anything that I was not doing, or to have anything that I did not have, because there was nothing that I wished to do and there was nothing that I wished to have. I felt only pleasure at being where I was, at seeing the wonderful light and the beautiful color around me. Once I caught sight of my face in the cockpit mirror, and I saw that I was smiling, smiling with my eyes and with my mouth, and when I looked away I knew that I was still smiling, simply because that was the way I felt.

"Once the observer in the Swordfish ahead of me turned and waved his hand, and I slid back the roof of my cockpit and waved back. I remember that even when I opened the cockpit, there was no rush of air and no rush of cold or heat, nor was there any pressure of the slip stream on my hand. Then I noticed that they were all waving at one another, like children on a roller coaster, and I turned and waved to the man in the Macchi behind me.

"But there was something happening along the line. Far up in front I could see that the airplanes had changed course, were wheeling around to the right and losing height. The whole procession, as it reached a certain point, was banking around and gliding downward in a wide, sweeping circle. Instinc-



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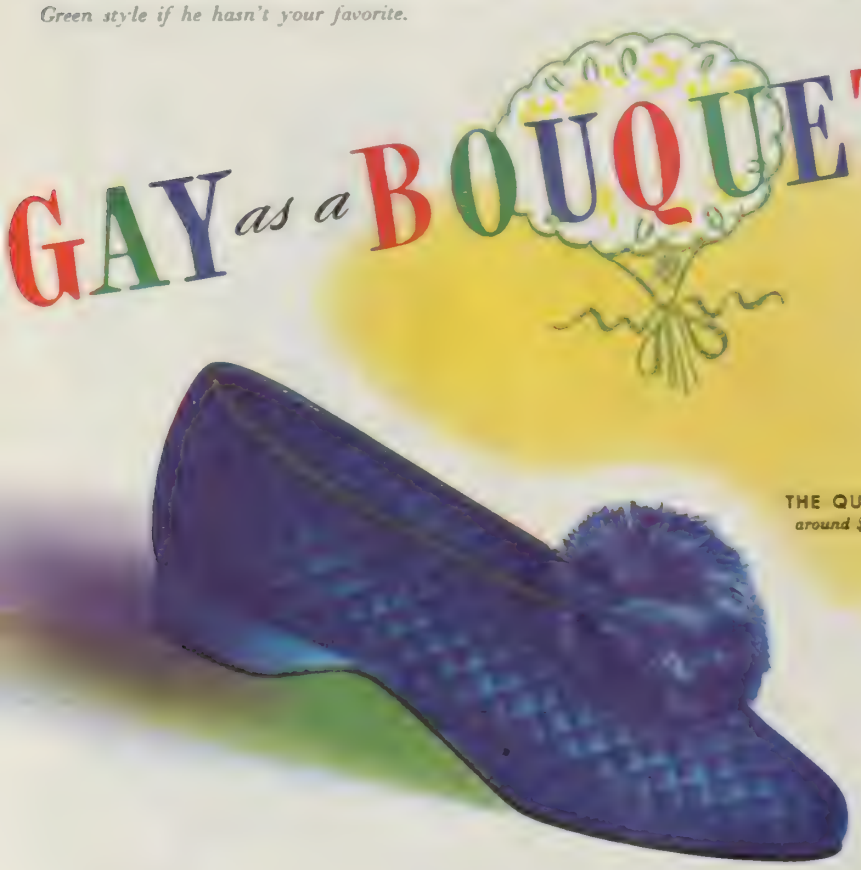
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tively I glanced down over the cockpit, and there I saw spread out below me a vast green plain. It was green and smooth and beautiful, and it reached to the far edges of the horizon, where the blue of the sky came down and merged with the green of the plain.

"And there was the light. Over to the right, far away in the distance, was a bright white light, shining bright and without any color. It was as though the sun, but something far bigger than the sun, something without shape or form whose light was bright but not blinding, was lying on the far edge of the green plain. The light spread outward from a center of brilliance and it spread far up into the sky and far out over the plain. When I saw it, I could not at first look away from it. I had a desire to go toward it, into it, and almost at once the desire and the longing became so intense that several times I tried to pull my aircraft out of the line and fly straight toward it; but it was not possible, and I had to fly on with the rest.

"As they banked around and lost height I went with them, and we began to glide down toward the green plain below. Now that I was closer, I could see the great mass of aircraft upon the plain itself. They were everywhere, scattered over the ground like currants upon a green carpet. There were hundreds and hundreds of them, and each minute, each second almost, their numbers grew as those in front of me landed and taxied to a standstill.

"Quickly we lost height, and soon I saw that the ones just in front of me were lowering their wheels and preparing to land. The Dornier next but one to me leveled off and touched down. Then the old Swordfish. The pilot turned a little to the left out of the way of the Dornier and landed beside him. I turned to the left of the Swordfish and leveled off. I looked out of the cockpit at the ground, judging the height, and I saw the green of the ground blurred as it rushed past me and below me.

"I waited for my aircraft to sink and to touch down. It seemed to take a long time. 'Come on,' I said, 'come on, come on,' as I sat there looking out of the cockpit watching the green of the ground as it rushed by. I was only about six feet up, but still she would not sink. 'Get down,' I shouted. 'Please *get down.*' I began to panic. I became frightened. Suddenly I noticed that I was gaining speed. I cut all the switches, but it made no difference. The aircraft was gathering speed, going faster and faster, and I looked around and saw behind me the long procession of aircraft dropping down out of the sky and sweeping in to land; I saw the mass of machines upon the ground, scattered far across the plain, and away on one side I saw the light, that shining white light which shone so brightly over the great plain, and to which I longed to go. I know that had I been able to land, I would have started to run toward that light the moment that I got out of my aircraft.

"And now I was flying away from it. The fear grew, and as I flew faster and farther away, it took hold of me until soon I was fighting-crazy mad, pulling at the stick, wrestling with the airplane, trying to turn it around, back toward the light. When I saw that it was impossible, I tried to kill myself. I really wanted to kill myself then. I tried to dive the aircraft into the ground, but it flew on straight. I tried to jump out of the cockpit, but there was a hand upon my shoulder which held me down. I tried to bang my head against the sides of the cockpit, but it made no difference, and I sat there fighting with my machine and with

PROVERBS

It is in his own interest the cat purrs. —IRISH.

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BY

Richard Hudnut



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everything, until suddenly I noticed that I was in cloud. I was in the same thick white cloud as before; and I seemed to be climbing. I looked behind me, but the cloud had closed in all around, and there was nothing now but this vast impenetrable whiteness. I began to feel sick and giddy. I did not care any longer what happened, one way or the other, I just sat there limply, letting the machine fly on by itself.

"It seemed a long time, and I am sure that I sat there for many hours. I must have gone to sleep. As I slept, I dreamed. I dreamed not of the things that I had just seen, but of the things of my ordinary life, of the squadron, of Nikki, and of the airdrome here at Haifa. I dreamed that I was sitting at readiness outside the hangar with two others, that a request came from the Navy for someone to do a quick recco over Beyrouth; and because I was first up, I jumped into my Hurricane and went off. I dreamed that I passed over Tyre and Sidon and over the Damour River, climbing up to twenty thousand as I went. Then I turned inland over the Lebanon hills, swung around and approached Beyrouth from the east. I was above the town, peering over the side of the cockpit, looking for the harbor and trying to find the two French destroyers. Soon I saw them, saw them clearly, tied up close alongside each other by the wharf, and I banked around and dived for home as fast as I could.

"'The Navy's wrong,' I thought to myself as I flew back. 'The destroyers are still in the harbor.' I looked at my watch. 'I've been quick,' I said. 'They'll be pleased.' I tried to call up on the radio to give the information, but I couldn't get through.

"Then I came back here, and when I landed you all crowded around me and asked me where I had been for two days, but I could remember nothing.

"I did not remember anything except the flight to Beyrouth until just now, when I saw Paddy being shot down. As his machine hit the ground I found myself saying, 'You lucky man. You lucky, lucky man,' and as I said it I knew why I was saying it and remembered everything. That was when I shouted to you over the radio."

Fin had finished. No one had moved or said anything all the while that he had been talking, and now it was only Tinker who spoke. He shuffled his feet on the floor, turned and looked out the window and said quietly, almost in a whisper, "Well, I'll be damned," and the rest of us went slowly back to the business of taking off our flying clothing and stacking it in the corner of the room on the floor; all except the Stag, square short Stag, who stood there watching Fin as Fin walked slowly across the room to put away his clothing.

After Fin's story, the squadron returned to normal. The tension which had been with us for over a week disappeared, and the airdrome was a happier place in which to be. But no one ever mentioned Fin's journey. We never once spoke about it together, not even when we got drunk in the evenings at the Excelsior in Haifa.

The Syrian campaign was coming to an end. Everyone could see that it must finish soon, although the Vichy people were still

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THE HOUSE OF *Louis Philippe*

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POUDRE—CREMES—MAKE-UP

ighting fiercely south of Beyrouth. We were still flying. We were flying a great deal over the fleet, who were bombarding the coast, and we had the job of protecting them from the Junker 88's which came over from Rhodes. It was on the last one of these flights over the fleet that Fin was killed.

We were flying high above the ships when the Ju 88's came over in force and there was a battle. We had only six Hurricanes in the air; there were many of the Junkers, and it was a good fight. I do not remember much about what went on at the time, because one never does, but I remember that it was a hectic, chasing fight, with the Junkers diving for the ships, with the ships barking at them, throwing up everything into the air, so that the sky was full of white flowers which blossomed quickly and grew and blew away with the wind. I remember the German who blew up in mid-air, quickly, with just a white flash, so that where the bomber had been there was nothing left except tiny little pieces falling slowly downward. I remember the one that had its rear turret shot away, and how it flew along with the gunner hanging out of the tail by his straps, struggling to get back into the machine. I remember one, brave one who stayed up above to fight us whilst the others went down to dive-bomb. I remember that we shot him up and I remember seeing him turn slowly over onto his back, pale-green belly upward like a dead fish, before finally he spun down. And I remember Fin. I was close to him when his aircraft caught fire, and I could see the flames coming out of the nose of his machine and dancing over the engine cowling. There was black smoke coming from the exhaust.

I flew up close, and I called to him over the R.T. "Hello, Fin," I called, "you'd better jump."

His voice came back, calm and slow. "It's not so easy."

"Jump," I shouted, "jump quickly."

I could see him sitting there under the glass roof of the cockpit, and he looked toward me and shook his head.

"It's not so easy," he answered. "I'm a bit shot up. My arms are shot up, and I can't undo the straps."

"Get out," I shouted. "For God's sake, get out," but he did not answer.

For a moment his aircraft flew on, straight and level, then gently, like a dying eagle, it dipped a wing and dived toward the sea. I watched it as it went; I watched the thin trail of black smoke which it made across the sky and, as I watched, Fin's voice came again over the radio, clear and slow.

"I'm a lucky man," he said. "A lucky, lucky man."

WE HAVE LOST OUR GRIP ON EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 27)

world is full of admirable machinery, from the League of Nations downward, which is useless because there is not the idealism or the inspiration to move it. Ideals will create machinery; machinery without ideals rusts into decay.

The P.H.S. has achieved the task of educating a nation. Can we use its methods to solve our problem? There is no difficulty in learning a lesson from two of its features: we, too, could base national education not on adolescent, but on adult, study; we, too, could make it a spiritual force, awakening and inspiring.

When compulsory military service was introduced before the war, men had to leave their employment to perform it; a sacrifice actually made for military needs could also be made for other purposes, if we came to believe that education was no less important than readiness for war.

(Continued on Page 119)



HERE'S SOOTHING RELIEF — FASTER HEALING



If your hands get so red and chapped that they actually feel sore, take a tip from nurses! Get a jar of the Medicated Skin Cream, Noxzema, and see how quickly it brings soothing, grateful relief.

Noxzema is so effective because it's a *medicated formula.* It not only relieves the stinging soreness, but *helps heal* the tiny cracks. Actual tests with Noxzema show it helps heal chapped hands *faster*—definite improvement often being shown *overnight!* Surveys reveal that scores of nurses (who have trouble with their hands from frequent washings) use Noxzema and recommend it to their patients.

Noxzema is greaseless, non-sticky. Get a jar at any drug counter today and see how quickly it helps heal *your* chapped hands! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1 (plus tax).



NOXZEMA *Skin Cream*

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Miss Exilona Savre—whose lustrous, shining locks are so typical of Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo

John Robert Powers' Advice To His "Million Dollar" Models



John Robert Powers is one of the greatest authorities on feminine beauty in America. And to every Powers Model he says: "Use only Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally silken-soft, easier to set and aglow with its own brilliant highlights."

Leaves Hair Silken-Soft With Glossy Brilliance That Lasts For Days

So exquisitely lovely are Powers Models that one of the foremost illustrators in this country called them "long stemmed American Beauties."

And how smart these stunning Powers Girls are to have discovered the remarkably beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo!

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In the laboratory of a famous medical school these startling facts have been revealed:

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Lysol disinfectant quickly kills the influenza virus on contact!

What a comfort to *know* that every time you clean with Lysol you're helping to reduce the risk of influenza from infected dust.



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So take this precaution: *Add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of cleaning water.* You'll find



cleaning's far *easier*, too. Because Lysol itself is "soapy". Clean with it wherever dust collects . . . in the bathroom, kitchen, cellar—on floors, woodwork, handrails. You *see* the dirt go—you *know* the germs go! Help protect your family against the danger of infected house dust. Clean with Lysol disinfectant. Get Lysol at any druggist's—today!



MAKE THIS TEST

See how much less "elbow grease" cleaning takes when you add 2½ tablespoons of Lysol to each gallon of water before you begin!

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- **Closets and shelves**
- **Nursery and sickrooms**
- **Bathroom, kitchen floors**
- **Garbage pail**

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* *The "bug" which causes flu is a virus (an organism much smaller even than a germ), visible only under the new electronic microscope.*

NEEDED URGENTLY: Army Nurses, Cadets, Aides, Volunteers for Home Nursing Courses. You can help!

(Continued from Page 117)

Education. But what education? The question might have been easier to answer in the age of a restricted curriculum than today, when art, folk dancing, choral singing, drama, handicrafts, health subjects and much more have taken their place with the older studies. Education is like a restaurant which used to offer a few old-fashioned dishes and now has a menu covering several pages. There are advantages in this. But there is a certain risk. For the bill of fare in these restaurants of education is not divided into any categories or courses. Soup, fish, entrees, joints, sweets, dessert are flung together in indiscriminate disorder; the customer selects, but there is nothing to guide his selection, nor any suggestion that in education, too, there are such things as food values and order in a meal.

Perhaps this is an unfair description of education, but most people who have taught or learned will know what I mean by describing it as a maze without a clue. Yet there *are* clues to the maze. One clue is the old conception of a liberal education.

In itself, "liberal education" is an odd phrase. What has the adjective "liberal" to do with education? To answer that question, we must go back to the Greek world where the great distinction was between free men and slaves, and a liberal education was the education fitted to a free citizen.

Of slaves the Greeks took little account. But they held that the free man, the complete man, must be something more than a mere breadwinner, and must have something besides the knowledge necessary to earn his living. He must have, also, the education which will give him the chance of developing the gifts and faculties of human nature and becoming a full human being. That was the meaning of a liberal education, and that is its aim—the making of men; and clearly it is different from a technical education which simply enables us to earn our bread.

And what is a complete human being? Again I shall take the Greek answer to this question. Human beings have bodies, minds and characters. Each of these is capable of what the Greeks called "virtue" or what we might call "excellence." The virtue or excellence of the body is health and fitness and strength, the firm and sensitive hand, the clear eye; the excellence of the mind is to know and to understand and to think, to have some idea of what the world is and of what man has done and has been and can be; the excellence of the character lies in the great virtues. This trinity of body, mind and character is man: man's aim, besides earning his living, is to make the most of all three, to have as good a mind, body and character as possible; and a liberal education, a free man's education, is to help him to this.

This is not to despise technical education, which is essential. But they are not to be confused. They are both important, but they are different. And yet to some extent they overlap. Take French. A man may study it in order to be able to order his meals in a French restaurant, or for business purposes; then it is technical education. But he may study French to extend his knowledge of the thoughts and history and civilization of a great people; then it is liberal education. Or take carpentering: its study may be a means to a living; then it is technical education. But it may also give a clearer eye, a finer sense of touch, a more deft hand, and in so far make a better human being; then carpentering is liberal education. In fact, as Aristotle remarked, "in education it makes all the difference *why* a man does or learns anything; if he studies it for the sake of his own development or with a view to excellence it is liberal."

This is the kind of education (without prejudice to others) which we want—that people should study "for the sake of their own development or with a view to excellence," so that they may become human beings in the Greek meaning of the words. If so, we have a clue to the maze of education, a guide to choosing dishes from the educational menu. Whatever else we select to meet our personal tastes or needs, the dinner must include the vitamins necessary to human health, so that we achieve that liberal education which makes men fully developed, within the range of their individual capacities, in body, character and mind.

Intellectual study has two sides. There is the advancement of knowledge and the ascertainment of truth, mostly a matter of minute investigation, whose results fill scientific journals and learned literature. But there is another side to study, equally honorable and at least as important. Knowledge once found, it remains to use it. Education is a handmaid of the art of living, and to conceive it otherwise is to reduce it to a mere activity of the intelligence. We proceed from pure science to science applied in the service of man, from pure history and literature to their use as repositories of wisdom and guides to life. English literature is the contents of innumerable books. But it is also the record of visions of life seen by men with rare powers of sight and expression, from whose experience we can learn; as we can also learn from that record of human success and failure which is called history.

This view of history as a help to life has a respectable ancestry. "Now all these things," says St. Paul, speaking of events of Jewish history, "happened unto them for examples; and they were written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the ages are come." So, simply and almost crudely, the apostle describes the uses of history. And in this spirit the Old Testament was written. Hence it was, and is, as fascinating to the child as to the adult, to the uneducated and even the illiterate as to the scholar. Its writers knew one side of history, the art of telling a story, and the mere narrative attracts any reader—the deaths of Jezebel and Ahab, the wanderings of the patriarchs. But the Bible is a philosophy of history, as well as a collection of stories, and in general, if not in detail, it is the best philosophy yet written for the ordinary man. It is significant that no history has ever entered so deeply into the common mind or affected human conduct so strongly as the history of the Jewish people, as conceived and written by the writers of the Bible.

Unless they are taught from this aspect, history and literature will never reach the masses. The most brilliant teacher is not likely to interest them in Alexander's use of cavalry or even his administrative methods in Persia. But all human beings are interested in the problem of how to live, and history will have a meaning for the ordinary man if he sees in it the faces of human beings engaged in the common struggle of humanity toward better things.

The same is true of literature and of its fine flower, poetry. Recently, at a London settlement, lectures were given on twentieth-century poetry by a well-qualified university graduate. They were good lectures in themselves, but the hearers dwindled and the unsuitability of poetry for the particular audience was apparently demonstrated. Then a workingman, with none of the qualifications of the lecturer but with a gift for reading poetry, tried the experiment of reading it, without comment, to the same audience. And, so long as he read, poetry reading remained a popular entertainment in that settlement. The story is instructive. The ordinary man is not primarily interested in

TEST FOR CHILDREN

Here are a few of the outstanding things which Dr. Lewis M. Terman, noted authority, says parents should look for in children to determine whether they are gifted with unusual intelligence: marked desire for knowledge, retentive memory, rapid progress at school, great range of general information, early speech, asking intelligent questions, keen observation, unusual vocabulary, expressive reading, good ear for music, quick with figures, liking to copy pictures, repairing things.



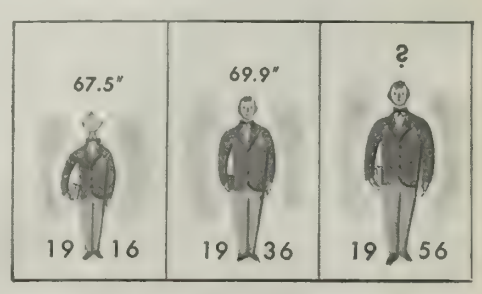
Does it seem that bright up ahead?

Is it peaceful... radiant... that future world you seem to see so clearly with your bright child eyes?

I THINK OF YOU IN THAT WORLD working with strong hands... a tall, well-made man, your shoulders comfortably ample. How can I realize my dream for you? By finding a practical means of building toward that future... This I promise to do!

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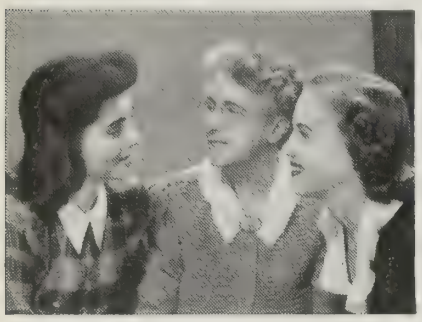
1. I'm certainly glad I'm selling War Bonds in this latest drive. It's made me feel that I'm really helping our fighting men—and it's wonderful to find people so willing to put an extra investment into this urgent cause.



2. I make several calls each day. The other day I called on Marie, an old friend, only to arrive in the midst of a dispute. She and her mother were arguing about Marie's baby.



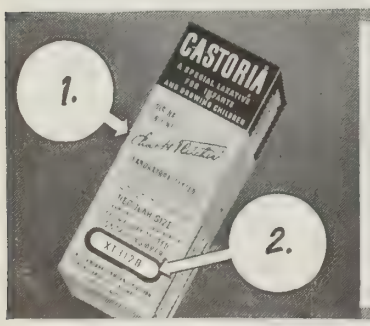
3. "What's the trouble?" I asked. Marie sighed, "Mother says I'm spoiling the baby, because I have so many special things for him . . . even a special *laxative!*"



4. "Naturally!" I said. "A child's system *needs* special care. My nurse sister always gives gentle, effective Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children."



5. When I stopped in yesterday, I found Marie giving her baby Fletcher's Castoria. And Marie's mother said, "I've thought it over. You girls are right . . . 100 per cent!"



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literary criticism; but he may be interested in poetry—that is, in what interested the poet. The academic approach to poetry is a stony and repellent road for the man in the street.

Yet interest in literature is clearly natural and universal. Children—quite young ones—read. If you ask them why they like reading, you will get no satisfactory answer. But the answer is that a child lives in a little world: little in space—a certain house, in a certain part of a town; a world thinly populated by parents, brothers, sisters, a few grownups and other children. Reading enlarges this world enormously, taking the child into a much larger world with a much larger population: kings and queens, princesses and princes, pirates and robbers and giants, other children and other grownups and all their ways and lives and adventures. That is why nearly all children enjoy reading.

That interest does not cease in adult life, otherwise the cinemas would be empty. And it is through this instinct and interest that the ordinary man can be drawn on to poetry, to other forms of literature and to history. Literature is a railway ticket, costing very little, that takes men to every country in the world. Do you wish to meet more, and more interesting, human beings than most people meet in a lifetime? Take the plays of Shakespeare from your shelf. Do you wish to visit the hills near Sorrento? Read Browning's Englishman in Italy. Or to see a famous view over the Lombard plain? Read Shelley's Lines on the Euganean Hills. The visit can be made from an armchair; and besides seeing Italy, you will be seeing it with the eyes of a poet. We are on a hilltop, with rooks gathering at sunrise and flying away to their feeding grounds; the green plain of Lombardy is below, and in the distance the sea with the sun rising red above its waves, and the domes and towers of Venice; and so the poem takes us through its succession of sights and moods and thoughts. Nothing except actual travel can give us such an experience, and even travel cannot give it. For we should see the scene then with our own dull eyes. But reading the poem, we view it through the eyes of genius and see and feel what Shelley saw and felt.

Adult education, rightly conceived, might do something to meet the most serious danger to our civilization. Fifty years ago nearly everyone, through readings from the Bible, in prayers, and sometimes in sermons, heard once a week a great philosophy of life expounded. Much of the seed fell on stony places, much among thorns, yet, whatever the defects of ministers and congregations, it was something to have listened, even with half-shut ears, to the sacred Book of the purest and greatest of religions, and the hearers learned, if not to speak, at least to understand, a common language in thought and conduct.

WHAT are our equivalents for the church-going of our fathers? What are today the chief constant influences on the minds of the masses of the people? They are the films and the cheap press. These substitutes for religion will not help us to recover a philosophy of life, or teach us again to speak a common language or even to speak intelligibly at all. Such philosophies are not adequate guides to life.

I do not believe that our need can be fully met except through religion; but an adult education based on, or largely infused with, history and literature rightly taught might help to bring some order into the spiritual chaos of today.

So far I have been speaking of adult education for the masses. But there are other people besides the masses. There is what is known as the educated class, in whose hands, though the composition of the class may change, the direction and leadership of the country will always rest. Paradoxical as it may sound, they need adult education more than anybody.

Our present theory of education—or at any rate, our practice—is that every human being finishes his systematic education at a specific age; most of us at fourteen or fifteen,



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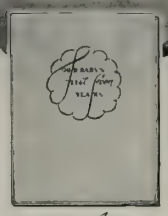
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the majority of the remainder at seventeen or eighteen, the rest between twenty-one and twenty-three. But it is absurd to regard formal education as ended when a man has been through school and university. Who can suppose that the need of knowledge and wisdom does not grow more urgent with the passing of the years which bring us to positions in life when our influence on others is greatest?

Were we sent out from the university finished articles, requiring simply to be seasoned by experience of life? Perhaps, if the world stood still, the answer to the question would be yes. Unfortunately, the world does not stand still. By the time—indeed, before—a man is forty, the world of his twenties will have changed, new problems, ideas, forces revealed themselves, and with all these he ought to make his reckoning.

This is one of the great problems of the age, the problem of how to keep the middle-aged young. It is an individual problem; but it is much more than that, for it affects social and political life at every point. For the purposes of that life, the middle-aged are more important than the young: they occupy inevitably most of the key posts and directing positions in national life.

It would be disastrous if men were physically old in their fifties, as they used to be, but it is an even greater national loss if most of them lose their intellectual and spiritual energy by that age. In the physical realm we have solved the problem; today a man of sixty or seventy may be physically almost a young man, and our attention needs to be given to the even more important question of preserving his intellectual vitality, if not intact, at any rate in good repair. It can only be done in one way. The body will not remain fit if its owner leads a sedentary life; nor will the mind.

VIRTUE OF SILENCE

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue: he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right. —CATO.

We need to become familiar with the idea that everyone engaged in routine or practical work, especially if he occupies a directing position, needs periods of systematic study in order to refresh and re-equip and re-orientate his mind. There is no occupation or profession in which the resumption of systematic education in later life would not be profitable, and there are few human beings who would not greatly profit by it.

If the conventional stranger from Mars arrived in Europe at this moment—after a journey through the air more hazardous than usual—he would not so much be surprised by the fact that a war is in progress—for war, unfortunately, is nothing new—but he would be struck by something far more serious: by the appearance of a new philosophy of life. Suddenly and somehow the whole bottom has fallen out of our civilization, and a change come over the world which, if unchecked, will transform it for generations. It is the death, or deathlike swoon, of Christianity.

If our Martian had visited England in prewar days, what would he think of the intelligence and energy which we devote to football pools and the like? What would he suppose to be the view of life which created those characteristic products of our era, its advertisements, films and cheap press? If he noticed how largely our novels were preoccupied with the sordid aspects of sex life, what would he suppose the conscious or unconscious philosophy of the authors who wrote and the public which tolerated them?

He would suppose that it had no philosophy at all; or at least that many of its inhabitants were of the type which Plato calls the "democratic man" and which Ibsen portrayed in Peer Gynt. The essence of Plato's "democratic man" is that he has no

(Continued on Page 123)

Take a blue-ribbon bunny! *He's as soft and warm and clean as he can be. And if Vanta bunny-soft garments were really and truly made from bunny fur, it would be the fur of blue-ribbon bunnies, you can be sure. And this bunny would be just tickled pink!*



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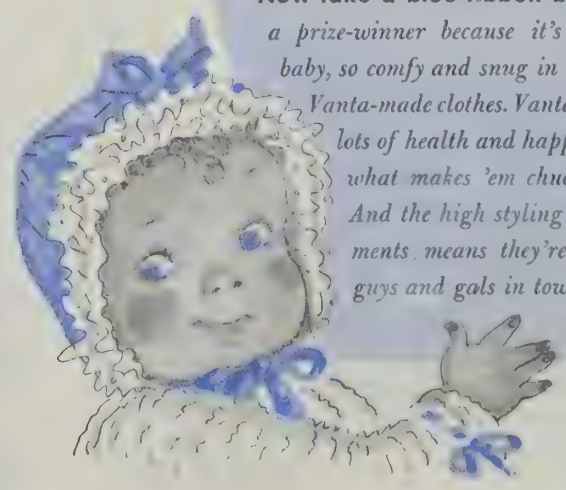
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STAR BRAND SHOES

Poll-Parrot AND STAR BRAND SHOES

with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls

(Continued from Page 121)

ruling principle, no clear end, no standard by which he approves or rejects except the impulse of the moment; and his disease is that he does not know what goodness is, has no real hold on it, and so drifts to and fro. It is almost worse to have no principle than to have a wrong one. For, as Ibsen remarked, if you are really good you may go to heaven, and if you are really bad you may go to hell. But if you are neither, the button molder will come for you and put you into the scrap heap, to be melted down with other worthless metal. Or, if there is no button molder, a Hitler or a Mussolini will come and do his work.

To treat a disease one must diagnose its causes, and the diagnosis of our disease is not difficult. It is a sickness of the spirit.

The spiritual life of Europe, its civilization in the full and deep sense of the word, comes from two sources, Greece and Palestine. The share of the latter is obvious, but we must not underestimate the former—no one who knows the Greek achievements will. Christianity and Hellenism, these are the sole sources of the spiritual civilization of Europe.

But if you allow the spiritual basis of a civilization to perish, you first change and finally destroy it. Christianity and Hellenism are the spiritual bases of our civilization. They are far less powerful today than fifty years ago. Therefore, we are losing that spiritual basis, and our civilization is changing and on the way to destruction unless we can reverse the process.

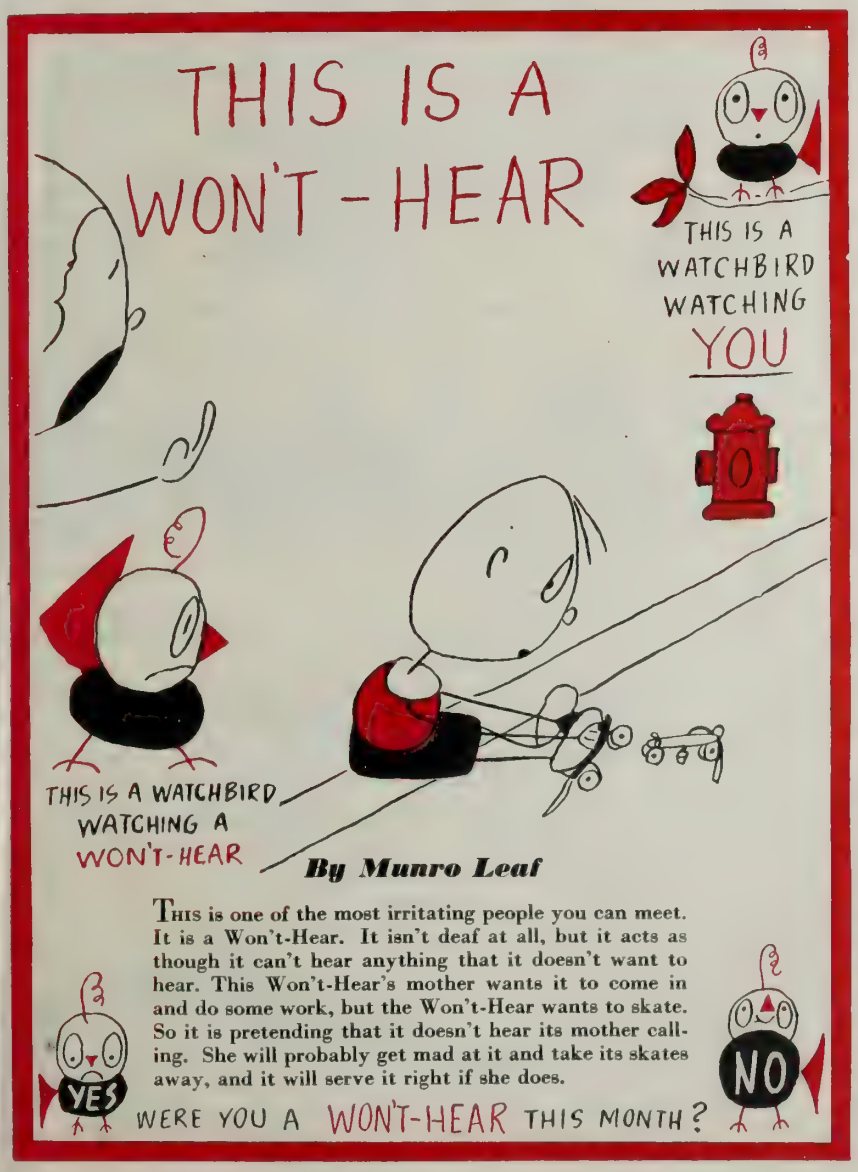
What is to be done? What practical steps can we take? My first suggestion is that we should co-ordinate our chaos of subjects. But, how co-ordinate it? What common element connects the miscellaneous elements in a curriculum—mathematics, geography, French, history, science; have they any link except that they are supposed to be items in the mental equipment of an educated person? It is a difficult problem, and yet these and all studies fall naturally into two great categories—they deal either with means or with ends.

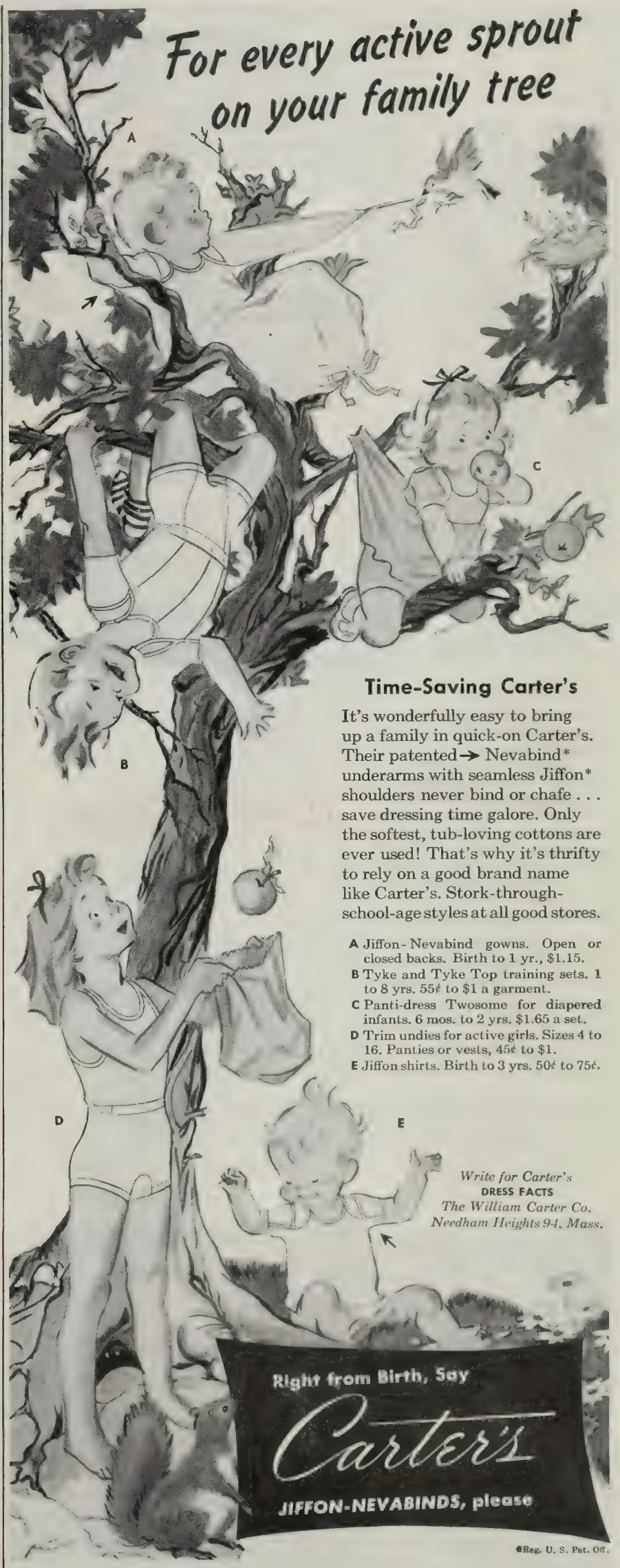
This suggestion will sound unintelligible, but it is all in the opening of Aristotle's Ethics, where he points out that our actions aim at an end, and are means to achieving it: we cook food in order to eat, we build ships in order to sail in them, we study medicine with a view to health. The more effectively our means achieve their ends, the more successful our lives will be. That is true of education as well as of life. The child comes to school to be given means and ends; to discern, or begin to discern, an ultimate end at which his activities should aim, and to learn, or begin to learn, the means which will enable him to do his work in the world.

I suggest, then, that the best way of bringing order into this chaos of the curriculum is for the teacher to have clearly in his mind this distinction of means and ends, and to feel that he is training his pupils to live a life that is a symphony and not a series of disconnected noises—to see that, while they acquire the means which they need for the practical purposes of life, they should also form an idea of the end at which they should aim. If that could be done, we should have cured the chief disease of our times. If you want a description of our age, here is one: The civilization of means without ends; rich in means beyond any other epoch, and almost beyond human needs; squandering and misusing them because it has no overruling ideal; an ample body with a meager soul.

University teachers are familiar with a type of boy who is well educated in the conventional sense, but who has no clear philosophy of life, nothing to fall back on in the hours of stress, discouragement or indolence that all men experience. It is this type, so characteristic of the age, that ought, if not to disappear, to become more uncommon.

What kind of teaching will achieve this? It is more a matter of the teacher's attitude than of the subjects taught; and the right





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attitude can be found in the books dealing with education in Plato's Republic. The subjects in his curriculum are also in ours. But in the Republic they are not regarded as lessons, still less as examination subjects. Always in the educator's mind is the sense that everything in school is there in order to contribute to the making of human beings, developed in body, mind and character, equipped for the business of living, and ruled in their aims and actions by the vision of what Plato calls the Idea of the Good.

The mere existence in the teacher of such a view of education—and therefore of life—will communicate itself to the pupil, though the teacher may never mention it nor the child consciously realize it until long after; for a teacher's outlook educates more than anything that he says.

But there are more definite ways of imparting a sense of ends. In earlier years—and not only then—it comes indirectly through what is read. In this connection I should like to stress the importance of learning poetry by heart, and of learning the right poetry. I doubt if anything learned at school is of more value than great literature learned by heart.

History is the other great storehouse of ends. Carlyle said that it is the essence of innumerable biographies; at any rate, this side of it is the most intelligible and attractive to the young; and you cannot talk about any great man without immediately distinguishing two sides of him—his abilities and his ends. It is most important to distinguish them, and too often they are not distinguished. The dazzling abilities of Napoleon and Bismarck blind us to the evil legacy they left to the world.

I should like to see every child carry away from school portraits of a few great men of another type, as standards for judging, and touchstones for testing human character. They must not be merely the great men of a day; they must be men of all time and they should represent different types of human excellence. Half a dozen would be ample, and every man will make a different list; my own would include Christ and Socrates, who presumably would find a place in every list, possibly St. Francis, and certainly President Masaryk. He is on a different level, and yet among the statesmen of the modern world perhaps no figure is so instructive as this coachman's son who became head of a state. He can be studied excellently in Capek's biography, President Masaryk Tells His Story.

TACT

The real reason why the tactful person is so rare is that tactfulness implies a union of a great many qualities: quick observation of tones of voice and facial expression and little gestures, a good memory, genuine sympathy, good humor, promptness, justice, and a considerable range, not only of intellectual interests but of current interests of every kind. And this combination is not a common one.

—A. C. BENSON: Along the Road; (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

So far, I have been concerned with a mainly unconscious habituation to right ends acquired by living with people who have had them, bringing the child into the atmosphere of spiritual health, so that a tainted atmosphere becomes repugnant to him. At early ages it is not necessary to moralize about good; it is enough to exhibit it. But, especially if the pupil stays on at school till seventeen or eighteen, he needs something more definite. There is nothing more acute or more true in Plato than his insistence that "habit without a settled principle" is not enough. It may be enough, perhaps, in an age of settled beliefs: houses built on the sand are secure in fine weather. But ours is not such an age. The rains descend and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat on us; and, unless the foundations of character go down below the sands to a granite rock of principle, a definite philosophy of life clearly seen and firmly held, the house is not likely to stand.

So I would suggest that, before they leave school, those who have not learned Greek should be introduced to Greek thought in translation. There seems to be a curious idea that Greek is not relevant to our world. Nothing could be more relevant; for Greek made modern civilization. Greek literature *is* a view of life. Here, as nowhere else in European literature, is a clear, unflurried vision of a rational human existence, which balances justly the claims of body, character and intellect, of material and spiritual civilization, of the individual and the state.

If you ask what is meant by introducing people to Greek thought, I mean getting such knowledge of Plato as can be got from the volume of selections from him in translation which has just appeared in the World's Classics. And that might be supplemented by some reading of the first four books of Aristotle's Ethics; or at any rate of the account of the virtues in the third and fourth books. Few things are more stimulating than to take this account, consider what we should add to Aristotle's list, what he prized and we do not, where we agree with or differ from him, and how far we ourselves practice or wish to practice what he taught.

All this leads up to Christianity, for which Greek thought, no less than the Roman Empire, prepared the way. And here we come to a difficulty. For Christians there are no difficulties in teaching it except those which belong to the teaching of a great subject. But there are teachers who do not feel certain enough about their beliefs to teach it confidently. What are they to do?

My answer would be that there are certain things about Christianity which almost any intelligent, candid and serious person believes and can teach, and that anyone who does not believe them may, indeed, teach mathematics or science or pure linguistics, but, in schools at least, had better leave history and literature alone.

For the first and the most important thing in Christianity is the actual portrait, preserved in the Synoptic Gospels, of a carpenter's son who, gathering some followers round him, taught, healed and lived his life in Palestine and was crucified by the Roman authorities.

To see Christ so is to see Him as His contemporaries saw Him in Galilee and in Judea during His earthly life; to see what convinced the men closest to Him, and who knew Him best, that He was not an ordinary man but the Son of God. That conviction of a few Jewish peasants in a minor dependency of the great and highly civilized Roman Empire seemed to most of its citizens an extravagant folly, but persisted as the empire, apparently so stable and permanent, fell into collapse, and outlived every other creed and philosophy of the Greco-Roman world. This much everyone must admit. It is a mere matter of fact. These facts do not exhaust Christianity, but they are, in the witness of St. John's Gospel, the most important part of it.

To sum up. We have lost our grip on education. It has become a mass of uncoordinated subjects, a chaos instead of a cosmos. For this we need to substitute a system whose ruling principle is the making of human beings. Many things go to their making, but essentially it is the training of three aspects of man—body, mind and character. And neither mind nor character can be made without a spiritual element.

That is just the element which has grown weak, where it has not perished, in our education, and therefore in our civilization, with disastrous results. Nothing can be done till that element is restored. Its only sources in western civilization—it would be different if we were Chinese or Hindus—are Palestine and Greece; and I suggest that we may adapt and adopt as our motto the advice which Apollo gave to the Trojans: "Seek out your ancient mothers." Anyhow, the problem is there; it is the greatest of our problems; and, unless we solve it, our civilization will perish.



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Thanks to modern medical science, today's children can have an easier time with measles than their parents had.

Never Underestimate Measles!

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

NINE out of ten children get measles. Thanks to modern medical science, however, your youngster can have an easier time with measles than you had. You can improve his chances of having a light case instead of a serious one. You can make sure that he is more comfortable than you were when you had measles. Most important of all, you can help the doctor keep down the likelihood of complications and thus avoid the lasting aftereffects which made measles a tragedy for many children of your generation.

Measles is highly contagious for several days before the onset of the acute, characteristic symptoms. That's why it spreads so rapidly. By the time a child has recognizable measles, he may already have exposed dozens of his schoolmates and playmates to the infection. Measles is caused by a filtrable virus—a living organism, or germ, so tiny that it passes through the pores of an earthenware filter. This virus spreads directly when an infected child sprays droplets of moisture from the nose or throat on another child by sneezing, coughing or even talking; it may also spread indirectly by means of droplets carried on clothes, bedding, utensils, schoolbooks, pencils and other objects.

Thus the first rule to follow when there is measles in your community is: Play safe! If your child has a "runny" nose, watery eyes, cough, sore throat or fever, keep him home. Especially, if your child is under three years old or is inclined to be frail, banish any neighbor's youngster with sniffles. Better risk offending the child's mother than take a chance on measles. Complications are particularly grave in very small children and in those who are sickly or undernourished.

From exposure to the appearance of symptoms, the "incubation period" of measles is from eight to ten days. During this time the virus is multiplying rapidly in the body preparatory to attacking the membranes lining the nose and throat. Sometimes symptoms are delayed, but if they don't appear within two weeks after a suspected exposure, the child is probably safe.

Three or four days after the beginning of catarrhal symptoms and fever comes the familiar rash. This starts inside the mouth and throat, then spreads to the face and body. As the rash grows, the sick child's misery mounts. Fever soars, often to 103 or 104 degrees; eyes discharge heavily, become inflamed, sore and sensitive to bright light. There may also be "grippy" aches and pains, headache, cough or bronchitis. This acute phase lasts for two or three days; then the rash begins to fade, finally becoming scaly and encrusted in the convalescent period. Other symptoms subside gradually and, generally, in about ten days the child feels well, though final disappearance of the scaly rash may take several more days.

(Continued on Page 128)

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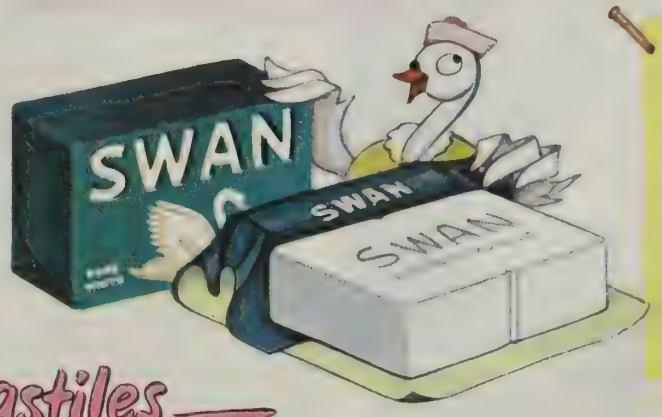
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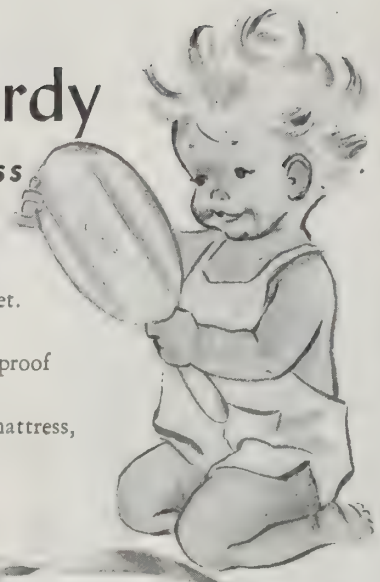
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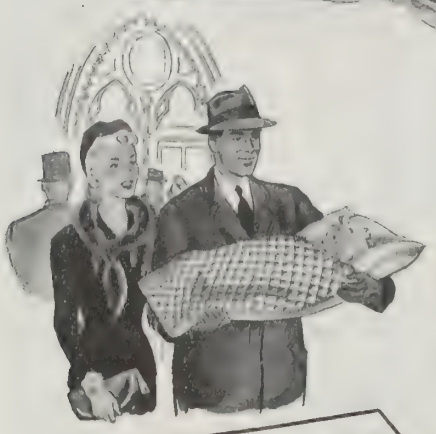
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Don't try to blow that cold away

When those nostrils are clogged with thick mucus, and breathing through that cold-sick nose is almost impossible—don't try to blow the congested passages open! Hard blowing makes tender membranes sore, may even increase the stopped-up discomfort!

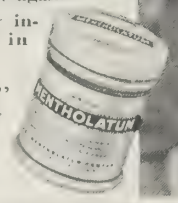
No cure for a head cold has yet been found, but that tormenting, smothering stuffiness, that smarting irritation around nose and mouth *can* be relieved quickly. See how Mentholatum helps.



Easy way to open stuffy nostrils . . . soothe irritation

Applied right in the nose and snuffed well back, Mentholatum strikes promptly at nasal discomforts with 4 vital actions:

1. **Helps thin out thick mucus—your nose starts to clear.**
2. **Soothes cold-inflamed membranes—nose soreness eases up.**
3. **Helps reduce swelling, congestion—soon you can *breathe* again.**
4. **Helps Nature heal by increasing circulation in "sick" area.**



Don't go on "suffering" right through a heavy cold. At any stage, use Mentholatum for quick relief! Jars, tubes 30¢.

Get MENTHOLATUM!

Helps clear clogged noses . . . quickly, safely!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

(Continued from Page 126)

Miserable as the child with measles feels, the complications which may follow are to be feared most. Chief among these is pneumonia. Measles lowers the body's resistance and makes it susceptible, especially in the already weakened bronchial area, to attack by pneumonia germs. Infections of the middle ear, sometimes causing lasting loss of hearing, may follow measles. Many other infections are also quick to invade the child's weakened body. Hence another rule for mother: Build strength as rapidly as possible by encouraging the child to eat well-balanced meals as soon as he is convalescent.

While there is no sure way of preventing measles, your doctor has several means of giving temporary protection after a known exposure. Possibly these will not keep your child from getting measles, but they will greatly diminish the severity of the attack. Thus, if you are alert and call the doctor as soon as an exposure has taken place, your child's measles will be mild but will still leave him permanently protected against another attack.

Protective measures are all based on the fact that the blood of people who have had measles contains antibodies to fight the disease. One of the methods used is convalescent serum, made directly from the blood of patients recovering from measles. Another is "placental extract"; this is a material prepared from the placenta, or afterbirth, in which the antibodies are found in a concentration greater than that in the blood. The third means of protection against measles, developed only recently, gives promise of being most useful because it is most easily available. This method utilizes a protein substance in the blood known as "gamma globulin." Happily, this is recoverable from the millions of pints of blood donated to provide plasma for the nation's fighting forces. Gamma globulin has been allocated to city and state health departments for distribution to local doctors.

Warned in time that measles is imminent, mother and doctor can work together to modify its effects. But whether or not these protective steps are taken, you can help ease the child's suffering and safeguard against dangerous complications. Here are some things to remember:

1. Keep the child in a warm, comfortable room, with enough fresh air. See that he rests.

2. Keep bright sunlight and artificial light away from the youngster's sensitive eyes. No reading. But it isn't necessary to keep the room in total darkness. This only adds to the child's wretchedness and makes it harder to care for him.

3. Provide a light, balanced diet, with plenty of fluids, as long as the fever lasts. Then add nourishment to build strength.

4. Don't use nose drops unless the doctor prescribes them and shows how they are to be given. These may add to the danger of bronchial complication. No laxatives except on the doctor's orders.

5. Report untoward symptoms to the doctor. Watch especially for earache, and for a wheezy "rattle" in the chest.

Finally, *never underestimate measles!* Because nearly everyone has had the disease, many mothers think it is trivial. This is a mistake. Measles is a vicious and sometimes dangerous infection—an enemy worthy of your best generalship.

A PENNY SAVED—

A story is told of a young man who called one evening on an old farmer to ask him how it was he had become rich.

"It is a long story," said the old man, "and while I am telling it we might as well save the candle." And he put it out.

"You need not tell the story," said the youth. "I understand."

—THE SPEAKER'S DESK BOOK: Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Drake.)

THESE DIAPERS *Wash Easier*



Curity
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DIAPERS

OPEN-WEAVE Curity Diapers cut washing time in half. Old-fashioned scrubbing is unnecessary, and you get longer wear. But ease of washing is only one of five reasons why extra-soft Curity Diapers are more popular.

1. Faster drying speeds diaper laundering, indoors or out.

2. Highly absorbent — surgical weave absorbs more thoroughly.

3. Foldline, woven permanently into fabric, makes it easy to adjust the fold to growing babies.

4. Have no hems to irritate baby's tender skin.

5. Easier to wash — open weave speedily cleansed with pure Ivory Flakes.

Mothers, medical authorities, and leading hospitals use and endorse Curity Diapers. Buy Curity Diapers at your favorite infants' store.

KENDALL MILLS, Walpole, Massachusetts

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to set before a King!

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Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS



Buy EITHER brand...
the quality is the same



You are an American
...buy WAR BONDS!

THE LID'S OFF

(Continued from Page 45)

CASSOULET

Soak 1 12-ounce package of navy beans overnight in 1 quart of water. The next morning add 2½ quarts of water, ¼ pound of diced salt pork, ¼ teaspoon of salt, 1 onion, chopped, 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme and half a bay leaf, crumbled. Cook about twenty minutes and add ¼ pound of salami or Italian sausage, skinned and cut into small pieces. Cook slowly until beans are tender. Bone and cut 1½ pounds of shoulder of lamb and 1 pound of pork shoulder into chunks. Season with salt and pepper. Brown the meat in a heavy stew pan or roaster with 5 onions, chopped, using only enough fat to prevent sticking. Pour off the fat after browning. Add the bones for flavor, 1 clove of garlic, finely minced, and 1 cup of tomato sauce. Cover and bake about one and one half hours in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Now to prepare the casserole: Remove bones. Drain liquid from the beans and save. Arrange beans and meat in alternate layers in the casserole. Pour over this the gravy from the pork and lamb mixed with the liquor from the beans. Repeat until all is used. Put back in oven for another hour. Serve in the casserole in which it was baked. And serve it as hot as ever you can. No loitering now, Belinda.

You know all that I do, and maybe more, about green salads. So no more words as to that. Only make sure that the dressing is right and the salads are crisp and dry before you dress them. Then toss very lightly until every curling leaf and tricky tendril is perfectly and completely dressed. I put the dressing in the bottom of the bowl and it's better, to my mind, than pouring it over the greens. There, that's enough.

FORGIVENESS

How fine it is that children never hold anything against one, no amount of silliness or selfishness. At least my children are like that, and I dare say all. It is never a question with them of forgiveness; they never think they have anything to forgive. (I try to be like that, too, but it is not easy.)

—FRANCES STUART: Things to Live For.

Collector's item. Everybody collects, although some may claim that their shelves and cupboards and mantels are as bare as a barkless rail. But they collect, just the same. Somewhere along the line they have a little hobby. I'm sure of that.

So, should you collect receipts, here is one for your collection. One to pass on and hand down, as all such items are destined to be, whether they are receipts or Staffordshire figurines or piggy banks or whatever.

SLICED ORANGES WITH CARAMEL SAUCE AND ALMONDS

Blanch ½ cup of almonds. (Just put in hot water a few minutes and rub off the skins.) Cut into lengthwise strips. Toast to a light brown in a slow oven, 300° F.—without benefit of butter. Caramelize 1½ cups of sugar over low heat, stirring *constantly* until all the sugar is dissolved. Don't leave this a second or it will burn. Take from the stove and add ¾ cup of boiling water and 1 teaspoon of butter and stir until it becomes a smooth sirup. Cool. Peel and slice seedless oranges. Allow 3 or 4 slices for each serving. Arrange in overlapping layers. Pour the caramel sauce over the oranges. Sprinkle with the toasted almonds. Does that sound all right? Well it *is* all right.

Spring fruit. Pretty soon now rhubarb will be all over the place. It is a beautiful plant with its intricately veined great leaves and its red fruit stalks standing so firm against the garden wall. But I'm ahead a little, for if rhubarb isn't around where some of you are, wait for it, and just put in its place, on this second meal, some of those fine plums you canned last year—and if they are



...for its Superiority in
3 BASIC VITALITY ELEMENTS*

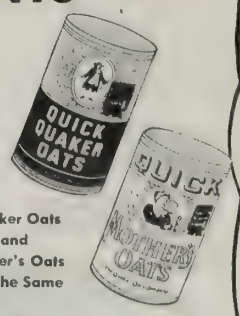
For Growth and Stamina, no other cereal matches whole-grain oatmeal in the great indispensable key element Protein.

For Your Daily Energy, oatmeal leads *all* cereals in Food-Energy, the "fuel" for all your daily activity.

To Help You Fight Fatigue, oatmeal provides more Vitamin B_1 than *any* other natural cereal.

In a Recent Survey of 2500 Food Authorities, whole-grain oatmeal led overwhelmingly . . . was named best for you, best tasting.

Always remember, it *does* make a difference which cereal you serve. When you serve your family delicious whole-grain Quaker Oats, you give them the extra oatmeal advantages recognized by so many Food Authorities. Remember to get Quaker Oats today. *Protein, Food-Energy, Vitamin B_1.



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same



In Everything there's Always One That's Best

Quaker Oats



New Dessert for your Next Party!

And a grand salad for the family's dinner... both from this same easy Knox recipe!

Make this heavenly Angel Pie for your next party...and with the same basic recipe fix a tempting salad for next day's dinner. (If you wish, of course, you need make up only one of these dishes.) See how Knox saves you time with this 2-in-1 recipe. Being pure, unflavored gelatine, Knox blends with almost every food. And remember, every Knox dish has vitamins and nutrition you don't get with imitation-flavor gelatine dishes made with hot water! Try Knox today!



For Angel Pie and Jewel Salad

(To make only one of these dishes, prepare half the Basic Recipe)



Start with Basic Recipe

2 envelopes Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tbsp. lemon juice

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add salt and lemon juice, stirring thoroughly. Divide mixture in half.

FOR ANGEL PIE, you'll need:

½ basic gelatine mixture
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ cup orange juice
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. grated orange rind

Beat yolks until light. Add sugar, orange juice, lemon juice (all the vitamins and flavor of real fruit are in Knox dishes). Cook in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Add gelatine mixture and orange rind. Stir well. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into crumb crust. Garnish with nuts, if desired. Chill until firm. Filling for one 9-inch pie.

FOR JEWEL SALAD, you'll need:

½ basic gelatine mixture
¾ cup hot water
2 tbsp. sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. vinegar
1 tbsp. prepared horseradish (if desired)
½ cup diced celery
½ cup diced cooked beets
½ cup finely shredded cabbage
2 tbsp. chopped green pepper
3 tbsp. minced onion

To gelatine mixture add hot water, sugar, salt, lemon juice, vinegar and horseradish. Stir thoroughly. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in vegetables. Pour into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Serves 6.

KNOX GELATINE *Pure, Unflavored*



P.S. **FREE!** 90 recipes for main dishes, salads, desserts, pies in Mrs. Knox's beautifully illustrated 40-page recipe book. Send a postal today to Mrs. Knox, Box 23, Johnstown, New York.

all gone, applesauce isn't to be sneezed at. I love it. With lemon in it and not strained either. Definitely not strained.

But to get back where I belong, here's the receipt for the ramekins you observe in the picture; and along with these you see corn sticks, but more of those another time. I *have* to get on with this deviled dish, so here it is.

DEVILED SHRIMP AND HADDOCK

Put 3 pounds of fresh shrimp in boiling water to cover with a slice of lemon, 1 whole onion stuck with a clove, a handful of celery leaves, a seasoning of salt and pepper. Simmer until the shrimps turn pink and are tender; takes about fifteen minutes. Drain and cool the shrimps. Strain and save the liquid. Shell the shrimps and take out the thin black veins. In another pan, cook 2 pounds of fillet of haddock with the same seasonings you used for the shrimp. Drain the fish, flake and remove any bits of bone. Make 4 cups of medium cream sauce, using 3 cups of milk and 1 cup of shrimp stock for the liquid and adding 1 teaspoon of dry mustard with the flour. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix with the shrimp and haddock. Taste and re-taste for seasoning. Pour into individual casseroles or ramekins. This quantity will serve eight. Have ready 2 cups of freshly mashed potatoes and pipe the casseroles all the way around. Use a pastry bag or spatula to pipe on the potato border. Sprinkle dry grated coconut on the mashed-potato trim and bake the casseroles in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about twenty minutes, or until the mixture bubbles and the border browns.

These will keep—maybe. Of course, I mean cookies. I always admire to read "This cake keeps well" or "These cookies last a long time." It is perfectly true, no doubt, but in my long and coloratura career I have found that somehow things good to eat never get to the sere-and-yellow stage, lock them never so well. As they used to say up north, "they get et."

However, eat or keep, I recommend the receipt that I now set down with one hand. By the way, it comes out to around forty-eight cookies. Do you need a new cooky jar by any chance?

MARMALADE DROP COOKIES

Cream together ½ cup of shortening with 1 cup of sugar. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and beat. Sift 3 cups of flour with ½ teaspoon of baking soda and ½ teaspoon of salt. Work into the creamed mixture. Last of all stir in 1 cup of orange marmalade, or any combination of citrus marmalade you like. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls, several inches apart, on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about fifteen minutes. Store in a covered cooky crock. There it is again. Anything to *keep*.

Old Number 3. When I was a little girl one of the wildest things my friends and I could think up to do was to go down to the depot to see the trains come in. (My, that's quite a sentence, but how could I split it up?)

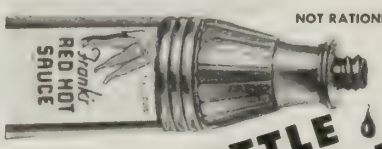
Our favorite was a train from Boston to Montreal known as Old Number 3. To our eyes it was the last word in transportation elegance, plush seats, (guessed at) romantic couples gazing from glistening windows, grime-stricken yardmen tapping the wheels—well, it had everything. It was *our* train. It came from far away, going on to even more mysterious destinations, forbidden marvels, but ours just the same. It was Old Number 3

Back on the track. I don't know why I thought of it just now. It went the way of all old iron, long ago, I suspect. But it had its day. It had glamour. And that is all many things can boast.

But here is your No. 3 menu coming up, and first on the agenda is a Creole fish dish all in a casserole; and now for ways and means to get it that way.

CASSEROLE OF FISH CREOLE

Either a whole fish or 1½ to 2 pounds of fillets can be used for this dish. Have a whole fish boned. It pays. Take off the



NOT RATIONED!

A 10c BOTTLE Flavors 108 MEALS

ADD 5 DROPS of Frank's Red Hot Sauce to each serving of meat, fish, spaghetti, soup, eggs, baked beans, tomato juice for a new zestful flavor.



NEW TASTY WAY TO SERVE BROILED HAM STEAK

Boil sweet potatoes until tender, peel, mash, then whip them up with butter or margarine, salt, 5 drops of Frank's Red Hot Sauce and a little top milk. Broil ham slice. When golden brown on both sides, serve with mounds of hot mashed potatoes topped with cherry preserves. Garnish with parsley. Add 1 drop of Frank's Red Hot Sauce to each serving of ham and watch the man in your life smile!



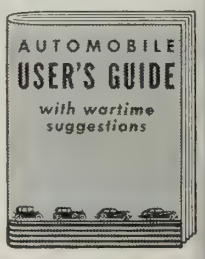
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tail and wash the boned fish. Season it well all over with salt and pepper and brush with oil. Lay it in a greased casserole. Now make your sauce Creole. Got to get Creole into this *some* way. And only the sauce can do it. To 2 cups of canned tomatoes, add ⅔ cup of canned condensed tomato sauce or condensed tomato soup. Put on to cook with 1 green pepper, diced, 2 onions, chopped fine, ½ cup sliced canned or fresh mushrooms, 1 teaspoon of meat paste or powder or a bouillon cube. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook together fifteen to twenty minutes until the sauce is smooth and creamy and vegetables are tender. Pour the sauce over the fish and bake about forty-five to fifty minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. Before serving, garnish with freshly cooked peas and carrots.

The filled baked-potato shells can brown in the same oven with the fish. And these are just baked potatoes, scooped out, the pulp beaten up with a little cream, the beaten white of an egg, seasoned and put back in the shells and browned and puffed in the oven.

Berries in March? Why not? It's got so now that things do crop up in the most unexpected places and at the most unusual times. Since they fell to freezing everything but the water pipes, you just drop around and get yourselves corn on the cob or garden peas or even spinach—if that is what you want—right spank in the middle of winter. So we put strawberries in Old Number 3's dessert. And there is no law against anyone's using any fruit, canned, frozen or fresh. We just went for strawberries, that's all. Look well, don't they? Red is my favorite shade.

CAKE RING WITH FRUIT

Cream ½ cup of shortening and 1 cup of sugar together. Add 2 eggs, well beaten. Beat very thoroughly. Flavor with 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Sift together 1¾ cups of cake flour, 2½ teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt. Add alternately to the creamed mixture with ½ cup of milk. Beat until smooth. Fill a greased and floured ring mold half full. Any batter left over makes a few cupcakes. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about forty-five minutes or until done. Now this is only a simple, everyday "2-egger," as we say. But the cake as well as the filling is as changeable as March weather. Just make the cake the way you like best. Fill with strawberries or any cooked or canned fruit that you like and serve with a smooth soft custard.

Let it blow. March isn't all gusts and frenzy though. There is promise in the air. The promise of spring.

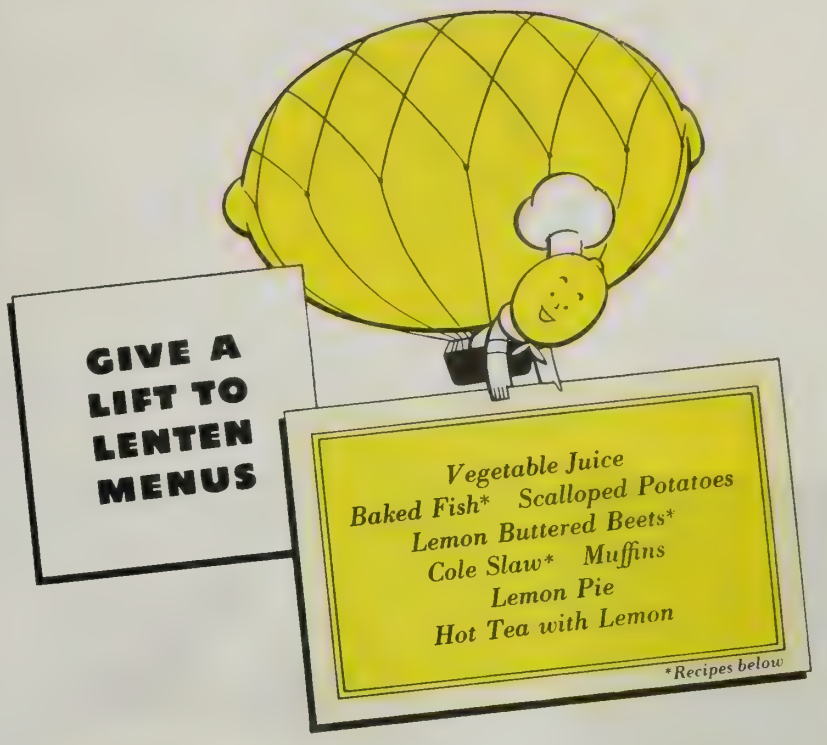
There's another thing too. This is the maple sugar *and* sirup month. That ought to help. Up on the softly blanketed hills, in the sugar bush, they are looking to the sap pails; and if the cold nights and sunny days hold out, the run ought to be as usual, which is plenty good enough.

I have a maple tree at my place, and felt that I might tap it, just for fun. But some know-it-all told me that it wasn't a sugar maple, but some other kind of maple, and added that I might as well tap the flagpole—the result would be the same. And such is the power of suggestion that I've about given the whole project up. I feel, however, that there's sap in that thar tree!

It can't last long, this boisterous going-on. And think what it will be like when the first daffodil lifts its golden chalice to a sun getting higher and higher in the heavens.

And when the smell of fresh-turned earth greets us in the early morning, and when the lawn mower makes its debut and the bluebirds nest again. All wonderful, all worth waiting for. I guess the weeds did quite a business last fall, but remember—every flower was once a weed. That helps.

And so good-by until another day. Let it blow. No weather, however bad, lasts forever, and "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea."



LENTEN FAVORITES become something *new* when you add a lively touch of lemon. Such grand flavor and smart color! See how easily lemons help any course of a dinner.



APPETIZER—*Vegetable Juice*

Any vegetable or fruit juice responds to the wake-up tang of lemon. Soups, both clear and thick, sea foods and most other appetizers need the lift that lemon gives them, too.

MAIN DISH—*Baked Fish**

You wouldn't think of *serving* fish without lemon, but have you tried *preparing* it with lemon? No trick at all. To bake, broil or fry any fish (without that fishy odor) simply rub with fresh lemon juice inside and out, salt to taste, dot with butter or margarine and cook until done. You won't taste the lemon, but, mmm... there's fish with a flavor! And lemon does much for chops, roasts (both lamb and veal) and other main dish standbys. See pages 6, 7 and 8, Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book.

VEGETABLE—*Lemon Buttered Beets**

A sprinkling of fresh lemon juice performs wonders with most vegetables. Beets, for example, are something new with lemon butter: ¼ cup melted butter or margarine blended with 2 tbs. of fresh lemon juice. Pour over beets just before serving.

SALAD—*Cole Slaw**

Lemon adds a real wake-up tang to most salads. With cole slaw, use fresh lemon juice in place of vinegar in your favorite dressing. Then watch it disappear.

DESSERT—*Lemon Pie*

The perfect ending for any meal. Lemon pie, banked high with snowy meringue, is so popular that every cookbook has 1 or 2 recipes. For variety get Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book with *10* pie recipes—all lemon.

As you see, lemons can be your most helpful food in setting a tastier table. But there is another reason for using lemons liberally—HEALTH. Lemons are a rich source of vitamins C and P, a good source of B_1. They aid digestion and alkalinize the system. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 interesting recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 203, Los Angeles, 55, California.



Sunkist Lemons in trademarked tissue wrappers are the finest and juiciest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

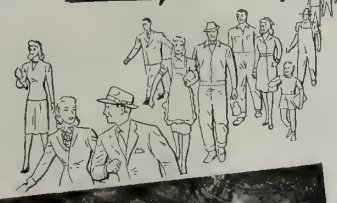
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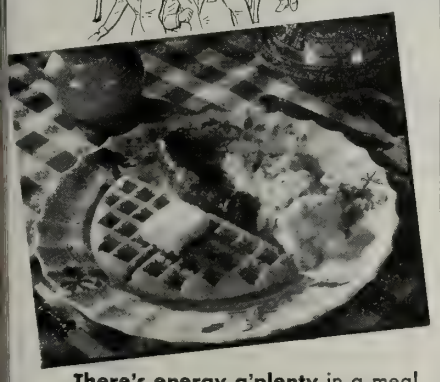
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California Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

BUSY PEOPLE need a hearty breakfast





There's energy a'plenty in a meal like this. And it's simpler than it looks, too! DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX makes waffles quicker, better, tastier. Buy a box for tomorrow morning!





Sugaring-off draws New England youngsters to the sugar house! Hot maple syrup, cooled on snow, makes delicious candy—"sugar on snow."

Full of real maple sugar flavor

If you've ever tasted "sugar on snow"—and remember the luscious goodness of that real maple sugar—then you know the delicious flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup.

To give you this rich maple sugar flavor, we first select a maple sugar that has a good, full flavor. Then blend it with cane sugar and other sugars.

This blend enhances the flavor of the maple—makes it richer, more delicious. Always uniform, too. Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid Syrup



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, no wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!



Smart, new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

•

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✔ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✔ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✔ *Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.



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HAIR CONDITIONER

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MEET AN ARMY CHAPLAIN

MUNKACSI

The Rev. Clyde Hahn, of West Columbia, South Carolina. An Attu veteran, the foxhole parson comes home a hero to his flock

BY BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

CHAPLAIN CLYDE HAHN stood on the deck of an Army transport off Attu and wondered how long a man could last in the gray, icy, sub-infested waters below. He peered through the fog at the frozen ridges of the Aleutians and tried to picture what the attack would be like and how he would react under fire. Three months ago, he had been a preacher in an indolent little Southern town. Now he was about to go over the side of the ship with the assault troops and follow them, unarmed, into battle. The stomach-chilling hunch that he would never come out alive did not alter his determination to accompany them right under the muzzles of the Jap guns.

A heavy-set, mild-looking fellow in his early thirties, with big football shoulders and a pair of blue, faintly troubled eyes that give him the look of Bing Crosby dressed up to play Father O'Malley, Hahn's easygoing manner conceals the tenacity of a bulldog. One of six children of a blacksmith he had worked in a grocery store to put himself through theological school, then spent four more years as factory hand, gas-station attendant and milkman before he got his first call—a one-room mission church by the side of a dusty red-clay lane in West Columbia, South Carolina, with a congregation of exactly nine souls.

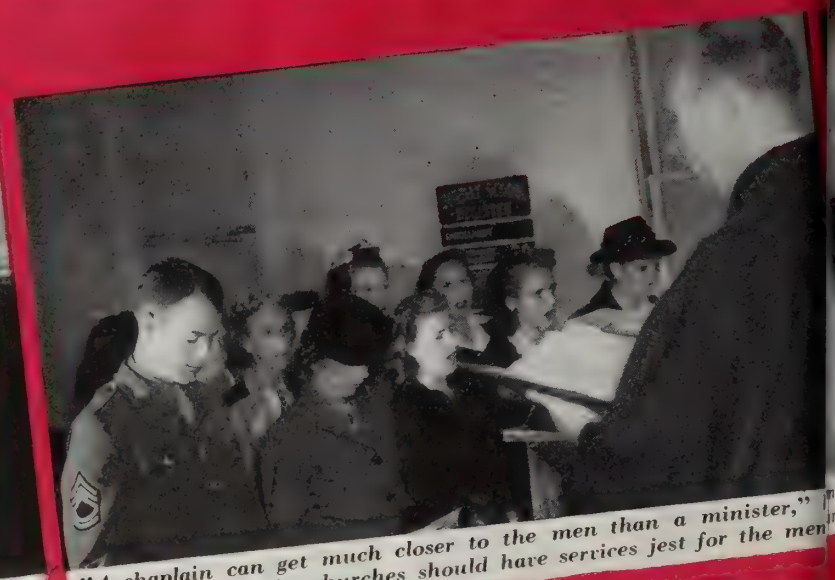
But Sunday morning aboard an Army transport off Attu is not Sunday morning in a tiny Lutheran church. And the bare whitewashed windows and hard brown pews grouped around an iron stove back home were not like the surroundings below deck where Chaplain Hahn now went to preach his last sermon aboard ship two days before D day.

37.5% of American families have incomes of less than $2000 a year.

"There's more ways of teachin' religion than in church," believes this ex-Army chaplain who faced every battle horror on Attu.



Mrs. Hahn takes toddler Sunday-school class in one-room Lutheran church. Pud, second from left, has another interest.



"A chaplain can get much closer to the men than a minister," found. "Maybe the churches should have services jest for the men

In the transport's mess hall, where a temporary altar had been set up, the handsome gold crosses provided by the Navy gleamed in the candlelight. The three hundred or so men gathered there looked tense and slightly unhappy. Nerves wound tight for attack, stiff-muscled from inactivity and sniffling from an epidemic of colds which plagued their cramped shipboard quarters, they stood and shuffled their cold feet. It was May 9, 1943, and the temperature outside stood around zero. They had forty-eight hours to pass somehow, endlessly, minute by minute, before they were spilled on the frozen shores of Attu to blast and hack and bayonet the Japs from United States soil.

The chaplain began his sermon by reminding the men that it was Mother's Day back home. As he spoke, he thought of the fresh, gentle face of his wife and the bravery in her clear blue eyes. He saw his mother's face with the same gentleness and courage, but with the freshness gone and something lonely in its place. Simply and gravely he told the men, despite the hardships they were undergoing, to think of the hardships each mother had gone through bringing them to manhood. The restless feet grew still. The grim faces melted with remembrance. A few wept.

Afterward they came to him with letters laboriously and heart-searchingly written to their wives and mothers. "Would you mind sending this for me, Chaplain, just in case ——" They never finished that sentence. Some wanted private communion and he gave it gladly, at any hour: "Seems like a chaplain can get closer to men than a minister. Maybe it's because they're scared, but mostly it's because they're all men together." And he adds thoughtfully, mindful of how women outnumber men more than two to one at church services back home, "Maybe more men would go to church if there were special services for them."

At Fort Ord, California, where he was stationed with the men just before embarking, he found that money messes and woman trouble ruin more good soldiers than anything else. If the men felt their wives were too extravagant and getting them into debt, "I'd write the wives that they should be willin' to make the easy sacrifices when their husbands are willin' to give up their lives. I sure hope it did some good." The younger married men brood about their wives' fidelity. "If they suspected their wives of runnin' around or livin' with other men while collectin' their allotments, I'd have the Red Cross check up on 'em. The older married men don't worry so much, but they make the worst soldiers. Guess their wives softened 'em up too much—they jest loll round and think of nothin' but home."

But you can't judge how a man is going to react under fire by the way he acted at training camp, the chaplain found. "Some of the biggest and toughest, those who wouldn't have nothin' to do with any chaplain at camp, are the first to holler for 'im when the goin' gits bad. Seems like they don't have the confidence of the boys who've always lived with their religion."

Clyde—or Tony, as his wife calls him—was the only chaplain to land with the three thousand men who stormed the Holtz Bay area. They were part of the famous Seventh Division that later took Kiska and the Gilberts, and Leyte. With Hahn was his clerk, Corp. Wally Schulenberg, son of a Lutheran minister in Chi-



Rattled nerves and a weak memory plague the parson since his Attu experiences. "After Sunday service, I'm in a jerk." But he keeps gamely on, hopes to return to Alaska with wife and child as a missionary.



... hours' work goes into one hard-nching twenty-minute sermon.

In snug four-room parsonage, Ladies' Aid meets to decide which lady will scrub church that week.

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

Like Bing Crosby, whom he resembles, the husky reverend is a good golfer, also referees basketball games and likes to hunt and fish. Stand-offish G.I.'s were soon won by his Irish wit and easygoing tolerance. Friends called him "Tony." Badly injured while advancing toward a Jap machine-gun nest, he was hospitalized for six months, came home to Carolina to preach funeral service for his infant son.

cago. At Army camps, this clerk keeps the chaplain's files, types up church programs, generally plays the organ. On the battlefield, Wally's job was to see that his chaplain didn't get killed.

No Jap fire greeted the landing barges as they wove among the rocks onto a beach so narrow and inaccessible that the Japs had not bothered to fortify it. The terrain was so abrupt and steep that Tony spent the first day advancing with troop commander Major Hartl, on his hands and knees. As they climbed higher into the snowy peaks, the temperature dropped to twenty below and their sweat-soaked clothes froze on them. Two and a half miles inland, the infantry ahead encountered the first Japs. That night the husky reverend dug a narrow foxhole in the side of a cliff and tossed sleeplessly until dawn, shivering with cold and fatigue, his clerk Wally alert with his gun near by.

The second day he was back at the landing beach, helping to rig hospital tents, when he received word from Major Hartl to find a level space of ground away from the fighting area for a cemetery. The first casualties were coming back from the hills.

Maj. Albert V. Hartl was a short, stocky, precise-speaking soldier from Bismarck, North Dakota, who looked like the accountant he formerly was. In action, however, he proved a competent and fearless commander, winning the profound admiration of his men. As Hahn came up, the major was almost crying, saying, "I can't stand to see my men butchered up like this." The Japs had depressed their antiaircraft batteries until the shrapnel was bursting a few feet over the heads of men wrestling in hand-to-hand combat, mangling Japs and Americans alike.

Along with the terrible head and chest wounds from the AA guns, the men suffered cruelly from frozen feet as their leather boots grew stiff in the snow. Hahn, whose own feet were frostbitten, gave away all his dry socks and moved tirelessly among the wounded, giving one a sip of stimulant, kneeling to pray beside another in the snow. "Some of them cursed, and some of 'em prayed. No use forcin' yourself on those who cursed. There were plenty who prayed."

The men all seemed to know and wanted to hear the Lord's Prayer. "Our Father, which art in heaven"—their lips moved with Hahn's as he spoke. The litter bearers staggered back with a lad whose neck was riddled with shrapnel. It was a boy Hahn had baptized, along with his infant daughter, just before leaving California. He died in Tony's arms without ever regaining consciousness.

Eating only cold field rations, and sleeping perhaps one hour in twenty-four, Tony moved back and forth between the front-line foxholes and the aid station. Once a Jap sniper pinned him down in the snow for three hours, the bullets coming so close they kicked snow into his face, but he kept on. By the sixth day, most of the Holtz Bay area was in American hands, but a lone Jap machine-gun nest hidden in a high peak still harassed the men at the landing beach.

At dusk a group of volunteers started after them, Tony bringing up the rear. "Some chaplains stay back at the field hospitals, but I figured, if they need me at all, it's where the goin's the worst." His doughty clerk Wally at his side,



Walther League listens owl-eyed to hints on happy wifehood. Parson's rule for mending shaky marriages: "First remove the in-laws."



Parishioners—"none of 'em better off 'n us," says Lib—arrive regularly with gifts to stock parson's pantry. Food costs her $50 a month.



PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI

Lib Hahn worked eight years in a hosiery mill before she quit to have Pud. Parson wants "as many kids as the Lord sends: He'll find a way to provide." Present salary is $33 a week.

HOW THE HAHNS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Food	$600.00	Recreation	$15.00
Clothing	120.00	Taxes (poll and state)	18.00
Car upkeep	300.00	Laundry	30.00
Fuel (5 tons coal)	50.00	Newspapers, church literature and magazines	55.00
Electricity	54.00		
Phone	36.00	Doctor's and dentist's supplies	50.00
Insurance	75.00	Chicken feed	50.00
Hospitalization	48.00	Miscellaneous	78.80
Contributions	168.00		$1815.00*
Retirement fund	67.20		

*Yearly expected income from salary, weddings and small amount from plate collections. House payments, upkeep and improvements paid by the church.

Tony sweated and pulled himself up the face of the cliff for seven hours through the semi-darkness of the Arctic night. Suddenly the fog and dark lifted, and he was gazing right into the ugly mouths of the Jap guns on the summit. He slid back, lost his balance and plunged down the precipice.

Wally's anxious face was bending over him when he awoke at the aid station hours later. It was he who had rushed back for litter bearers as soon as he found his chaplain unconscious in the snow. Major Hartl hurried over, shaking his head and saying sadly, "Of all men I hated to lose, it was my chaplain." Tony smiled and tried to get up. He was paralyzed from the waist down.

Litter bearers carried him from the aid station to the hospital on the beach, a distance of several miles, with snipers firing at them the whole way. From the beach, Tony was evacuated to the hospital ship in the harbor. His faithful clerk Wally cried to see him go, and his grief reached through the bitterness and defeat in Tony's heart. Paralyzed for life, so he thought, he lay helpless in the hold of the ship as they zigzagged full speed out of the harbor, dodging the torpedoes from enemy submarines.

His wife Lib, clumsy with the child that was expected in a few weeks, was rocking on the front porch one stifling June night when the news came. She had just put their young daughter to bed and was looking up at a ripe Carolina moon and fretting over Tony's long silence, when some neighbors arrived with a telegram: "Regret to inform you . . . your husband First Lt. Clyde Hahn wounded in action Alaska Defense Command." She sat there stunned, unable to speak or cry, her eyes taking in the message but her mind refusing to believe it. Upstairs, young Pud woke suddenly and started to wail. Lib said good night politely to her friends, and went into the house. Afterward, she returned and resumed her rocking until dawn.

She remembered the first time she met Tony. He was selling gasoline to help pay his way through Concordia Theological Seminary, at St. Louis, and enjoying the passing show of pretty girls who stopped by the pumps every day. The moment the slender, blue-eyed Miss Gantt drove into the station he thought, so he told her later, "That's nice. Very nice." One remark led to another and he discovered he had been selling her married sister gasoline for weeks. She hadn't made it too difficult for him to get himself invited to dinner. Elizabeth Ola soon became "Lib," and mightily concerned about the prospects of young Lutheran preachers.

In 1936, still depression times, they were far from good, especially in a Baptist stronghold like the Carolinas. "I knew all 'bout tight squeezes when it came to money," observes Lib today. "There were nine of us children and my father was a plumber. I didn't allow as how marrying a preacher who hadn't even got started was very good sense."

But Lib had a job—pairing stockings in a Hickory hosiery mill for $25 a week. She bought a maple bedroom suite and saved $100; Tony borrowed $150 from the bank and they were married the autumn after he graduated from theological school. With a headful of Biblical quotations in Greek and Hebrew, Tony went to work knitting hosiery in the same factory where she worked. Hardly were they settled in a two-room apartment of their own, however, when he came down with pleurisy and they moved in with her mother and her family. That winter, Lib supported them both with her slender earnings. When he recovered, Tony got an $18-a-week job as a bookkeeper, then ran a milk route. Four years after their marriage, Lib was still matching stockings eight hours a day, living in a one-room apartment and eating all meals out. She began to doubt that Tony would ever get a church, but he never gave up hope, turning down a fine-paying job as manager of a dairy because he reckoned he couldn't be happy in that kind of business at all.

In 1940, there was an opening in the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church in West Columbia, an old frame church as gray-white as the sand that drifts up against the steps and under the pecan trees and Southern pines. The first Sunday he preached there, nine people turned out to see the new minister. When he left to join the Army he had "close to a hundred, countin' the kids"—a sizable flock he shepherded from their snug homes by tramping up and down each street ringing doorbells.

Tony thought of his mission work as he lay paralyzed aboard the hospital ship headed for Adak, and despaired of the future. On the second day, he thought he felt a faint prickling sensation in one foot. To his great joy, the numbness began to disappear, until he could move both legs freely. However, the tumble down the mountainside which caused the temporary paralysis also damaged two vertebrae, requiring a cast from shoulder to hip.

By this time, he was fretting to be back with his men; but, as his back improved, the horrors he had seen on Attu began to obsess his mind and he suffered a frightening loss of memory. Tony feels twelve weeks of Army life were not enough to season a man of peace to battle-front conditions and that, if he had had more seasoning, he probably would have come out all right.

Still very jumpy, but able to get about with a back brace, he went home to a joyful reunion with Lib and his daughter in July. Two days after he arrived, his first son was born, a husky, black-haired youngster weighing almost nine pounds. Tony barely had time to get acquainted before he was sent to McCloskey General Hospital, in Texas, where he remained until he was discharged from the Army the following winter.

One bright February day, he drove up to Hickory, North Carolina, where Lib was staying with her mother, to bring back his family to the red-roofed white parsonage in West Columbia. On the hundred-and-fifty-mile trip back, the new baby, Timothy, took sick. Two days later he died of a raging fever from some unknown ailment, at seven months.

Tony and Lib still cannot mention their loss with composure. The reverend can listen to parishioners' woes all day long and half the night, too, without getting morbid or depressed. "And I get more than their spiritual problems," he says with a small smile. But funerals have a devastating effect upon him. "By the time I've finished a funeral service, I'm every bit as cut up as the family." The one he conducted over the tiny coffin of his infant son was the hardest thing he ever did.

Their red-haired three-year-old, christened Becky but generally called Pud, with the *u* soft as in "pudding," has so far shown none of the rambunctious traits of a minister's child except for lisping innocently into the phone, "Daddy isn't here," and hanging up before Tony can get there. He is out of the house so much that Lib never sets a pan on the stove until he is actually inside the front door. Even at that, the parishioners seem to wait for the precise moment when she is setting a delicately crisp plate of fried oysters on the table before they phone for Tony to visit a sickbed side.

Ask Lib how she came to fall in love with her husky preacher, and she'll tell you ruefully she guesses it was his love of good times. With a guest membership at a near-by country club, he still finds time for golf and tennis in the summer, and every fall is out with his fishing rod or gunning after squirrels and pheasants. But, on a salary of about $33 a week, with guests dropping in continually for meals or overnight, the "recreation" item in the budget runs to maybe a movie a month for Lib, with Ladies' Aid meetings and visiting with the reverend her only outside activities.

It helps a lot that they pay no rent or upkeep on their stove-heated four-room cottage, bought by the church brand new for $3500 four years ago. With mop and broom, because she owns no vacuum, Lib keeps it neat and shining as a pin. In the rear, the handy reverend has hammered up two swings for Pud, a pen for their dozen chickens, and a doghouse for their two coal-black cockers. The men's club at the church plowed up the meadow grass that was their front lawn in preparation for grass seed next summer, as well as digging six holes for some pecan trees, good for shade and a small income too.

In Tony's study is the deed for a plot of land for the new brick church he plans to build down the lane, big enough to hold 250 people. After that, when his nerves and shaky memory are back to normal, he wants to make personally sure that a better world means more than a pint of milk a day for the coming generations. Young spirits need just as careful nourishing as bodies. This Attu veteran plans to become a missionary.



Up at seven, the parson fries his own breakfast, but is never caught washing any dishes.

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FIFTY-DOLLAR PHILOSOPHY

Early spring and fall—Mrs. Hahn lives in shirts, skirts and sweaters in pretty colors; buys at sales.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER

Canteen apron, rickrack added: Hollywood Pattern 1097, 12 to 42, 25c.

White piqué dickey to make, Hollywood Pattern 1085; piqué gloves, JOURNAL glove pattern 1941, 5c; order from Journal Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Mrs. Hahn's suit for church and special occasions in gray shadow-checked wool: under $30; worn with flattering white hat, bow blouse.

A felt bag, scarf to wear cravat-fashion, extra gloves, complete her accessories.

Polka-dot rayon crepe for afternoon parties, soft bow neckline; by Henry Rosenfeld, about $11.

Wrap-around cotton dress: Hollywood Pattern 1086, 10 to 20, 28 to 44, 15c.

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

"THE answer is—I don't try to buy too much," Mrs. Hahn explained with her quiet smile as we discussed her fifty-dollar-a-year clothes budget. "Just one complete new costume a year—something I can be proud of and wear a lot of places—then I fill in with leftovers." Mrs. Hahn knows values and saves a lot by shopping at sales. This spring she plans to have a new gray suit with white accessories. If it weren't her year to buy a suit, she might choose instead a good crepe dress and an extra sweater-and-skirt costume, which she loves for every day. Each season she makes several aprons and pretty cotton dresses to wear at home, to market and for warm summer afternoons . . . fabric for only a few dollars. Mrs. Hahn knows how to combine clothes philosophy with arithmetic. That's why her plan works so well.

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tton-down-front dress: Hollywood ttern 1345, 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 25c.

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Back views of Hollywood Patterns on page 168

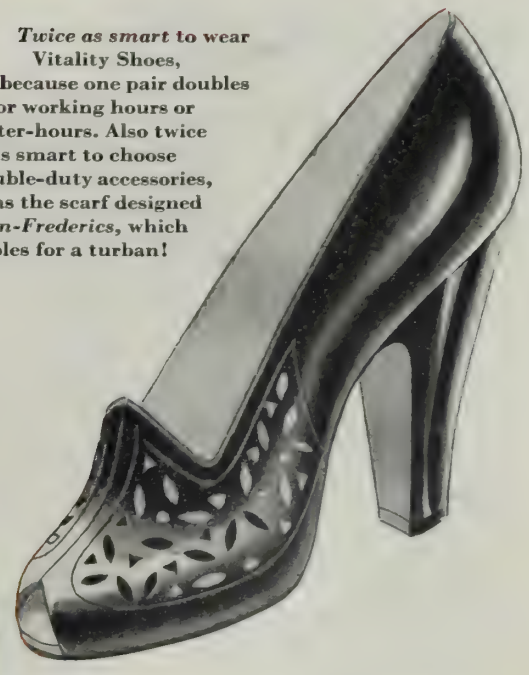


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Are You a Back Number?



Mrs. Hahn tries "back flattening" for th straight line of health and youth. Wall climb ing *(below)* is more advanced work, but fur



BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

ELIZABETH HAHN is as slim as they come—too slim, really. She is pretty too. But she does have one familiar problem: a back that tires easily. This country is full of women just like her. They look fine on the outside, haven't any organic problem, aren't overweight, and yet they find that after a few hours of bustling about, their tiredness all seems to center in their backs. A nagging, mean-tempered sort of ache develops that frays the nerves, puts shadows under the eyes and writes lines on the face.

Perhaps our national vitality and the hard nervous drive which impels us to "get everything finished today" are partly accountable. I suspect a lot of housewives who have begun to worry secretly about recurrent backaches are actually suffering only from an overdose of "housekeeper's conscience"—*and bad posture habits.* Fortunately, both conditions can be treated without operation or expense. Common sense is the first requisite. Does the ironing always have to be finished on Tuesday, or the baseboards washed at regular intervals? Will the world come to an end if the kitchen curtains are not laundered today, or the books dusted? In housework as in other businesses, competence often lies in compromise.

Moreover, the housework itself would not be nearly so burdensome if the body were properly carried on its daily round. Better posture and regular, intelligent relaxation is the prescription for these feminine dynamos, whose poor protesting backs are only asking for an opportunity to operate, or rest, in a more normal position.

Take the case of Mrs. Hahn. First of all we had her expertly checked, as everyone with an aching back should be, to make sure there was no organic or structural ailment. Examination indicated she was somewhat underweight, but otherwise all right. She had, however, slipped into a bad posture habit, common to slender women who lead very active lives and are subject to nervous fatigue. There was a tendency to slump. She needed to re-educate her back, shoulders and hips to a new line. She needed to learn how to relax, which does not mean just lying down, but resting in such a way that the body derives definite benefit. The pictures show her receiving lessons in a famous body-building salon, which you can duplicate at home.

BEGIN THIS WAY

Before a full-length mirror, in a minimum of clothing, take an honest look at yourself. Turn sideways. If a line were dropped from the front of your ear to the forward part of your foot, would it go straight through your body? That is, would it coincide with the center line of your torso, neatly and straightly? Or would there be strange protuberances on either side of this imaginary standard? Zigzag figures are regrettably common. If you deviate from the proud normal figure you should have, you had better start work before you are a day older. A good carriage and an erect back have always been symbols of pride. But they are more than that. They are the natural equipment of a young and beautiful body and, more importantly, a healthy one.

Start disciplining yourself with the first exercise given Mrs. Hahn, illustrated in the upper right-hand corner. With feet about six inches from *(Continued on Page 164)*

PHOTOS BY STUART



Relaxation from a new angle! Offsets drag of gravity, permitting organs to rest in natural position. At home prop feet on bed end; use pillows for hip and leg support.



TEST YOURSELF

Do you have these fitting-room faults?

An aching back is not the only symptom of bad posture. When you try on ready-made clothing, you automatically receive a checkup on your stance—and shape! If any of the following problems sound familiar, better start pulling yourself together . . . and *in* . . . and *up*.

Does your skirt "turkey tail" in the back?

Probably your stomach is riding high, wide and handsome. Pull it in, before you start resting your hands on it.

Or are you the opposite type, whose hemline always seems to describe an upward curve in the back, exposing the backs of your plump knees?

If so, you really are a back number; straight front, prominent rear. Tuck under! Pretend a taxi is whizzing by your posterior, too close for comfort. Draw yourself in, *sharply*. There! That's the position for you to work for. You will look ten pounds lighter, ten years younger.

Are you afraid of a beltline? Do you dodge styles with sharply defined waists?

You may need to lose some weight, but the trouble may simply be that you have slumped so long you have encouraged a relaxed roll of flesh around your middle. Straighten up. Stretch the upper part of your body as though you were trying to pull it away from your hips, as though you hoped to add two inches to your height. *Think tall.*

Do most of the clothes you try on pull across the shoulders?

It is possible you are a handsome Amazon, with fine square shoulders, but be sure that's the reason, not that you are nursing a slump: that rounded-back effect that starts at twenty and, by forty, strains the seams of anything but a cape. Encourage your shoulders back into their natural proud place. Lift your chest, straighten your back.

Does a ready-made suit jacket "break" in the small of your back instead of following a smooth line from shoulder to hip?

You are probably protruding beyond the rear line of beauty. Once again: *tuck under, stand tall,* and ask yourself if you wouldn't be well advised to reduce that hip circumference with diet and exercise as well as a new girdle.

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Please send me FREE New Time-Saver Recipes.

Name.....

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The parson's mighty partial to apple pie.

MONEY doesn't grow on trees in most ministers' families. Yet on a small income the Hahns manage to be host and hostess to friends and relatives for dinner at least once a week. When it's her turn, Lib provides refreshments for at least 35 Ladies' Aiders, and at other times 18 to 20 young folks. That takes some doing. Just how they do, makes sense.

Good-neighbor policy. A good Samaritan grocer friend and church member helps to keep the cupboard shelves stocked with unrationed foods. This is Lib's providing for "drop-in-and-stay" suppers. With a neighbor, she buys potatoes and tomatoes by the basket—leaves the tomatoes green, ripening as needed. Neighbors share their garden stuff in summer, and this year a flock of chickens and turkeys will take the place of company roasts.

A just-enough cook. Few leftovers clutter Lib's refrigerator. She counts appetites as well as noses, whether she's having 2 for dinner or 30 for sandwiches and coffee.

Fussy meals—adieu. Sociable folks, the Hahns enjoy their company. Meals are simple, and Lib makes little more fuss than there'd be for dinner just for themselves. A roast with browned potatoes, vegetable salad and fruit, canned by Mrs. Hahn's mother, is their usual. Chile con carne, hot as chili powder can make it, is another favorite for company. Mr. Hahn does the concocting; uses half a box of chili powder—whew! Both like hot spicy foods—use Louisiana pepper sauce like mad.

The Lord helps those who help themselves. Make a buffet dinner out of a simple everyday casserole such as sausage and rice, or a smacking good stew beautifully seasoned and roofed with biscuits or pastry, and your company meal will be and look just as "party" any day as a roast. Few of us these days ever have a look at one anyway. Keep your menu modest, without too much leading up to or away from the main dish—just a really good salad and fruity dessert and coffee will not only be in better taste, but it will not cost you that extra money for fancy fixings. Here is the way of the rice casserole.

RICE-AND-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

Fry 1 pound link sausages. Drain off fat. Have ready 3 cups cooked rice. Add 1½ cups water to 1 can condensed tomato soup and mix in 1 onion, chopped, 1 teaspoon chili powder and about ¼ cup dry grated cheese. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Break up sausages with a fork and arrange rice, sausage and some of the tomato sauce in alternating layers in a casserole, finishing with the tomato sauce. Bake forty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Serve from the casserole. Serves 6.

It's the little things that count— for company meals. Any good dish has company manners. The fact that you serve an ordinary dish in an unordinary way is enough to establish you as an ingenious hostess. For instance, canned corned-beef hash doesn't always have to be served as patties, with or without poached-egg top hats. It makes an enticing stuffing for peppers. When you serve them on a platter or chop plate, garnish with tiny, new, cooked carrots, rolled in lemon butter and chopped parsley. Skip the dinner salad and serve it first with leftover pastry rolled and cut into strips, generously paprika'd and baked just to the right stage for the something to eat with it. Plenty of hot homemade rolls or biscuits and a spicy pickle relish brought up from your own cellar hoard go along with the corned-beef dish perfectly. Finish up with grapefruit and coffee—but just plain grapefruit, while good, can take a beauty treatment too. Narrow sticks of apple—skin on—tucked into the seed cavity are wonderful crunchy bites with grapefruit. Drizzle the tops with honey. And here's the pepper hash.

PEPPER HASH

Cut 3 large green peppers in half, lengthwise. Remove seeds. Parboil five minutes in boiling salted water. In the meantime break up 1 can corned-beef hash with a fork. Add 1 onion, finely chopped, and 2 cups canned tomatoes. Mix together well and season with salt and pepper. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about thirty-five minutes. Serves 6.

Toss up a meal. It's so nice to say "Do stay for supper" when friends drop in on a Sunday afternoon. Lib leans heavily on her cupboard shelves

an Extra Plate

for such occasions. Even with your point pocketbook to think of, it's amazing what a good cache you can keep on hand, particularly if you have some home-canned prizes in the cellar. With a jar of chipped beef and some of your own canned string beans you can stir up a main dish in fifteen or twenty minutes that's good eating.

SKILLET SCRAMBLE

Frizzle ¼ pound shredded chipped beef in 2 tablespoons bacon drippings. Add 1 onion, chopped. Stir in 1 pint home-canned green beans or 1 No. 2 can commercial beans, juice and all. Cook about ten minutes, then add 1 cup milk and 2 teaspoons prepared mustard. Blend 2 tablespoons flour with just enough water to make a smooth paste and stir into the liquid. Stir constantly until of a nice smooth gravy consistency. Season. Amount of salt will depend on how salty the chipped beef was to begin with—so go easy. Pour over boiled or mashed potatoes. For company serve in a rice or noodle ring. Serves 6.

A good soup is a cheering sight to any guest. There's pleasure by the bowlful; and as a retriever for the budget, soup has few equals. It's not first-course "clears" I'm thinking of, but hale-and-hearty bowls that you serve as the main attraction. Yes, soup is company even if the Hahns have company first and soup afterward—but it must be the best of its kind, a happy blend of good materials and cooked with considerable affection. One of these that can really be superb is the old-fashioned vegetable soup or its foreign counterparts, *minestrone*, *pot-au-feu*, and so on. Of course, you've got to start somewhere and have something to start with. The Hahns usually have, as they save the bones from their once-a-week roast. Lacking that, there are always bones to be had from the butcher, and you're really in luck if he throws in a marrowbone and a cracked knuckle.

VEGETABLE SOUP

Brown some bones in a deep kettle in 2 tablespoons drippings. Add 4 quarts water, 1 teaspoon salt, a handful of celery and parsley leaves, 2 onions, 1 tomato and about 4 whole black peppers. Bring to a boil, skim well and turn down to simmer, covered, for two or three hours. Sometime during this waiting session prepare the vegetables. Here you can be as ingenious as you like—almost any vegetable in almost any amount. Surely onions, finely chopped; 2 or 3 carrots, diced; cabbage and/or celery, chopped; minced parsley; some folks like a turnip or a parsnip cut up in the soup, but I'll leave it out for mine. If you live in the South, you'll add okra and more tomato; if you like *minestrone* you'll have some cooked dried beans and minced bacon to add. It's all up to you—this soup in the making. After the soup has been strained, skimmed of fat and the vegetables added, cook until the vegetables are tender. It will need more seasoning—simple salt and pepper or perhaps a bit of thyme or a favorite herb blend from your seasoning shelf. If the bones were not meaty and you had no left-overs to give it substance, add a few spoonfuls of meat paste to give the stock body and flavor. Hot rolls, good cheese and the salad for which you're famous make this soup a comforting dish on a cold March night. Never be ashamed of serving "just soup."

SIX BY SIX

Cook separately 6 eggs, 6 potatoes, 6 frankfurters. Peel and slice. Arrange in layers in baking dish, seasoning well. Pour over 3 cups seasoned thin cream sauce. Cover with cracker crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., thirty minutes.

PHOTOS BY STUART



"After a Saturday splurge on a roast, it's soup for us on Monday."

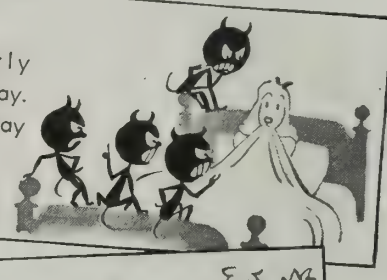
The Fels-Naptha Primer

FAMILIAR LAUNDRY TERMS EXPLAINED FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

DIRT— Recurring household plague. No permanent cure yet discovered. For quickest relief, apply Fels-Naptha to affected area.



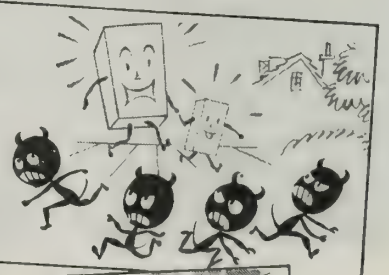
WASHDAY— Formerly known as National Blue Monday. Re-named Fels-Naptha Fun Day — by millions of users.



LAUNDRY SOAP — A dubious character. Very often causes disappointment when attempting role of Fels-Naptha.



FELS-NAPTHA—Modern antidote for dirt. Equally effective in Bar or Chips. No home complete without it.



WHITE—A descriptive term, often confused with gray. For demonstration of correct meaning — use Fels-Naptha Soap.





FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



HAROLD FOWLE

A seventy-year-old rug furnishes the color scheme for this bright, modern room. The upholstery and slip covers are wool felt used on dated, elderly pieces of furniture too shabby for use as they were. Tables are the castoff variety, sawed down and painted black. The chest is an old chiffonier painted with floral motifs taken from the rug.



The Rug's the Reason

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THERE is a new way to do over old furniture so that it has a modern, streamlined look, like that in the postwar rooms you have seen pictured. It works by recipe, and you need not be talented or experienced to get results as good as those in the room photographed above.

Begin with a group of shabby, worn furniture; if you are a bride, buy secondhand pieces with substantial joints, and as plain and comfortable as you can find. Next, arrange the furniture in the room before you start to do it over. This is so you can eliminate extra pieces or fill in, before you begin decoration.

The rug furnishes the color for the scheme in the room photographed above. Made more than seventy years ago, it looks strikingly modern, as do most of the old hooked rugs reclaimed for present-day rooms. And, by the way, have you noticed these old hooked rugs in the larger stores throughout the country? Carpet shortages have brought them forth and made them fashionable again. They are both Canadian and American in origin, made of fine wools and patterned in exquisite, bold colors. A rug the size of the one shown sells for from $65 to $85, depending on locality. Of course no two are alike, but colorings are similar. If you already own such a rug, use it for the basis of your scheme. Or, if you buy a new one, use it in your living room now and later do a bedroom around it. Don't forget to put a cushion under your rug to make it lie flat and save wear; and edge it with felt, as we did, if you want to enlarge the size and give it more style.

Follow these steps for easy doing:

Choosing the Rug. The rug you choose for your room may have a quite different scheme from this one, but the procedure of building a room around it will be the same. Nearly all the flowers in hooked rugs are red roses and nearly all the leaves are green. Scrolls are often tan or gray, and backgrounds are dark. But, whatever the colors in your rug, remember that one of them will be picked up in quantity and so should be beautiful. All the softer reds, pinks, blues and foliage greens are good pickup colors.

Painting the Furniture. Study your furniture before painting. Tables and chests are lower now than when the old pieces were made, so you may want to cut off a few inches from the legs. We changed the shape of the splats in our old side chairs, took the arms off the Victorian chair, and put a wider frame on the mirror. These are simple alterations that take the dated look away from old pieces. *(Continued on Page 163)*

"MOM SAID 'OOH!'.. DAD SAID 'WOW!'.. LITTLE BROTHER WHISTLED!"

A smart girl impresses her family in the first dress she made with Singer Dressmaking Lessons



MY FAMILY's hard to impress—but I did it!

hat's the windup of my story, though. re's the background:

'I'm eighteen. Have a part-time job. *almost* engaged to a boy from my n, who's overseas.

'I don't have much money for clothes nd *it* doesn't go far, these days. Or at st, it *didn't*—till I found out about my ger Sewing Center's wonderful Dress-king Lessons!

'Did I learn fast when the Singer ex-ts took me in hand! They helped me k a pattern and material. (*Just* what I nted!) Showed me how to adjust the tern to fit *me*. Guided me through the ting and fitting and putting together—l taught me plenty of tricks as I went ng!

'So here I am—with this dream of a ss, and ideas for lots of others. What's re, I can afford 'em—it's breath-taking, at you save on even *one* outfit!

'And just between us, besides all the and satisfaction I'm having now with sewing—I'll be a much better wife, en the time comes!"



ere's What the Lessons Cost. Only $1.50 a two-hour lesson. $10 for an 8-lesson rse! (I saved almost that much on this first ss!) Special rates for lessons for girls 12 to Singer also gives lessons in Make-Over and erations, and Home Decorations."



ound This Peasant Braid at Singer! Just of the fascinating things they have at y Singer Sewing Center's Notion Counter! st Notion Counter in town, *I* think!)"



"Singer Made my Belt for me! What a pleasure—to have Singer do fussy finish-up jobs. Like covering buckles and buttons; making buttonholes; picoting and hem-stitching!"





"This Collar Was Another Singer Find! Singer has a whole department of smooth accessories—collars and cuffs—dickies and jabots—lovely flowers and scarfs too."

"I asked about Singer Sewing Machines. Just in case! Right now, some *new Singers* are available. (Of course, you may have to wait your turn.) Also smooth-running *reconditioned Singers*. And *Singers to rent*—by the month at home; by the hour at Singer Centers. (Incidentally, I steered the Singer man to our house to tune up mother's sewing machine!)"

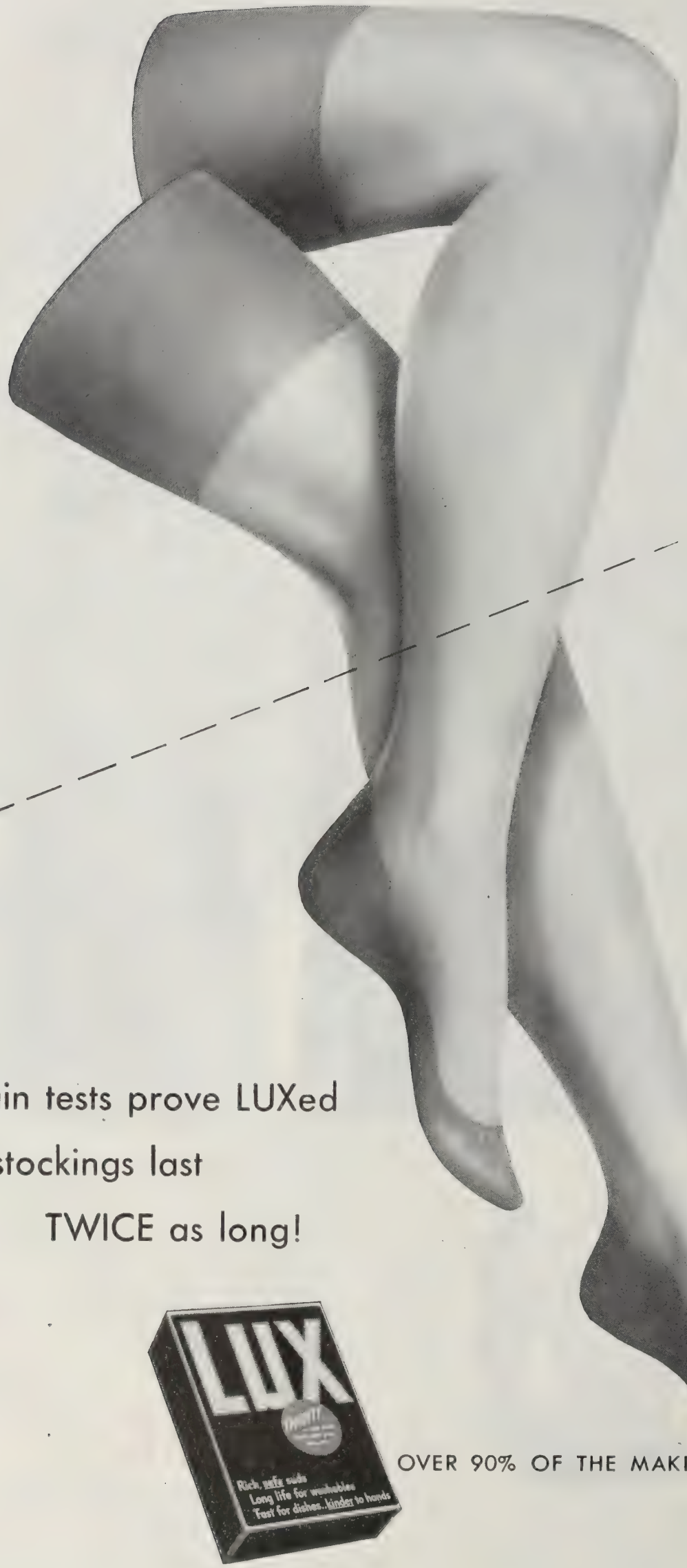
Singer Sewing Centers are listed in your telephone directory under "Singer Sewing Machine Company," and are identified by the Famous Red "S" on the windows.

SINGER

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Co.

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are you cutting stocking life in half?

Strain tests prove LUXed stockings last TWICE as long!

Warning! You're getting only half the wear yo could when you wash stockings carelessly. Strai tests prove rubbing with cake soap or using strong soap makes runs come sooner — cut stocking life in half.

Luxed stockings last so much longer, it just like getting an *extra* pair every time yo buy a pair. That's because Lux saves elasti ity—cuts down runs.

Lux stockings after *every* wearing. Don wear rayons damp, of course. Dry the at least 24 hours.

OVER 90% OF THE MAKERS OF STOCKINGS RECOMMEND **LUX**



Feed the wringer as carefully as you feed spinach to Junior.

Ironing Bored?

BY JUDY BARRY



Find a chair and board that agree, and pray be seated!

MRS. HAHN is "ironing bored" pretty often, she confessed to us. And we hope we made her feel better by confessing right back that she has lots of company! Now, the first antidote against this peculiar form of boredom begins way back, long before you set up your ironing board for an afternoon's bout with it.

Be wily, when you're shopping. Give a thought to the many things which require little or no ironing. Like jersey slips and panties. Many are completely glamorous in spite of being so easy to care for. In fact, knitted clothes of any kind are like old friends—comfortable, especially good traveling companions, and usually don't have to be "lived up to." Or ironed. Dress children of tumble-down age in corduroy overalls, with pull-overs of cotton or wool jersey. Never forget seersucker—cool fresh fabric beloved of all sufferers from ironing boredom. Look the world's best housekeeper straight in the eye if you never iron a turkish towel, but dry them smoothly.

The simplest thing to do with straight curtains is to stretch them; and even slip covers, if they're cotton and color-fast, can get along and look very trim with just a quick flip of the iron. Here's how:

If the slip cover has pleats, which you've basted into place carefully before laundering, iron them till they're crisp and perky. Then while it's still slightly, evenly damp, work the slip cover over the chair or whatever, hand-pressing as you ease it on.

Candlewick bedspreads don't need ironing, only fluffing up, nor does anything made of nylon (lovely, lovely word!).

But no matter how clever you are about choosing clothes that will manage without ironing, you'll never be able to escape it completely unless you join a nudist colony. More likely, you too are like Mrs. Hahn, who 'fessed up still further that she's a weak woman when it comes to clothes for her small daughter. She just buys whatever will make Becky look her prettiest, closing her ears to that nasty little voice that whispers "That will be awfully hard to iron." Life wouldn't be nearly so much fun if we were all rocks of common sense all the time, would it?



Dry heavyweights, like slip covers, blankets, on twin lines.



Don't beat the board so hard; the heat does the smoothing.

Begin your ironing at the wringer. No use crunching wrinkles *in*—if you're persuasive with the wringer you can probably squeeze some *out*. Treat everything to a brisk "snap-out" shaking before you pin it up to dry. Hang from where they're heaviest—by the hems on skirts and dresses, by belts on shirts and shorts. Fold large flat things, like sheets and tablecloths, hem to hem and hang straight over the line, with hem edges overlapping it about six inches.

The shape of things when dry is a guide to artful hanging. Parallel lines help big cumbersome slip covers or spreads to keep their figures, and let them take advantage of every little breeze over and under and around them.

When it's time to take clothes down, I know how much quicker it seems to just give the line a strip tease and bundle everything into a heap. But don't. Only a prune is improved by *extra* wrinkles. Be a good girl and fold them neatly into a basket.



When dry, take 'em down and fold 'em up with foresight!



The slip will dip unless you iron with the bias-cut grain.

Sprinkling should be like April showers, light and delicate as the sound of the word itself. Flick warm water from a bottle with a sprinkler top. (You can make one by poking holes in a bottle cap.) An atomizer's good too.

Linens will take a good deal of sprinkle, cottons a little less. Most washable rayons iron best if they're fairly dewy, but spun rayons that make those dry crisp-feeling fabrics, and the delicious cuddly brushed rayons, need to be almost dry. If you're lucky enough to have anything pure silk left, press it just when it's reached that middling-damp stage in the drying process. While the sprinkle's spreading, collect everything you need to work with—and we mean *everything!* A portable board has its good points, because you can set it up in a sunny window, near your record player, wherever the surroundings please you.

Well-dressed ironing boards wear firm lint-free covers of unsized cotton; and underneath, smooth pads. *(Continued on Page 156)*



Here's how Mrs. Hahn hopes ironing days of the postwar future will find her—serenely seated at her very own ironer, whizzing through the weekly stint. We hope so too—ironers are a big help.



Sprinkle doesn't mean flood! Each drip must be ironed dry.



Tune in the right station on temperature-control dial.

SKETCHES BY ROWAT

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOUR MONEY NOW – BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD ON TO THEM!



The "Telechron Dispatcher"

An electric "getter-upper" to send you off on time. Ask your Telechron dealer for this new electric alarm. If he's out of stock, he'll take your order. Attractive plastic case in ivory color *(exclusive of excise tax)* **$4.95**

News---

We're making Telechron Alarm Clocks again!

A recent WPB survey showed that 12½ million American families need and want alarm clocks. We're pitching in to help by making the Telechron Alarm Clock shown here. They're being made in limited quantities in non-critical labor areas, without interfering with Telechron's important war work.



The Call of "Nurse" Grows Louder

Yes, nurses are needed, urgently. Right now bullet-shattered limbs need care in France . . . in the Pacific . . . and in Italy.

YOU can help! If you are untrained, take a home nursing or nurse's aide course. If you are a senior cadet nurse, serve your final six months in an Army hospital. If you are a registered nurse, join the Army Nurse Corps. For information, visit or write your local Red Cross, or the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, ASHLAND, MASS.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

No Sub-Debs in England

White End, Latimer, Chesham, Bucks, England.

Dear Bruce and Beatrice: Your article on sub-debs made my heart ache. It made me homesick, but not for myself. A lump came into my throat as I read it and thought of all my own precious teen-agers are missing.

Though I'm a middle-aged woman now and have lived in England for a great many years, I don't think America has changed very much. My parents had the same worries some twenty-odd years ago, about me and my crowd, that American parents are having now.

They made a rule about week-end dates only, and midnight was the curfew hour. They worried about alcoholic drinks and petting (the name for it hasn't changed!). They also tore their hair over disorder, bad manners and general thoughtlessness. But they gave us a marvelous time. The kind of time you remember all your life with a happy, satisfied feeling. I'll never forget the crowd rolling up on Sunday afternoon and staying on for supper—ham, chicken salad and chocolate layer cake. I'll always remember my first full-skirted tulle party dress, and the games of touch football on crisp fall afternoons.

But my sub-debs won't have anything like that to remember. At sixteen they were hiding from bombs, in a cellar. They couldn't go to the movies because the danger of being blown up was too great. They couldn't have dates, week ends or weekdays, because of the blackout and a very real gas shortage.

Casual dropping in for an informal get-together or icebox party is out of the question. There wouldn't be enough in the icebox, and the boys who are not yet called up are in the A.T.C. or some similar organization. Most of the boys spend their spare time in rigorous training and preparing for the day when they will be called up.

Of course there is an occasional party now that the blitz and the worst of the doodlebug menace is over. But it has to be a very formal party in London, which everyone can reach by train or bus. It has to be in a hotel, and it has to be chaperoned heavily, because you can't let teen-agers go to a big hotel by themselves. Also it can't happen very often—perhaps once during vacation—because with income tax seventeen shillings and sixpence in every twenty shillings, it's much too expensive.

What saves our lives to a great extent is all the delightful American boys who are over here. They come often to see us and they bring a lightheartedness with them. They also bring their food packages from home, and that helps to make the rations look festive.

At seventeen my girls started full-time war jobs, which means working eight hours a day, five days a week, and half a day on Saturday.

Their clothes are pathetic. They have sixty coupons a year each, and a coat-and-skirt takes eighteen coupons. A pair of shoes takes seven coupons, a pair of gloves two coupons, and a party dress at least eleven. This adds up to thirty-eight and doesn't leave much for undies, nighties and hankies, all of which are couponed. The prices are incredible and the material not very good. My two were astonished when they read about Robin's *nine* skirts. Luckily, the three of us are very much the same size, and so we pool our resources. It's easier now that they are both in uniform.

I wish I had some of the American mother's worries, and I wish I could wave a magic wand and give my sub-debs just *one* of the happy times I had. But mine have had to turn into women overnight, and they are such good sports about it that I want to cry.

Anyway, I don't think the mothers should worry too much. Their teen-agers turn out awfully well. In my job, as assistant director of personnel at the



Fleisher FANS START YOUNG

Smart girl taking up knitting! Smart mother, too, starting her out with Fleisher's. It costs no more to use the best. And Fleisher's yarns are so resilient, so easy to knit with. Stay soft through countless tubbings. Retain their bright, fresh colors. No wonder they have been favorites for over 78 years.

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FLEISHER'S YARNS, INC.
32 Mercer St., New York 13, N. Y.
Please send me your Fleisher's "Children's Book," Vol. 66, for which I am enclosing 25¢.
Name_____
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Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES CHARLEY HORSE

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, *bronchial irritation* and simple sore throat.

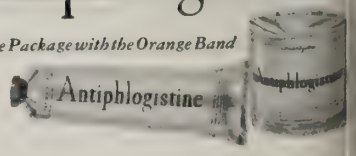
Apply that ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a simple sprain, bruise, charley horse, similar injury or condition.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo) in tube or can at any drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



American Red Cross headquarters in London, over six hundred American girls have passed through my hands.

They were sub-debs the day before yesterday, but now they are splendid, self-reliant, unselfish workers. They are the clubmobile girls, and you know *their* record!

Tell the mothers to thank God they can give their sub-debs some fun, and that they turn out to be such wonderful women with such very happy memories.

With love to you both,

MARION.

(*Lady Chesham.*)

Dorothy's Postwar Plans

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Last night we had one of those farewell parties I expect you over there know all about. Joan Cooper, a WREN officer, and a friend of Mary's, is off overseas, and pleased as a dog with fifteen tails! I couldn't help envying the girl myself. There is a chance she may go East—and to go East, when you are young, is something! I have always been a catastrophic sailor, but not for anything would I have missed going down to the sea in ships.

I have more voyages planned for the moment the war is over: one to Egypt, to see my Jock's grave, and one—oh! one to you-wards—to see again the Statue of Liberty against that lovely, lovely sky line, holding aloft to welcome me that ice-cream cone you people think is the Torch of Liberty! Believe it or not, I have already got passages booked!

Later. I had a session in the City yesterday with my accountant. Anyone over your way who doesn't care about his tax demands ought to try ours.

Later. Daughter Mary arrived yesterday, unexpectedly, with her baby neatly done up in a sort of blue linoleum parcel. It is a huge baby, very pink and white, and quite square; and Mary handles it with a brisk aplomb that leaves me gasping. It is a soldier's daughter, she says, and has got to learn to be tough.

They crossed from Ireland in a storm, but apparently the baby thought that grand fun. They are quite undaunted at the prospect of the journey back, though the thermometer is almost at zero.

Later. I have just been round, straightening the pictures. There is a swell rumor going on over here that on the mountaintops of Norway there is something cooking for you-all. Seems like an awful shot in the dark to me; but still, do let us know if you ever notice anything.

Later. In the middle of one of the worst gales of the year, we made the sad discovery that one of the ancient chimneys on this house was literally hanging by a thread! It is a nice gamble whether it will go on standing till Mr. Port can get a ladder to it, and hoist Mr. Killick aloft, to cope! If not, wham! Several things will go. But there is something to be said for our inefficient muddling ways.

It was Gladys Taber telling me all the domestic disasters that would occur at Stillmeadow, if the electricity failed, that brought this home to me. Over here, we don't have all our eggs in one basket that way; and to the running of my home, not less than four different schemes are in play! The cooking stove (Aga, run on anthracite) never should go out at all, but if it did, we have the hot-water heater to fall back on (coke) or the electric ring and toaster—and if a bomb wrecked all that, there are still the wood fires, with their hot ash that can always be used for cooking in an emergency. A bit scrappy, all this—but marvelously convenient for a bombing! It is this brilliant aptitude for improvising that holds the British Empire together! I have just been talking to a man who told me he once fried his supper sausages by tying a frying pan onto a broom handle and using an incendiary bomb that had fallen in his back yard.

With best love to you both,

DOROTHY BLACK.

JOHNNY SPARKLE SAYS...

BANISH TOILET ODORS

With





- Cleans quickly
- Removes a major source of toilet odors
- Leaves a fresh minty odor

On sale at grocers

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Made by the makers of Expello Moth Products

Expello Corporation, Dover, N. H.



It's my secret vice, boss

I don't know what I'd do with an automobile if I got my teeth into it—but I just can't resist *chasing cars.*

Sure it's dangerous. That's why I'm telling you that a pal of mine took the cure for car chasing when his master got *Sergeant's Dog Book.* It's got a system that works every time.

Sergeant's Dog Book also tells how to feed and take care of me, what to do when I get fleas and worms. It's a wonderful book, Boss. Get it free at drug or pet store, or with this coupon.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

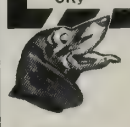
Dept. 9-C, Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page illustrated Dog Book to:

Print

Name_____

Address_____

City State



I feel better now —Noisy

There's so much we want to know

...SO MUCH HE WANTS TO FORGET!

He will be coming back with memories he would rather leave in far places. Let no thoughtless word of ours . . . no probing question . . . waken old fears and silent, half-forgotten griefs.

Let him forget. Let him take up again the life for which he has endured so much . . . the simple pleasures . . . the laughter and fellowship of friends . . . the deep understanding of family . . . a job that makes the earth seem solid beneath his feet.

★ ★ ★

Yes, let him forget. He can. He will. But in the days ahead . . . when, in our hearts, we measure our sacrifice against his . . . let's be sure there is not something *we* can't forget. Let's be sure we bought . . . and held on to . . . every War Bond we could. That we went to the blood bank instead of just "intending to." That we shunned the black market, stuck to our war jobs. That, as we look back, our hearts do *not* tell us *we* shirked, *we* failed, *we* were not worthy of those who fought *for us.*



The Clark Grave Vault Company, world's largest manufacturer of metal grave vaults, is now totally engaged in the manufacture of weapons of war to hasten the day of victory...and peace.

Copr. 1945, The Clark Grave Vault Co., Col., O.

CLARK



GRAVE VAULTS

"All I can say is I have some refrigerator!"



One of the host of enthusiastic wartime owners of General Electric Refrigerators is Mrs. Mabel I. Sutphen, of Dunellen, New Jersey.

Here's what she wrote us:



THIS IS the 1929 model G-E Refrigerator so highly praised by Mrs. Sutphen.

"I have a G-E Monitor Top Refrigerator purchased in March *1929*, 15 years ago. It has run summer and winter ever since. The only repair job was a new lock when the box was about 6 years old.

"I might also add that when it is running, even after all these years, one can hardly detect the fact that it is working. Really, gentlemen, I think you will have to go some to top this refrigerator of mine regardless of all the new appointments which no doubt will adorn the new boxes.

"All I can say is I have *some* refrigerator."

- Getting letters like this from G-E owners has always been gratifying to us.
- But it's been even *more* gratifying during the war years—when efficient, dependable refrigeration has played an important part in conserving the nation's vital food supply.
- We feel particularly proud that the high standards we set long before the war have borne fruit in the years when no new refrigerators could be made.
- And we agree with Mrs. Sutphen that G.E. has had to "go some" to top the performance and efficiency of her 15-year-old refrigerator. Yet it *has* been done. By 1941, the operating cost of G-E Refrigerators had been halved, freezing speed tripled, and prices lowered.
- This steady advance in G-E design and performance is your assurance of the finest refrigerators ever—when G.E. can build refrigerators again. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

THIS BEAUTIFUL G-E model is the last made before the war. You can expect something even finer for your postwar all-electric kitchen.



BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS! KEEP ON BUYING THEM!

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS — "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC — "The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

GE Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE TEN YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The puppies smoosh around in the March mud, but Honey is a lady. She keeps her golden feet dry.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

THIS is a brave, clean, new page in the book of New England seasons. March wind is a very new broom, sweeping exceptionally clean. It is not at all like winter winds, at least not to me. It has life in it, and promise of melting ice and snow, and already that first tinge of earth smell that is so good in the lungs.

And the sun has a new quality—not a cold dazzle, but a breathless glory. In the early morning, all along the winter etching of driftways, the sun is a gold paintbrush changing the composition to something mysterious and magical. The little spillways of the brooks are dipped in gold too.

It will be four weeks or more until plowing time, but we begin to go out to the vegetable garden and just feel of the earth. Maybe the frost will go early this year, maybe the rich mud will dry quickly, maybe we could get in the first peas a week or so ahead of schedule. We are excited about planting, and seed packages appear in the oddest places: behind the teapot on the shelf, under the National Geographic, in my blue pitcher. I accuse Jill, my sister, of counting them seed by seed, just for amusement. And when she begins to lay them out in rows on the living-room table, I know the end is not far off. Plowing time must be coming.

Mr. Bennet, the postman, is constantly delivering books this month: Grow Your Own Fruit; Grow Your Own Vegetables; Ploughman's Folly. People who write garden books, I've noticed, seem to have the biggest and best of everything. Most of them make money too. The Medlock Farm man, for instance, seems able to harvest large crops of perfectly ripened vegetables with one hand, butcher a perfect pig with the other, and keep accurate records with his teeth at the same time. We just have a garden and grow things and can them and eat them.

As far as the cockers are concerned, this is the month of mud. The puppies, Melody and Hildegarde and Silver, love best of all to smoosh around in the mud awhile and then bounce up in my arms because they feel good and it's going to be spring. Clover has a squirrel look in her eye. Honey sits on the terrace keeping her golden feet nice and dry. Saxon doesn't care, and there is so much of him to get muddy and he is so blond.

Snow looks the worst, because her white is so very white and her fur so soft in texture that the mud gives her the look of a wet mop. I try not to wash her until she can stay clean at least a day or so. She has nice long petticoats and they make a snowy fringe after she is laundered. She stands proudly waiting for them to be brushed out; I suspect Snow of being on the vain side about her looks. But Snow is almost too good, as a matter of fact. She is so gentle and unselfish and reliable and anxious to make everyone happy. I always feel apologetic that she can't go to the Red Cross and roll bandages every afternoon. And she is just the kind of girl who would peel the potatoes for the church supper and wash the pots and pans afterward.

Esmé loves to hide behind the stair rail and reach her arm out and slap Snow as Snow goes about her own business. Snow just turns the other cheek.

IT WOULD surprise anyone who didn't know Siamese cats to see how perfectly Esmé knows the different personalities of ten cockers. She is perfectly willing to cuddle down with Honey on the couch, but she wouldn't stay near Melody. She feels Melody is too childish and irresponsible. She and Silver chase each other all over the house, knocking down bric-a-brac and skidding over rugs, but she never plays ball with Saxon. She as much as says Sister and Clover are all right, but not very exciting, and Windy is a wolf.

When Tigger and Esmé begin to play basketball, some of the cockers think it is pretty silly. Hildegarde wishes to play too. Melody will step right in and get cuffed for it. Honey is bored to extinction.

By March, Tigger is a lot of cat. He is the blackest Manx and the biggest, and in winter he lets his hunting slide a little. It is too cold to racket around after mice in the barn, he feels; he'd rather lie on the radiator. When he thinks he should eat, he stretches and yawns and moves to the kitchen and

(Continued on Page 153)





Dream Stuff for Two

"Remember before you left for camp, Jim, when I dragged you downtown to help me pick out our sterling pattern? We were married in such a rush, but I *had* to get our silver service started! Mother and Father have been helping me buy pieces; when you're home on your next leave I'll have a service for six. *Our* service—in Reed & Barton sterling! Every time I look at it, I dream of the future with us together in our home."

Through five wars, as in peacetime, American brides have turned to Reed & Barton for the finest in silverware. War production limits patterns and pieces available, but among the lovely patterns shown here you will find your favorite.

You can buy knives, forks and the other usual place-setting pieces, as well as tablespoons, with confidence that your service can be completed when the war permits.

HELPFUL HOSTESS HINTS. *For fascinating and valuable book, "How To Be A Successful Hostess", send 10 cents to Reed & Barton, Box 990, Dept. J, Taunton, Massachusetts.*

Reed & Barton

Sterling Silver

ESTABLISHED 1824. TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Hunter Green—one of 28 lovely, rich Solid Colors and Tweedy Blends.

"Rug Magic" by OLSON

"JUST IMAGINE.. I Sent My Old Rugs, Clothing and Received the Loveliest Rugs I ever had"



Catalog shows 54 popular colors and designs

Learn How Your OLD RUGS, CLOTHING Save You up to ½

It's All So Easy! Write for the beautiful *Free* Olson Catalog and Decorating Guide in full colors that tells how your—

Materials are picked up at Our Expense at your door by Express or Freight and shipped to the Olson Rug Factory, where,

By the Famous Olson Re-Weaving Process we shred, sterilize, sort, merge and reclaim the good usable wool and other valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, clothing, blankets of all kinds; then steam, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, redye and weave beautiful, deep-textured,

New Broadloom Rugs . . . fuller-bodied rugs that are *Reversible* for *extra wear* and *luxury*.

Choice of 54 lovely 18th Century Floral and Tone-on-Tone Leaf designs, fascinating Early American and Oriental patterns, popular Solid Colors, practical Tweed Blends in the subtle new "twist texture weave" that disguises foot-marks, colorful Oval rugs.

Sizes for Every Need . . up to 16 feet wide without seams—and any length.

Look Ahead. Save materials of all kinds and colors. They're more valuable than ever.

Over 2 Million Customers. Read praise from editors, radio home experts, women everywhere.

Our 71st Year—Factory-to-You! We guarantee to please you or pay for your materials. We never employ agents or sell through stores.

(*Sorry, if War Work sometimes causes delays, but Olson Rugs are worth waiting for*).

OLSON RUG CO. *Chicago New York San Francisco*
Largest Makers of Rugs Dealing Direct with Home.

BROADLOOM *Woven* REVERSIBLE *for Extra Wear and Luxury*



Authentic Early American designs

© ORC, 1945



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OLSON RUG CO., Dep. E-21, Chicago 41, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please mail, FREE and without obligation, the big money-saving Olson Rug & Decorating Book to:

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....



Page after page of RUGS and Model Rooms.

(Continued from Page 151)

down by the stove and waits. If he is ored, he draws attention to the clock by ering faint pitiful wails. It sounds as if ry wail were the last breath he could w in this alien world, but he keeps on il his dinner is put down. Then he gives ew resounding purrs and begins to eat. Bob—my husband—is finishing a few ncil jobs, preparatory to spring work out-. Transforming an old and ugly maple nd into a soft Pennsylvania Dutch maga- e rack is one of his best. He used a ple of the taproom wallpaper and nted the whole piece in the background e. Then he did a lovely bird-and-heart ncil in the colors of the figured hunting ne. The effect is perfect. Soft yellows and ens and faded pinks and blues are the des, and there is a little border of an- ue blue. The only trouble is that such a utiful piece in the room made the old irs look even worse, especially the two t Melody tried to eat.

Stenciling is a fascinating hobby with lless possibilities. Furniture, trays, ciga- te boxes, window sills, cupboards, chairs l chests all respond to stencil work. I uld recommend it to any man or woman o is confined at home for any reason or o has extra hours to spare.

Of course, at Stillmeadow we don't hunt hobbies—we have so many we never ch up with them. And just as we think really are more or less settled down, we rt something new and exciting and we off again, like hunters after a fox.

For instance, milk glass. We have a ir friend who was suffering a great grief, so many do in these days. She found self in a desperate state, as we all do at ies. So she sat down one day after a epless night and said, "Now look here, you ve got to stop thinking only about this, l about yourself. It's time you did some- ng." She had a short vacation from her r job at this same time, but family duties ot her confined to the same place. "All ht," she said, "I'll just collect some- ng." So she spent her vacation wander- in little shops and riding busses and eetcars to remote secondhand stores, and ng to the library to read about milk ss. Now she has a beautiful collection of ss; but more, she learned the value of a ely interest in some external things. Whenever I got too low," she said, "I ed to match the blackberry creamer."

He didn't need to have our minds taken m anything personal at that moment, t we saw the milk glass she had and it nquered. And now our own modest col- tion keeps us in a constant fever of ex- ement. There is really something amazing collecting. Going into a dusty, grimy junk op and seeing two one-o-one plates, for stance, just waiting to come home and be ed. Finding a blackberry eggcup in xbury and another like it in Brooklyn. Somehow, since the war has destroyed so ich beauty, I hope many people will begin save and love the l things that are t, to cherish and eserve whatever is ailable. It is good us to keep our ots in the past, st as we draw so ich strength and urage from great en and women who ve lived before our ne. Change is a e thing; growth is cessary in our ideas, r institutions and r ways of life. And t I think we should very careful not become a regi- ented people, and t to discard the lue of individu- ty.

Whatever wisdom e have in the next generation will come from around the supper table, not the political halls or the statehouses. The woman who brings in the pot roast, and father who carves it and complains that the knife needs sharpening, and the children who talk about what the history course in school is like. This is the real cradle of government and this is the great job for every woman who has her family around her.

The years of war have tired out the women at home. But we may still do the best we can—indeed, we must—as cheerfully as possible. And when I go down to the fruit cellar and begin to count the cans of vegetables that are left, and the jellies—and yes, there is still a little chili sauce—I can usually satisfy the hungry family.

The last jar of canned chicken is a special treat with home-canned asparagus and potatoes whipped to a cream. I am using up all the rhubarb and asparagus and chard now, because they come in the earliest in the garden. A perfectly elegant casserole can be made with bits of meat, preferably tongue or ham, and a cheese sauce and asparagus on top, and the whole run in the oven to sizzle.

Mixed vegetables are good for a casserole, too, and a little mustard in the cream sauce varies it nicely. Deviled eggs with hot cream sauce are fine for supper, and the war has taught me that food seems much more interesting if any little spoonful of what I call "thisanthat" is tucked in at the edge. A little of the home-canned corn added to the soup or stew or in the sauce over the eggs is different and nice. Green beans are good with corn, though in prewar days I had to have Limas. Dried Limas are fine in a casserole with ham or veal.

I discovered a change from meat loaf too. I had just a pound of chopped meat and I patted it into an earthenware casserole and mustarded it heavily (well, buttered, so why not mustarded?), then I laid a mort of sliced onion and sliced green pepper and three and a half bay leaves over the top, two sliced tomatoes, ground fresh pepper over and salted thickly, and set the whole in the oven. We really didn't need to wash the casserole.

I always mean to have the house sparkling clean before it is warm enough outdoors to stay all day in the sun and do the outside work. Closets and drawers and odd corners should be seen to, this month, and repair work such as frayed rugs, chipped furniture, and so on. Esmé had clawed a complete subway track on the best mulberry love seats in the front room. So Jill got some carpet binding the same color and sewed it on with an upholsterer's needle, and the sofas will do until we can take up peacetime upholstering.

I like to walk to the mailbox in March and speak to Mr. Bennet and brace myself and the bundle of mail against the great moving wind. Mr. Bennet is a very wise man, and he can offer some country lore before he drives on. Then Honey and I walk back down the road thinking what a wonderful thing mail is, with the world coming to you on paper.

I wish nothing better for anyone than to be able to walk to the postbox with a golden spaniel and walk back home in a world at peace. And then as I think of the years we have lived through, I often say to myself the words a friend translated for me from German, from Jean Paul Richter, and they are wonderful to me, and full of comfort.

"The blue sky is larger than any cloud in it," are the words, "and more enduring."

"I Was a Born Career Woman . . .

. . . and it almost wrecked my life." So says this perennial career girl who bloomed late—into a mop-wielding housewife. Mother of four children born between concert tours, she soon discovered, "The wife who insists upon a career for herself only gets a life sentence."

Booth Tarkington, beloved creator of Penrod and Alice Adams, brings you the outstanding story of a reborn woman. How America Lives, in the

APRIL JOURNAL



BY MARGARET MALLABY



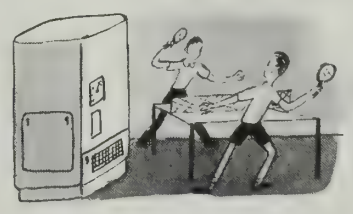
If you've ever had a dream about a "perfect" kitchen — prepare to see it realized. One of the biggest kitchen-planning jobs ever launched is now under way. And as visualized by its originators — the Gas industry — it promises a whole new world of ease and convenience to every woman who cooks.

These *new-type* Gas kitchens will be work-saver kitchens . . . step-saver kitchens. And so beautiful you'll want to entertain in them. Virtually nothing that will add to your comfort, convenience or leisure will be left out. Everything that will make it economical and trouble-free in operation will be put in.



Years before the war the Gas industry's laboratories were doing all sorts of pioneer research work in Gas and Gas appliances. Naturally, the newest and latest developments have been "under wraps" during the war. But tomorrow —your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" will be built around these latest scientific marvels. Keep in touch with your local Gas company for the latest news on them!

Today, everybody you meet talks about heat — or the lack of it! Of course, if you're one of the fortunate folk who already heat with Gas — you're thoroughly relaxed about Winter and its biggest problem. Your Gas heating plant re-fuels itself . . . you don't have to order or store fuel . . . it meets weather changes automatically . . . and you bask in *clean*, comfortable, reliable heat all winter long . . . without the slightest fuss or bother.



Watch for the *new* Gas air-conditioning units. They're utterly simple and compact. With a single click of the regulator — they not only keep your house warm as toast in winter — but cool as a cucumber in summer. And — in perfect automatic fashion — provide you with healthful humidity control all year round.

One last word. Look into the matter of installing a new Gas water heater in your house. The post-war models are going to be better than ever . . . so reliable and so completely automatic you'll never have to worry about hot water. There'll even be enough on wash day!



Margaret Mallaby

American Gas Association reporter



MALCOLM GRAEME DUNCAN, Architect. HOUSE MODELS BY RAYMOND BARGER STUDIOS; SETTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PI



The main section makes an excellent house alone; a better buy, and better looking, with a wing.

CAR MODEL DESIGNED BY VERNON DE MARS

House-and-a-Half

★ How a house can cost less to live in by being made larger.

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

UNLIKE a suit of clothes or pair of shoes, a house is ordinarily priced according to size. Which of course is why a larger-than-average family, with an only average income, has always had a hard time getting a house to fit. Not that it has been easy for anyone with an average income of, let us say, $2000 a year to find a house that measures up to the reasonable desires of a family of four—let alone a family of six or seven. However, there is hope in modern building methods, to be shared by both large and small families alike; for it is my belief that better, larger and less expensive houses are possibilities that can closely follow the peace. I see it as only a question of your getting to know and appreciate those possibilities, then helping to create a widespread popular demand. You can see here in this house, for instance, how modern design provides a solution for the large-family problem—not merely by suggesting fundamental changes in manufacture and construction, but by new ways of planning for special family requirements. Two houses, like two heads, are in certain cases better than one; so here, in effect, Mr. Duncan has done two houses in one: a big house and a little annex, the latter helping in various ways to pay for the former, as I shall show. The main section alone would be more than a large family could afford on an average income; but in many situations, as listed on the next page, the supplementary section would furnish just the extra needed financial assistance.

HOW IT WORKS

- The wing, as an annex or separate apartment, would have several possible uses, all contributing to the support of the main house; for it could provide revenue, either in the form of rent or equivalent savings, which even at a modest figure would not only cover the payments on its own original cost, but would help substantially with the payments and upkeep on the whole establishment.
- The wing could provide quarters for a newly married son or daughter, or any young couple; for it can be kept completely separate from or given a close connection with the main house.
- It could serve as an office suite for a doctor, dentist or other professional, whether of the family or not; entrances being quite independent of each other.
- It could be a suite, or apartment, for elderly relatives requiring a minimum of housekeeping facilities.
- It could be used by a couple in which the wife, whose husband worked elsewhere, helped in the house as payment for rent.
- For a sizable family with a combined income amounting to more than average, it could provide just the kind of convenient additional living space which such a family requires, and permit opportunities for privacy which the ordinary large house seldom offers.
- Heat for the wing would come, of course, from the main house system. Electric current would be metered separately or not, as desired.
- Because of the ease and economy with which additions can be made under the modern building methods here proposed, the wing could be put on, or taken off, whenever either operation seemed desirable. Its cost would be about one fifth the total.

HOW IT IS MADE

✓ At this point it is impossible to describe in great detail the precise systems of new building methods which will prevail after the war, but we know that tremendous simplifications must and will be made all down the line. Here we assume that some form of panel construction will take the place of the highly complicated and expensive prewar methods.

✓ Both house and wing would be put together of prebuilt panels, fully finished at the factory, and quickly and tightly fixed into place at the site.

✓ The panels would be of different types: to form solid walls and walls with windows; panels for the roof, decks, ceilings, floors, partitions; each type of panel designed and made to do its particular job.

✓ These panels would be sized for easy shipping and efficient handling, and hardly any other structural materials would be necessary; nor would painting, finishing or conditioning be necessary.

✓ Wall panels would have optional colors and textures for both indoor and outdoor surfaces, providing the owner's choice of individual decorative schemes, and making possible such variations as you can see here between main house and wing.

✓ All fixtures and equipment for bathrooms, kitchen, laundry and heating would come as completely packaged units, ready to fit into their proper places and be quickly connected.

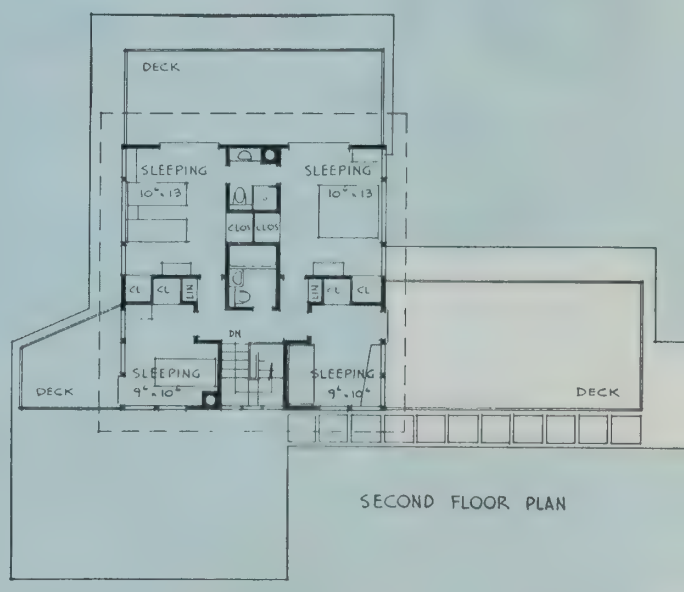
✓ The space-saving interior bathrooms would be automatically ventilated and lighted; no drafts, no necessity for curtains or shades.

✓ No radiators, registers or exposed piping would be necessary, as ceilings and floors would be radiant-heating surfaces, providing evenly distributed warmth throughout, aided on winter days by solar warmth streaming through the big sunny windows.

HOW IT CAN HAPPEN

- Houses embodying the general principles of design and construction suggested here, whether large or small dwellings, can be better and less expensive than prewar houses of comparable size when the following conditions occur:
- When home building, as an industry, is completely modernized and put on a full mass-production basis. That means revising building methods to make use of some type of prebuilt panels, or other simplified parts, all fully finished in manufacture, which by large-quantity production and ease of assembly can greatly cut the cost of both labor and material.
- When house design completely adapts itself to such a system of piece construction in order to derive the maximum economies from these highly simplified, prebuilt, mass-produced materials. That means simpler forms as far as house appearance is concerned; flat or almost flat roofs. Beauty would come through fine proportions and straightforward design rather than through meaningless lines and empty ornament—all adding up to lower cost and better living.
- When houses are built in large quantities, not only as to their factory-made, mass-produced parts, but as to their erection in properly planned groups, developments, communities; thus benefiting as to cost from wholesale prices on materials and equipment and from large-scale construction operations, always less than in the case of singly-built houses.
- And finally, when builders and manufacturers become convinced that you, the home-buying and home-renting public, are eager to buy and rent homes designed and built this way. Homes like this are unavailable now; in fact, private building cannot begin until peace makes new construction possible. So there is still time for you to familiarize yourself with the new possibilities and make your feelings felt.





A house with a plan that really works, and a wing that works as well.



"Here! One of you give in . . . the towel won't"

Tug o'war wasn't exactly what Mom had in mind when she decided on Fieldcrest Towels. She was taken by their flower-clear colors. She saw that the rich designs and textures would decorate the bathroom with luxurious effect. But she knew, too, she could rely on robust Fieldcrest quality for hard family use. Now, in wartime, when stores have only limited quantities of these fine towels, she doubly appreciates their worth.



BUY WAR BONDS

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., Manufacturing Division

Makers of Fieldcrest Towels, Sheets, Blankets, Bedspreads · 82 Worth St., New York 13

IRONING BORED?

(Continued from Page 147)

(Lack of padding is what makes fabrics iron shiny.) No chic ironing board would be seen without correct accessories, which include: a sleeve board and/or a press mitt, to lend a hand with ticklish shoulder areas; a little bowl of warm water with a sponge to retouch dried spots; a drying rack so all your fine handiwork won't be undone by letting clothes, still damp behind the ears, slither off slippery chair seats; and, of course, the best iron that can be begged, borrowed or—bought!

Right here we have a bit of cheery news for you. Irons are coming back! If your budget permits only one iron, and you want a steam iron, get the kind that can be used both as a steamer and an automatic iron. With temperature controls, you know.

Well-dressed women wear comfortable shoes to help keep them straight and unwearying, especially if they insist upon standing when ironing. Though why they should, *we* don't know, for a sit-down ironer is a very good, very sensible thing to be. The board should be low enough and the chair high enough so you won't have that unpleasant strained feeling in your upper arms.

Now—have you turned the radio on to your favorite serial, or put a stack of records on? Is the drying rack close by where you can reach it without rising? Good—you're off! Oops, sorry, no you're not—for first you should divide the goats that need a hot iron from the sheep that take a cooler one.

Tablecloths and sheets 'n' such. Fold sheets selvage to selvage, right side out. Iron one side, then fold the long way and iron both sides. Fold to put-away size then, and hang on the rack until it's time for the linen closet and a whiff of lavender. Do your damask tablecloths first on the right side, then on the wrong, to make them glisten.

Plan of procedure for dresses. The first bit you do won't be all mussy if you begin at the cuffs, working up sleeves to the collar. Then the blouse, then the skirt. Lay pleats carefully into position, iron from top to edge until dry. Pin them if necessary. Do white or pastel cottons sunny side up, but iron on the underside of dark ones, silks or rayons.

Special about sleeves. Even those puff sleeves of little girls' birthday-party dresses aren't so difficult if you do them this way. Honestly. Fold the puff part double so it forms a circle and iron clear round, as you would a ruffle, edging the iron point well up into the gathers. Flip it over and do the other side of the circle in the same manner. For the sleeves of your own dresses, call a sleeve board or a press mitt to the rescue.

Buttons and 'broideries. Turn rows of buttons or the pretty side of embroideries face downward in the classic spanking position, on a soft firm pad—a bath towel or something. Don't spank, however, but smoo-oo-th with long slow easy strokes until perfectly dry. (In fact, iron everything with easy strokes—much less wearing than skittering the iron back and forth madly, and much more purposeful.)

Be sure to iron round doilies from center to edge, just as you roll piecrust, or they're apt to emerge not round, but strangely shapeless! Whatever you're ironing, go along with the thread of the fabric.

Take your iron's temperature frequently—and in case you don't have an automatic iron, here's the way it should be: coolest for rayon, a little warmer for silk, still a little warmer for wool; cotton, fairly hot; linen can stand the most heat. As for your own temperature—keep it cool!



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TURNABOUT

(Continued from Page 28)

ne colonel he had known in his three years f service.

He waved Ellie on and she drove into the arage and David followed on foot. There ood the big stone farmhouse on its gentle se of land. The western windows were ilded with the setting sun, as he had often een them. The garden, as always in Sep-ember, had gone ragged, and he looked be-ond, up into the trees, and saw the props nder the heavy boughs, the red fruit ining through. It was time the apples ere picked, he thought in surprise. There ere no cows at the gate, and he saw only ree pigs in the hog lot. But he walked on, aking his bag from Ellie.

They went to the kitchen door from habit nd the door flew open and a woman ap-eared there. He thought at first it was his randmother, so tall and stooped did she ook, and then he saw that it was Aunt Milly. ut—she was old! He ran ahead and put his ag down and caught her with his good arm nd kissed her.

"Oh, David!" she said. "Oh, boy—we re so glad you are here. You'll find every-ing just as you left it—we've fixed the oom you shared with André and Mark."

A shout assailed him and he turned to eet his grandfather, coming from the barn. Ie was almost little, dried and short and eady to blow away. But he was active, oming at a little trot. Maybe he had never een big. David had always thought of his randfather as a big man. Oh, well, perhaps child's ideas were correct; and he was big—e had a heart as big as all out-of-doors.

Grandfather shook his hand. Grandfather ooked with frank and unoffensive curiosity t his hand. "What kind of a contraption is hat?" he asked.

David showed it to him, what it was in-ended for, how he could take it off and put back on again—all about it.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said grandfather. "But come in. May wants to see you."

The big clean kitchen was the same as always. Grandmother had a little white frill around her throat, as she always had; her hair was neatly combed and her faded eyes were blue; her mouth was smiling. He kissed her with a lump in his throat.

"God bless you, granny," he said. "I can't believe it's true that I'm here again."

"I knew you'd come back, David." Her voice was softer than it used to be. "When they thought you were lost in the Argonne, I never doubted that you'd be home!"

David's heart felt bruised. She thought he was his father!

He saw Ellie, at the sink, listening and anxious. He went right on talking quietly with grandmother and said nothing that might disturb any of them. But an anxious feeling came to him, a feeling he had had sometimes in battle when he thought his supplies might not come up, or when not all his men had returned to base.

He went out with grandfather to milk. He knew they would come back into the house just as the clock struck six. Grandfather never missed by a minute. But he was startled that there was only one cow to milk. The long row of Guernseys was gone. There were no horses down at the horse end—there were only a few chickens picking about. He asked about the horses.

"I rent the cornland—on shares," grandfather said. "No need to feed horses that way—they were eating their heads off. And I sold the apple crop on the trees. Expect the trucks down in a day or two. You can help—it will need two of us up in the orchard to see they don't tear off next year's buds when they take the fruit."

David was deeply shocked. Grandfather to sell the apples on the trees! He had never let anyone in among the trees but his own



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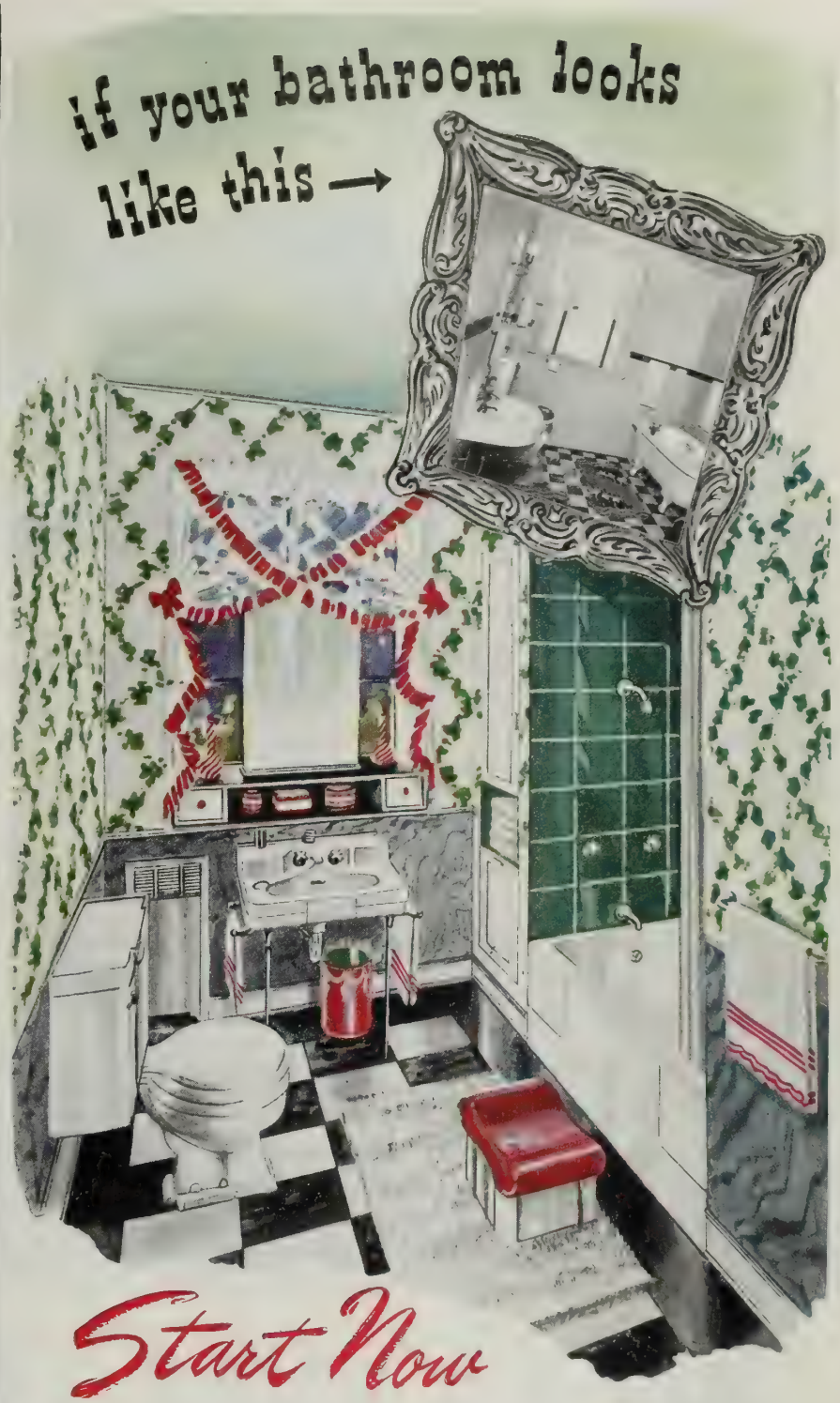
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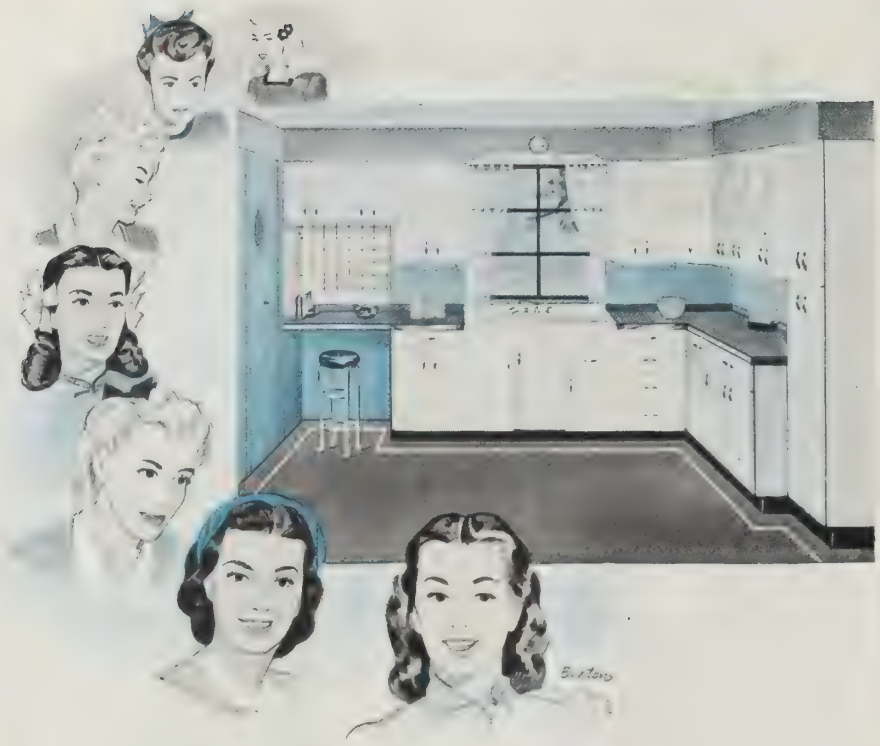


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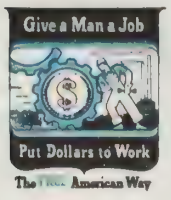


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pickers whom he had taught himself. And the big sleek horses gone. David found himself trembling. And Ellie had said nothing was changed. Perhaps she wanted him to think so—perhaps she said what she thought he wanted to believe.

They came into the kitchen just as the clock was striking six. Well, that was unchanged anyhow!

The food on the white cloth was delicious. Ellie served them all, moving about the table, so young and strong and slender. He loved her! Her mouth was grave and sweet. Aunt Milly put a bib on grandmother, put her food in a bowl, her spoon in her hand. David was raw with inexplicable feelings of tenderness and anxiety. He wanted to tell Ellie he loved her. He wanted to tell them all not to try so hard—not to worry about him. But he was silent.

Grandfather had questions to ask. He wanted to know a great many things and David told him what he could. They sat talking until Ellie began to clear the table. Aunt Milly got up to help her and overturned her water glass. She stood, upset by the accident, and David teased her a little. Grandmother returned to her rocker and her crochet work. David asked what it was.

"It's a bedspread for Milly," she said.

It seemed to David it would take a long time to make a bedspread of those squares.

"Yes," grandmother said, "it will take all winter. Milly is going to marry John Carr in the spring. Unless she puts him off again. She wants Rob to finish his schooling before she gets married."

David sat still. He had heard many family stories from grandmother, but never this one. So Aunt Milly had once planned to get married. And she had postponed it, to send Rob to school.

"Why couldn't I help?" he asked. Since she thought he was his father, he might as well take it so.

"Well, David," grandmother said, "we could hardly expect you to help, with your sick wife. Milly thinks she can wait another year."

David was silent again and grandmother went on talking about Milly's marriage and about John Carr. He thought of his own mother. It was true that she had always been considered "delicate." One reason he had spent all his summers at the farm was his mother's nervousness. Yet when he saw her in San Francisco last week she looked decades younger than Aunt Milly. He closed the door that had opened in his mind. It was not in him to judge his parents.

And he thought of Ellie—wasting her youth as Aunt Milly had wasted hers, here on the farm—and he felt alarmed for her.

It was Ellie who helped him with his "contraption" and who put it on his wrist again when he was ready for bed.

"THE air is thick with apple smell," he said. "Nothing smells better than apples at picking time."

"Unless it's clover," she said.

She stooped over him and the fragrance of her hair blotted out other fragrances. She was so lovely. He knew now why no other girl had ever seemed to him to be "the one." All these years he had been waiting to come back to her.

"Marry me, Ellie," he said, "and come back to San Francisco with me when I go. I've always loved you."

She drew back a little and bright scarlet curled in her cheeks, stained her throat. She did not look at him, but adjusted the last buckle with fingers that shook a little.

"I couldn't, David," she said. "I can't leave here. They need me."

"But you can't," he said. "You'll be like Aunt Milly—you'll waste your life ——"

"Oh, don't say that!" she cried. "Aunt Milly's life has not been wasted. Few people have had as good a life as Aunt Milly has had. No, David, don't ask me. I must stay here with them."

She said good night quickly and left him. He couldn't understand her at all, so young and fragrant and desirable, here on the farm with Aunt Milly and the grandparents—and they were not even her grandparents! It was inexplicable to him. Was she one of those with a passion for self-sacrifice?

He thought he would not sleep, but he no sooner drew the sheet to his chin than he was gone. He had not slept like this for years; in fact, not since he was last here. He wakened in earliest morning, so refreshed, so renewed that he could not at first remember his sharp disappointment of the night before.

HE ROSE at once and put his feet into his canoe shoes and got on some fatigue clothes. He put his hand into his shirt and buttoned it around the hand, and went down the stairs and out-of-doors. The grass was drenched with dew and he was soaked to his knees in a moment, but he did not mind. There were still some stars in the west, and the east was rosy with morning light.

He walked through the south pasture and climbed the old rail fence which kept the cattle back out of the spring. He lay down on the overhanging rock. Here was all that he had dreamed: peace and quiet and goodness and clean fresh water and wet scented grass. And all the old pictures, the picnics, the games, the endless rapture revolved now around Ellie, so that Mark and André and June and the others were unreal. He knew where they were, he loved them still, but it was Ellie, he knew now—Ellie and grandmother—who had made the enchanted garden. He suspected that she was trying to make it for him again.

The farm bell sounded and he went back to hot biscuits and thin curls of bacon, to country butter and peach preserves and coffee. Everyone was cheerful and full of talk, and before they had finished their early meal, the commission man's trucks and pickers rolled into the farmyard and grandfather and David went out to see to things. He was so tired that night that he went to bed right after supper and to sleep.

The days followed, with David in the orchard and the women in the house. When he was with them, his feeling for Ellie deepened almost unbearably. He would talk to her again when he could. He had no mind to leave her here on the farm with all these old people, good as they were. In three days the commission man and his pickers had stripped the orchard and trucked practically every apple away.

He went into town with grandfather and Aunt Milly. Grandfather had a check to cash, some business to attend to. Aunt Milly was going to the oculist—her glasses needed straightening, she said, and David paid little attention. But when they came home she narrowly missed the fence post, turning into the farm.

After supper Ellie put up the ironing board, but David persuaded her to set it back and come out with him. The harvest moon was abroad, a great shining globe of gold against the dark vast Midwestern sky. The night was warm. They walked up under the stripped trees and sat down on the big stump at the top of the hill. A gentleness and almost mystic quality lay over the world.

"What this stump has been in its time," said David. "A throne once, I remember, and a stage, and a rock in a rapids, and an Indian council table. We were an imaginative bunch of brats, anyhow, weren't we? What fun we had."

"Yes," she said, and then a little anxiously: "David, do you find grandmother much changed?"

(Continued on Page 160)

FRIENDSHIP

Considering that most friendships are made by mere hazard, how is it that men find themselves equipped and fortified with just the friends they need? We have heard of men who asserted that they would like to have more money, or more books, or more pairs of pajamas; but we have never heard of a man saying that he did not have enough friends. For, while we can never have too many friends, yet those we have are always enough.

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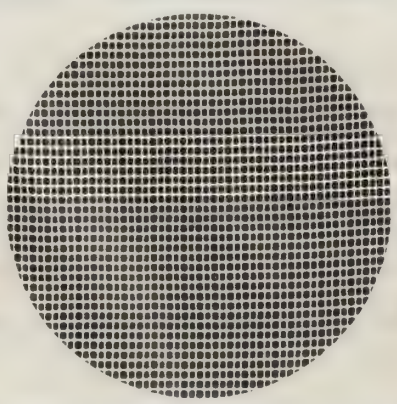


Alice: I'm suspicious. Are you selling it?

Madge: No, stupid, but I'm sold. Those curtains there have the old Wat-a-set finish. I've washed them twice and they still look like new. Why wouldn't I get excited about the NEW Wat-a-set?



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(Continued from Page 158)

"She's not as active as she used to be," he said. "I can scarcely believe, she was such a wonder—at eighty. She's failed since then, but that was to be expected. The wonder is that grandfather is as active as he is."

"You don't find things—changed, then?" she said. "You find it—just the way you hoped?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Everything that mattered is the same. To sleep like I do, just to sink away into endless quiet—to sleep like that! There's no other place in the world. I feel so much better—you simply can't imagine how I feel. I wish every man who's seen active service had a place like this to come home to. It's all I longed for."

"I'm glad," she said simply.

"Ellie, I want to talk to you—and seriously. You are so young. Why do you stay on here?"

She looked at him wonderingly. She shook her head a little.

"Can't you love me a little?" he asked softly. "Just a little?"

"Perhaps—someday," she said. "Or rather I should say that once I did. All those years, when we were children—I worshiped you. It dominated my life. Now, I don't know, David—I really don't know. Don't crowd me now, or I'll have to refuse you again."

He was silent. He did not want her to refuse him again. But he could not let the questions that pressed on him go unanswered.

"When you said, the other day, that it was difficult to hire things done—did you mean difficult to get the help, or hard to get help without money?"

"Both, perhaps," she answered casually.

David said slowly, "This is a fine farm. Even with its operations reduced, grandfather should have a little money. Hasn't he?"

"What do you think?" Ellie asked impatiently. "He had to help André, because Uncle Tom couldn't. How could he save, all those years, when the place was overrun summer after summer with a swarm of hungry youngsters—when everyone still looked to him for everything ——" She stopped as though she had said more than she intended.

David saw she was not going to try to answer more questions, and in a little while they rose and went down through the orchard in the brilliant moonlight, hand in hand. She kept him in check though. But he could not be unhappy. All those years she had loved him. Then, she would again!

Late in the night he wakened to a sound that he could not identify. There was a steady thumping and bumping—not regular, but repeated. He got up at last and went out in his bare feet and went down the stairs. Ellie was ironing. She was wrapped in a blue kimona, her hair was down her back and held back from her face with a small comb, and she was doing the ironing he had persuaded her to leave. He was tempted to go out and talk to her, but something withheld him. But when he got back into his bed he did not at once go to sleep. His mind was arranging for him a procession of problems and discoveries.

Instead of everything being the same, everything was changed. And quite simply the mystery of Ellie became clear as day. Ellie was here for just the reason she had

(Continued on Page 163)



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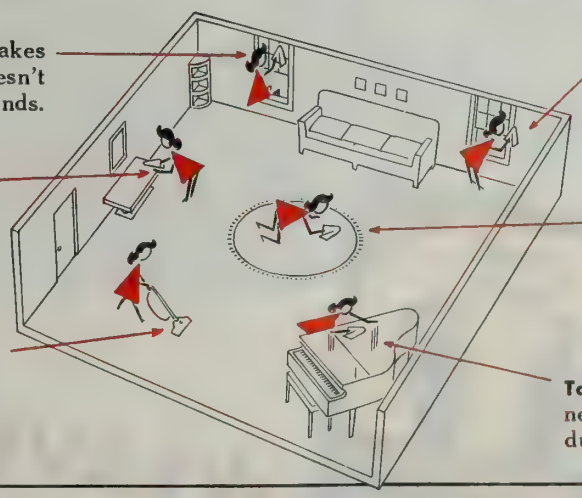
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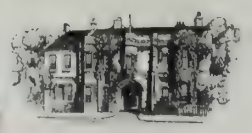


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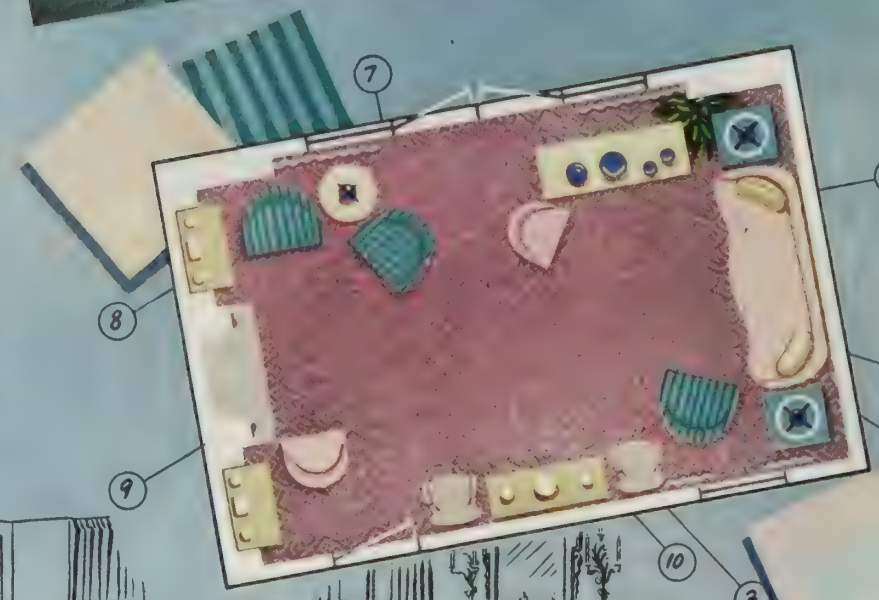


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KEY

1. Bigelow wall-to-wall carpet
2. Color of walls
3. Color of curtains and two side chairs
4. Color of end tables
5. Color of sofa and two upholstered chairs
6. View of sofa group
7. Color of three upholstered chairs
8. Color of inside of shelves by fireplace
9. View of fireplace group
10. View of long wall with chest and chairs.





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(Continued from Page 160)

given—because they needed her. There was no other reason. And the mystery of Aunt Milly was suddenly clear too. Tonight, when she started to go upstairs, she had walked right into the door. She had made a joke about it. But there were too many things—glasses spilled, the fact that Ellie never let Aunt Milly go to the cellar, the scraped post by the gate. Why, she must not drive again!

He sat up on the side of his bed. What had made him think the years would not pass over the farm as they had passed over him? He had grown from boy to manhood—they had grown from middle age to old. Even Aunt Milly was old.

What had he expected? Who was to maintain the paradise? Grandmother could no longer do it—she had done it far past the usual time women can contrive such miracles. Grandfather strove valiantly, but he was ninety years old. So Ellie had taken up the problem, so that he and André and the others could come home from the war and find nothing changed—nothing gone that they wanted and needed. If he had loved Ellie all these years, his feeling now was almost one of reverence. He longed for the morning, to talk to her again.

He must, finally, have slept. For he was wakened in the deep darkness by a hideous sound. At once he knew what it was, the clatter and bumping, the loud old rasping voice—grandfather falling down the stairs!

They arrived at the foot of the stairs simultaneously, Aunt Milly and Ellie and himself. Light flooded the hall. The plaintive voice of grandmother came from above—and there was grandfather in his nightshirt, his face empurpled, sprawled at the foot of the stairs, breathing stertorously.

It took all three of them to lift him onto the couch. It was an hour before the doctor arrived. Grandfather had had a stroke. He was evidently not well, and had risen, they figured, to go to the kitchen for a drink or some baking soda, and he had been stricken and had fallen down the stairs. They got him back into his bed, they got grandmother calmed down, they all dressed and Ellie made coffee. They were up now for the rest of the night—indeed, it was almost morning.

And David had his answer. He knew what the answer was, and in the face of disaster he was flooded with a deep content.

It was two days later when he persuaded Ellie to walk up to the spring with him. She was tired and pale. But she was pleased that grandfather had rallied, was able to speak, although thickly, to move one arm and leg a little, to demand food. She was pleased that grandmother had taken it all so reasonably. But Ellie was pale. Her fair soft hair—he longed to put his face to it.

He took her hand and turned it in his own. He said, "Ellie, he's not your grandfather, you know."

"Oh, David," she said, "how can you say that! If they never made any difference, if they never remembered that I was not their own, why should I remember it?"

He was smiling a little, a secret smile that made her wonder.

She said, a little sharply, "I am theirs! I am! They made me their own—when I was too little to know any difference."

"A young woman," he said almost tauntingly, with the same little smile, "buried on an old farm, wasting her youth and her life—getting up late at night to iron and early in the morning to wash. Making pies and filling the cooky jar so a returned soldier won't find it empty, trying with two firm young hands to hold together an old romantic ideal—out of the love of her heart. No one could take grandmother's place except you—no one could make love and work take the place of money ——"

"I had a right to try!"

David looked at her and he leaned over and kissed her cheek. He said, in a practical voice, "We used to say when we were kids that turnabout is fair play. I can see it now. It's turnabout—it's our turn. You saw it first, and none of the others have seen it yet, but me. I wouldn't have, but for you. You just came—and stayed, because they needed you. Milly is losing her eyesight, isn't she, Ellie? Aunt Milly is growing blind."

"Yes," she said, distressed. "But don't let her know you guessed it, David."

"I won't," he said. "Ellie, father said he would set me up in business if I liked. What would you think about him buying the farm, with the understanding that the old folks would always live here, while they live, and Milly, too, and you and I farming the place? We could give them perfect care as long as they need it, care and love! We could get horses back, and more cows and chickens, and take care of the orchard. By spring I can begin the work. Then, if the next generation needs a haven ——"

Her eyes shone on him. There was a lucidity in her look that washed over him like a blessing. She took his face in her hands and kissed him.

"You do understand," she said. "Oh, how I wanted you to understand—yourself! Oh, David, I knew that the dream was true, that it could continue, whether we were children receiving it or adults dispensing it; it's a true dream—that must go on forever."

THE RUG'S THE REASON

(Continued from Page 144)

When the arrangement and styling are done, you are ready to paint. Everything must be scrubbed clean of wax, grease or dirt before the first coat, or paint will peel. Use steel wool and sandpaper to smooth the old surface and, between coats—two should be enough—sand lightly.

Only three colors are good for your furniture frames: dark green, rich red-brown, and black. Of course, if you live in the right locality, white is charming with light fabrics. Blue, light green and most other colors call attention to the furniture frames and their style, and make the job look amateurish. Use flat paint for the first coats, enamel last.

Upholstering or Slip-Covering. By using the same color on all the large pieces, you give style to your room. It need not be the same fabric. We used wool felt on our chairs and emerald cotton dress material with an outing-flannel back, on the sofa. Our draperies were made of slightly harsh dress woolen! In the case of the chairs, we did semi-upholstering. That is, we tacked the material onto the old frames here and there, and later sewed it where a fold needed flattening. You can do this if your furniture is actually of the secondhand class. If the frames are good, make slip covers. All the chairs you see in the picture were covered by an amateur.

Wool felt has again appeared on the market and is a grand material for sturdy coverings. It is fifty inches wide, comes in all colors, and costs about $1.50 a yard.

The Hand-Painted Chest. You may think you can't paint a big, gorgeous modern design on a chest, but actually the fact that it is big and flat and bright makes this simple. Follow the directions exactly and you will glow with pride at your achievement.

The chest itself is an old rooming-house type of chiffonier. Cut down the legs, take off the knobs, to replace later if you like, and finish with two coats of smooth black paint.

When dry, place it on a table or two chairs for good working height. With a piece of chalk, place two dots where the centers of the big roses are to be. Next, draw circles around the dots, each one larger than the other, using a compass, or a piece of string and chalk, or saucers and a plate. Keep on until the last circle is twelve to fourteen inches across.

Next, take the chalk and scallop each of your circles unevenly—these are the petals. Then you are ready to paint. Buy a tube each of rose red, zinc white, chrome yellow,

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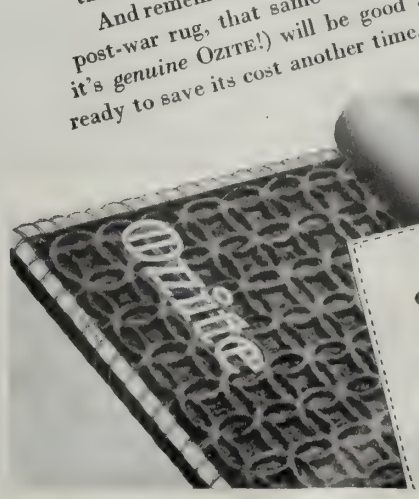
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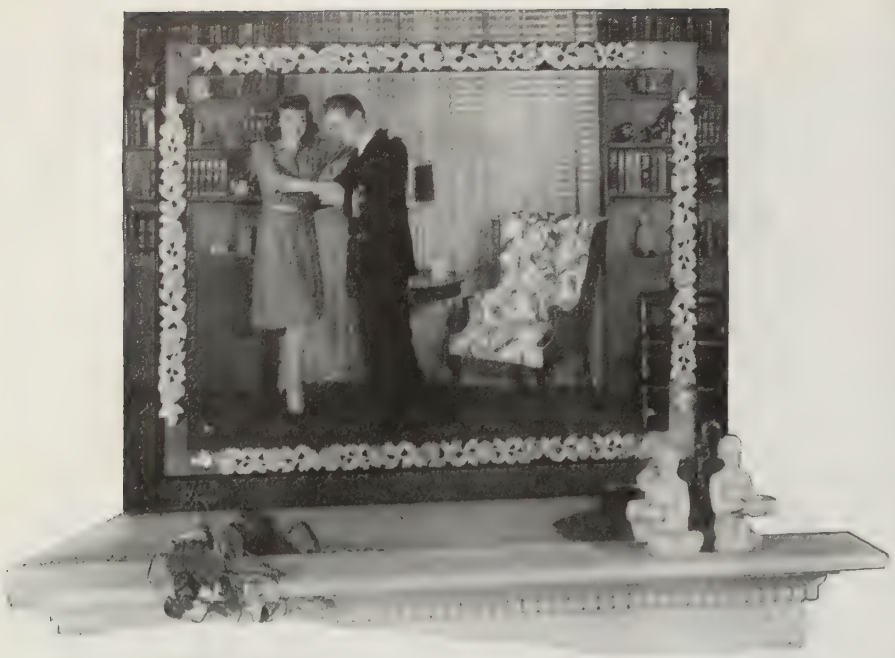
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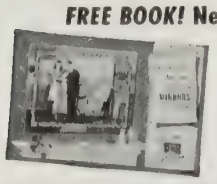
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ultramarine blue and emerald—oil paint. These will mix to make any color you want. Buy three or four ten-cent brushes and have handy a small bottle of turpentine.

Paint the roses before you draw the leaves. Onto an old plate, squeeze out a small amount of red paint and a bit of white. Thin the red paint very slightly and paint in the centers of the roses, leaving all the chalk lines paint-free. Every two times around, add a bit of white to your red paint. This makes the outer petals lighter than the center. Your paint should be sticky at all times. Never thin enough to form a drop. After all the petals are filled in, lift a bit of undiluted white and streak in the scalloped chalk lines you have left unpainted. Your brush stroke will streak into the white and, as it picks up a bit of the red, turn pink. This is right and gives the effect you want.

Now get a little stick, like an orange stick. While the paint is still soft, outline the scallops with the stick. You see, this removes a little of the fresh red or pink paint and leaves a small black line. Let the roses dry for a day or two and then start on the foliage.

Take some wrapping paper and cut three or four sizes of leaves, any shape you want. Make them all differ a bit and have one, at least, as large as your hand. Then, beginning at the edges of the roses, pin on two or three at a time, arranging them to your taste, but all pointing outward. Trace around them with chalk, unpin and use as patterns to retrace other leaves until you are within a few inches of the edge of the chest. Use the larger leaf patterns at the bottom and toward the center, small ones on the outside.

When this is done, you are ready to paint. You can use the emerald right from the tube. But if you are matching a particular green, mix it with yellow or blue, and a speck of red if you are working for bronze green.

Paint the leaves solid green. Streak one edge—it makes no difference which one—with white. This, too, will pick up a bit of green, which is right. Then, get your little stick and draw a rib through the center of each leaf and a vein or two in the larger ones.

Add the buds last. Place three or four of them where they balance. You won't need a pattern, they are just imperfect egg shapes. This is all—you have painted a chest!

ARE YOU A BACK NUMBER?

(Continued from Page 141)

the wall, and knees slightly flexed, try to "iron" your spine all the way up, touching the wall at every point, even to that difficult spot in the small of your back. Holding this position, with your backbone glued to the wall, start raising your arms, keeping them, also, flat to the wall. If you can really do this, you are a wonder. Chances are you will give out, and start laughing at yourself. But persistence will gradually improve you.

The topsy-turvy wall-climbing stunt shown in the second right-hand picture is another good way to put starch in your spine. With buttocks close to the wall (you will have to start sitting sidewise to do this) and your shoulders hugging the floor, start walking up the wall until hips are well lifted and weight rests entirely on shoulders. Walk back down slowly. This gives your body a good stretch and is especially good for a woman whose work keeps her on her feet a large part of the time.

The second half of Mrs. Hahn's prescription is *relaxation;* not just rag-doll limpness, but *planned rest* that is as much of a treatment as exercise. The ideal method is to recline on a flat surface, with hips and heels higher than head. The footboard of a bed can be built up with pillows to make an ideal "slope," or the back of a dining-room chair, turned upside down, will serve. Even just lying on the davenport with head flat and the feet resting on the couch arm is a help. An hour of this a day, in two periods, would do more for most nerve-driven housewives than a reservoir full of tonic. Stand straight. Lie at an angle when you rest. Maybe you will forget you have a back!

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PHOTO BY RICHARD PRATT

The golden straight-neck squash—as fine to look at as to eat.

PRODUCTION FOR USE

BY THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

WHAT worried the gardener most when war-food gardening began was the waste. All around her she could see men and women spending more time—t to mention using up more energy and ed—than was justified by the net results. he gross was good in all the gardens she ent to see, but in many cases half the mber of tomato plants, for instance, would ve furnished all of that particular crop hich really ever reached the table, fresh, oked or canned. More peppers, too, than ere consumed went to pot right on the ants. The same with quite a few string ans, which are an all-summer-long stand-by th us. For with this easily grown favorite, succulent when picked young and eaten esh, the general practice around us was to w large batches a month apart, rather than ws half the size every two weeks; which akes for the best eating, with no waste at from age, black spot or beetles. Incintally, if you've never tried the string an variety Tendergreen, try it; dust with ne when the beans burst above the ground; ll the rows when they get a little higher, d pick when the pods are about three inches ng. Then as soon as they're fully harvested, ll the plants and toss them on the compost. Then there was the matter of putting ings away for the winter—carrots, cabge, beets and turnips, which were all we er tried to store by the time-honored ethod of placing in a deepish trench and vering with straw and earth. All I can say out this is that it worked very well until ortly after New Year's Day, by which ne the cabbages had to be half cut away fore they could be used, the carrots and ets had become rather spongy; and as of is moment only the rutabagas are still in lly usable condition—and we're getting etty tired of rutabagas.

In other words, without a suitable root llar, which must be cold, but not cold low freezing, and damp but not wet, and ell ventilated to boot, the problem of nter storage is one that can be solved, in y opinion and the gardener's, only by the ost scrupulous attention to detailed direcons as given by Government bulletins and county agents in person. Otherwise, nning, if feasible, is safer, and, I would y, easier on the whole.

Which all adds up to the gardener's new utine. In the meager time we have to are, we grow what can be grown in a venty-by-thirty patch—plenty of space om which to keep two people pretty well pplied. The ground has been cleared from the fall before, except for the half row each of salsify and parsnips we're digging now. And as there always seems to be a day in early March when the soil by some miracle can be worked, at least with a hoe, I wait for this moment to furrow out a full set of shallow trenches, three inches deep and eighteen inches apart, from one end of the garden to the other. Into them I sprinkle lightly some balanced fertilizer; and as the gardener plants her Little Marvel peas, two inches apart in the rows—seeds which she has inoculated for rapid growth by shaking them up in a bag with ten cents' worth of culture C of nitrogen—I follow along, covering up, and tamping the rows with the bottom of the rake. Nine weeks later we'll be having all the peas we want, which gets pretty close to gluttony; and as the vines are stripped, row after row, meal after meal, I pull the plants, put them on the compost, then spade and rake the sections as they're emptied so the gardener can do her further planting, piece by piece. Two people, with occasional company, can eat a whole patch of peas in May, don't worry, and get them out of the garden in plenty of time for summer sowing. And the soil will have been invigorated in the bargain by those nitrogen-bearing vines.

After the pea episode, the gardener proceeds in a fairly conventional fashion, except that everything she plants she now plants sparingly. Onions, on the contrary, she sows rather plentifully, from seed. Two or three rows have never been enough, for by the time we've eaten them at all stages during the summer, the final fall harvest for keeping in the cool dry closet has always been exhausted well before spring when they become mighty expensive in the market.

When the local greenhouse men put out their seedling plants for sale she buys a dozen Marglobe tomatoes, a dozen each of early, late and Savoy cabbage, and half a dozen each of peppers and eggplant; always plants them after sunset and puddles them in place. The tomatoes she plants along a south-facing stretch of fence, where they can be loosely fastened as they grow.

The only things the gardener grows which are in any way space-consuming are the four hills of summer straight-neck squash, a vegetable whose virtues seldom find full appreciation as a home-grown crop. This variety is very neat, as squashes go, and the golden fruit, in the translucent shade of the tropical leaves, make a wonderful picture, as the photograph shows, and keep coming along as fast as you cut them.

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EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 6)

The democratic concept, as it grew slowly up through Christendom, had no such terrible and unnatural connotation. It was linked with the twin concept of freedom, and went back to the same religious base. It held that all men must be equal before the law; and all men must be equal in opportunity.

The great American social thinker, Henry George, believed that equality of opportunity denied the right of any individuals, or corporations of individuals, to take ownership and possession in perpetuity of those things that have been given by God—or Nature—to all men: land—except where the farmer works it, and which he believed the farmer himself should lease, with the power to pass it on, as long as it was a source for family livelihood; the metals, oil and minerals in land; and today, of course, he would have included the air and the water. In other words, he believed that men, as private individuals, should own only what they themselves create, not what Nature and society as a whole have created.

But that the State, even a popularly based State, should be the sole owner and employer; that no individual should have the right to build a business by his own acumen and effort, and enjoy its fruits; that writers, artists and thinkers should become mere propagandists for the State would have rightly been described by him as human slavery. And, again, the argument against human slavery, whether of a man to another man or of men to an institution—namely, the State—goes back to the religious concept of man as a being whose purpose on this earth is to fulfill the will of God: to be creative, within his means, as God is the creator; to be virtuous, as God is virtue; and to love his fellow men, since, and because, they are his brothers in God.

Now, if this be the true concept of democracy—and it is certainly the philosophical origin of democracy—then the purpose of a free democracy begins and ends in the people—not in the "masses," which reduces the people to a herd, to be organized and swayed by the powerful, and obliterates the very idea of The People. The People are the sum total of *persons*. Education for democracy, therefore, must concentrate upon the creation of good human beings, who are taught from earliest childhood that the perfection of *themselves* is the chief democratic task.

A good democratic society, capable of survival with freedom, is not like an assembly belt in a modern factory. It is like an o chestra. In an orchestra not all instrumer are equally difficult to play. A man can cla cymbals or play a piccolo who never cou become a first violinist or a conductor. Y the piccolo player or the cymbal clanger c spoil the entire performance; and the pe fect orchestral performance is greater th the achievement of any single star, and t smallest and least important player is a solutely essential to the perfection of t whole.

So it is with the whole of life. Each fun tion, however humble, is indispensable, ar therefore dignified. A society that looks dov upon a man because he wears overalls blandly overlooking the fact that the man overalls is the co-creator of every ameni we enjoy—has forgotten the very basis democracy. And the man in overalls, wh wants to make men in overalls masters ov the whole of society, forgets that but for th men of science, the men with imaginatio organization and executive power, men overalls would be helpless in the great wo of creating and ever-recreating our world.

Therefore, it seems to me that educatio for democracy should concentrate on the dut of every child to do every task as well as can be done, as a means of enhancing his ow perfection. It should be able to promise th every boy or girl can go as far in educatio as his native abilities and the capaciti which he adds to those abilities permit hi to go. He should be taught—and shown that courtesy, consideration, gentleness demeanor and skill are the marks of th superior—not money and ostentation. H should be assured, of course, that if he willing to work, there is a level of decenc and security below which he will not be a lowed to fall by his fellow men. But h should also be made to see that freedom the twin sister of duty, and equality th twin of effort.

In other words, democratic educatio must concentrate, in the first line, upo character, in pursuit of self-perfection. Th old saw, "Anything that is worth doing a all is worth doing well," is true, becaus anything done well improves, however in finitesimally, the skill and stature of th person who does it and, through him, of hi civilization. And a country whose citizen try to do everything well need have n worry about its place in the world, or abou its ability to survive.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY?

(Continued from Page 23)

advice: "Too young to know his own mind." . . . "Just a case of puppy love." . . . "She should wait until her personality is fully formed." . . . "Five years from now he would pick a wholly different type." . . . "Infatuated with a pretty face." . . . "Nothing but the mating instinct."

As regards the mating instinct, it is a sound and reliable instinct. When it is really in control, there is little to worry about. The clear eyes of young love are more likely to pick a suitable partner than are the bifocals of cautious experience. Strategy and finesse are always poor substitutes for love.

Sherwood Anderson wrote book after book about walls that separate one person from another and the desperate struggles each makes to break through to the other. He wrote the truth. But it is also true that beside the *desire* to break through is the fear of breaking through. And this fear grows rapidly as one grows older.

The trouble with postponing marriage until everything is perfect is that you become enamored of your way of doing things and you don't want it changed. You are terribly lonely; you passionately long to escape from yourself and merge with somebody else. You may sincerely believe that you are searching, searching for your own true mate, and you may feel sorry for yourself because you have never found him, but the truth i that every time he has come near, you hav averted your eyes for fear he might find yo and invade your precious privacy.

You are too young to marry, and the after a few years you are suddenly too old t marry. When you start looking for marriag instead of for your mate, you are almost to old to marry. When you start making lists o qualities your future husband or wife mus have, you are definitely too old to marry.

And you will stay too old to marry unti you are much older. Then, when the years have taken their toll of your pride and you egotism, and you are no longer enamored of yourself and your ways, you may become once more young enough to marry. Sometimes these late marriages are incredibly A late flowering is, of course, better t[illegible]owering at all. But in the meantime many bleak years have passed that might have been warm and fragrant.

Frosty advice is always bad advice for a loving young couple of good character and quality, even when there are great difficulties in the way of marriage. Those charged with advising young lovers, after applying all reasonable tests, should never forget the fathomless nobility of youth and the power of youthful passion to fuse *two* into a happy and enduring *one*.



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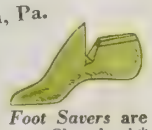


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SHORTBACK

Foot Saver Shoes

MY LOVE IS YOU

(Continued from Page 25)

He looks the same, and yet not quite, she decided. His nice, clean smile was there, his eyes as blue as always. The changes were subtle. Nothing, really, to pin down. The humorous, teasing glance—had it always been like that? And something about his mouth. *Or have I forgotten too?* she wondered, dismayed.

His voice brought her back. "The fellows always laughed when I said you were the prettiest girl in Detroit. But you are. How did I get you, anyway?"

"Don't you remember?" she teased. "They were giving a bride away with every altar!"

"The brand hasn't changed a bit!" He laughed, pretending mock scorn. "What's the program for tonight? Want to go stepping?"

That hesitancy in his voice—was it only imagination? Kathie sent him a bright glance, determined to do her part. "We'll see a little later. Heavens"—with a wave at the clock—"I'd better start dinner or we never will eat."

His brows tilted. "You mean—you're really going to cook it yourself?"

Kathie nodded, making her smile impish. "Demonstration night." Her laugh rippled easily. "You've no idea how much I've learned in two and a half years." Immediately, she wished she'd never said it. The words were all wrong.

Tacking on a smile, she moved lightly toward the archway.

"Kathie—I ——" Dirk was at her heels as she wheeled.

"Yes?" Abruptly, she discovered that she mustn't look at him so directly.

"Oh, nothing special, I guess."

IMPULSIVELY, she reached up, touching his cheek. "Come along and watch," she told him.

That, apparently, was what he wanted. He roosted near the kitchen table, talking eagerly, while things got under way. And all the while, his eyes were on her, following every move.

She pretended to scold. "Don't do that, Dirk. I'm still too much of an amateur in this department. You're liable to get salt where baking powder should be, or something."

"Sorry." His grin was quick and appreciative. "But it's so long since ——"

The moment was filled, suddenly, with unspoken words as their glances caught and held.

Kathie turned away at last, her pulses drumming. "Would you like to set the table for us?" Her calm was only a pretense, but it eased the tension.

Dirk rose quickly. "Sure. Where do I find everything?"

And once, during the meal, there was a bad moment. Bringing him fresh coffee, her hand rested lightly on his shoulder. Instantly, he reached up and took it in his own, placing a kiss in her palm. Just as he'd done that last time together. "Something to remember me by," he'd said, half teasing. Was he thinking of that now? Probably not. Men were different.

Deliberately, she curtsied and said, "Thank you, sir." As though the gesture meant nothing special.

Afterward, Dirk insisted on stacking the dishes. "I'll do them tomorrow morning," he promised.

Kathie hesitated. Tomorrow she would be here, too, but he didn't know that yet. Before she told him anything, she must be very sure. "Let me put the food away," she agreed, "and rinse off the silver."

WHILE she was busy, Dirk wandered out to the back porch. When she followed, he wasn't there—he was down in the garden. In the twilight, she could dimly see where he half knelt, picking up small handfuls of earth, letting it dribble slowly through his fingers.

Her eyes blurred, watching. She knew he was thinking that this, at last, was home. This was what he'd fought for.

He rose, seeing her silhouetted against the light, and came toward her.

Instinct told her of his need to talk. "Let's sit out here for a little," she suggested.

He didn't speak at once. He stood looking up at the stars, half listening. Waiting, her fingers tightened in her lap. This, she knew, could be the end—or the beginning.

"It's so quiet. Peaceful," he said finally. "After all those months, it doesn't seem real." He paused and took a long breath. "Sometimes, over there, I wondered if—if anything could ever be real again."

Kathie pushed away the threatening tears. She wanted to say, "It will be, Dirk. Please have faith." But the words caught in her throat.

The doorbell rang, interrupting them. "I'll get it." Dirk moved with a swift, puzzling eagerness. Almost at once he was back. "You'd have had these sooner, Kathie, but they were all out this afternoon."

She stared at the long florist's box, trembling. Even before she parted the tissues, she knew. He had remembered everything, just as she had.

"Oh, Dirk." The tears spilled suddenly. "I can't help it, darling. I always do this when I'm happy." Above the roses, her eyes met his at last, warm, shining and confident.

Softly, he began to whistle, "*My love is like a red, red rose*," and held out his arms.

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LADIES' HOME

Journal

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN ★ APRIL, 1945 ★ TEN CENTS



Now That April's There ★ COMPLETE NOVEL By Daisy Neumann



GORSKA

DAISY NEUMANN, author of *Now That April's There*, says, "I was born in England of American parents and spent a good part of my childhood abroad. That, perhaps, is why I feel great sympathy for the English children who came here when the blitz began. They seem caught in a confusion of two cultures. At the moment I feel a similar confusion, having been transplanted from our home in New England to Virginia, where my husband is stationed at a naval hospital. Unable to find adequate quarters, we sent our two children back, but now the four of us are together again, though still in one room. Sometimes in the midst of preparing a meal on my hot plate, I glance at the pallet of trunks, the laundry strung between doorknobs, the stack of sea bags, and I wonder whether we really resemble those George Price cartoons, or whether it is just the room. Then, with a grateful thought for the good people who took us all in, I set the little typewriter table for four and feel very fortunate indeed." M-G-M has just bought screen rights to *Now That April's There*.



CAROLINE MILLER, author of *Cricket*, has five children—four boys and a girl—and she runs them, a house and a husband, as well as writing. She says, "I seem to be able to accomplish that in spite of everything. I am complex and shy and averse to wearing my past, present and future on my sleeve. Anything about me worth knowing can be found in Lamb in His Bosom (Pulitzer prize, 1934) and Lebanon—between the lines."



MARY CHASE is author of this year's outstanding Broadway hit, HARVEY, in which Frank Fay's best friend is a six-foot invisible rabbit. A former Denver newspaperwoman, Mrs. Chase is married and has three sons and says the strain of playwriting, rewriting during rehearsals and all the producing worries that go with a play are too much to stand. "I'll have to write only stories and novels from now on," she said. *He's Our Baby* is her latest offering in the short-story field. The crushed coal scuttle worn by the author could be one of two things: straight from Paris, or snatched from Harvey's own head.

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OUR MARY WRITES FROM LONDON

To acquaint our readers with how people in England, France and Italy survived the war, as families, Mrs. Gould and Mary Cookman flew to England, with the Army Air Forces as host, as part of a group of writers studying conditions in Europe. In the fall of 1942 Mrs. Gould spent ten weeks abroad, but this was Mrs. Cookman's first glimpse of Europe. Below is a letter originally intended only for the eyes of Mrs. Cookman's associates. Because the letter amused and interested us, we thought it might interest and amuse you. The stories of how Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Cookman found life in war-torn Europe will appear in later issues.—*The Editors.*

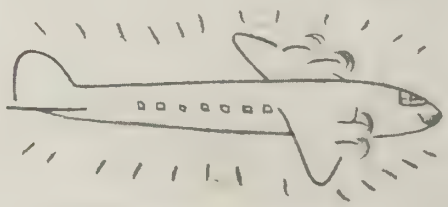
Dear Editors: I've been thinking of all of you so much during the past weeks and feeling guilty because I wasn't sharing with you some of the excitement of this experience.

It may interest you to get a chronological report of events to date. Before we took off from New York we were given an eleventh-hour "brief" by a very young and cocky major, giving us a demonstration and detailed instructions on what we would have to do if required to make a crash landing at sea. Mae Wests and Gibson Girls were exhibited, and I'll put my money on a Mae West every time. Wrap her round you and trust in God, is my motto. The housekeeping setup for the life raft is as streamlined as one of Alice Blinn's postwar kitchens. A disaster at sea became so tempting one could hardly resist the impulse to sabotage the plane just to have a chance to try out all the gadgets. Beatrice and I decided we would be most adept at desalting the water and flying signal kites. After this constructive and sweetly solemn ceremony was over, we were ushered to the plane with a last admonition to keep our dog tags around our necks. In case you don't know about dog tags, they are a duplicate set of tin identification tags with your name on each—one for the lifeless body and the other for the U. S. Government. None of us has had a really clean neck since we left New York, and if you are a restless sleeper, they wake you up at night clanking.





We had all been prepared for bucket seats and rugged traveling, so you can imagine our surprise and delight when we sank into one of the most beautifully appointed transport planes that has ever come off an assembly line. And plush-lined feet warmers! Honest! They're designed to keep our Army pilots warm when flying in the substratosphere over the North Sea. We discovered that we were on a C-54 Army Transport



Our plane was brand new.

Plane designed for special missions like when Willkie and Wallace were taken around the world or Hull was taken to Moscow, except that we were on a brand-new one—making her maiden journey, a workout, I suspect, in preparation for the Big Three meeting.

Before we got started, we were each trying in our own way to improve on the G.I. issue that we were instructed to wear. As journalists, I suppose we were doing just what we might have been expected to do—defying regimentation. In the matter of insignia we ranged from those who had themselves labeled War Correspondent front and back, top and bottom, to the point where the only line needed to complete the package was "this side up"—to those like Beatrice and me, who were hastily whipping on our suits green felt arm bands with a big white C to denote that we were official. Of course our French Foreign Legion scarfs under WAC officer hats caused a subdued muttering, and I even heard one woman hiss, "The glamour touch, eh!" as if a lifetime itself could not make her forgive us. Toni Frissell and Stanley Young produced the frontier touch with coonskin caps. Benjamin Franklin got away with it in London, and why not they?

It was not long before we began to get acquainted with our crew and discovered we were being piloted by three officers who had been assigned to get Casablanca and Teheran brass back and forth undented. My first visit to the pilot box, or nose, or whatever it is called, discovered our chief pilot, Major



Our pilot "at work" on the way over.

Hayes, lying on a bunk serenely reading a novel. My confidence was complete.

So we snoozed for the next six hours and pretty soon the plane was circling over a vast, snowy wasteland and we were told we were landing at Stephenville Field, in Newfoundland, where we would spend the night. The effect of the encampment was like some of our best modern postwar architects' conceptions of heaven (forgive me, Dick!). Not a tree or a leaf or a fence or a superfluous knickknack to clutter up the beautiful functional austerity of the buildings. Flat roofs, great expanses of prefabricated horizontal windows, fluorescent lighting and great signal towers winking red and green disks against limitless snow—I must admit the effect was quite stunning, especially in the twilight.

Now comes the old-home touch. Who do you suppose was the first officer to greet us? A beautiful, blond one-time beau of Dawn's. And were we teacher's pet! Though he's since married, there is nostalgia in his clear blue eyes when Dawn's name is mentioned. He ushered us to the Hotel d'Gink (all Army Transport Command hotels in the far corners of the world are named Hotels d'Gink). Here again we were prepared to be rugged, only to be greeted by the most charming interior—a big, roaring fire, chintz-covered maple furniture, rugs, and satin puffs on the beds. This field is a stopping-off place for Ferry Command crews, special missions and brass hats. I, for one, was delighted that so desolate a spot could offer so much comfort.

We got up at six next morning and were off for Greenland, as we all began remembering snatches of things we'd learned from

(Continued on Page 176)



Jack was handsome..



Cindy was lonesome...

so I told her my complexion secret





Now she has that Ivory Look..

why not take this tip for a lovelier complexion?



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LADIES' HOME Journal

APRIL, 1945

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At an Army Hospital in Burma

THE pilot had been lost in the jungle for forty-six days when they brought him to the Army hospital, a group of thatched huts almost obscured by the lush green growth of the Burma mountains. "I want to see the Red Cross," he kept insisting as they led him to bed.

Red Cross worker Alberta Whaley, of Pittsburgh, was trying to nap in the hundred-degree heat of her bamboo *basha* when they sent for her. She dragged her G.I. boots down from the bomb rack which kept them from the wet ground, and hurried over to the Officers' Ward.

The slight, youngish flier had a somewhat wild look. As he spoke, his eyes darted warily about. "I want to thank you for the Red Cross supplies you dropped me in the jungle," he told the girl. Her eyebrows shot up in surprise. He looked at her then, and laughed for the first time in months. "Well, it just seemed I had to thank *someone*. They saved my life."

This Red Cross girl in Burma, who has seen pythons and cobras killed on the hospital grounds, who stores her clothes in cans to keep them from the mold and rats, and who dines on powdered eggs and canned C rations, doesn't feel that she deserves this man's thanks. It is your dimes and dollars that send her and Red Cross supplies where they are needed most.

"When the men have been in the hospital a few days, they begin to worry about home," Miss Whaley explains. "They worry about the most trivial things—whether the refrigerator is working again, and who the kid sister is dating, and mom's bad back. I know the Home Service women in Red Cross chapters back home must think I'm crazy when I cable for some of this information. But it's remarkable how a message from home helps them get well again."

There was the young, blond soldier who came to the hospital all skin and bones. The girl he had married a few weeks before leaving home had written for a divorce. "If only I knew *why* she wants it," he worried.

A cable was dispatched and his local Red Cross chapter wrote back, "Your wife says she will wait until you come home."

Your Red Cross contribution this year will reach out to relieve the distracted mind of someone's son, will bring lifesaving food to a prisoner of war, or plasma to a dying boy, and will send still another doughty American girl overseas to bring you closer to your man.

★ ★ ★

General Eisenhower's (Scout) Troops Need Your Wastepaper!

Sometime before April thirtieth, a Boy Scout or a Cub will come to your door to ask for your wastepaper. Consider him a personal envoy from General Eisenhower. Wastepaper is a vital war material, and the Boy Scouts of America have agreed to produce 1,500,000 tons. Remember, every little scrap helps in the big scrap. The paper goes to war; the proceeds to the Scouts. Thus you help the present *and* the future!

Is your wastepaper ready?

WE WON'T BEAT PARIS ON FASHIONS

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE has been much discussion lately about whether Paris would recapture her prewar position as the world's leading fashion center for women. The mayor of New York is ambitious to make his city the successor to Paris. Many American dressmakers and designers have also expressed the conviction that the days of Parisian dominance are over.

This is a subject on which I can hardly pose as an expert, but I have a hunch that Paris will re-emerge victorious in this field. I believe it not for technical or "expert" reasons. Certainly we have designers as competent as the French. Certainly we have access to as good materials. And it is also undeniable that the average American woman is better dressed than any other.

But fashion, like art, cannot be separated from the atmosphere in which it is formed, and no other society cares about women—about women as women—as the French do. The American woman is certainly more privileged. She has greater economic opportunity and more economic power. She has more money to spend on clothes. And she is certainly set, by American men, on as high a pedestal. But it is a great question whether she is as much appreciated, as woman per se, as is the woman of France.

After all, the symbol of France is not Uncle Sam or John Bull, but Marianne, and the patron saint is Jeanne. France itself is feminine in her lovers' concept.

The chief preoccupation of Frenchmen is women. I doubt if that can be said of the men of any other western society. I do not mean this in the cheap sense—that Frenchmen are Don Juans. On the contrary, Frenchmen are very conservative in family matters, and often shocked by the fleeting promiscuities of other societies. But if it were possible to make a Gallup poll of fantasies and daydreams, it would probably be found that while Americans were daydreaming about jobs and fortunes, hoping to achieve happiness through "success," Frenchmen would be dreaming of a beautiful lady, and would be considering in an entirely secondary line of thought how to support her.

Frenchmen prefer the society of women. The "stag" party and the men's club, so common in the English-speaking countries, are incomprehensible to the French. If a Frenchman is a witty conversationalist, he wants women to listen to him, not men; if he has business problems, he wants to discuss them with his wife or another woman—not with men. And although women never had the vote in France—de Gaulle has promised it now—the political "salon" was an institution, and women were participants, and their views listened to with especial interest—not always wisely.

THE French never confound equality of right between the sexes with identity of function. Frenchwomen are not, like "respectable" German women—and German children—supposed to be seen and not heard, and not seen too much either; Frenchwomen are accepted as equals. But they are never considered to be pretty much like men, but as different from men as conceivable. The French admire "feminine charm," "feminine beauty," "feminine wit," "feminine brains," "feminine intuition" and "feminine common sense." They think there is a special value in femininity, playing on all the facets of life.

Now, I maintain that this is the basic reason why Paris was and will be again the center of women's fashions, from hair-do's to lingerie, from evening gowns to cosmetics. For the French instinct is to emphasize, exaggerate even, every feminine characteristic.

And, emancipated as we may all consider ourselves to be, come wars and revolutions, and changes of every kind, one thing in life remains constant—the desire of a man for a maid, and vice versa. *(Continued on Page 151)*

★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★ ★

Having trouble getting vegetable variety into your meals?

SEE HOW DEL MONTE CAN HELP!

Who could ever be at a loss for mealtime variety when there are so *many* different Del Monte Brand Vegetables? And when there's such a world of flavor in every single one?

Maybe, today, your grocer doesn't always have just the particular Del Monte Vegetable on your shopping list. But don't let that bother you. You know for sure that *any* Del Monte Vegetable you find will be just as tender, just as garden-good.

Because Del Monte plays no favorites in putting "flavor first." The familiar green and red Del Monte label is your signpost of vegetable quality—*always!*



SEE WHAT A TOUCH OF SUMMER FLAVOR can do for meat loaf, or any standby. Del Monte *Early Garden* Peas, for instance—the best of the "middle sizes," as young and tender as ever grew in a garden!



WHEN YOU'RE SERVING SOMETHING SPECIAL, let Del Monte *Early Garden* Asparagus cap the climax. Succulent, delicate spears with a natural blend of green and white tips. Very fine on toast with cream sauce.

BRIGHT COLOR, fine flavor make Del Monte Diced Carrots a salad favorite, a fine hot vegetable, too. Quality you never thought was possible—open, serve and see!

Remember! Del Monte puts

flavor first

In Growing. Del Monte quality starts from superior varieties, grown from specially selected seed, and where soil and climate combine to produce the finest natural flavor.

In Picking. Our own field men check throughout the season, say just when to harvest.

In Packing. Rigid selection and constant inspection at every step in the canning process insure unfailing uniformity.

In Testing. Each day's pack must finally be checked and re-checked to qualify for the Del Monte label—first at each cannery, then at central Del Monte headquarters.

EQUALLY AT HOME in relishes, salads, main courses, Del Monte Diced Beets bring you hearty, rich beet flavor in each tender cube. Best of all, no work for *you!*



Del Monte VEGETABLES

IN CANS OR GLASS—ALL THE SAME HIGH QUALITY



There Oughta Be a Law!

THE SUB-DEB . . . BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

SO WHY NOT MAKE YOUR OWN?

You can, you know, in your own sphere—if that happens to be a Sub-Deb Club. Write to Elizabeth Woodward, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for a registration blank, a handbook to get you going, and the Sub-Deb's newspaper, THE SCOOP, to keep you that way. Round up your femme friends for fun!

MASTERMINDERS sit around polished tables doodling on fresh white paper and legislating about us. Mr. Ipswhich has a fly-by-night daughter, so he tosses an enthusiastic affirmative into the ballot box in favor of a curfew law that will get all daughters home betimes. Mrs. Witchitwitchit still smarts from being pinched three times for careless driving, so she's all for putting the age high on driving licenses. There are places we can't go, things we can't do, work we can't work at. The legislators have seen to that. And we're not saying it isn't a good idea. Some of us think we can do everything. Maybe we should be curbed—and by law. But we'd like to sit around a polished table and make a few laws ourselves. We'd like to make our voices heard—and felt!

POP'S A BLUSTERBUSS

He scares my dates. Granted some boys like our sofa better than their own; they don't know when enough's enough, and have to be reminded to go home. I could handle the situation myself without pop having to wield his "waked-from-his-first-sleep" disposition. He drops both shoes with a clatter, follows that up by a bellow—"Do you realize what time it is?" If there's no immediate reaction below stairs, he grunts into robe and slippers and stomps down. What he has to say blisters the ears, his face chills the blood, his air of menace thoroughly scares my date into avoiding my pop—and me—at all costs.

What I'd like to prove is that my friends are guests in the house. They're not members of the family—to be ordered around, shushed up and shipped out. I'm the gal my parents can and do give orders to. I know our house rules. I'm the gal to keep my own guests in line. And I'm the gal to spank—in private—if they step out of line.

There oughta be a law to make parents treat our friends as they'd treat their own. Mine want my friends around, they want me to entertain at home. But too often they treat my friends like brats. So they'll go where they're welcome and I'll go with them.

MUM'S THE WORD

What makes parents scared to talk to us about sex and stuff? I get the cold shoulder when I ask questions at home. So I build on the smattering of information I've picked up from a book or two, by talking things over with the girls. And they don't know much more than I do about it.

Either mothers and fathers don't know anything about sex, or they're afraid of us. I don't want to ask intimate questions in class. Yet I want answers—without a lot of fuss and feathers. Mother doesn't call a council of war over table manners. Pop doesn't hem and haw over my landing that part-time job. But when it comes to life and love, they shy away like timid fawns. If they don't know, maybe they should have a talk with the family doc. Or let us have one. We'd like a law to make parents come clean and not push us away with a "we don't mention such things."

SHOOT ALL SNOOPY-NOSES

Some mothers censor all the mail—incoming and outgoing. Without a by-your-leave either. You find slit-open letters on the hall table, sometimes forgotten under things on mother's desk. They want to know what he said, and what she did, and what you wrote in reply. They listen in on your phone gab too. When you come home at night they ask a million questions!

Golly, a girl must keep something to herself. Not that she's out to keep secrets. But some things aren't important enough to talk about. And some precious things shouldn't be talked about.

I suppose some mothers feel that the only way to find out what's going on in their offsprings' craniums is to pry. And they needn't. If mothers are at all friendly, we want to tell them things they'd like to know, or things that would amuse them or shock them a little. If mothers are as interested as our girl friends are in our affairs, if they're as sympathetic over woes we think are real, if they're as helpful, without being preachy—we'll give! Affection and understanding make it easy to talk to mother, and hard to keep secrets from her. But snoopy-nosing makes us lock confidences securely in the bosoms of our best girl friends.

We'd like to legislate against prying into our private affairs. Our diaries, our conversations, our friends, the books we read, the very thoughts we think. It would be so much more fun to grow up with mother. And to share things with her because we want to.

OUT, OUT, BLIND SPOTS

On some subjects older folks don't agree with us. And many of them won't even try to understand our point of view. They have arrived at a way of doing things that to them seems right. But they blindly feel that anything different is automatically wrong. They have a standard of values, and things that don't measure up fall short.

Which finds us trying to muddle through many a puzzle alone. Facing down new experiences without any pattern to go by. Trying to digest new ideas without any help. They say one way to learn to swim is to fall overboard. But you're likely to get a lungful of water!

My parents object to some of the places we like to go. But they've seen only the outside. I wish they'd drop in. They'd see that our dancing or skating or bowling is harmless fun. If we've overlooked something that makes the places really wrong, we'd listen then more reasonably. They object to some of the outfits I wear, some of the words I use. If they'd see us all in a gang together, their own precious little me wouldn't seem such a freak! They object to some of the people I like. I'd listen to their sizings-up—if they knew the kids.

Parents could be a big help! If they'd try to see our point of view through our eyes, ears and noggins. Then help us solve things that come up with everything they know. Now, I ask you, could we ever pass a law like that?



The "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE SAYING:

"What a delightful aid to scalp health! What a precaution against Infectious Dandruff!"

If you're not using Listerine Antiseptic and massage as a part of your usual hair-washing, you don't know what you're missing!

Here is a simple, easy, delightful treatment. It makes your scalp feel like a million, the hair feel wonderfully fresh, and, at the same time, acts as a precaution against infectious dandruff.

Infectious Dandruff Is Widespread

There's hardly a person who doesn't run afoul of this germ condition now and then. Excess flakes and scales and itching are often signs that it is present. Don't ignore them. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily right now! This is the tested treatment that has helped so many... may help you. Remember, this is the treatment that in clinical tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in 30 days.

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that grow in vast colonies on the scalp. Many a noted dermatologist calls the "bottle bacillus" a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Begin to Disappear

While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh. Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

The tested treatment

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE



Highways WILL BE *Happy ways* AGAIN

—if we keep faith with our fighting men

Only if we back our fighting men with War Bond purchases far beyond cold quotas . . .

Only if we use full measure of time and skill to keep the weapons of war in their hands . . .

Only if we give of our blood again and again to bring our wounded home . . .

Only then can we look ahead to the days when *Highways will be Happy Ways again.*

Super-coaches of startling new design, like this one, are shaping up now for the pleasure of returning service men and women, and the travel-hungry millions at home.



GREYHOUND

Our Readers Write Us

Mrs. Gould, overseas with Mary Cookman to report for JOURNAL readers on life in Europe today, wrote this letter for the JOURNAL staff. ED.

How Paris Lives

Sunday. *Paris.*

Mon petit: Nous sommes arrivés, nous sommes installés, très confortables, au Ritz. C'est assez chaud, mais pas très chaud—il y a de l'eau chaud. Samedi et jeudi de sept heures à onze heures—I have already, as you may see, been coping with the French telephone. I now say *"Allo, c'est Madame Gould ici"* automatically, though I have been here only a few hours, or *heures.*

We came over today from London. . . . (I got this far and the telephone began ringing.) It is now Wednesday and it has just stopped for a few moments.

I have had little time to see Paris. It is a G.I. town, more English (American) than French spoken on the boulevards. Stopped in at Sally's (Sally Elting, formerly one of the Journal's fashion editors) Red Cross club and saw the G.I.'s dancing—many of them just back from the front—in combat clothes, fatigue in their faces. Met Mr. Caffery yesterday in my efforts to un-Gordian knot *les choses*—he was interested and helpful. You would be astonished (and laugh) at my French. I now pitch in boldly and talk to the electrician, the maid, the telephone operator—even my secretary. I'm very pleased.

Paris is cold—there is not nearly enough food. We here at the Ritz are only a little cold and almost too well fed—one longs to save everything portable for the French children. Thérèse Bonnet just coming in—I must stop. Love,

BEATRICE.

"Piggy-back" Over Belgium



Just as we went to press this photograph arrived from Belgium. Sgt. Paul E. Neville, 365th Fighter Group Headquarters, wrote: "I am enclosing a print of the photograph we took here of Mrs. Gould in the two-seater piggy-back plane. I still think she saw and did more than any other person who has ever visited here. Tell her to be sure and drop in on the 'Hell Hawks' if she's in this neck of the woods again."

My Boy Loved Pets

Denver, Colorado.

Gentlemen: I was completely entranced with Mr. Zuckmayer's charming article, Don't Give Your Animals a Name. It took me back into the years, and all the funny little ghosts of the animals which had draped themselves around my heart passed in review.

I could never bear to have spraddle-legged chickens killed at birth, and if I could beat my parents to a freshly hatched batch, I would immediately adopt them for my own.

Many years later my son developed a passion for pets. Ross and Mary, a pair of ducks, loved Dan devotedly and he returned this with equal loyalty. We were apartment dwellers then, and it is no mean feat to keep a pair of ducks in a small enclosure back of garages, especially when very few of our fellow inmates appreciated the ingratiating charm of Ross and Mary. They were really quackless ducks, and we knew this, but the ducks didn't. At five on the dot each morning they quacked politely for their breakfast. This quaint habit was the cause of our moving seven times in two years. We finally moved into the home of a blind, retired minister who liked Ross and Mary. He lovingly built them a runway and carried on conversations with them while Dan was at school. One day I stood quietly by and heard the old minister preaching them a sermon. At proper intervals, the ducks quacked and it sounded like "Amen."

While living in a small apartment, I was shocked to find that Dan had somehow accumulated a mother cat with seven



Dan Stanley and friends.

kittens, a baby alligator, a puppy, four goldfish and an Easter chick dyed pale lavender. Each time I started to call the pound, he defended this menagerie so fiercely that I succumbed, but at the end of a week it was a tossup as to whether I would leave my only child to starve with all his friends, or stay and go nuts. The alligator (which he had gotten in a marbles trade) stayed in the bathtub and would rear up on his haunches and hiss when I timidly tried to use the tub for its original purpose.

The white mice carried around in Dan's blouse front and pants pockets would disappear for days at a time, causing me sleepless nights wondering if they would turn up in bed with me. There was a mother Texas horned toad and family running wild on the living-room floor, to say nothing of three-legged dogs, tailless cats and—you must believe me—an armadillo. Somehow I could never develop any love for this strange creature. There was Dizzy, the sweet fox terrier, who was born crippled and walked as if on a perpetual bender. The day Dizzy was run over by a car and her limp little body brought in by a brokenhearted small boy was one we both will remember. We buried Dizzy in the front yard and planted a tree over her grave. That tree is a large one now, and the boy who helped to plant it is flying a B-17.

I wonder if Dan perhaps thinks of Ross and Mary and the others when he is alone in the spaces between flak and sky and death. People do think of irrelevant things at times like that, I am told.

Sincerely,

HELEN D. STANLEY.

Chastity and Religion

Solon Mills, Illinois.

Dear Editors: Congratulations to the JOURNAL for coming forward with an article in favor of chastity as a means of preventing the spread of venereal diseases.

I believe that religious education should be a part of the curriculum in all our public schools. It should be possible to outline a course in religion and ethics which would meet the approval of all churches. The answer to this world's problems can be found in the teachings of Jesus. How can we expect to have a better world if these principles are not part of the education of every person?

Very truly yours,

EUNICE G. SANDERSON.

Parents Should Teach Children

New Waterford, Ohio.

Dear Sir: The letter by Sarah L. Way is certainly out of the other world, where

(Continued on Page 13)

(Continued from Page 10)

legs were limbs, pants were trousers, diapers were squares and such a thing as a belly didn't exist—it was a stomach.

I have two grown children. How can young people walk right if their elders fail to guide their steps? Sex and the changing world are all around them. They can be helped to tell the difference between a rock and shifting sand.

Very sincerely yours,
BERTHA F. CHAMBERLIN.

Cover-to-Cover Drooler

Rome, New York.

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL never fails to thrill me. Wilhela Cushman's covers are beautiful. From Dorothy Thompson to Gladys Taber, each poet, story writer and wonderful Ann Batchelder, the magazine is as American as the soil we live on. I stand goggle-eyed each time I receive my new number of the JOURNAL and "drool." Yours in appreciation,
MRS. NEAL D. GOCHEE.

Dorothy Meets Beatrice

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

My dear Bruce: I have just discovered another of those small differences that do so divide our countries, and work against international relations and good feelings. Your penholders and ours are entirely different sizes. This means that I cannot use any of the lovely pen nibs that kind friends your way have sent me, because they simply won't go in. I am struggling against the thought that this has been deliberately planned by some political party or other. My patience is becoming exhausted.

Here I was interrupted by a telephone call from Beatrice. We have had a lovely time calling each other back in the approved fashion. Beatrice hoped I was hard at work, so I said not at all, I was writing to Bruce, so she said "Give him my love." So here I hand it to you.

Later. Beatrice and Mary had a good day to depart to France. And I was glad of that, for Mary had been decidedly under the weather with a good old English cold on the chest I did not like at all. But she was so gay through it all, and so full of the most breathtaking projects. Last time I saw her she was lying abed, but practically planning to set off on foot for Berlin, armed with a hand grenade, to look for Hitler herself.

Later. It was a real thrill to hear Beatrice's voice over the phone the other day, and I went up to town and saw her, and Mary Cookman. The complete little War Correspondents, looking chic as be damned and very businesslike. And when evening came Beatrice suddenly changed from utilitarian to decorative in a manner that still leaves me gasping. All of a sudden she grew masses of wonderful long hair and filled it up with jeweled combs. I could not pay proper attention to the play she took me to, for looking at it. We can't begin to do things like that here. Once utilitarian, always utilitarian, with us!

Later. In London there is a fuel shortage, and modified central heating does nothing much for a girl whose winter underwear is no longer what it once was! However, spring is coming. A pigeon has already nested in South Kensington underground station, and hatched out two squabs. The Times tells us so. I wish the pigeon would tell me what it feeds its squabs on, so that I could find some of it for my hens. And talking of squabs—oh, Bruce, do you remember that wonderful lunch I once had in Independence Square? With my love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

...ved at Pictures

Asheville, North Carolina.

...r Sirs: Why do magazines *discour-* ... continuous, deep absorption in sto... Just as I turn the page to a dramatic ...ment, I am up against some awful ...s: grinning tooth-paste advertise... splashes of giant tomatoes; lino... gs; fashions in modest profusion— furniture, houses or whatever! I ... rest eventually and throw the ... across the room.

... r expenses too great?
CLARA E. SACKETT.

...ble to publish a magazine ...ertising, but it is more ex... the reader. The Reader's Digest, which publishes only half as much editorial material as the JOURNAL, sells, for instance, for 25 cents. Several million people agree, however, it is worth a quarter. ED.

Let the People Know

Alexandria, Virginia.

Sirs: To my mind, the L. H. J. is the only women's magazine in the general-circulation field which approaches reality. I do hope you will continue to harp on the necessity for decent housing and living standards for *all* in the postwar world. If the majority of the people only knew the *facts* about how deplorably some Americans live, they would take action.
MRS. S. D. WILSON.

People, even American people, change slowly; never fast enough to suit editors and other reformers. *Vide:* Phillips Brooks, noted New England divine, was found one morning by a friend as he irritably paced his study. "What is the trouble?" his friend asked. "The trouble is," answered witty Dr. Brooks, "that I'm in a hurry—but God isn't." ED.

Till Johnny Comes Marching Home

Oriskany, New York.

Dear Editors: It might be of interest to you to know that I have every copy of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL saved since December, 1942, when my son joined the armed forces. He always read the magazine from cover to cover and I am keeping them for the day when he may be home and enjoy them all. One article which he never missed was Gladys Taber's Diary of Domesticity. He was intrigued by her stories of her cocker spaniels.
MRS. VERNON MYERS.

Homes for Modern Living

Madison, Wisconsin.

Dear Editors: Right now Richard Pratt's homes for modern living are the main prop for our sagging spirits whenever we contemplate the inadequate, poorly planned—not to mention dirty—flat that is all we could find when, with high hearts, we set out to find a permanent home in Madison. If Mr. Pratt could deliver a prebuilt home tomorrow, it wouldn't be too soon!
MRS. W. H. SOUTHWORTH.

Mr. Pratt's postwar houses for modern living have broken all records for reader mail, though they are still "dream houses," as far as actual mass production is concerned. The JOURNAL, however, has been asked to exhibit the models of these postwar houses for modern living in the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, and will probably do so next June. ED.

Are Children Worth 9c a Day?

Crestline, Ohio.

Dear Editor: A school-lunch program supported by funds from the War Food Administration was inaugurated in the Crestline, Ohio, public schools in the fall of 1943. Out of it have come significant results—above all, a phenomenal increase in the average gain in weight for the year.

Health cards revealed an average gain of from 50 per cent to 100 per cent greater than the average gain in these grades the preceding year. Since growth varies in the same child from year to year, it was felt that a comparison of gains in weight between the same grades for two consecutive years would be more accurate than comparing a child's gain one year with his gain the previous year. The averages for the children in the first five grades for 1942–43 and 1943–44 are given below:

Grade	Without lunch 1942–43 av. gain in pounds	With lunch 1943–44 av. gain in pounds
I	5.15	6.57
II	2.45	4.96
III	1.80	2.43
IV	3.00	6.10
V	3.80	7.06

The lunch served was that which in the Federal program is known as Type A. Basically, it consisted of a daily ration of one half pint whole, pasteurized milk,

(Continued on Page 178)

TREAT YOURSELF *Right!*

Once in a while it's fun—and only fair—to think just of yourself. And here are some gay and spring-like ideas along that very line . . . also, they make welcome gifts for other lovely ladies!



For a gentle aura

of springtime fragrance, here's a romantic sachet to tuck away with your nice things—a pale peach satin heart, romantically hand-painted with Cupid, love letter and dove (and it comes complete with its own bottle of sachet).

And how about some pretty china

for your dressing table? A heart-shaped pin box in pink and gold, reminiscent of the fine French china of another day, will lend charm to the scene—as will a pretty, decorated ash tray.





You can be learned

and still feminine . . . when your dictionary is dressed as prettily as this brocade one with grosgrain binding flaunting luscious strawberries.

* * *

If you can't always get your favorite Sampler, remember it's because millions of pounds of Whitman's Chocolates are going to all our fighting fronts.

ACCESSORIES—CARLIN COMFORTS SHOP, SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

But speaking of things luscious

surely you want to remember Whitman's Sampler — that gift so appreciated by smart women everywhere. And as for home-nibbling, there's nothing more certain of an eager welcome than these superfine chocolates. The wide choice of centers — mouth-melting creams, butter-smooth caramels, crisp nuts and tempting fruits — assures true contentment for every taste.



Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1945, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia

Business and the Merit System

American business is more than bricks, mortar and equipment.

It is above all a philosophy of life.

Its fundamental credo is the merit system.

The task of the supervisory forces in any business is to ferret out merit, and to reward ability.

Merit has two aspects, first the quality of work done and secondly, the quantity. Management encourages workers to excel in both respects, and superior tools and mechanical energy, provided out of the savings made available by stockholders, help the human worker to become more productive.

Under the American system, the alert



office boy can well hope to rise as high on the business ladder as merit can take him.

He is not handicapped by his father's status, or by other extraneous factors, which restrain an ambitious person where the caste system prevails.

In judging merit, the business executive acts as a middleman.

He must submit his decision to the customer for ratification.

It is the customer's judgment as to whether the end product is meritorious which counts. If the customer approves the price, quality, design, and taste, he expresses his approbation by making a purchase.

Thus the large and successful enterprise is the one with a big following of pleased customers.

But bigness provides no exemption from the obligation to continue to make good under the discipline of the merit system.

In the 76 years of its existence, Armour and Company has observed many large and small business institutions come and go.

The rate of mortality among business enterprises is high.

Hitherto successful business houses tend to wither and fade away once they become



complacent, and cease everlastingly to produce more and better things at the lowest possible cost.

But there is zest in the competitive struggle.

It keeps the fit on their toes.

And the reward of continuing confidence from a vast array of customers through the long years is indeed a bountiful stimulant.

E. A. Eastwood

President, Armour and Company

Last of a series of ten statements on the American system of free enterprise which makes possible such institutions for service as Armour and Company. For the complete series, write Armour and Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago 9, Illinois.



For This Easy, Hot Supper Success

Treet and Spring Vegetable Platter

1 or more cans Armour's Treet
3 tbsps. Mayflower Margarine
3 tbsps. chopped parsley
12 small new potatoes
Bunch asparagus tips or 1 No. 2½ can
White Sauce
2 tbsps. Mayflower Margarine — ¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. flour — 1 cup milk

Combine 3 tbsps. melted margarine with parsley. Pour over boiled, peeled potatoes. Melt the 2 tbsps. margarine; blend in flour and salt. Blend in milk. Pour this cream sauce over cooked or heated asparagus. Slice Treet and brown in margarine for 1½ min. to the side. Arrange as shown. 6 servings.

Treet is the meat



For This Meal with a Vitamin Boost

Treet with Slaw-Filled Tomato Cups

1 can Armour's Treet
4 tomatoes
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
¼ cup chopped green pepper
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. celery seed
3 tbsps. mayonnaise thinned with 1 tbsp. cream or milk
4 strips green pepper for tops of salads

Chill Treet in refrigerator and cut into 8 slices. Cut tops from tomatoes and scoop out centers with spoon. (Save this pulp to add to soup or meat dish.) Combine remaining ingredients and stuff tomato cups. Top with strips of green pepper and place in refrigerator to chill. 4 servings.

Treet gives a lift to any meal—breakfast, lunch or dinner. It makes the simplest fare more appetizing. Treet is all good meat—so choice, so tender, so delicately seasoned. And it's vacuum-cooked in its own natural juices to keep all the rich, fine flavor in. There isn't a speck of bone or waste. That's why one thrifty tin of Treet serves four so heartily. Try Treet cold—sliced as it comes from the tin. Enjoy Treet hot—fried, broiled or baked. Any way you serve it, Treet is the meat that rates tops for taste and energizing goodness.



Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood every Monday night over CBS. See local papers for time.

ARMOUR and Company

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



IN APRIL, 1895, a girl from Iowa named Lillian Russell was the toast of New York, Lily Langtry was wowing Boston, and P. T. Barnum was packing them into Madison Square Garden to see Trilby on Horseback. The Easter parade on Fifth Avenue attracted the carriage trade as far away as Long Island and New Jersey, as well as urchins from the Bowery who goggled at the bonnets abloom with red roses, lilies and yellow tulips, and the gentlemen, in tight-fitting long Newmarket coats and bell-crowned silk hats, with orchids in their buttonholes.

The Burning Question of Domestic Service was the main article in the April, 1895, JOURNAL, by the Countess of Aberdeen, who kept her twenty-odd servants happy with drawing and sewing classes, and musical soirees with melodeon and concertina.

"My dear girl," writes Ruth Ashmore, "your fiancé is only showing himself a well-bred man who understands the rules of society when he never takes you anywhere alone."

"Inquirer: The name Irene is from the Greek and means peace. It is proper to pronounce it in three syllables."

A Girl on Her Travels: "A bunch of fresh violets, one for each day of the voyage, and stored in the steward's icebox, is a sort of trademark of the habitual voyager. . . . It is customary to take underclothes that can be distributed among the poor steerage passengers upon arrival at one's destination."

"Maybelle: As you have good reason for disliking the young man, and do not wish to dance with him or be thrown with him in any way, I should advise your letting him know by bowing very coldly and gradually ceasing to bow altogether."

The JOURNAL forum this month revolved around the question of when to use the word "lady" and when "woman." Mrs. Margaret Deland offers this rule: "When you are referring to her in connection with her occupation, say woman; such as washerwoman, saleswoman. How it offends us to hear the word 'saleslady'!"



★ ***Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.***

ONE of the April sights from the Workshop are the crowds way down in the streets below when the almost daily shower starts to sprinkle, with the sun often shining brightly in the distance. People suddenly change from people to patches of dark mushrooms, as umbrellas begin to pop. We mention this merely because someone came in to tell us about postwar umbrellas, which will have fabrics of nylon and glass, and frames of metal as light as a feather—or so they say. But the most attractive part is that umbrellas will begin to be gayer; flower prints, to match dresses and blouses. That will be something to see—next April, we hope.

The girl in the ***John Frederics*** *sweet-pea hat on the cover this month is* ***Dana Jenney,*** *whom* ***Wilhela Cushman*** *considers one of the greatest models since modeling began; it having begun, in an organized way, just about twenty-five years ago, when* ***John Robert Powers*** *started his agency.*

Mark Van Doren, **the poet, who's chairman of the Book and Author War Bond Committee downstairs here—a committee which sends well-known authors out all over the country on War Bond rallies, where manuscripts and autographed books are sold to the highest bidders—told** ***Richard Pratt*** **about** ***Kathleen Winsor*** **at a rally down in Texas, at the Waco Army airfield. As you know, she wrote FOREVER AMBER; but at**

CALOMIRIS

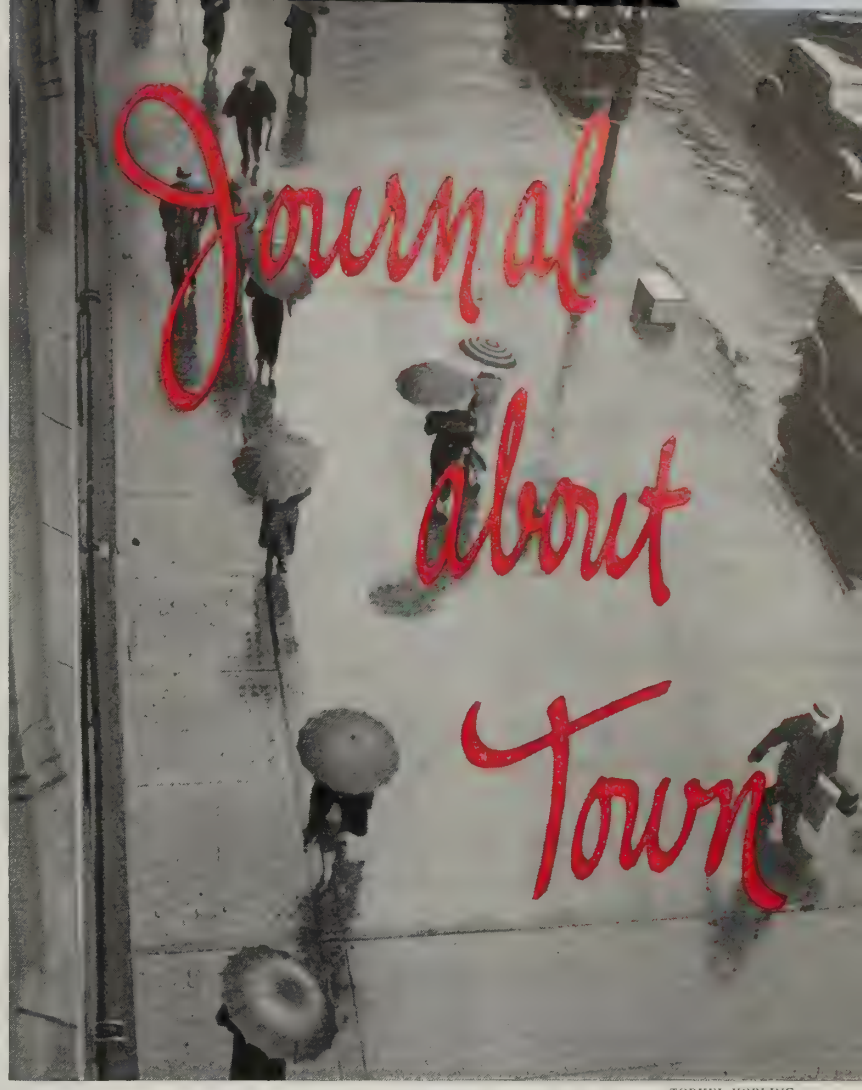


Forever Kathleen

Waco she made new best-seller history when a copy of her book brought in $1,750,000 worth of Bonds. The buyer didn't even keep the copy, according to Mr. V. D., but gave it back to be sold again, this time to ***Air Force Sgt. Joe Lewis*** **—for $5000 worth—who's keeping FOREVER forever.**

When TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT, with ***Rita Hayworth,*** comes around, you'll see Marc Platt, who was the star dancer here in OKLAHOMA!, do a devastating dance to the pounding rhythm of one of ***Hitler's*** speeches; the first time anybody's thought of *that*—and probably the last.

The April books sing of youth—as is fitting. There are YOUNG BESS, by ***Margaret Irwin,*** **about the willful,**



TORKEL KORLING

"When well apparel'd April on the heel of limping winter treads."

sly, red-haired, green-eyed girl who later became England's most famous queen; ***Rosamond Lehmann's*** **THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE, worldly melodrama told with subtle cadences by an innocent, unsophisticated girl; MINOR HERESIES, by** ***John Espey,*** **a refreshing, highly amusing account of boyhood in a Presbyterian mission in Shanghai, quite worthy of place beside Life With Father; and lastly, the new and hitherto unpublished poems of** ***Emily Dickinson,*** **with a romantic story behind them: BOLTS OF MELODY, edited by** ***Mabel Loomis Todd*** **and** ***Millicent Todd Bingham.***

Speaking of books, if you want to know what caused one book to be written, it was all the letters from JOURNAL *readers who avalanche* ***Gladys Taber*** *with mail about her dogs, which she describes in Diary of Domesticity. The book—*ESPECIALLY SPANIELS*—will be out any minute now, and if your dog's front leg shakes, or he likes to bite the postman, here are all the things to do.*

Louise Benjamin knows a young officer who handles Navy information here in town, so she naturally keeps asking him questions. Her latest is one we never heard answered before—why do only women christen ships?—and all we can tell you is it's "according to naval custom," and nothing to do with Helen of Troy, having started back in 1848. Christeners are called "sponsors," the Navy man told Mrs. B., and if it's a battleship, which are named after states, then the state governor chooses the sponsor; if a cruiser, named after cities, the city mayor chooses; if a destroyer, named after naval heroes, the nearest female relative is asked to break the bottle on the bow. The only combatant vessel named after a woman is the destroyer U. S. S. Higbee, named after Mrs. Lenah S. Higbee, first superintendent of the U. S. Navy Nurse Corps—which, by the way, needs all the nurses it can get, right now.

From upstate, in Rensselaer County, ***Alice Blinn*** **has been hearing from** ***Mabel Milhan,*** **a home-demonstration agent for the County Extension Service, about a project that may interest women everywhere. It's making your own gloves at home. The women up there wanted so much to do it that Miss Milhan came down here, learned how, then went back and taught them. Now up there on literally every hand you can see beautiful gloves, both leather and fabric, meticulously cut, styled and finished. One family, Miss M. said, has all the doeskin gloves they'll need for years. One of the boys killed a deer.**

William Benton, *of the University of Chicago, was telling* ***Bruce Gould*** *about one of the conversations he and* ***Eric Johnston*** *had with* ***Joseph Stalin,*** *and Mr. G. asked what Americans the premier liked best. Well, one of his favorites is* ***Henry Ford,*** *whom he's never met. Told Mr. Johnston that he considered him the greatest industrialist in the world, and then exclaimed with fervor, "May God preserve him!"*

DEVER



"Ford fan" Stalin

"The provision of a decent home for every family is a necessity if this country is to be worthy of its greatness—and that task will create great employment opportunities."

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look more glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo ... not a soap in the world ... can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage ... right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair-dos

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES ... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" ... shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



LISA ADORES hair-do gadgets! But says, "Make sure that they, and your hair-do, too, match the mood of your clothes!" Every hair in place is her first rule for a smart hair-do. And, says Lisa, "for shining-smooth, manageable hair there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!"



MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight ... don't put it off ... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! ✓ *Extra lustre* ... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* ... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff!* Ask for Drene with Hair Conditioner!



BRAIDS ARE VERY SMART this Spring! Notice the tricky little gadget of gayly colored ribbon bows, which Lisa wears to go with the Mexican neckline of her embroidered blouse! And remember, no other shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble

Now that April's There

BY DAISY NEUMANN

LILAC and laburnum bloomed the day the Turners heard that Wincy and Angus were on the way home. They had sent these, their younger children, to America three years earlier, when England was in danger of invasion. The Turners had worried a great deal at the time. When a Professor and Mrs. Hilliard, of Harvard University, who had a son of their own, took the children into their home, Professor and Mrs. Turner felt reassured.

The letters which presently arrived were happy, but some were sent to the bottom of the ocean, so that actually, Mrs. Turner realized, she and John did not have a very clear picture of the children's life abroad.

What a sorry sight they had been, their mother recalled, when they left—terrified, weeping babies. She had grieved for days. But all that, she thought gratefully, was done with at last: Wincy and Angus were coming home!

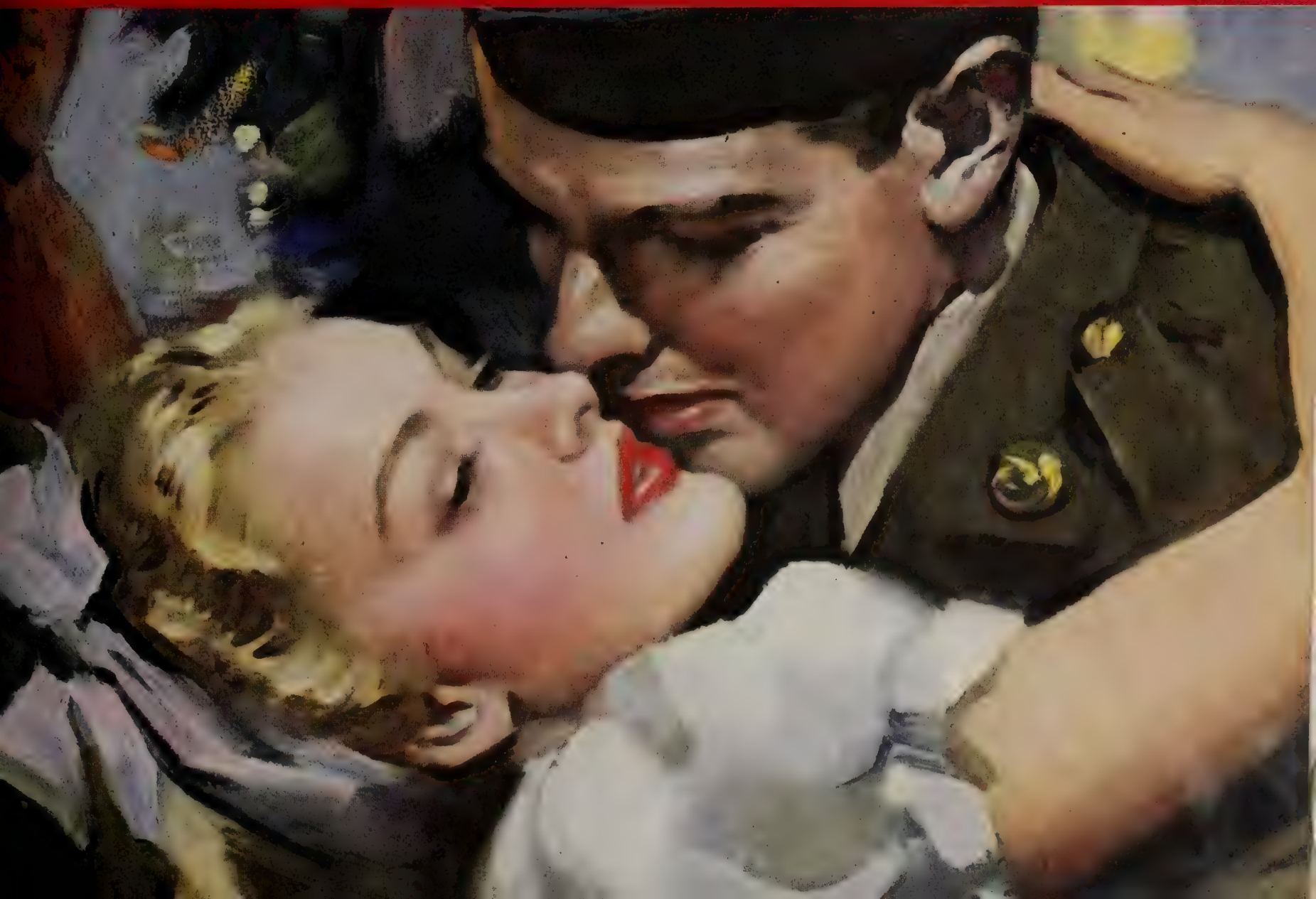
The train was coming in. As people began to alight, Mrs. Turner looked anxiously up and down. And then she caught sight of a small boy wearing long trousers, his shirt open at the throat.

"Look, there's Angus!" she cried. "How he's grown! But where can Wincy be? And who is the lady with Angus who is carrying a violin? Do you see them, John?"

Copyright, 1944, by Daisy Neumann. This is a condensation of the novel soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

☆ THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE NOVEL ☆

It was Wincy's first kiss and it was wizard! Why hadn't Americans told her that kissing was really out of this world?



He is Risen

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

All night beside the grave,
All through the night
In the wind and the rain
Three women watch, who gave
His body back again
To the cold earth:
His mother, who in pain,
With teeth clenched tight,
Bore Him,
In a great hush brought to birth
Her Son;
Also His sister and that other woman, the one
Who perhaps did most adore Him.

So all over the world the women wait,
All women everywhere
Watch at the gate
Of the tomb
In the common grief all women share
With the dark sisterhood of despair
And hope and prayer;
In the chill and the gloom
Their long and lonely vigil keeping
Beside the stone:
The women unsleeping,
The women tight-lipped and alone,
The women weeping,
Whose hearts are heavier
Than the stone their sorrow cannot stir,
Than the rock they sit beside,
As heavy as the tears they hide,
The tears that blind and blur
The heart's pain, the heart's pride . . .
Then out of the darkness someone cried,
And there He stood, all gaunt and hollow-eyed,
But smiling even so
In a strange unearthly glow. . . .

You see death, then you see death go,
And the first dogwood hits you like a blow
Between the eyes, a fist of fire and snow—
And suddenly all around
That wild warm murmur, one incessant sound
Of secret waters running underground—
And lo,
April with cold hands and impatient heart
Forcing the doors of a new life apart!
Here is the vast rehearsal of the spring:
All her resources—leaf and bud and wing—
Assembled for the coming of the King!

He is not dead,
Your son, your dear beloved son,
Your golden one,
With his blond tousled head,
The shining and excited words he said!
Ah no! Be comforted.
For him the world will never
Grow flat and tired and dull;
He is a part of all swift things forever,
All joyous things that run
Or fly,
Familiar to the wind and cloud and sky,
Forever beautiful!

"Yes, that's Angus," her husband said. "Doesn't he look fit? The lady with him—why, bless my soul!—I do believe that is Wincy. She's come home a grown woman."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Turner replied. "She's only fifteen." Together they hurried toward the crowd at the end of the platform.

Wincy had been looking out at the countryside ever since the train left London, but she had not really seen it. Although the boat had brought her a long way from America, her thoughts were still with Aunt Polly and Uncle Bill and the kids at Agassiz School.

She tried to picture her parents and Mark, her flier brother. But although she could see their outlines, they would not turn to people in her mind. She was hardly better off than Angus, who admitted that he didn't remember them at all. He had been only six when they were evacuated.

As the train slowed down, Wincy took a last look in the little mirror of her handbag. Her hat and the new hair-do looked fine. "This is it," she told Angus, hurriedly brushing peanut shells off his clothes.

"What—this dinky shed?" Angus cried. "I thought Oxford was a big place."

Her handbag and violin case in one hand, Wincy pulled Angus out onto the platform. She saw her parents almost at once. There they stood, looking just as she had pictured them, only thinner and much older. She ran toward them, Angus following. It was wonderful to come home, marvelously wonderful. Happiness made her eyes smart.

"My babies!" Mrs. Turner exclaimed, trying to embrace both her children at once.

The professor looked so happy that Wincy thought his eyes must be smarting too. Yet when Angus dutifully offered his cheek, his father quickly backed away and shook hands.

"Gosh, daddy," Angus burst out, "you're not nearly as big as Uncle Bill."

"Your hair, Wincy!" Mrs. Turner said.

"Nice, isn't it? It was done just a couple of weeks ago. I thought you'd like it."

"A trifle startling," her mother replied, smiling indulgently. "Still, when it's cut the proper length, I think that I'll become accustomed to it." She gave Wincy an affectionate caress as they started to leave the station.

In her corner of the taxi, Wincy leaned back against the hard upholstery. She felt suddenly tired. It was wonderful to be home, but she hadn't made the hit she had hoped for. Her parents hadn't fallen for her hair-do and the purple suit and hat. She was a bit annoyed with her parents, and even more annoyed with herself for having chosen the purple things. Aunt Polly hadn't admired the color, but she felt that girls Wincy's age ought to make their own choice.

"I shall contrive something else for her to wear to the garden party," Mrs. Turner was saying softly to her husband in the corner of the cab. But he was not listening. He was watching Angus. "Coupons," Mrs. Turner went on in a doubtful voice. "But, if Brenda can have something ——" She became determined. "I shall select the proper frock."

BRENDA, a garden party—people Wincy didn't know, things in the wind that had been planned while she was away. She hadn't noticed the taxi turn into Banbury Road, but they had arrived at the house. Wincy pressed her face to the window of the taxi. She saw everything in the first moment—the brick wall, the garden gate, the flowers in the border leading to the dear, familiar house. She saw it all, and suddenly it was as though she had never been away.

"Is Nannie here?" Angus asked.

"No. Nannie left soon after you sailed," his mother explained. "Don't you remember? I wrote you. She was dreadfully upset for fear strangers wouldn't give you proper care."

Angus seemed to think this very funny. "The poor fish."

Mrs. Turner looked at him in a puzzled way.

The door was opened. Professor Turner walked in and Wincy followed. Though it was dearly familiar, everything seemed smaller than she had expected. There above the umbrella stand was the hatrack with daddy's mac and burberry and even the old gas masks. There was the monk's bench, where she and Angus had been made to sit on muddy days while they waited for Nannie to wheel the pram around.

"Smells different here," Angus said, wrinkling his nose.

Wincy noticed the same thing. "Coal gas," she explained, "and flowers."

"And cabbage," Angus added.

Professor Turner settled himself in the drawing room. His wife led Angus up to the nursery, but Wincy lingered happily on the stairs, noticing that the water pails and sand buckets were still about.

IN THE nursery everything looked exactly as it had when she and Angus left. On the dwarf table stood a jar of daffs and a tray of milk, biscuits and damsons—nursery supper. Angus made straight for it, and wolfed his share standing up. Then he proceeded to unpack his bag.

"What's that, dear?" Mrs. Turner asked.

"The nightingale," he said, producing a little metal bird. Angus ran to the washbasin and returned blowing a shrill, warbling sound.

"Lovely, darling," she said, "but you're drooling quite dreadfully."

"It's okay. I always do. Isn't it snazzy? Uncle Bill let me take it home—it really belongs to the Toy Symphony."

"What's that?"

"You know, that symphony with the toy instruments—cuckoo and quail and trumpet. We played it all the time. I played the nightingale. Wincy, what's the name of the guy who wrote the Toy Symphony?"

"Haydn."

"It's very nice," Mrs. Turner said politely.

Wincy did not unpack. She was less eager to see the things she had brought with her than the ones she had left behind.

"I've brought you a present, mummie," Angus announced. He pulled out a box and handed it proudly to his mother.

"To think," she exclaimed, smiling, "that my little son is old enough to go a journey and bring back a present for me." But she looked startled when she saw a huge, turbaned Negress grinning on the wrapper. "What is it?"

"Flapjacks!"

"What are they?"

"Wait till breakfast and you'll find out," Angus promised, stroking his stomach and smacking his lips. "Boy, you should see me and Sutty shovel them away. And look"—he extricated a tin from a bundle of sweat shirts—"maple sirup!"

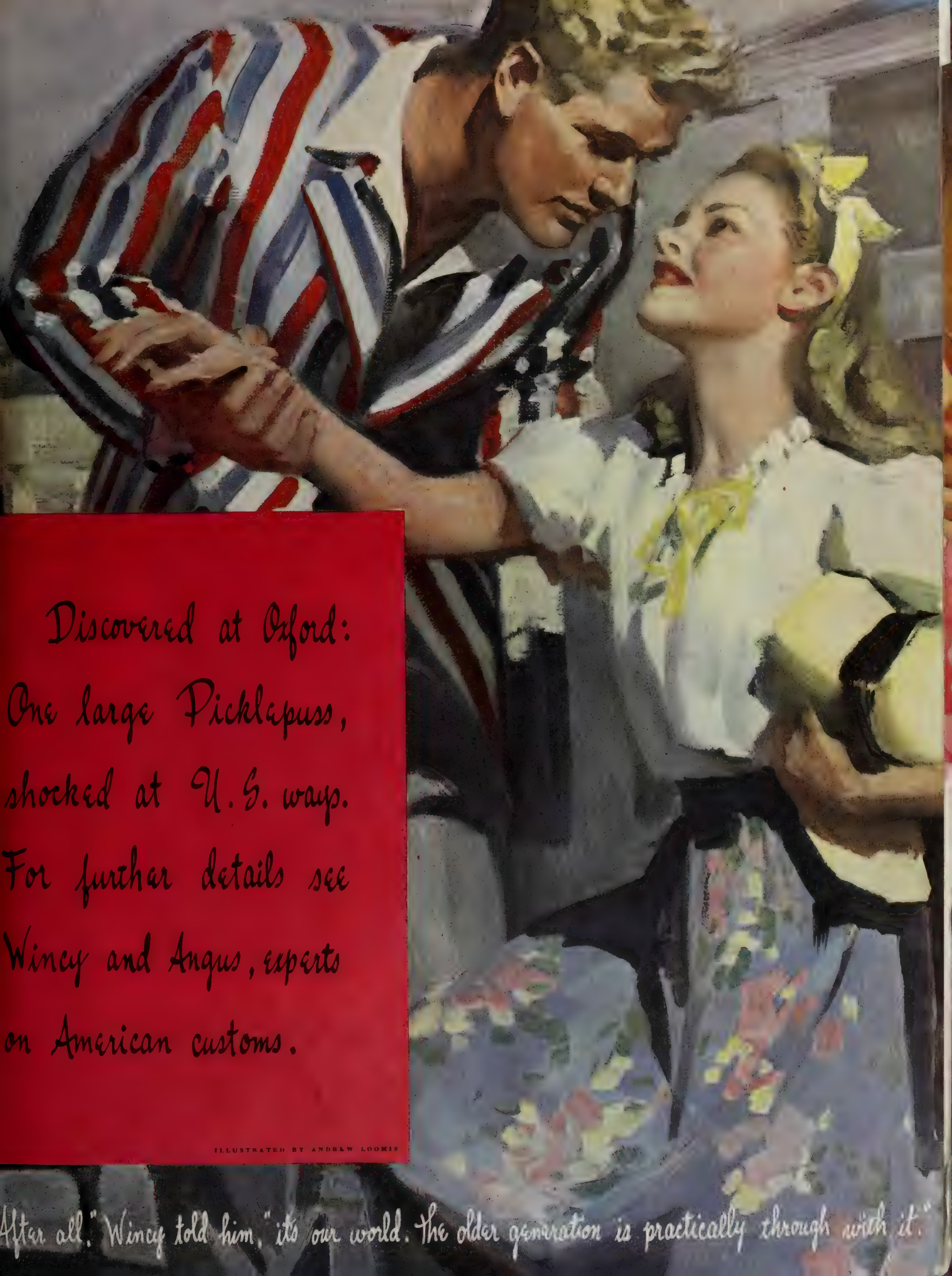
"It's like treacle," Wincy explained, opening her suitcase. "Here's my present for you, mummie." She had brought her mother a pale blue cardigan.

Pleasure illuminated Mrs. Turner's face. "How lovely! It would take ever so many coupons here."

One of her presents, at least, had been a success, Wincy gloated to herself. She ran down to the drawing room with her father's parcel. But, as she handed him her present, she felt suddenly small and shy. It was Fantasia, with musical themes and Walt Disney's pictures splashed across the pages.

Professor Turner glanced at the mushrooms in coolie hats, and dancing milkweed seeds, and it was clear that he wondered what he, Fellow in Classics at St. James's College, could have to do with these things. Wincy kept her eyes on his face until he came to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Slowly his expression changed.

(Continued on Page 64)



Discovered at Oxford:
One large Picklapuss,
shocked at U.S. ways.
For further details see
Wincy and Angus, experts
on American customs.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

After all," Wincy told him, "it's our world. The older generation is practically through with it."

It was Wonderful

BY DOROTHY R. KARR

I SAT on a hard wooden bench in the waiting room and tried not to look as foolish as I felt. There wasn't any legitimate reason for my being there. I wasn't going anyplace and I wasn't meeting anyone. The whole thing was ridiculous and it was all Tony's fault.

It was his fault and, in a way, the fault of a magazine article. The magazine was right beside me and I flicked through the pages irritably. The woman who wrote the article on How to Fall Out of Love made it sound terribly simple. I had read it casually at first and then with increasing interest as I realized that I could slip into the picture created the way I do into a size-12 coat: no alterations necessary. Tony drank too much, he was a heel, and he was always finding a new and fascinating woman around every corner. Oh, he came back to me all right between corners, when he was tired or sick or in a jam. But what woman likes to think of herself as the old stand-by, the maternal type? The article was right. It was time to do something about it.

Easier said than done. Being a secretary in a bank on Wall Street for six years has very little to recommend it. Aside from the fact that they don't pay you enough to be glamorous is the unpleasant sensation of being interred in an ornate mausoleum. Add to this the fact that I am twenty-eight and not getting any younger, and the outlook is grim, to say the least. But to put the finishing touch on the whole business, there has to be a man who is no longer all I thought he was.

I tried for two or three years to pretend that Tony was not a heel, that he didn't drink too much and that he loved me just as much as he did six years ago, when I first met him. I had some wonderful letters that assisted me in this happy delusion, except that they were three years old. He always said that since the war, what with traveling and extra work, he didn't have time to write. I had a picture that showed how handsome he was. I had all those things and a sense of something not quite right mixed in. Because he had stopped writing and telephoning completely—why, it was two months since I'd seen him! I had a dull ache way inside just thinking about him. Thinking about how he always kept me waiting when I was supposed to meet him, but when he finally did come striding toward me I forgot everything. He had a way of grabbing my hands and pulling me up from my chair that was marvelous. He was so alive and exciting.

WELL, I had tried just forgetting him. I went out and splurged on a wonderful new spring suit. It was moss-green and soft as a kitten's ear, with a jacket that was nipped in at the waist by tiny tucks to match the tucked front of the skirt. I had found an exquisitely simple white blouse that was tucked at the throat and just begging to be worn with the suit. Then I treated myself to a hat, of course, a delectable confection of a hat of the same green that perched over my right eye and made me look a little wicked.

But the new clothes hadn't helped me a bit. Here I was sitting in Grand Central Station on a lovely spring day, all done up to my ears, just wishing Tony could see me and realize what he was losing. Because he was going to lose me. I couldn't stand the uncertainty any longer. I had to fall out of love with him, and fast.

The magazine article had suggested something concrete, anyhow. Go to a large railroad station and sit down and watch. Watch the men going by until you find how many have identical characteristics with the man you love. Especially the one endearing trait that caused you to fall in love with him in the first place. The idea seemed to be to show up how commonplace the most fascinating idiosyncrasy in your man is.

In Tony's case, it was the way he walked. The first thing I ever noticed about Tony was the brisk, easy assurance of his walk. It was like music. I got so I recognized the sound of his footsteps from quite a distance. To watch him stride toward me filled me with excitement until I practically fluttered inside, the way autumn leaves do before a swift autumn wind.

Now it was two o'clock. I had been there for an hour, staring until my eyes ached. I was anxious and prepared to find hundreds of duplicates of Tony's walk. I wanted the men so equipped to be fat and bald and ugly, I think, but I wasn't clear whether this would help break the habit of believing Tony's walk was exceptional or whether secretly it would show up the magazine article and prove how very superior he was. Aside, of course, from being a heel, almost a drunk and a philanderer. I honestly did want to get over him, forget him, but actually it was like deciding to do away with one of my hands.

Grand Central Station is vast and impressive. It echoes and buzzes with the voices of hundreds of commuters and travelers. It throbs deeply to the steady tramp of feet, going and coming. Hundreds of people passed back and forth. There were short men, thin men, pale and slightly bald men, and they shuffled and trotted and slouched and none of them walked straight and sure and fast with the wonderful rhythm Tony has.

I MOVED after a while. I roamed the mighty reaches around the information desk, I prowled down the long corridors and stood in crowds at train gates. I saw every kind of man you could dream of, but I didn't see one man who was tall and broad-shouldered and lithe, who clicked his heels just the way Tony does.

I hung around for another hour, and about three o'clock I was through. I walked back toward the information desk, dragging my feet and turning over in my mind the phrases that would go into a letter to the woman who wrote the "how to fall out of love" article. Because the whole thing was a failure. There was only one Tony; and so all right, he was a heel, he was practically a drunk and he loved all women to the point of confusing one with another from time to time, and maybe it was a habit and I was hanging on like a dog with a bone, but I probably still loved him. Having reached that conclusion and the information desk at the same time, I stopped to get my bearings for the subway.

And in that small pause I heard footsteps, sharp clickings on the stone floor behind me. It was Tony, of course; I knew it must be Tony, because no one else walks like that. I swung around, trying to pick him out of the crowd, but there wasn't any Tony in sight. A tall slender man swept by me suddenly and the footsteps began to recede. Without realizing what I was doing, I followed him. It was like walking in my sleep. I couldn't have stopped myself.

He had on a gabardine topcoat and his shoulders were broad and square. He carried his head at that slightly tilted angle Tony does. He walked with the same swing, the same brisk, easy assurance. Halfway across the huge station he turned, and after comparing his watch with all the clocks in sight he started back. I trailed him, fascinated. His face even had the expression of irritation Tony gets when everything isn't going as planned. I followed him for about five minutes before I realized he was circling, pacing back and forth.

He stopped again to look at the clocks and light a cigarette. I stopped too. He tore across the room to one of the long hallways leading to the subway and peered down it. I did too, only I peered at him. This kept on for ten more minutes and I didn't even notice time passing. I was comparing his face with Tony's and having to admit that perhaps the chin was stronger. It didn't jut out exactly. It just seemed firm and steady. His nose was straight and his hair was almost black, instead of light brown, like Tony's. His eyes—suddenly it became important to compare eyes and expressions. I closed in the distance as we neared one of the corners of the station, hoping that when he *(Continued on Page 124)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



This is Margo, who read all about How to Fall Out of Love, and thought... desperately... she'd like to try it!


What he thought was,
"Women never change. Let them
wear overalls. Let them drive a
bus. They can still sit down and
baul their eyes out over nothing."

What Happened to Mary?

THE night I arrived in town, after two years away, I got no welcome from the weather. There was a wild, angry rain, blown straight off the mountains. That would mean snow in the high places; High Ridge Pass might even be closed. I thought of this because it was natural to think of it, having lived here all my life before the war, and being weather-minded. I swear I never thought of its meaning any danger to Mary—in spite of her job.

No, Mary would be safe at home, waiting. I'd written her not to come to the station. I wanted to walk up her front walk, as I had a hundred times before, give the buzzer a punch and open the door. And there would be Mary. She'd be wearing that soft, blue dress I always liked the most, and we'd look at each other a moment, just to be sure it was real, and then her curly head would thump against my chest, and the blue dress would take a beating, which is what any dress deserves for making a girl irresistible.

I clung to this picture the way a kid clings to your hand in the dark. Because I was scared. I was scared about Mary being changed. Coming home, I'd got all her letters together, and read them over in order, and you could see the whole thing like one of those speeded-up movies—the life of a flower, or some such thing. First there's the bud, then the petals opening up, and the full bloom—all right there under your eyes. I was coming home to a girl I didn't know.

Of course I blamed it all on her job. And I could have kicked myself—because I was the one who had taught Mary to drive a car.

I know there's been a lot of talk back here about how different the boys are going to be when they get back home. Pieces in the magazines—Mary sent me a couple—about how the things we've been through will have changed us and roughed us up, and made us as easy to handle as a mad hornet. So they ladle out the advice—to wives and mothers and sweethearts—on how to pick us up gingerly, remove the sting and start working us over until we're human again.

But I don't recall any of us worried much about adjusting to home life. One hot bath and a Sunday morning in bed with the funnies would do the trick. We had only one real problem under the sun—to win the war and get home. When we did any fancy worrying, it was about what was happening to our women.

I WORRIED about Mary. We were engaged when I left home, and if I'd so much as cocked an eyebrow, we'd have been married. In those days, what I said went. But since I was ten I've been staggering around under a king-size sense of responsibility. It's crossed up my fun more than a harelip. I'm the guy that says, "Business before pleasure"; and "Hey, fellas, how about getting back to work?" and "Isn't it time we go home and catch up on some sleep?" So I said to Mary, no, we'd better wait till after the war. Maybe we'd be a couple of different people. But I couldn't imagine anything being different about Mary except the number of candles on her birthday cake.

Mary was the sweetest, most irresponsible, slap-happy little dope this side of heaven. To Mary, the only possible course of action was what appealed at the moment.

We'd be wheeling along in my old car, home late from Riverside Amusement Park, my arm around her and her head on my shoulder, and she'd go on something like this:

"George Foster, turn the car around this minute! I just remembered—we left before they played our piece. We can't go home till we've danced to our piece—turn around!"

"Nope. Too late."

"Then let's stop for a hamburg. I don't feel like going home. Please, George, let's stop for a bite."

"Nope—it's near one o'clock. You know how your mother is. You, I can't lose, but I've worked on your mother."

According to the books, this should have put me right in line to be smeared by the first romantic lead that came along. But that wasn't how Mary felt. The way Mary felt was highly satisfactory to us both. She'd sigh and snuggle down, and say in a throaty little gurgle:

"George, promise you'll never try to kiss me on a roller coaster again. I might blow a fuse. It's like A.C. and D.C. current at the same time."

Mary didn't know much about electricity, but she knew what she meant, and so did I.

Now about the car. When I started teaching Mary to drive, I tried to give her an idea of what happened under the hood as well as in the driver's seat. She listened to this the way you listen to advertising jingles on the radio, with a kind of absent, suffering look on her face, her eyes large and dreamy. But she learned to drive, all right. Her hands and feet learned.

After a week she was slamming my little car around town as if she was born in it, and I'd be sitting on the edge of the seat beside her, thinking, *Well, she's not bad! She's quick on the getaway.* And I'd feel kind of proud and surprised. That's the thing to remember; I was the one who taught her to drive.

WHEN I left to go overseas, it seemed natural enough to leave the car with Mary and her mother. They were alone, and lived a ways out of town, and could use it. I remember Mary said something about getting a war job—the car might come in handy. I said "Swell," and vaguely thought of her rolling bandages or canning vegetables—something girlish and harmless like that.

I think it was in her third V-mail letter that she told me about the job. At first—so help me—I thought it was a pure-and-simple gag. She wrote that she had passed her state operator's exam, and was going to work for the Inter-Mountain Bus Company. She was going to run a bus—Mary!

I read this aloud to a couple of friends, chuckling. I stopped to explain that Mary weighed a hundred and eight pounds, and that she could put both her hands in my coat pocket without making a bulge. Was it likely that a busful of people in their right minds would entrust their lives to Mary over ticklish mountain passes? Was it?

It wasn't a gag. Her letters began to get cocky. She was good; she admitted it. She'd been promoted to the main route, with a big forty-seater under her. She took in High Ridge Pass at 11,100 feet on the Continental Divide. Her schedule never varied five minutes—a better record than the man who had the run before her had ever made.

"What do you think of your canary now?" she had crowed at the end of this letter.

Maybe that was how it happened. I was so worried about Mary that I carelessly ran into a piece of shrapnel, and after two years, and an eternity in a hospital, they shipped me home.

There was no one at the station. That was all right: my folks had moved away, and no one in town knew I was coming except Mary and her mother. I checked my bag, and went into the men's room to slick up. In the mirror over the washbasin I could see that my face was thinner and my shoulders bigger than when I went away. There was a dark smudge on my upper lip where I hadn't shaved for a couple of days. I'd thought about growing a mustache, just to show I was a big boy now, but I'd get Mary's okay on it first.

I combed my hair and looked over my fingernails and even weighed myself on a penny machine. I was stalling around as though I had some ordeal ahead of me. Then I caught sight of a calendar on the wall with a picture *(Continued on Page 104)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

WHY IS IT SO HARD FOR A MAN TO LOVE A HEROINE? ★ BY MONA WILLIAMS



His mammy knew him — she held him against her soft breast and rocked him back and forth and called him by his right name.

Cricket



"You kain't help but have childurn if you love a man, and most women do, black women and white women," Cricket said.

THERE were blue asters in bloom, and bouquet chrysanthemums and butterfly flowers and diamond flowers and even cemetery plants. You'd think, maybe, that Cricket, being a Negro—and a little one at that—wouldn't notice such things and remember them for seventy-five years. But he did. Cricket told me there was a musk plant, too, sweet-smelling, yellow and red and brown. I have looked around and asked about and I still can't find out what a musk plant was.

Cricket told about the woman in the Big House. She wore a blue challis skirt (the same blue as the blue asters) and the bodice had white beading lattice-work about the shoulders. She wore an old leghorn hat when she directed the work in the rose garden. She would sit in a white iron seat under the big oaks and lay off the hat onto her lap, and her hair would be plastered in little flat tendrils on her brow. Once he heard her say a thing he was still wondering over when he was an old man. She was talking with old Doctor Loaner. "I doubt a man ever loves a woman as much as she loves him," Miss Florence said, and old Doctor Loaner made no reply. Cricket was still wondering over that when he was an old man and was telling me all this story.

The black folks heard word that if you'd steal away to Blackshear or Valdosta or Savannah, to the camps of the Union soldiers there, the soldiers would free you. But then you heard, too, that nobody except them that was twenty-one would be taken into the camps; the patteroles would catch up with little boys and bring 'em back.

The reason Cricket was alone in the world was that in these hard times when you took a cook you didn't want to feed her family too. And women always seem to have a passel of children hanging on to their skirts, black women and white women; it always was, it always will be. "Women was born to have childurn," Cricket said. "You kain't help but have childurn if you love a man, and most women do, black women and white women. They always have; reckon they always will."

Back in those days you sont your children off, even if they weren't but six years old or so, them that was old enough at all to work for their victuals, raking leaves or rubbing silver, bringing in stovewood or the likes. That's how Cricket happened to be where he was, but he had been changed around and swapped about, here and yonder, through ever so long a time sinee mammy had got him a place. Time is long when you are a little fellow. Even a little fellow can chop enough cotton to earn his meal and salt, and he can pick cotton as big as the next one and better, because he's nearer down to the cotton and won't have to bend his back to breaking down a long row.

It's a hard thing to get enough to eat in this world, even if you're little and don't eat much. It always was, it always will be, reckon, white and black. A many and a many a day Cricket chopped cotton on nothing to eat but corn bread smeared with lard, but corn bread is good-tasting if you're hungry.

He was about six when this happened, he said, but he couldn't be right shore. All he knew was that he was born some little time before Freedom. Cricket never said that he had a hard time. "I was like everybody else," he said, "but a sight luckier than most."

There were a lot of good things, even back then, even when they had to work in new ground, grubbing out palmetto roots and piling and burning them. If you were lucky, the overseer might send you down to the river to bring up a bucket of cold water for the rest of the hands, for instance.

He eased his dusty feet into the black water; the soles of his feet were nigh about as white as a white boy's. He just sat and looked a while. Behind him was a thick screen of growth to hide him from the overseer out yonder in the bleaking sun of the new ground. It was as though time meant nothing here, or anywhere. A clock's hands go around and around in the same place. *(Continued on Page 163)*

BY CAROLINE MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS


MAYBE HE LIED
(WHO, JOE?) BUT ANYWAY
He's
Our Baby!

CLARENCE GOT TO BE A SUCCESS (CONGRATULATIONS)

By Mary Chase

CLARENCE COCHEMS felt terrible that day he got that nice letter from his brother Ed who lived upstate and had for a long time. The letter stated why not arrange for it and come up there and go on a fishing trip just the two of them and maybe a good time even and what's the use if you can't have a little fun (clean) once in a while.

Now Clarence really wanted to do this but he knew that when you really wanted to do something in this world was just the time you were not supposed to do it (Rule 1) and so that night at dinner with his wife, Pearl Cochems, his son, Louis (8), and his brother-in-law, Joe Dillon (17), he spoke as follows:

"What's the sense of it with everything going on in the world today pass the beans. It puts me in an awful spot because blood is thicker than water with Ed my own brother and not any too well these past few years and anybody can look at Ed and see his asthma."

Pearl Cochems said, "Quit beefin', honey. Go if Ed wants you and if we can't do somebody else a favor, why are we livin'?"

Joe Dillon said, "Get your rod and reel, Arenceclay (Latin) and start cookin' with gas on the fish fry. I knew a fellow once that got cured of asthma on a fishing trip and fish besides."

Louis said, "Take me" (as usual).

So this way Clarence was able to go and he went feeling pretty good about it because there were a few things he could worry about while gone and every one of these things was named Joe Dillon.

When Clarence Cochems married into the Dillon family he knew he was making a mistake but he went right ahead and did it anyway (love). As years passed he had to remind himself on several occasions that when you have buttered your bread you must lie on it (Rule 2) because at the time he did it he had something (a hunch) that not only was he marrying Pearl Dillon but he was also marrying Kate, Velma, Leo, Mo[illegible]a (too many) but most of all he was marrying Joe Dillon (he's our baby).

The main reason Clarence did not wish to be married to all these people was because not one of them knew the first thing about a very important subject and one which is bound to come up all the time (life) but thought it was one bed of roses and one big gag. Clarence knew different as he had had experience with it off and on from the time he was small (once). When speaking of it, Clarence always said: "She's a pretty tough proposition. That's what she is."

But out of all the Dillons the one which knew the least about her was Joe Dillon (he's our baby).

From the time Joe was born all the Dillons spent quite a bit of time telling him he was wonderful. They liked the way he walked (upright) and they liked the way he talked (English) and the way he smiled (always) but none of this had anything to do with the fact Joe was related to them because they said it didn't. What they said was:

"It is not because Joe is our baby but any stranger could see that kid is a honey and don't you think so too, honey?"

So by the time Joe was seventeen he was already believing all this stuff because he knew that from your own family is where you get the truth and lots of it. Joe thought everybody was super (Clarence too) and the only people he did not have this opinion of were those people he had not met yet.

Joe always assumed that when he wanted something he would just naturally get it and he usually did. So this way he was able to have a pretty high opinion of her (life) and everybody in her (people) and because he felt this way he could not bear for anybody to feel sad or lonesome or unhappy but in order to make them feel good he had to give up something (facts) which he did not particularly care for anyway because they were so limiting and no fun in a carload of them.

That fall Joe came to live with Pearl and Clarence and go to high school where he wore his five slipover sweaters and his two pair of white corduroy pants and his blue-jean jacket with the girls' names and the girls' faces painted all over the back and things in quotation marks like "Start jiving" and "Give it the gam-gam" and "Are you a super? dooper."

Clarence did not like the arrangement much because in their approach to her (life) he knew one of them was wrong and he knew it was not himself so he worried about Joe because as he said:

"I like the kid. I would even like him to turn out all right."

Clarence Cochems read meters for the gas company and Pearl Cochems read detective stories. Clarence never stayed home in bad weather letting on like he had a cold (Rule 3). When he talked about the gas company he talked like there was two gas companies, saying things like "We feel down to the office ——" or "Our policy in regards to which ——"

When Clarence spoke like this Joe would say, "'We?' What do you mean 'we,' Arenceclay? Do you by any chance have a canary bird in your vest pocket?"

And then Clarence would make up his mind again that he better do something about Joe's slant or else the kid would end up in the electric chair.

Because Joe did not even stick to facts when he answered the telephone, picking up the receiver and saying "Murphy's Laundry" or "Ossawatamie Wire and Water Works" or maybe even "World Wide Bakery—one of the crumbs talkin'." Clarence felt Joe should not do this because it was not a laundry or a water works or a bakery it was Chesterfield 4566 and besides it might be one of us down to our office calling us about our business. And to make it worse Louis (8) would laugh (what's funny?) and Pearl would say, "Don't let it get you down, honey. You know Joe."

Clarence did know Joe but he would have felt better about knowing him if he had been somebody else. Clarence knew if you kept all the rules the way you ended up was just like that rich old Mrs. Paepcke who lived in a fifteen-room house down the street with a chauffeur to carry in her groceries, money in the bank and no installments and able to keep right on living where you wanted no matter how old and run-down the neighborhood had got with time (Mrs. Paepcke too).

And if you didn't keep the rules a big black thing like a catastrophe of course would someday jump at you from behind a bush and he did not want that to happen to Joe especially when he was not around to say, "I told you, Joe. I told you she was a pretty tough proposition."

So one day when Clarence had been gone about two weeks Joe slept late and he had to do this for the reason he was dreaming a dream he was at a breakfast jam session where among those playing were Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Artie Shaw and others. He looked at the clock and he knew he would have to do one of two things—hurry like everything to rake the lawn first and get to school on time (nerve-racking) or not hurry and just get to school (O.K.).

So he came down to breakfast humming and humming and there sat his sister Pearl just like Clarence in one way—never shirking her work but staying right with it (detective stories) but this morning she was also looking like every tooth in her head had just been pulled out by the roots (impacted). She said:

"Hello, honey. Here's your eggs and I will get more if necessary but don't ask me to have anything with you because I have that old heartburn again and there must be something radically wrong with my system always having it and nobody else in our family with it and what have I ever done and somebody must have it in for me maybe even the Almighty."

Joe said, "Heartburn? What's heartburn? I have it all the time and right now too. Kate has it, Leo has it, Velma has it. Lookit how slow it makes me with these eggs even pass the jam."

Pearl said, "They do?"

Joe said, "Sure."

Pearl said, "Funny they never mentioned it to me."

Joe said, "Who wants to talk about it all the time? I've had it three months steady now and never crackin' off about it. There's other things to talk about pass the toast, pass the sugar, pass the cream."

Pearl reached for a piece of toast herself. "Have one of these rolls, Joey, and there's another thing for instance."

"Yeah," said Joe, "what for instance?"

Pearl said, "I picked up the morning paper and seen where Fred Michaels *(Continued on Page 118)*



JOE BELIEVED HE WAS WONDERFUL BECAUSE FROM

YOUR OWN FAMILY IS WHERE YOU GET THE TRUTH.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

By Elizabeth Dunn

WITH one hand, Candy fed her son oatmeal; in the other she held a letter which had come in the morning mail, and which she was—with difficulty—reading. Pale sunshine lay across the breakfast table and sparkled on David's hot-water dish. The only sound was the crackle of Bill's newspaper and David saying "More!" between mouthfuls.

The letter was headed THE FARM, ST. SIMEON'S, LONG ISLAND, and it said:

Candy dear: Can you and Bill possibly come down and spend next week end with us? Quite aside from the fact that we haven't seen you in weeks, I need you desperately. It's all very peculiar and I'll explain when I see you, but I seem to have gotten involved with the great Max Atlas, who is going to be here too. He's going to buy Pegasus for vast sums and he wants me to go to Hollywood and work on it, and George and I are not seeing eye to eye. Please come and cheer us up. Serena Perry will be here too. The 2:46 on Saturday is a good train and we'll meet it. My love to Bill. Yours,

PAN.

P. S. If your Irish Ellen should be unavailable, bring David. We'll put him in a loose box.

P. S. 2. In case I haven't made it clear, things are not so good. This is sort of an SOS.

Candy reread the second postscript with a creeping sensation of dismay. What on earth could be happening? She had worked all the previous summer to get Pan and George Deming married, and now, having achieved it, she felt as though their happiness had become her responsibility. Besides, she was fond of them. *I won't have them all mixed up*, she thought angrily.

And yet, on the face of it, Pan and George Deming were the last couple in the world to worry about. Pan had been that Pandora Peters, the girl who had flown all over the world and come back to write a best seller: Pegasus is a Lady. Besides being intelligent, she was blond and charming. And George Deming, who had been in love with her for years, was the publisher of the brilliant newspaper, Meridian. They were a remarkable couple. And something was going wrong.

Candy looked up, her eyes troubled. "Bill."

"H'm?" said the newspaper.

"Bill—listen!"

"O.K. Wait a second."

Candy looked at the top of his head and decided grimly that it was about time she started a little program of reform. Bill's reform. There were several things, small in themselves, perhaps ——

At this moment, David decided to recall himself to his parents by scooping up a handful of cereal and hurling it into space. It was several minutes before Candy could return to her letter; by then David had begun to hammer his tin tray with his spoon.

Bill put down his paper. "That child has all the tender charm of a cement mixer," he observed.

Candy felt her patience slipping away like sand through an hourglass. She removed David's spoon firmly and forestalled an earsplitting protest by replacing it with a large piece of buttery toast.

"His habits," she said tightly, "are very little worse than your own. So far."

"My habits?" Bill was affronted. "You sound as though I smoked opium or something. What do I do?"

"You read your paper all through breakfast," Candy said, and was surprised at the chill in her own voice. "You just drop your shirts on the floor and never put them in the laundry hamper. You—you—the way you sit ——"

He looked stunned. "The way I *sit?*"

"The way you sit is awful," Candy told him passionately. "Either you lie on your shoulder blades with your feet in the middle of the room—*anybody's* room—or else you hang your legs over the side of the chair and your trousers slide up and your legs show. It's revolting."

"I have beautiful legs," Bill said defiantly. Candy shut her lips tightly, and Bill inquired deftly, "By the way, who's your letter from?"

She took a deep breath. "It's from Pan. She wants us to go down next week end."

"Fine." He sounded pleased. Then he glanced at his son, who was eating his way out of his toast. "Do we take Lord Chesterfield with us?"

"No. I can get Ellen. . . . Bill, there's something the matter with the Demings. I think George is up to his old tricks."

"You can't put an old dog into new bottles," Bill said sagely.

Candy ignored him. "Well, I think George had better be careful. He takes Pan down to Long Island, buries her alive on a farm, and expects her to be happy. A girl like Pan!"

"No girl is ever really happy buried alive," Bill agreed. Candy looked at him coldly.

"Doesn't it ever occur to you that a woman might sometimes get a little tired of being just a good wife and nothing else?"

Bill got up, folded the paper and kissed the top of her head. "It's the end of winter, sweet. Pretty soon it'll be spring, and then you'll feel better."

Candy bent forward suddenly, drawn like a pin to a magnet by the newspaper on the table. The advertisement said that it was the Utterly Desirable Sports Dress, and Candy agreed. Greedily she read the rest of the seductive copy, and gave a long sigh that ended in a groan.

"What's the matter—indigestion?" Bill inquired solicitously.

Candy shook her head sadly. "Love."

Bill looked startled and gratified. "Me?"

She shook her head again. "You can be very attractive—when you try—but you're not a cloud-soft, winter-white sports dress, are you? With a brown calf belt? Size sixteen?"

Bill said pettishly, "I'm cloud-soft and winter-white and I have a brown calf belt. Can I help it if I'm a thirty-eight?" He went out into the hall and got his coat and hat, and Candy stared dreamily into space.

"I haven't had a new dress since Pan's wedding in September, and here it is February, almost March."

"That was a nice dress," Bill said cordially, from the hall. "Very pretty shade of green."

"That dress," Candy said icily, "was gray. You kept telling me how much you liked the color."

"So I did." He opened the front door. "Now don't worry about a new dress, sweet. You look fine just the way you are. 'By!" The door slammed.

"More!" said David, who was covered with butter.

Candy eyed him critically. "You look as though you were planning to swim the English Channel. Now you play right here in your pen, while mommy washes the dishes and dusts the dining room and makes the bed and writes out a marketing list and does about a thousand other things I'm tired of doing. End of winter! I wish it were the end of the world."

Then she looked down at David's round yellow head, like a duckling's in the sunshine, and remorse knifed her. Of course she wished no such thing. *This is my life, and who could ask for a better one? Nothing*, she thought profoundly, *nothing*

(Continued on Page 108

"In sickness —" Candy finds Bill very hard to take.



"Bill, darling," Candy told him tenderly, "you look just like a portrait of King Charles the Second, painted on a pear!"

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

The WHITE Dress

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

CECILY—André Durant's wife—lay dead there in the starlight and Bill Cameron was accusing Marny Sanderson of the murder. Charlie Ingram came along, his monocle like one bright eye, and took Marny back to the house where Tim Wales, his beautiful wife Judith, his athletically attractive daughter Winnie and André Durant were having cocktails.

Charlie Ingram gasped, "Girl. Saw her. She—well, she's your wife, André. Sorry, old chap. She's—dead."

André went white. Judith choked back a scream. Winnie knelt beside André and cradled his head in her arms. Tim called the police.

Bill Cameron came in, and Marny shuddered. André cornered him: "Who killed her?" But Cameron said, "I don't know." Marny wondered what were his private thoughts.

Laideau, who had rowed Cecily over to Shadow Island, came to answer police questions. André said he didn't know his wife was on the island. Judith confirmed this by saying, "He was with me." Winnie had been dressing and arranging flowers on the dining table, she said.

After the police left and everyone went to bed, Tim Wales came to Marny's room. "André killed Cecily," he said, "and Judith gave him an alibi. I'd like to kill him, Marny."

When Tim left, Marny tried to sleep. But a shadow moved across her door and Laideau, fully dressed, walked in, looking incredibly ugly and sinister. He stood over her and said, "We've talked it over, André and I. He wants to know how much you will give us not to tell the police that you killed Cecily."

X

THE hour was silent; the night beyond that open door was still and black. There was no sound anywhere except the droning buzz of one of the night moths fluttering against the screen, trying to get at the light beside her.

("An unsavory pair," Tim had said.) Laideau and André. *André!*

Laideau's great, big-knuckled hands clasped the railing at the foot of the bed. His small eyes flickered toward the door into the hall and then came back to her. "You're supposed to be a smart woman. André told me. You may be smart enough about business; you're going to learn something now, though, about people."

About people? About André. About herself.

She was cold. She pulled up the silk blanket cover and huddled it around her shoulders, staring at Laideau.

"Cecily threatened you with that gun. You told André all about it. Women always tell him things. Women are fools about him. But I'll say that Cecily told me. I'll say that André told her he was going to get rid of her; leave her and marry you. She threatened you and you got her to leave. I'll say that she told me all about it in the boat; then she made me turn around and come back. I'll say that I left her at the pier; I didn't want to be mixed up in anything, so I rowed down past the point where there are trees, and I waited there for a while. Then I decided she wasn't coming, so I went home. You see, my story is complete. André's clever; I'm not. But I'm useful to him."

She whispered, her lips dry and stiff, "I didn't kill her. I won't be blackmailed."

"Blackmail is not a pretty word, dear young lady. Blackmail and murder. You have money. André said so. Tim Wales has money. If you don't have, you can get it. Don't forget what it means to you: she threatened you with a revolver; it was your life or hers. And you wanted André."

"I don't—I didn't." But she had, she thought sickeningly to herself. Hadn't she? She had at least come close enough to it to consider seriously whether or not she was in love with André.

He laughed without making any sound, his pale mouth jerking upward. "Don't tell me that. They always want him. Well—think it over. We'll give you till tomorrow."

If you can't think and don't know what to do, stick to the rules. There was only one thing to do and say, and someone outside herself seemed to tell her what that thing was. "I'm going to tell the police myself. I'll not pay you anything."

"Oh, yes, you will. Think about the newspapers. Think about the police." He leaned over and put his great hand on the bed; it was like a gesture of comfort, a travesty. "You are young. Your future is before you. Or, if you choose, it is already behind you. You can get money; you must have money. Think it over." He turned and slid out the door again as swiftly as he had entered.

So Tim was right about André. Tim and Cecily. Laideau had said, secure in ugly knowledge, "They always want him."

After a long time she got up and closed the balcony door and bolted it. The night had turned very dark; clouds were thick and sullen and black. Not a ray of starlight showed through them.

"You're smart enough about business; now you're going to learn something about people."

So she had learned about André. There was no doubt in her mind as to the truth of Laideau's statement; she wanted to disbelieve, but she could not. Small things, half seen, wholly rejected, stubbornly denied, now linked themselves together.

Marny saw it grow gradually lighter; the palms and casuarinas took slow shape against the quiet, pearly sky and the water turned light gray and sleek. Every clearer shape of palms against the sky, every heightening tinge of green brought her interview with the police nearer. Police, reporters, jury. She began to play a grim little game: when the water in the bay turned blue, when bougainvillaea around the balcony rail turned sharply green and purple, when the sun came out, she would go downstairs and telephone to Captain Manson.

But the sun did not come out, although the sky continued to lighten; it was, in fact, an ominously quiet day with hurricane warnings over the radio, along with the news of the murder. And before the casuarina trees had emerged, green and fringy, from the gray mist, Winnie came. "I knew you'd be awake," said Winnie. She wore a pale blue silk dressing gown, immaculate and well tailored; her brown hair was in a neat short braid, tied with a blue ribbon; she carried a tray with coffee and orange juice and put it down on the table, and closed the door carefully behind her.

SHE looked at Marny. Her fresh color was gone and her lips, without lipstick, looked pale and shapeless; her thick, short brown eyebrows stood out. "Here's coffee, I'll pour it. You take sugar, don't you? I don't imagine anybody slept last night. Judith's light was still on when I passed her door a while ago to go to the kitchen. Marny," said Winnie, "you've got to help me." She put the coffee in Marny's hands and poured some for herself.

Marny felt as if her eyes were on strings, pulling from behind; she lifted the coffee to her lips and eyed Winnie over it. There was something grimly humorous about helping Winnie. In all probability she herself would be in jail in a few hours' time.

Winnie stirred her own coffee resolutely and said, "It's Judith. And André."

Judith and André. Of course. Marny and André. *Anybody* and André!

Marny drank more coffee; it was funny, she thought wryly, how one did commonplace things in all the crises of life. Life was a process of getting through the moments, wasn't it?

Winnie leaned forward. "You're not listening to me, Marny. I'm nearly out of my mind. I understand Judith. Other people don't. They think she's lovely and charming and stunning and glamorous and all that, but they don't"—Winnie seemed to hunt for a word and finally said again—"they don't understand her. She's never serious about men. Until now. And father knows."

I can't listen to her, thought Marny rather desperately. *André and Judith. André and Cecily. André and any woman.* She said abruptly, "This is between your father and Judith."

"No, no, Marny. You *must* listen to me. Father is—he's not himself. He's so terribly in love with her. I'm not good at talking. But you see—oh, I know how silly it sounds, Marny, but from the first minute I saw her she was like a fairy princess." Winnie stopped and looked at her rather defiantly for a moment as if she might laugh, and then went on quickly: "She was everything I wasn't. Oh, I'm all right. It's only that—I'm bread and butter and she's caviar and champagne. Father needs me and depends on me. But Judith is—is different."

"Winnie, what are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say—I don't know how—I'm trying to ——" *(Continued on Page 46)*

For a moment the rhythm, the music, the pressure of his arm made a tight, invulnerable world.



INSPIRATIONS OF 1945

SPRING inspires you—fashion inspires you—to make a collection of the gayest accessories that ever graced a wardrobe. Brilliant cottons from Guatemala are irresistible—and blouses to make of them so easy that even a beginner can do one in a few hours. The fashion for fans is enchanting—you can cover an old frame with a pretty print and make gloves and a scarf to match. You can create glorified headbands of artificial flowers to frame your face, or go around the crown of a hat; make a tambourine bag to match a blouse; knot a scarf a new way. Try anything that takes your fancy, and add to your collection as the summer comes. ★ **BY WILHELA CUSHMAN,** *Fashion Editor of the Journal*

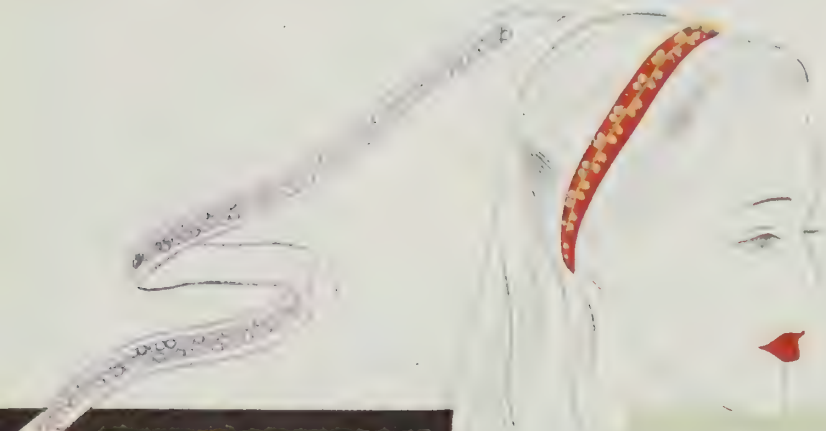
Patterns and directions for the blouses and accessories may be ordered by the numbers given, 5 cents for each pattern, from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Sleeveless overblouse made of a straight piece of Guatemalan cotton, gathered to fit. 2161.



Snood of soft jersey, jeweled edge, 2162; cotton drawstring bag—buy one or make one, 2163.



Jewel a colored grosgrain or satin ribbon to tie around your hair; Journal directions No. 2164.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN-O'LEA



Dramatic head wreath of artificial wheat and eld flowers made on a straw bandeau. 2164.



Garland of flowers on a ribbon to tie around the crown of a hat, or wear on your head. Use big white daisies. 2164.



Halo of flowers; all three wreaths designed by Jo Frederics, for you to make. Journal directions, 21



Romantic fan, scarf and gloves for spring and summer nights; in print. Scarf and fan, 2165; gloves, 2166.



Guatemalan plaid cotton in an easy-to-make blouse, 2167; and tambourine bag, 2168, made of a straw sewing box.



A masque scarf ring in plastic (to buy) gives you a new way to wear a multicolored scarf (also to buy).



Crownless hat made of a giant-check gingham in a bias-cut fold; matching tied pouch to carry over your wrist. 2169.



A striped satin scarf and gloves, to make a black dress or suit look new. Scarf, 2170; basic glove pattern, 2166.



To love and to cherish: bride in white organdy with a crown of braids, studded with white lilac; she wears a short veil, carries lilacs and freesias.



Black cotton jacket costume for travel and town; dress beneath low-cut and sleeveless, by Joset Walker.



Wreath of flowers for brides or bridesmaids.

So do . .

LOVE A LONG WEDDING GOWN

ROMANTIC ruffled organdy with a fragile waist, a bouffant skirt and a train like a cloud of glory—you and the church and the music—this is a dream come true. After the reception, there's the quick change for going away—into a crisp black cotton jacket costume, picture of decorum for travel and town, concealing a sleeveless, low-cut dinner dress. A fresh new print worn with a lacy horsehair hat is for luncheon and afternoon. These two will be the stars of a little trousseau, planned for a heavenly honeymoon.

For spring and summer, afternoon and evening: Adele Simpson's printed dress of a new rayon; John Frederics' black horsehair hat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUCER



bride goes away in a black shantung suit; Panama ieweled band by John Frederics goes with everything.

Fans are in fashion for brides or bridesmaids.



Checked rayon bareback dress with a bolero to cover it up for lunch or town wear; important fashion every girl will love.



? do . .

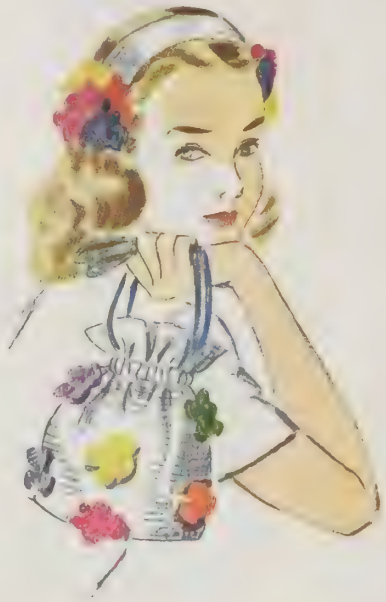
VANT A SHORT WEDDING DRESS

F YOURS is to be the breathless, short-notice wedding—at home or in a little chapel, with just the family and a few friends—a short white piqué with weled buttons will be an enchanting wedding dress, nd the darling of your honeymoon. A black shantung uit is a good traveler and something to live in all summer. A green checked bolero dress with a bare back under over gives you bright changes; a Panama hat goes ith everything. This is a trousseau, small and sweet, as should be in 1945. **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

Bride in the news: the short dress for the small wedding—white piqué with soft fullness, by Adele Simpson; primroses in her hair.



Crochet your favorite flowers on a crocheted drawstring bag and matching headband; pretty in white with multicolors. 2171.



Brilliant turquoise for an afternoon sweater, pastel bead trimming on neckline. To crochet. 2172.



A scarf-belt that looks like a peplum; a headband that looks like a dream. Crochet loosely with flower trim. 2180.

A little cape for a big evening; ma... ing gloves. To crochet and trim ... contrasting grosgrain ribbon. 2...



THE TOUCH OF YOUR HANDS



How often have you searched the town for a new sweater in a "certain shade of blue"? How many stores have you ransacked looking for "some little something" to put on your head? Can you count the summer evenings you've wished for "something light and pretty" to wear over your long dresses? These are the things that you can never find when you want them—these are the things you can always have if you make them yourself! You are free to choose the colors from the flower garden in your own back yard; you can make as many as you want with no back talk from your budget; you can look as pretty as your best beau thinks you are! From this page of hand-knit and crocheted accessories you can make a flowered halo in brilliant colors, a summer sweater with pastel bows—any one of eleven new accessories that will go well with your wardrobe. ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**

Order knitting and crocheting instructions by the numbers given, by sending 5 cents for each article pictured to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



Crocheted drawstring sweater for ... or short skirts. Pretty in white ... black ribbons for evenings. ...

Knitted and crocheted flowers for a halo for your head; flowers in assorted sizes, different colors. 2173.



Trim, tailored, perfect for your skirts and blouses: a knitted sleeveless, ribbed sweater in red. 2174.



White eyelet edging adds spring to your knitted sweater; has a U-shaped neckline and short sleeves. 2175.



A low, round neckline for a dress-up sweater. Crochet in pastel color; puff sleeves, tiny ribbon bows on yoke. 2176.



Crocheted ballet slippers for your ... room; multicolored knitted san... in three colors, for the beach. ...

Scents-ability Test

THE NEW PERFUME GAME ★ FRAGRANCE AND YOUR CHARACTER

Your perfume should not be worn like a casual accessory. It should be as much a part of you as your taste in flowers, fabrics, music or jewels. It should never be some other person's preference superimposed on you, but the exact warm echo of your own personality. Here is a simple test to help you make your choice. Check one favorite in each list. Add the numbers. The total will give you your classification. Up to 100—A. 100–125—B, 125–150—C. Above 150—D. If you are just on the border line, you are probably a blend of the characteristics in the two nearest groups and can safely choose perfumes in both classes. Versatile you! ★

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

FLOWERS

5 *Nasturtium*	15 *Lilac*
20 *Lily of the valley*	10 *Pansy*
25 *Violet*	30 *Rose*
35 *Gardenia*	40 *Orchid*
45 *Camellia*	50 *Mimosa*

FABRICS

45 *Fine kid or suède*	25 *Lace*
5 *Gingham*	50 *Damask*
20 *Chiffon*	15 *Linen*
30 *Satin*	35 *Velvet*
40 *Cloth of gold—or silver*	10 *Tweed*

JEWELS

5 *Pearl*	10 *Aquamarine*
15 *Turquoise*	25 *Diamond*
45 *Moonstone*	50 *Ruby*
35 *Emerald*	40 *Opal*
30 *Sapphire*	20 *Topaz*

MUSIC

5 *Lullabies*	25 *Cowboy or hillbilly songs*
10 *Old ballads*	40 *Name bands*
35 *"Blues"*	45 *Negro spirituals*
50 *Concert music*	15 *Love songs*
30 *Jazz*	20 *Dreamy waltzes*

You are an "A" PERSON

You are refreshingly straightforward. You do not like evasions or "little white lies." You like most people and you very much want them to like you, although sometimes you feel a little bit shy about approaching them. You are hurt if you are misunderstood, and you do not want to have to play politics to gain a point which you know you deserve to win anyway. Your open friendliness expresses itself by your willingness to meet anybody's smile more than halfway. Your perfume should reflect this same sunny spirit. Choose a light warm odor, not a sultry one. Leave that for the girl who loves drama. Fresh, indefinable mixtures are perfect for you, and the light aura of a cologne or toilet water matches most of your moods. But, just for those moonlight moments when you feel like putting aside your daytime personality for a dizzy hour or two, keep at hand a bottle of whatever heady mixture symbolizes your dream of romance!

You are a "B" PERSON

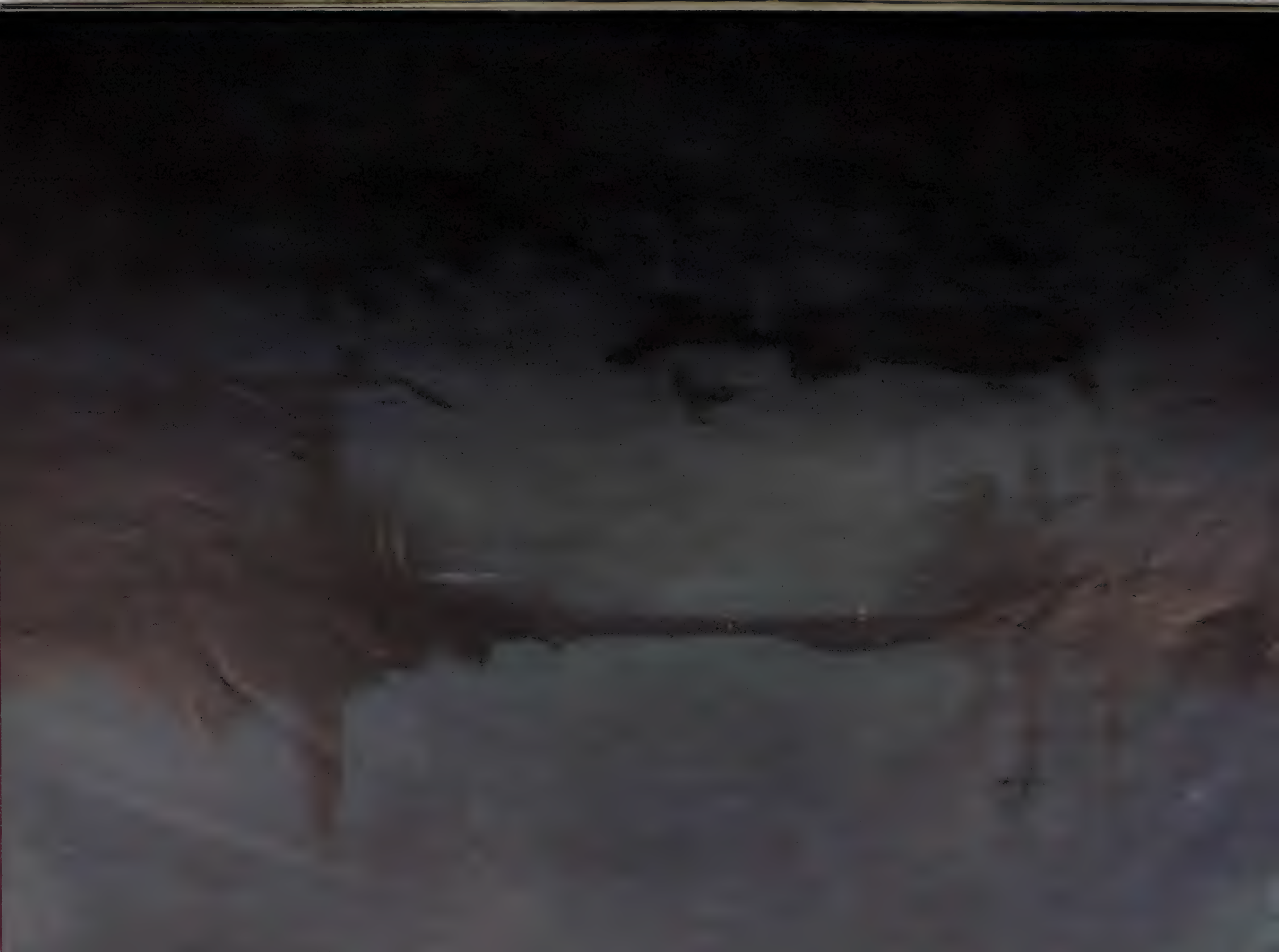
You are as feminine as they come. You would rather shop for window curtains than read the political news any day, and you are not above patting nice babies (as well as cute puppies!) on their adorable heads. Your heart is big and warm and you would much rather be guided by it than by your head. Fortunately, you are also given to listening to the small persistent voice of conscience. You are a born homemaker, with the vitality and kindness that make you a good hostess too. You do not believe in sacrificing prettiness to smartness in your clothes. All the lovely flower odors are a natural expression of your fragrant personality. For you—the cool sweetness of lily of the valley, or violet, or the spice and sparkle of carnation, or one of the floral mixtures, charged with dewy, early morning freshness. Surround yourself with garden enchantment—from lavender and crisp cottons for sunny hours, to gardenia and softly clinging fabrics after dusk.

You are a "C" PERSON

You have a two-fold personality. There are moments when you feel that a successful career would be worth all the effort it takes, but many others when you feel that just being a woman, and beloved, is career enough. Your natural qualities of leadership and your healthy ambitions push you toward an executive job, but your love of the good things of life, and of honest laughter, keeps you from making a relentless one-track drive for success. You select your reading and your entertainment with care and you should be equally discriminating in the choice of perfume. Do not use a perfume just because your best friend does. Ask, and sniff, and experiment until you have found the odor that you feel is exactly yours—as much in tune with your spirit as your favorite music. Choose one of the highly individual fragrances, not too intense, not Oriental, but rather "dry," so that the after effect is a lingering and tantalizing echo of your own personality.

You are a "D" PERSON

Your sensibilities are highly developed; too much, it sometimes seems to you, for your own happiness. But you have the rewarding experience of being the person to whom others turn for assurance because of your instinctive judgment in matters of taste. Your strong sense of drama is reflected in your choice of effective clothes and colorful environment. It also affects your attitude toward your friends, who may consider your insistence on perfection as being somewhat highhanded, even when they secretly envy your courageous decisions. You are no conformist and are quite willing to pioneer, leading the way with a dashing new style in dress or entertainment if you feel so inclined. You should be equally original in the matter of perfumes. For you—the challenging, unidentifiable odor, the fragrance that piques the imagination, the new "discovery" that you do not confide even to your closest friend—and change with a diverting frequency.



D DAY AGAINST TB

For the price of one day of war, the nation could provide essential bed-rest care for every TB patient who is now an active case infecting others. ★ **BY J. C. FURNAS**

SOME damp and balmy morning this spring somebody, perhaps your next-door neighbor, will have a baby, a tiny human being that deserves all the breaks. Somewhere near by, at the same hour, a phlegmatic cow will have a calf. Newborn calves are prettier than newborn babies and by no means unimportant. Yet if you had to choose between breaks for the baby and breaks for the calf, you would assuredly say, "Give the baby the best of it."

That is precisely what we do not do. There are few worse breaks for living things than to come down with tuberculosis, the sneaking enemy that kills 60,000 Americans a year, incapacitates hundreds of thousands more, and may well increase its toll among us after the war, as usually happens after wars. Yet, on the best rough estimates available, the average American's chances of infection with tuberculosis during his lifetime are a hundred times greater than the average calf's.

Years ago the "bovine" form of tuberculosis was also a grave menace to cattle, and so to milk drinkers. Intelligent and consistent measures were taken, and now not one calf in every three hundred tested shows evidence of ever having had TB infection. There is no good reason why we should not do the same for human beings, why tuberculosis should not join parrot fever in the class of "rare" diseases.

The results of neglect are plainest when you look through the plate glass into the baby wards of a certain big tuberculosis sanatorium at a couple of dozen plump young citizens in three-cornered breeches. Though each was born of a tubercular mother who is a patient in the sanatorium, none has a trace of the disease—the place prides itself on the way it shields children born there. All are babies of whom their mothers would be proud, if they had ever seen them. But not a single baby here has ever felt mother's touch after birth. As soon as they are born they are whisked away, because their own mothers are their worst enemies. Not until after the years—or months, if lucky—necessary to prove the mother unlikely to infect others can she take her own child in her arms.

Tuberculosis experts studying the results of Selective Service physical examinations don't yet know whether to cheer or to groan. Even though modern detection methods are more accurate than in 1918, the proportion of draft-age men showing previously unsuspected tuberculosis is far lower than in World War I. That is the cheering angle. Public education, of the kind spearheaded by the National Tuberculosis Association, sanatorium care of infectious cases and local campaigns to find new cases have forced tuberculosis into important retreat.

But—here is the groaning angle—all that was accomplished by mere half measures. If the job had been done full blast, tuberculosis would already have been routed, not just forced to retire from its most advanced conquests.

Other ruthless diseases, such as infantile paralysis, are still baffling because science is not yet clear on how they spread and how to counter them. Science has still much to learn about TB too. As yet no specific drug, however hopeful it looked in the laboratory, has proved to do against the rod-shaped tuberculosis bacillus what penicillin does against gonorrhea or even what quinine does against malaria. Nobody knows for sure why some catch tuberculosis and some do not; precisely how guilty are the lacks of good food, sunshine and decent housing that go with poverty; just how important emotional strains are in the picture.

But science does know the germ well and is certain that, if all who are infected were treated under the best circumstances, very few new cases would ever appear. The aim of those prewar measures that proved so much, and could have proved so much more, was to get as many as possible "open"—meaning active and infectious—cases into a sanatorium where they would have the most chance of recovery and the least chance of passing on their disease to others.

Only some 100,000 out of a probable 300,000 such cases, however, are now thus handled at a given time. The rest are still out in the world carrying on—innocently in most cases—the work of infecting their wives, husbands, children, roommates. You can have TB badly enough to spread germs among your family in the necessary "massive" exposure without feeling anything worse than an annoying lassitude. By the time trouble is plain enough to send you to a doctor, you may well have already infected somebody near you. Checkups on families of newly discovered TB sufferers show twenty or twenty-five previously unsuspected cases among the intimates of every ten victims. That is how the great white killer works.

In the calves' case, sweepingly applied realism stamped out bovine tuberculosis. All over the nation, herds were tested with tuberculin, which shows whether infection was ever present. Animals reacting positively were shot. Since calves and cattle ceased at once to encounter any effective opportunity to meet the germs, they ceased to get the disease. It was as simple as that.

No civilized nation would ever contemplate shooting human beings for such a reason. But the medical lesson is plain. The broad highway to the practical eradication of tuberculosis has already been thoroughly mapped. It runs:

Educate the public in the necessity for taking sweeping measures.

Find all existing cases, first by examining the families of recent new cases, then by X-raying the whole community.

Supply enough sanatorium beds to give intensive care to all newly found cases needing it. Keep all such cases in sanatoriums as long as required to safeguard them against relapse after release.

Regularly follow up former sanatorium patients to make sure they do not drift into relapse dangerous to both them and their families.

The number of new active cases that a national dragnet would find might well go as high as 200,000. Not all would need sanatorium care, though it might benefit all—three months in a sanatorium for concentrated training in the new "way of life" indicated for TB would be worth while for even light cases. Well this side of perfectionism, however, experts agree that 60,000 additional sanatorium beds are definitely needed, concentrated in those states where TB facilities are almost wholly lacking or dismally inadequate. That number of beds would cost around $250,000,000 to set up—a lot of money, but the present war costs as much every day. The investment would be gilt-edged. TB now costs the nation $2,000,000,000 a year in lost wages, care of victims, relief for their families and other direct damage.

We never had enough beds anyway. A standard dismal feature of most prewar sanatoriums was a waiting list of TB victims who needed expert care and couldn't get it *(Continued on Page 153)*

Nocturne in Blue and Silver

Painted About 1880 by
James Abbott McNeill Whistler

Whistler spent his early years in St. Petersburg, Russia, where his father, a U. S. Army engineer, was supervising railroad construction. Returning to West Point at seventeen, he failed to qualify as an officer because of his poor marks in chemistry. Said, "If silicon had been a gas I might have been a major general," so he then spent two years in Paris studying painting, and finally settled in London, where his reputation as a wit was climaxed in his famous altercations with John Ruskin and Oscar Wilde. However, he was a romantic at heart, and was deeply moved by night scenes on the Thames—or on the lagoons of Venice, the subject of his Nocturne in Blue and Silver, which evokes the mystery of Venice in the evening, with the silent traffic of the gondolas and ships from far-off seas.

Reproduced through the courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

GARDEN THROUGH GLASS

By Richard Pratt

WINDOWS after the war will let a house hold the garden closer in its arms. The barrier between indoors and outdoors will be broken down by glass, and you will be able to sit in your living room and look right into the flowers. This will create a very happy and healthful condition: good for your spirits, your eyes, your body in general—and good for the garden, too, for anything so constantly in plain sight is going to get excellent attention. The gardener will make a special effort to keep her beds in bloom from spring to fall, and keep them attractive in winter as well; which will be easier than before, when you could be careless with a larger garden that wasn't right under your nose. For it is better that gardens against the house should be smaller, and be considered as an adjoining outdoor room, which is just what they will be. Here, for instance, is what I mean. The gravel garden floor is about twelve feet square. The beds are four to five feet wide around three sides. April and May are tulips—early, cottage and Darwin; June, July, August, September are annuals, set out from started plants after the tulip bulbs have been lifted and stored in a cool, dark, dry closet; October and November are chrysanthemums, as in the picture, which have been grown along in the vegetable garden, or anywhere, and set here on the verge of flowering. The varieties here happen to be the clear straw-colored Mrs. Pierre S. Dupont III; the vibrantly amber Northern Lights; and the rich red Nancy Copeland. But among chrysanthemums the choice is bewildering. The thing, in my opinion, is to keep the colors contrasting and separated—not to merge them, as is customary, into a chromatic muddle of autumn hues. The point of an April picture with such fall implications is that this is the time to order your plants, set them out in rows, and oversee them through the summer for very simple transplanting in October. The plants on the window ledge are peperomias, with a begonia in the close corner, and a ghost plant on the table—all thriving because of the glass which makes this a room with a view of a garden.

SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

If You Ask Me

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

After a battle, how does the Army check which men are dead or missing? I have known of some cases who were reported killed and later proved to be prisoners of war.

Each organization is required to submit what is known as a morning report to its regimental headquarters every morning. This morning report contains the roster of every man in the organization and accounts for him as of twelve o'clock midnight of each night. Any time after an action, or during an action, those who are wounded and those who are known to be killed are accounted for on this report, and those they know nothing about at all are reported as missing in action. In other words, they have to account for every man every day.

In answer to the second part of the question—such a report is due to an erroneous report which has been given for some individual. Under the stress of battle the mind does not react as acutely as otherwise. Some noncommissioned officer might report to the company commander that he saw So-and-So killed, and then subsequently the enemy government will report that that person is a prisoner of war. The officer undoubtedly saw someone killed, but the person who was killed was not the one reported. The following example was given. A chaplain made a report to the parents during the North African action that a certain boy was killed. The chaplain had seen him killed by a shell that completely blew the boy to bits and nothing remained. He wrote a splendid letter to the parents, and firmly believed he was right until the War Department received a report on the same boy, indicating that he was convalescing in a hospital. The chaplain was wrong in his identification, as there were two boys at the time the shell hit—one was blown to bits but the other was merely injured and the chaplain had the wrong name. However, such cases are most exceptional.

Are you a good cook? Can you bake a pie?

I am a very poor cook, and while I think that in a pinch I could bake a pie, I would hate to have to do it without some practice first. I rather like cooking, but my opportunities for doing it are few and far between.

Years ago I went to a cook whom I knew and took lessons for some time until I felt I was doing a fairly good job, but from that day to this I have had comparatively few opportunities to use what I learned; and cooking, I think, is a question of doing it pretty steadily to be really proficient.

What is the maximum length of time before a marine in combat in the South Pacific is granted a furlough?

There is no maximum time before a furlough is granted. Emergency furloughs can be granted by the commanding general, but these are given only under emergency conditions. Shipping space and operations do not allow many people to go back to the States. When marines are returned to the States after their tour of duty, they are given thirty days' leave plus travel time to their homes. The tour of duty depends entirely upon the number of replacements going to the Pacific, and they are returned as follows: 1—the men are returned first who are wounded, ill, and in need of extensive hospitalization in the States; 2—those who have been longest overseas.

Even though you are a grandmother, do you still feel responsible for the behavior of your children?

No. I feel that when one's children are grown they must assume responsibility for their own actions. The parents have done all they could by precept and example. They may suffer if they do not agree with their children, or they may recognize with pride if the children go beyond what they felt their own capacities might have led them to do, but I think all human beings have a right to assume their own responsibilities and make their own decisions, and we have no right, as elders, to interfere in their lives.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Do you see any dangers in our diminishing population? Do you think that the Planned Parenthood League has encouraged the middle class to have fewer children?

In the first place, our population is not diminishing, but still increasing. We have had 9,000,000 babies born in three war years, a net increase over deaths of more than 4,000,000. When our young men now overseas return home and are released from service, another upsurge in birth rate is predicted.

It is quite possible, however, that in twenty to thirty years our population will reach a static level. Long before we reach that point we shall have to decide whether that will be a desirable situation or not, and if not, what we should do about encouraging large families.

Because the desire to have a family is a basic instinct, I believe we will always have enough babies to replenish our population if we can provide the right economic and social climate. That means making it possible for every mother to have a family of reasonable size, with some assurance that each child can be born well, can grow up healthy, receive a good education and have an opportunity to lead a useful and productive life.

In every country where there has been large-scale industrialization and urbanization there has always been the parallel trend to smaller families. This has been more noticeable among middle-income families in cities who lack the means and living space to rear the same number of children their grandmothers did, living on farms on which there was an abundance of food and room to grow. On farms, too, child labor was needed.

The emphasis of the planned-parenthood movement, as far as I know, has never been on having fewer children, but on planning for the birth of every child so that it will be born when the mother is well and strong and the family able to provide for it adequately.

Do you approve of women smoking on the street?

I am old-fashioned enough not to like the looks of a woman smoking on the street, but I realize this is purely an old-fashioned prejudice.

Will the wives of soldiers in the Army of Occupation be allowed to join their husbands? If so, will traveling expenses be provided?

No decision has been reached as yet on this matter.

Have you developed any unconscious mannerisms about which your family has always joked, such as twisting your rings, tapping your teeth, pulling an earlobe, punching your chin, poking at your hair, rubbing your nose?

No. There is, however, one family habit. If we are working very hard on something requiring concentration, many of us quite unconsciously chew our tongues, but we cannot tease one another about it because we almost all do it.

Our boys didn't go into this war to help countries add to their boundaries. Must this be a war of conquest?

No. I do not think this is a war of conquest. Our boys went into this war to save their own country from invasion and because we were attacked by an enemy. They have done just that, and will continue to do just that.

At what age do you think a girl should be allowed to have dates with boys her own age?

I think children should naturally play with other children their own age of both sexes; and as they grow older, naturally, most of them will go skating or dancing or to the movies together. I think it is better if they can be kept in groups as long as possible, and I would hope that there would not be too much going off as individual couples before they were eighteen.

As a graduate registered nurse, I am wondering why only 300 of the 9000 Negro nurses in the country have been called to the Army, and none to the Navy, if nurses are needed so desperately. You have visited our fighting men overseas and I wonder if your contact with them has led you to believe that the American soldier really cares about the color of the hands that serve him.

I personally do not think there would be any objection on the part of the soldiers to being cared for by colored nurses, if the nurses were equally well trained.

In contacting the Red Cross I find that "the American Red Cross certifies to the Army every nurse who is qualified according to Army professional standards regardless of race. . . . In his testimony to the House Committee on Military Affairs on Friday, January 19, 1945, General Kirk stated that the Army is now taking every Negro nurse who applies and who meets the necessary physical and professional qualifications."

As to the Navy, I imagine they haven't needed to expand so much; but if the need should come, I feel sure that they will follow the same pattern as the Army has followed.

Lately war plants have been laying off a lot of women who have been working since the war began. Is this to make room for returning servicemen, or for the men who are trying to dodge the draft?

It may be that in certain localities women are being laid off in war plants. If so, the reason must be purely local, because the War Manpower Commission reports that there are more women in war industries now than at any other time since the war began. The proportion of women has increased until today it is at its highest level, which would indicate that there have been no serious layoffs.

There is so much work to be done at present that returning servicemen who are able to do the kind of work that is available will find no difficulty in getting jobs. I think it is rather unfair to think that there are many men who are trying to dodge the draft. I think probably there are some men who have remained in nonessential industries who are now changing over into war industries, but the need for them is so great they would not affect the employment of women.

CARTOON BY S/SGT. HARRY LAMPERT—REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Don't I know you from somewheres, babe? . . . The welding department of Tinkers Iron Works, maybe?"

Menu

Fruit Melange

Rice Ring Chicken Fricassee

Currant Jelly

Asparagus With Croutons

Rolls Olives

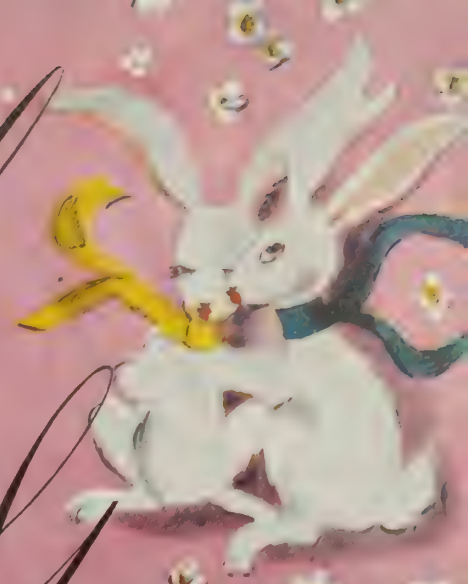
Spring Salad,
French Dressing

Meringue-Lemon Tart

Coffee



April on a Shree



BY ANN BATCHELDER

EVERYTHING points to it—if we can hold it. I mean it looks like spring. A few hardy spirits among the bird tenants are right now looking for apartments in the trees and considering the conveniences we have provided by way of birdhouses. There's one family of bluebirds that arrives early each year. First the female examines the outside of the house carefully and peers inside. Then she goes off to get her (alleged) husband. While she sits on the roof he, bold and courageous, goes within. Presently he comes out and then, after a conversation—I suppose criticizing the appointments and perhaps the lack of space—they both enter the house. Later, having decided to rent for the season, they start furnishing and move in, bag and baggage. It's exactly like the human hunt for flats that I, as an old cliff-dweller of many years' standing, have seen so many times. And participated in, too, if I must say so.

And look at the garden. Well, *look* at it. It's a sight. Where I'm going to find anyone to spend eight hours a day six days in the week in this place, I don't know. But that's what it has to have unless we give up and go back to the jungle.

However, the tulips and jonquils and daffodils are on the job. Poking up their heads to take a tentative look around; and the little wood hyacinths and the narcissuses are going to camouflage a good deal of winter's shameless shabbiness. At least until we can find a man. A man with a hoe. One with a rake and a wheelbarrow. We have the tools. But oh, how we need a man! And we want him before April goes too far and starts to really do her stuff. So—if anyone knows of one who understands the ways of weeds and the habits of growing things, of bees and birds and rocks and walls, tell him to come up. *(Advt.)* Hard work never hurt anybody. Tell him that. That's sure-fire—or so I'm told.

Easter eggs and rabbits. I am one who loves rabbits. I loved them so much last summer that they stayed right here morning, noon and night. They *did* have such a lovely time, the little darlings. They had birthday parties all the time, and I served all my golden bantam and my midget corn, yes sir, every single ear. The cobs we later found under the cherry trees in the orchard—where the garden lay. I served zinnias and sweet young dahlias, cucumbers and vitamin-laden tomatoes, and as for the peas—well! How they did enjoy everything. Did my heart good drat their hides. I expect them back come May. I feel they are lurking about right now. And squirrels. But why bring them up? Don't ask.

You'll want eggs. Easter eggs are another matter. You can eat an Easter egg, but it will never eat *you* out of house and home. And surely you'll be having ham and eggs on Easter Day. It's my idea that the fried egg goes best with ham, but here in this city try to find real "ham and eggs." Do you know what they do? They bring you a thing called "Country Style Ham and Eggs." It consists of a thin piece of quite indifferent ham, and splashed all over it are what started out to be two eggs, I guess. They are busted wide open in the frying and form a sort of pathetic, sickly-looking patina or film on the ham, the white part scarcely cooked and quite inclined to trail away like a bridal veil, the *(Continued on Page 148)*



Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Venus, Jupiter and Saturn rule the evening skies. But racing on wings of light, Mercury shares the morning hours with Mars, warlike but waning.

2 *Herb note:* What a little research will do for one. Get Rosetta E. Clarkson's Magic Gardens, and you'll learn such lovely lessons as you never learned before.

3 Never use the water you parboil sweetbreads in for anything under the sun. Throw it out. Let no one fool you. But grilled sweetbreads with lemon butter are grand. Be sure the sweetbreads are well done.

4 Use a can or two of mushroom soup for the sauce when it's chicken-and-mushroom-shortcake that's on your mind. Sautéed mushrooms too.

5 Frosting for cup or other cakes. Beaten egg whites—three, to be frank—a few grains of salt and a glass of raspberry jam. Beat—spread—eat—like it.

6 Ever beat your arm off making popovers? There's a foolproof mix for these, too, and *how* they pop!

7 *From an old cookbook:* Receipts for such things as Cow-Heel Soup, Rabbits Surprised, Spitted Wheat-Ears, Pigeons Transmogrified and Bombarded Veal. These receipts really exist—but I don't think you would want to try them.

8 *Answer to query:* Sauce verte means green. Nothing more. Mix two cups of mayonnaise with a few chopped scallions, two or three pounded anchovies, a tablespoon of parsley mashed to a pulp. Beat up with two teaspoons of tarragon vinegar. Serve on cold fish, shrimp, crab or green salad. Got it all down pat? Good for you.

9 *News item:* Herb and spice seasoned salt put up in bags. For soups, egg dishes, meats, vegetables, salads. Can't go wrong, but do go right. Meaning what? Don't overdo it.

10 *More news:* Orange bread made with whole oranges, put through the food chopper, pecans, raisins. Sliced very thin, it's about as delicious as anything you'll find hereabouts.

11 About that sauce verte. (Can't keep my mind in order, sometimes.) You might make a chicken aspic with plain gelatin, mold in it asparagus tips and seedless white grapes. It's superb, and a chance for sauce verte too.

12 The new maple sirup and sugar crop is in. I hear it's as usual—tops. Bear these in mind when apple pies, dumplings, frostings and frozen things are coming up.

13 Flaked shrimp in grapefruit is a surprise item for the girls. *Such* a nice thing for that bridge lunch, or for a first course Sunday night. Chill, and don't pull your punches.

14 Well, thinking along these lines, have I ever mentioned sardines spread with mustard mayonnaise, arranged on sliced tomatoes? If I have, don't shoot.

15 I had potatoes soufflé the other day—in a pretty high-hat restaurant. First time in a long line of years. I promise to tell you how the chef did them, after I do them myself. *Oh, boy!* I could eat a million!

16 *Department of Utter Despair, Farthest North Division:* A salad composed of raspberry gelatin and marshmallows. Set up to look like—guess what—*firecrackers*. Tie that, if you can.

17 If you use sliced hard-cooked eggs in a salad or as a garnish, don't they act mean and dry out and curl up? Marinate in French dressing and dust with paprika and beat them at their own game.

18 Here's a two-timer for you. Makes my work lighter, if you get the idea. Beat three eggs light. Add a cup of cottage cheese, a quarter cup of flour, a little salt and two tablespoons of butter or margarine.

19 Beat the whole thing like mad. Bake, as you do all griddlecakes, on a greased griddle. You'd better grease the griddle this time. Serve hot with jam, jelly or powdered sugar on top. Very good.

20 Just like Southern sunshine is a chicken, ham and corn pie. Use the cream-style canned corn. Otherwise the chicken-pie business goes as usual. And it's good business to me.

21 Faced with the beet situation, what can we do? Wash and bake some of the red rascals, until tender. Slice them thin—skinned, of course—and fill a buttered casserole. Pour over a cup of sour cream, well seasoned, and heat. Then add the juice of a lemon.

22 Yes, Emma, lobster thermidor can and probably should be sprinkled with fine cheese, buttered crumbs and shot under the broiler to bubble and brown. So glad you asked me.

23 Hominy cooked in milk, molded, chilled, sliced and fried in deep fat or in a frying pan to a golden brown is perfect with guinea chicken, or *any* chicken.

24 Entertaining the boys takes the strongest heart—sometimes. Make up a large batch of Welsh-rabbit sandwiches. Then fry in deep fat, or sauté them, and serve hot with olives and pickles. Do them in the waffle iron—but it's slower. Pretty, though.

25 Sandwich hint de luxe (whatever that means). Sweet melon pickle minced and mixed with mayonnaise in ham sandwiches on whole wheat. Whew!

26 When a Gallup poll is taken on cookies, the old-time filled cooky will come out first. I'll bet on it. Dates and raisins and Banbury mixture will win the race.

27 Bought myself some cardamon seeds at Christmas. Everybody ought to buy one present for her—him—self. Now for a chicken curry. With rice, coconut and chutney.

28 Squares of hot gingerbread spread with old-fashioned apple butter, covered with whipped cream sweetened and perfumed with ginger sirup, is a dessert beautiful. Garnish with preserved ginger.

29 Garnishes are always cropping up with a "why?" Chicken à la king looks and tastes better served with green-pepper rings sautéed in salad oil.

30 April showers make May something or other. But as far as *I'm* concerned, they are a pain in the neck. Someday I shall buy an umbrella, and a lot of good that will do me. But come on, April. I'm ready. Do your stuff.

THOUGHTS AHEAD OF TIME

Next month there's fishing
in Vermont.
How can I ever tell of sights
and sounds so far away—
Like a remembered bell?
Vermont, you still are there
and I
Am here, so let it be—
That I remember you and
believe
That you remember me.

DRAWING BY R. C. ATHERTON

GIRLS GOTTA EAT

. . . EVEN WHEN DADDY'S AWAY

For a cheerful meal, start with a soup that's festive. This soup is so particularly good because it's made with extra-special care. Tender, cultivated mushrooms are rushed from the hothouses to Campbell's Kitchens the very day they're picked, blended with sweet cream that's extra thick and rich—and transformed into this wonderful soup.

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



. . . SOMETIMES "WITH THE GIRLS"

Girls will talk, you know—and say only nice things about your thoughtfulness in choosing asparagus soup. For here is the very first vegetable of springtime—with the "buttered asparagus" taste that's sheer delight to most every appetite. Serve Campbell's Asparagus Soup with a gay salad and a nice dessert, and luncheon's sure to be a success.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP





. . MANY TIMES "ALL ALONE"

There's a true hominess about chicken soup as Campbell's make it, that lifts the meal "all by your lonesome" into a spot of real enjoyment. It's amazing that a dish so easy to fix, could taste so wonderful. It's because this soup has what fine chicken soup needs—a chicken broth that glistens with richness, fluffy rice and pieces of chicken galore.

Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





The woman who took Tuberculosis in her stride...

A victim of tuberculosis is not necessarily condemned to the life of an invalid, *if two things happen.*

First, the early discovery of the disease . . . and second, the calm and systematic carrying out of the doctor's program of recovery.

Tragically, thousands of people today are carrying early tuberculosis around without realizing it.

For it's not hard to ignore a slight pain in the chest, a constant tired feeling, or a persistent cough. And it's not until they discover their sputum is blood-streaked that many tuberculosis victims see their doctor.

Even then it may not be too late. At first, twenty-four-hour-a-day rest and quiet are essential—the kind of care best afforded by a sanatorium.

It may take a short or long time to build up the resistance the body needs to fight off the disease, and establish the patient on the road to recovery. And after discharge from the sanatorium the real job has just begun.

For it is then that the patient must depend on *herself* to practice the routine already established. She must be careful to have adequate sleep . . . proper diet . . . sensible recreation. She must avoid overexertion. In fact, these are wise precautions for *any* who fear tuberculosis.

Young adults, and teen-age boys and girls—especially the latter—are the most likely victims of active tuberculosis.

Parents should warn their families to be careful of chronic coughers who may be harboring the germs—many elderly people with "asthma" or "bronchitis" may have the disease.

And, since the surest way to find tuberculosis early is by routine examination, including X-ray, all of us, young or old, should be looked over regularly.

Precautions like these have contributed much to the decline of the tuberculosis death rate. Thirty years ago it was some 220 per hundred-thousand people. Today it is down to 40 per hundred-thousand.

That's largely because of two developments. First, modern methods for finding tuberculosis *early*. Second, adequate care for people *after* they have been discharged from the sanatorium—especially those who prematurely think themselves ready to resume an active, strenuous life.

To help you understand the importance of early tuberculosis recognition and its later rehabilitation, Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled "Tuberculosis." Write for a free copy of booklet 45J, today.

★ ★ ★

NURSES *are desperately needed for overseas duty and for our wounded veterans. If you are eligible, apply at once to the American Red Cross. Civilian men and women are urged to help replace nurses by service as hospital attendants or nurses' aides. For more information write to the National Nursing Council for War Service, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York.*

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THE WHITE DRESS

(Continued from Page 30)

Winnie put down her coffee cup. She stood up, firm and attractive and neat. She put her hand in her pocket and came to the bed and put a small handkerchief on the blanket cover. It was lacy and delicate and crumpled and stained heavily, apparently with a brown liquid which had dried. It had a large *J* in one corner. Winnie said, "That's blood. It was soaked with it. I don't know what she tried to do after she killed her. She must not have intended to; she must have tried to stop the bleeding."

"*Winnie!*"

"Sh-h. Marny, you've got to help me. Father's going to find out."

Judith and André. André and Judith. Cecily, dead, in the shadow of the bamboos. Marny stared at the crumpled, dried, stained handkerchief.

"I covered for her last night—yet I didn't say anything that wasn't true, Marny. Judith *is*—casual like that. I mean, her big bedroom is like a living room; everybody strays in and out and sits around and gossips and it was perfectly true—what I told the police, I mean. There wasn't anything unusual about André or anybody else going in there and smoking, and shouting through the dressing-room door at her while she dressed. Only father doesn't believe it."

"Winnie, what do you mean? What are you going to do with this?"

Winnie took a short, hard breath, stared at Marny and snatched up the handkerchief. "I'm going to burn it, of course."

"But that—Winnie, do you mean that Judith killed Cecily?"

Winnie's face took on a stubborn look. "No. At least she didn't mean to."

"Where did you get that handkerchief?"

The stubborn look deepened; there were hard, black pupils now in Winnie's blue eyes. She said obstinately, "I won't tell you."

"WINNIE ——" Marny sat up straighter in bed and pushed her hair back from her forehead with a desperate wish that she could brush away confusion and fog.

"If you think the police are going to get this, they're not. If you dare tell them, I'll say it isn't so. I'll tell them you made it up. I'll tell them you were jealous of Judith ——"

"Jealous of Judith!" Could Winnie have guessed about André? How could she have known? How could anyone ——

Winnie flashed with a kind of triumph, "Because of father. You've worked so closely with him. They'll believe you are in love with him and jealous of Judith. That's what I'll tell them."

"There is not a word of truth in that."

Winnie shoved the bloody handkerchie in her pocket; she sat down on the bed an gave in as suddenly as if the concrete wa had collapsed. "Oh, Marny, I know it! wouldn't really do anything like that. Bu I've been so worried and I couldn't slee and I don't know what to do. Becaus father won't stop. You know what he's like He never gives up. He thinks Judith an André were having an affair and he's goin to find out about Judith and Cecily just a sure as anything unless you stop him."

MARNY took a long breath. "Listen, Win nie, I can't do anything with him when h gets an idea in his head. And if Judith reall killed Cecily ——"

"I tell you it was—it was accident; Judit wouldn't hurt a fly. She'll be safe, if you' only keep father out of it till the thing blow over."

Suppose when Cecily came back she wen to Judith's room. Suppose she said th things she had said to Marny; suppose Judit followed her down to the bamboo hedge ("She must have tried to stop the bleeding," Winnie had said.)

Marny took a desperate hold on herself "Winnie, you've got to get things straight If Judith killed Cecily ——"

"It wouldn't bring the girl back to life would it, to tell them Judith did it?"

Winnie got up. She reached swiftly for th little, gay ash tray on the bed table. Ther were matches in it, a folder with Shado Island and palm trees outlined on the silve cover. Marny realized what Winnie wa about to do just as she struck a match; sh jumped up and Winnie caught her by th shoulder and forced her back against the be and lighted the handkerchief.

"Winnie ——"

"Stay there!"

"You've got to ——"

"Wait." The wispy handkerchief was i flames. Winnie's hand was hard and tight o Marny's shoulder; she wriggled away fron it and Winnie ran to the bathroom door snatching up the ash tray, holding it unde the flaming handkerchief so the small charred bits could fall into it.

"Winnie, you can't ——"

"Oh, can't I?" said Winnie and reache the bathroom door, banged it against Marn and clicked the bolt.

An airplane droned overhead. The roon seemed hot and humid. After a momen Marny went to the balcony door and opene

(Continued on Page 48)

Do you know that *while the war overseas was killing 121,363 Americans,* Cancer Killed 495,000?

ONE in every eight Americans today dies of cancer. There are right now an estimated 600,000 in this country who are suffering from this disease. They are Americans of all ages. For babies are born with cancer; last year 18,000 children under 14 died of it. Cancer is the Number I killer of women in the 35-to-55 age group. It is the Number II killer of American men.

Saddest of all the facts about cancer is the assurance that so many of these deaths are needless, wholly preventable. Without the discovery of a single new cancer fact, it is certain that 30 to 50 per cent of potential cancer victims could be saved, according to the medical authorities of the American Cancer Society. This means that through an adequate educational program, adequate detection clinics, equipment and training and periodical medical examinations, 4,000,000 to 6,500,000 of the 17,000,000 Americans who now are doomed to die of cancer might be spared.

The American Cancer Society, instigated by the Ladies' Home Journal's history-making article on cancer in May, 1913, and leading doctors and scientists of the nation, knows how to prevent these deaths. They have planned such a program and are ready to get it under way at once. It will, of course, take money. A minimum of $5,000,000 annually is needed. The society's fund campaign will be held in April, designated by an Act of Congress as "Cancer Control Month."

When members of your local committee ask you to contribute, will you keep these facts about cancer in mind?

—*The Editors.*



HER RING—a beautiful diamond flanked with smaller diamonds in a setting of platinum.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's *another* engaged girl with that adorable soft-smooth "Pond's look" about her lovely face. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel *gorgeously* clean—and *ever so soft.*"

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She *smooths* snowy white Pond's Cold Cream *completely* over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues *all* off.

Two—She *rinses* with *more* Pond's Cold Cream, swirling her white cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face *extra* clean, *extra* soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use *your* Pond's this *twice-over* way—every night, every morning—and for your in-between-time beauty clean-ups.



Her charming face has that engaging soft-smooth look. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.

Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U. S. N. R. was announced by her parents



GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with *both* hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own *big jar* of Pond's Cold Cream today! Yes—it's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



At the hospital she takes temperatures, carries trays!

She is a Nurse's Aide . . .

For the duration, Lola has volunteered as a Nurse's Aide, serving regularly at the hospital each week. "It's grand to feel I can do something so badly needed," she says.

Your local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Nurse's Aide work is one of the most important war services any woman or girl can do these days. Why not find out how *you* can help at *your* hospital?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Lady Kinross Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
Lady Louis Mountbatten

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN

your biqqest wash comes

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

. . Its New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds LIFT Out Dirt!

Make this test next washday! You'll really be proud when you see Oxydol get even your biggest wash *so clean* it comes white without bleaching! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they *lift* dirt out. Use Oxydol next washday and see all your white things, except of course for unusual stains, come white without bleaching.

Helps Save Clothes In Wartime! With Oxydol there's no need for hard rubbing or harsh bleaching, so clothes last longer in these wartimes. And Oxydol's so *safe*—safe for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands.



OXYDOL Washes WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

AVOID SOAP WASTE! Soap is made of vital materials, so soap waste is war waste. Make your Oxydol go farther!

(Continued from Page 46)

it. It was extraordinarily still outside, the water as flat as a gray, shiny plate.

Suppose Judith *had* shot Cecily!

Judith had known that there was a Cecily; she had admitted that. She had said, "André, what are you going to do?" As if they had—well, talked of Cecily.

And suppose the lacy scrap that Winnie had burned could have saved her, Marny, from a murder charge! Police, reporters, jury. The words haunted her. Yet she had still a sense of unreality and security; she hadn't murdered Cecily, so how could anybody actually believe that she had?

Winnie came out of the bathroom; she had washed the ash tray clean—even her hands smelled soapy. She put it down on the bed table.

Occasionally a spark of her father's determination showed in Winnie; allied with her mother's placidity, it had a certain power. With weary dismay Marny recognized it now. She had to extract whatever it was that was in Winnie's mind, and Winnie was not going to permit it to be extracted.

Winnie turned. "I'm sorry, Marny. I behaved rather badly. I know you are loyal to father and to Judith and you wouldn't give her away. But I was—well, frightened." She stopped again. Winnie was never adept with words. She bit her lips and said, "Please forgive me. I was upset. It's a horrible thing."

The thing to do was reason with her quietly, slowly, without appearing to exert any pressure. "I understand, Winnie. None of us is quite sensible and reasonable this morning. But why do you feel that Judith murdered Cecily?"

It wasn't going to succeed; Winnie's mouth became straight and firm. "I don't. She didn't. Or if she did it was sheer accident. But I won't admit, even to myself, that she—anything about it. I burned the handkerchief and that's the end of it."

"Where did you find the handkerchief?"

"I told you I wouldn't tell you."

"Winnie, suppose I do tell the police."

"You won't. I know you too well. I know I can count on you."

She knew, too, that the evidence no longer existed. Winnie was not Tim Wales' daughter for nothing.

Marny said slowly, "Suppose someone else is accused of murder; suppose someone else is arrested. What will you do then?"

There was a pause; Winnie's thick eyebrows drew together. Finally she said, although rather uncertainly, "Father and Judith come first."

"You mean you'd let someone else be tried and—perhaps convicted ——"

Winnie said, "Nobody else will be. They'll never find out who did it. If you can stop father."

"I can't do anything with Tim ——"

"Yes, you can. He'll keep after Judith. She's so—so careless; she may have left other things to be found; she might do anything. Father'll never give up till he gets at the truth. Unless you stop him."

"But how *can* I stop him, Winnie?"

"By telling him that André was in love with you," said Winnie.

XI

THE house was fully awake now; perhaps it had been for some time. Now that the balcony door was open, small sounds drifted upward and through it: the clatter of china, as if someone was having breakfast on the porch below; a distant voice; another airplane which, now, seemed very loud.

It didn't matter, of course, whatever Winnie had seen or guessed; everybody would know soon enough: it would be in the newspapers, broadcast for anybody to read who cared to read it. Marny shut her eyes for an instant. When she opened them Winnie had taken a cigarette from the box on the table and was lighting it. Belatedly she held the box toward Marny.

"Sorry. I *am* upset. Light?"

"No, thanks. *What do you mean, Winnie?*"

"You look very queer, Marny. Hadn't you better sit down?"

Beautifies any Room!

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Color and Charm for All Rooms and Accessories





• **FREE** Ask for this free full color catalogette showing dozens of designs and uses at your local Trimz dealer.



Ideal for painted or papered walls. Dozens of designs to match the color scheme of any room. They are all washable, sunfast. Inexpensive too, at 5 & 10, Dept., Paint & Hardware Stores.



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QUIZ !!!

4 solid citizens tell why they use NESCO porcelain-on-steel enameled ware.



Mrs. Bigfamily. We need ware that cooks quickly—conserves fuel—and is easy to wash. NESCO cleans like china with soap and water. Needs no abrasives. Saves time and money.



Mrs. Farmer. The NESCO utensils I bought years ago are still in use. The new improved NESCO with 3 coats of porcelain on steel should last for many, many years. It's real economy to buy NESCO.



Mrs. Bride. The sparkling white and black enameled utensils brighten my kitchen and NESCO has all the very latest advancements—electro-welded handles that can't break off, snug-fitting dome shaped covers, seamless construction.



Dr. Scalpel. Porcelain-on-steel is best in the home for the same reasons that it is used in operating rooms. It is sanitary. Its mirror smooth surface resists stains, odors, flavors, acids.

• The 5 great NESCO factories are making enormous quantities of munitions and small quantities of housewares. Not every dealer can obtain NESCO but you'll find it worth shopping for and waiting for.

National Enameling & Stamping Company, *world's largest manufacturers of housewares*, 288 N. 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

NESCO

porcelain-on-steel enameled ware

"No, I—yes." She sat down on the chaise longue and looked at Winnie, who was lighting her cigarette. And who put out the match and leaned against the table and said:

"Are you in love with him, Marny?"

In love with André? Blackmail and murder and Laideau's horrible hands. Nothing was coherent; everything was in words and phrases and flashing pictures. Marny pressed her hands into the arms of the chaise longue.

"I am not in love with André," she said. It seemed to her that her voice alone was betraying.

But Winnie said, "It was only that you really did look so very odd for a moment, Marny. Of course, I realize he was in New York only a week. But—he's so Latin, somehow." Some sound in the hall outside or somewhere in the house seemed to have caught her attention; she turned and listened sharply and said, "I'll go now. Only please do it, Marny. No one else need know; only father. And it will put him off Judith and things will have a chance to blow over."

If she says that again, I'll scream, thought Marny suddenly and rather horribly. The door closed firmly behind Winnie's blue dressing gown.

There was a faint smell of burned cloth floating like an ugly little ghost in the room, acid and disagreeable above the light fragrances of sachet and soap and perfume. She had to escape it; it was like a sudden, urgent claustrophobia.

So it was actually because of Winnie and her incredible request—that yet came ironically so near the truth—that Marny slid her feet into the small scarlet mules beside the bed, wrapped her white robe around her and went out onto the balcony. And André Durant was waiting.

She did not see him at first; he was sitting on the railing, down at the end of the balcony where it turned to follow the line of the house. The vines were thick and he was seated in their shadow, staring out at the bay. But waiting.

She knew that as soon as she saw him. It was in every line of his figure; she drew back, but he heard the creak of the door. He sprang up and came toward her.

He looked no different—there was only a curious blankness about his face. As if he had not put on his usual mask of charm. It was the look of a creature from another and unknown world: something alien, something walled and untouchable by its own choice and being. And something evil.

This was the André that Cecily must have seen.

HE SAID, "I was waiting for you." He touched the end of his cigarette against the balcony railing to shake off the ashes and went on softly, with matter-of-fact precision, as if he had said the same words many times: "I don't like scenes. Don't make one. Laideau thought you did not believe him, but he told you the truth." He made no attempt to evade her eyes; his look was remote, impersonal.

She said slowly, "Why did you lie to Cecily? Why did you tell her we wanted to marry? Why did you send her to me?"

She was sure he heard her, yet there was no flicker of response in that blank, handsome face. "Laideau will come to you today. Tell him the amount you are prepared to pay."

He was going to turn away. She said, "Did you kill Cecily?"

Again it was exactly as if he hadn't heard her. "Laideau will see to the details. It may take a few days for you to make the necessary arrangements. We understand that. Any securities you will have to sell yourself; if you wish to include jewelry, I imagine Laideau can dispose of it more profitably than you."

"I will give you nothing."

BUT he had turned and was walking away, gracefully, lightly, a man whose face and walk she knew and who was and always had been a stranger to her. He turned the corner of the balcony and disappeared.

And she thought suddenly, *Poor Cecily. Knowing him for what he was, yet unable to free herself from him. Poor tragic Cecily!* And how many other women? And how near she had come to being one of them!

Yet in one way, of course, she had not escaped. She turned back into her own room. The faint small odor of burned lace and cloth still haunted it as she dressed.

When she went downstairs Tim Wales was just outside the hall door, talking to reporters, who were apparently leaving. (MURDER ON SHADOW ISLAND: HOME OF TIM WALES: PROMINENT IN AVIATION CIRCLES. It was all in the papers that day.)

She stopped at the foot of the stairway; voices floated in through the open door. She had heard Tim deal with reporters many times; she knew he was employing his very best and most disarming tricks.

"—— of course we'd all think it was suicide, if they had found the gun. They may find it yet; one never knows."

"Do you believe it was suicide, Mr. Wales? Can we quote you about that?"

"Well, it's hard to say. As I told you, she was very young, not very well. She and her husband were separated temporarily; she may have had a fit of nerves, depression ——"

"She was shot in the back, wasn't she, Mr. Wales? At the morgue ——"

"Yes, yes, I know. You saw the body, did you? It's all a terrible shock to everybody. Yet—well, you know as well as I do what freakish things can happen with guns."

"According to the police statement, the gun was not found at all." This voice was rather gentle, but definitely skeptical.

Tim, of course, knew it too. He said in his most candid-sounding manner, "That's just the trouble, boys. Shot in the back, and apparently the gun gone completely. Of course, the place where the body was found is only a few feet from the water."

There wasn't any question of suicide; the police had settled that instantly and with a decision which left no room for doubt. Not that any doubt could actually exist or be conjured up even by Tim Wales' artfully-artless-sounding implications. Cecily was shot in the back and was dead and there was no gun and it was murder.

And blackmail. She held tight to the stair railing. The reporters were leaving. She could hear their footsteps on the gravel; one or two appeared to linger.

"We'd like a statement from Durant, you know, Mr. Wales."

"I know, I know. He'll give you one later, I'm sure. Just now he's not able to see anybody, believe me."

"Photographs ——"

Nothing is Lost

By Dorothy Ashby Pownall

The dark gray wings of loneliness and loss
Are folded now, as vibrant spring comes in
Pulsing with life, freeing the fettered brook,
Stirring to motion leaf and curling fern.
The sweet arbutus wakes within the wood,
And eager buds burst green on branch and vine.
The robin warms the blue eggs in her nest;
Shy creatures burrow in the throbbing earth.
So nothing dies; the ice of winter yields,
And spring is God, and hope within the heart.

Dear child, I find you are not lost at all
But close at hand, in wonders new and small.

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See what ScotTowels do for you

SAVE WASHING
Clean grease from broiler—no messy cloth to wash out afterwards . . . no sooty stains to rub and scrub



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Cut down laundering . . . save wear and tear on cloth dish-towels—strong, dependable ScotTowels dry pots and pans



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Clean, individual towels help keep infections from spreading throughout the entire family



SCOTTOWELS take the drudgery out of a dozen kitchen jobs for less than a penny a day.

These days, the supply is limited—because large quantities of Scott paper products go to war industries and our armed forces.

After Victory, there will be more ScotTowels. Meantime, if your dealer is out of stock today, please try again tomorrow. ScotTowels are worth waiting for!



Trademark "ScotTowels" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"All you want. Everything. Grounds, house—place where she was found."

"We'd like a shot of you and Mrs. Wales."

Marny could detect the icy edge in Tim's voice; his manner remained cordial and friendly and regretful. "Can't give you that. My wife's not up yet. It's been a shock to everybody—a suicide right here on the island."

"But it wasn't suicide, Mr. Wales," reminded the reporter gently.

"No, no, of course not. At least—well, poor child," said Tim. "Poor girl. I'll tell you what: as soon as we can pull ourselves together a bit, I'll let you come around and take all the pictures you want. How's that?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the other voice rather airily. "We've got lots of pictures of you, Mr. Wales. Every paper in the country has them—and of course Mrs. Wales and your daughter too."

There was a sharp, small silence. Then Tim laughed—very brightly, very shortly and very falsely. "Yes. Yes, I suppose so. Well, I'm sorry I can't give you any more information. It's a bad business, any way you look at it. But Manson is a great fellow; I have every confidence in the police. Thank you, boys—thank you."

Footsteps crunched away down the drive and Tim came into the hall, and saw her. He got out a handkerchief and wiped his face, and his whole fat body seemed to collapse; he sank down in a chair. All the small lines showed sharply in his face, and there were gray hollows around his eyes.

"Marny," he said, "what do you think of getting a good fellow to do a personal public-relations job for me? This is going to be bad for—for business."

Judith appeared quietly in the doorway to the drawing room. Apparently she had been standing just inside it, listening as frankly as Marny had listened. She wore white silk slacks and a white shirt, open deeply at the throat, and a green belt; her dark hair was, this morning, parted and hanging long over her shoulders, held back with combs from her temples so the features of her lovely face seemed to stand out in more marked relief and even greater beauty. Her dark eyes, her gardenia skin, her red lips all seemed accentuated and more beautiful. One hand was on the door casing. She looked at Tim steadily.

"Bad for business or bad for us?"

Tim shoved his handkerchief into his pocket. "Both."

"You said a personal public-relations job."

"Did I?"

"What exactly do you mean, Tim? I heard you with the reporters. You weren't too good. Your efforts hinting at suicide were a little obvious. She couldn't have shot herself. She was murdered. Everybody knows it."

TIM bounced up suddenly, his eyes little and sharp and bright. "Where were you? This morning, I mean. Why wouldn't you let me talk to you last night? Your light burned all night. You wouldn't answer when I knocked. Judith, we've got to talk about this."

"What do we have to talk about? You made your feelings about me altogether too clear last night."

"Judith ——" He took her arm, but she moved away.

"If you wanted to ask me whether or not I murdered Cecily Durant because I was jealous of her, I didn't."

"Judith, I didn't mean that."

"And I don't know who killed her. Except it wasn't André."

"How could you have been so stupid, Judith? If you had to give him an alibi, did it have to be like that? Nobody can keep it out of the papers."

Judith glanced past him. "Good morning, Marny. Don't mind our little conjugal pleasantries. Tim suspects me of murder, you know."

It was bold, forthright—and daring. Exactly like Judith, whether or not she had actually killed Cecily. (Trying to stop the bleeding with the small, bloodstained handkerchief! But she hadn't. Not Judith. Not anybody Marny knew! Yet Cecily Durant was murdered.) She said:

"Hello, Judith. . . . Tim, I want to see the police officer—Captain Manson. Is he here?"

Tim whirled around. "What in the world do you want to see him about, Marny? You told your story last night. Don't add to it. Keep your mouth shut."

Bill Cameron came briskly, as if at a cue, from the dining-room door. Had he, too, been quietly and yet frankly listening? "Hello," he said as coolly as if it were any day—not the day after a murder. Somehow he had got hold of a change of clothing; he was dressed again in a gray uniform and looked fresh and alert. He came quickly to Marny and put his hand on her own, still clasped tightly upon the railing. "Have you had breakfast?"

HIS hand was warm and strong and—safe; it was a singular word to use, but it flashed across her mind. She said, "Yes, thanks."

"I heard you inquiring for Manson. He was here a while ago, wasn't he, Mr. Wales?"

Tim's eyes were hunted. "I don't know. Some police were here earlier—going over the grounds, questioning the servants. I haven't seen Manson."

"Do you want to look for him, Marny?" asked Bill Cameron pleasantly, and drew her — rather firmly — toward the front door. In silence Judith and Tim watched them go.

The screened door closed behind them. The sun was still hidden, but everything somehow was very clear; it was an eerie, unnatural clearness of light that seemed to bring every leaf in the hedge into sharper focus.

There was something queer and rather oppressive in the air, something too quiet. The water around the island looked very flat and slick; the sky line of Miami was hazy. Yet the sky was in no sense stormy-looking or overcast; it was merely intensely still.

They walked around the corner of the house toward the balcony stairway with its view of bay and green lawn. A motorboat went past, curving near the island, slowing up as it passed within a few feet of the sea wall.

Marny was suddenly aware of people in the boat staring—at the house, at herself in her plain white linen dress with its red belt and the red ribbon around her hair. She drew back involuntarily, understanding the reason for their curiosity.

Bill Cameron knew it; he said shortly, "There's been a steady stream of boats passing the place. . . . Why do you want to see Manson?"

"I want to tell him ——"

He interrupted: "That's what I thought. What's happened? Or have you only come to your senses overnight?" He turned to look at her and suddenly and unexpectedly he grinned. His gray-blue eyes lighted up; his whole face seemed younger, friendly and warm. "I wondered when you would."

Had she come to her senses! She wondered if André were watching from behind one of the windows of the rambling white house—or Laideau, with his great shoulders and little ugly eyes. She said with something like a shiver, "Yes. But not the way you think."

The smile vanished. "Something has happened. You'd better tell me. No, wait." His gaze went upward over her shoulder and became very slightly fixed, then moved on coolly and came back to her. He said without a change of expression but in a very low voice, "Somebody is on the balcony. Listen-

(Continued on Page 52)

SAYINGS OF ANON

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

Remember that mud thrown is ground lost!

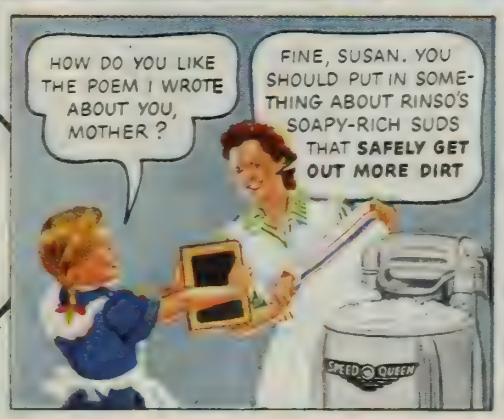
Women like a strong and silent man: they think he's listening. —In THE WOMAN.





Susan Gale Schmedes is eight years old. She's in the third grade in the Central School of Mamaroneck. We asked Susan what she loves best, and she said, "Drawing, skating and ballet dancing."

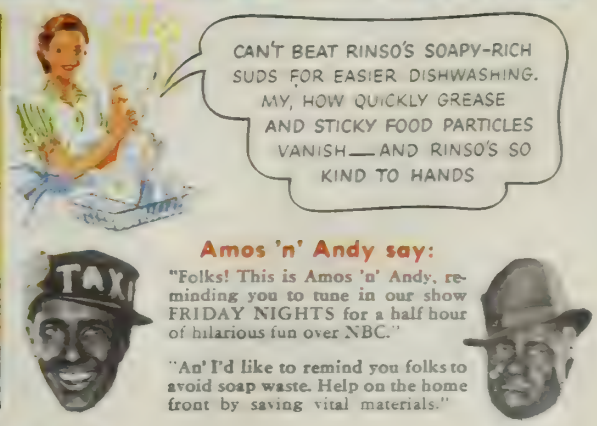
Mother whistles with de-light 'cause clothes come out so gay and bright!











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Backstage at the Ballet

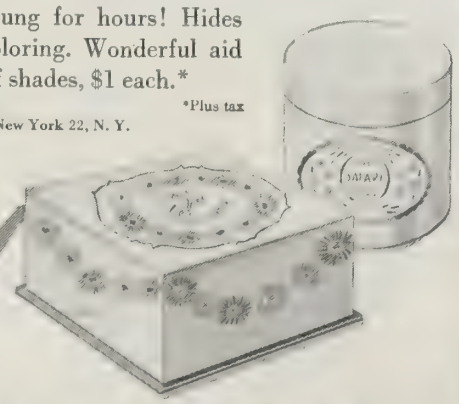


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Tussy

FOR THAT YOUNG, YOUNG LOOK

(Continued from Page 50)

ing, I should imagine. I'm going to find out who it is. Stay here."

XII

THE stairway was only a few feet away. He reached it in a swift step or two. The vines were thickest along the end opposite the stairway—where André had sat and waited for her an hour or so ago.

She moved a little away from the porch to get a wider view of the balcony and still could see no one. There was no flicker of a motion anywhere, no door opened and closed; no shadow moved stealthily out of sight. Bill Cameron had reached the balcony and was running with incredible lightness along it toward the corner which followed the corner of the house. His black head and gray uniform disappeared.

It was perfectly still.

Bill Cameron did not return; nobody came; nothing moved. The house was always confusing to her; its rambling, half-modern, half-Spanish architecture produced unexpected corners and halls—any number of ways into and out of it, she thought suddenly and sharply. Anyone could have walked through her own room—or through any room along the balcony, there behind the vines. Listening.

She didn't like the stillness and the quiet. She didn't like the empty look of a house which was not empty.

All at once, strangely, she felt exposed; as if eyes were watching her, as if the lush walls of green shrubbery might conceal something that waited for her. As André and Laideau waited!

She took a step toward the house and Bill Cameron came around the corner of the balcony again, walking along coolly, without looking down at her, his face expressionless.

WISDOM

No woman need envy the Sphinx her wisdom if she has learned the uses of silence and never asks a favor of a hungry man.

—MYRTLE REED: The Spinster Book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

He reached her and she could read nothing in his face or attitude. He spoke, however, very low: "I don't know who it was. But there was somebody. There are a lot of French doors on the other side of the balcony and a couple of stairways, one going up to another small balcony on a different level—and nobody there; the other going straight down to the back entrance, and nothing there but a trash burner. I know I saw somebody move back of those vines and I think I heard footsteps—running. There was somebody, in the house, interested in our conversation, who didn't want to be seen." He opened his hand and showed her, briefly, the end of a cigarette. "It was still burning. It was on the balcony, just at the corner. There's no lipstick on it. And I suppose the house is full of cigarettes of this brand. It could have been anybody from Tim Wales on down. It only proves somebody was there. And somebody who wanted very much to hear what we were saying. Yet, in a house where there's been a murder, that's not exactly incriminating either. I listened to Tim and the reporters, and Judith, and all of you from the dining room, this morning, with no compunction whatever and with the greatest interest. And I didn't shoot Cecily Durant."

Bill Cameron shoved the cigarette end in his pocket. He had pinched out the light, probably, when he picked it up. Why was he going to keep it? He said, "Well, we'll walk a bit away from the house. Don't talk now." But he talked himself, making conversation. "The early newspapers are here, full of the police reports of the murder and Tim Wales' biography! The reporters have been here."

"Yes, I saw them leaving."

"The radio has it that a hurricane is winding up somewhere in the Caribbean. It

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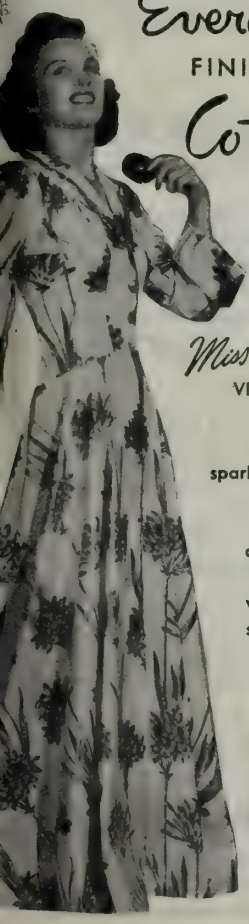


CUTEX

OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

ll probably pass us by. They haven't told
ople to put up shutters yet. I understand
at is standard procedure when the storm
nter reaches a certain point ——"
"You see, I've got to tell Manson ——"
"Of course we are right in the middle of
e hurricane season. Have you seen the
nis court? . . . No, don't talk; too many
ubs, too near. . . . It's this way."
They reached the flat white surface of the
nis court; the high fence around it, laden
th thick-growing vines, was like a wall.
e sky above looked light and thick, some-
w, and very still.
"Now then," said Bill Cameron. "You're
ng to tell the police about Cecily's visit
you."
"Yes."
"Why? Have you decided that I took
vantage of your shock and confusion to
erwill your better instincts, and thus
ligate you to me in a business way?"
"You—I didn't say that."
"But you thought it? I see. I was afraid
t the brilliant, brainy young execu-
e, suspicious and a little hard, would
ntually arouse in you." He laughed
rtly. "Frankly, I liked you better last
ht."
"Bill," she said, "Laideau is trying to
ckmail me. Laideau and—and André."
"André!"
She suddenly could not answer, but could
y look wretchedly, miserably into his
es which were all at once as gray and cold
the sea. He took her hands, hard.
"André knew that Cecily came to you?"
"I told him. Last night. To—to warn
n ——"
"Marny ——" He checked himself and
nced swiftly around them. "You'd better
l me all about it. Quick!"
"But I ——"
"But you don't trust me? Is that it?"
paused for a moment and then said
yly, "You haven't given me a chance to
k to you. You've fought me every time
u've seen me. Last night I got a glimpse
of the girl you might have been if you hadn't been so hell-bent to be ——"
"To be what?"
"To be somebody else," said Bill Cameron. "All right. That's your choice. I'm here on business. I really was sent by Winston Churchill and—well, some other people. It's not a long story. I was wounded, convalesced in England. Aviation is my job; always has been. I knew some fellows there; I know some in America. I'm not going on at length about it—not now. But everybody knows Tim Wales' reputation for going it alone. I think—we all think—we've got to work together. I want to persuade Tim Wales to string along with everybody else. He's so important that he's needed. I want you to help persuade him. That's my business here. But—I'm not trying to get you in my clutches. I think you're by way of being a fool about—well, about a lot of things. But that's not the point. Now then: what exactly did Laideau tell you? Hurry!"
She remembered every word; she would always remember it. "Laideau came in," she began. "André sent him. And I saw André this morning and it's true."
It took actually only a moment or two. Bill Cameron stared out over the water and listened; it was queer how his tall, solid body seemed to stiffen and harden as she talked, yet there was no change in his face.
A flight of Army airplanes, six of them in a V, droned above through the still sky and disappeared toward the ocean.
She finished and for a moment Bill Cameron said nothing. He took out a cigarette and lighted it and looked away toward the bay, smoking.
Finally he said, "You believed Laideau last night? Before André backed him up?"
"Yes."
"Didn't have any doubt about it?"
She took a long breath. "No."
He put his cigarette to his mouth, eyes narrow, still looking out toward the bay. "You didn't believe Cecily, you know. You still had—faith, I suppose, in him."

Radiant IN Everglaze* FINISHED Cottons



Miss America
VENUS RAMEY

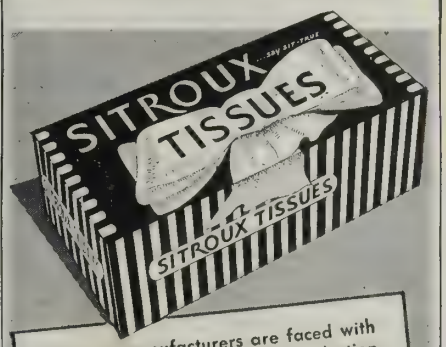
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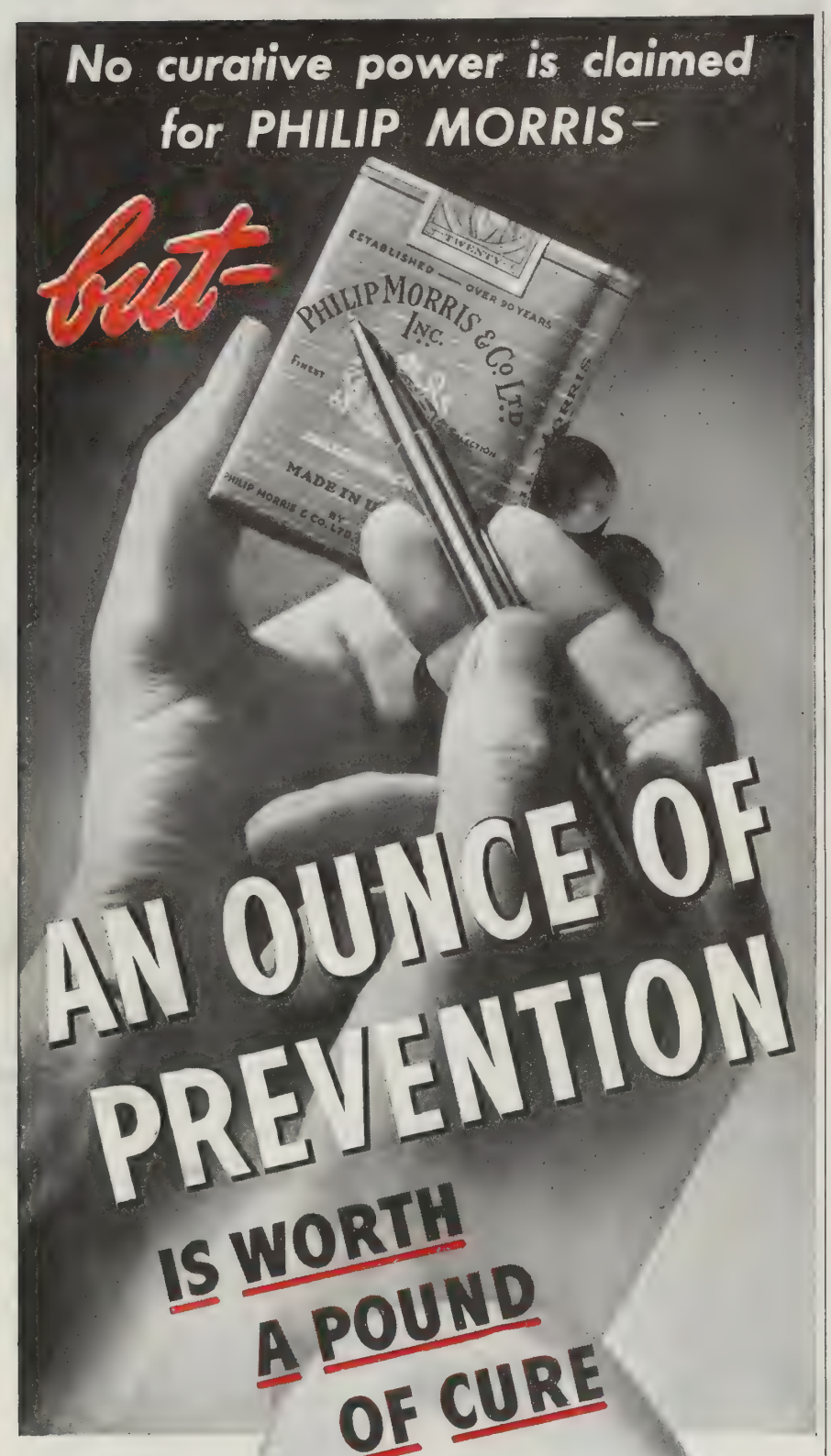
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She said unexpectedly, "I ought to have helped Cecily."

He glanced at her then quickly. "Don't say that or think it. You couldn't have done anything for her. She was lost, poor child, from the instant he walked into her life. She knew he was a heel and a—she knew all about him. But she hadn't the strength or the will to get away from him. Whatever he was, she wanted him. It happens sometimes. There've been other Andrés in the world. And men know what to do about them. But women, even women with what passes for intelligence and sensibility and —— Let's get down to brass tacks." He took her hands so hard that it hurt. "Was André planning to get rid of Cecily in order to marry you?"

"No."

"Exactly how far had this affair with him gone?"

"It hadn't—what right have you ——"

"Answer me."

"It was—silly. There wasn't—anything."

"You're not lying to me?"

"No. No. It was—I'm not proud of it."

"Kisses in the moonlight? That kind of thing?"

She could feel her face growing hot. "Once. Last night. When we came in from swimming. After you left. It didn't mean anything."

"Did anyone see you?"

"No. We were beside the hibiscus."

He searched her eyes deeply. Then quite suddenly he let her hands drop. "All right. Can you prove that to the police?"

"No."

"You didn't write André any—well, letters?"

"*No.*"

"And you've decided to tell the police about Cecily coming to you with the gun ——"

"Yes."

HE SAID unexpectedly, "Good girl. André and Laideau are almost certain to have a police record somewhere. I think André did it; or Laideau. And I think the police think so. As long as they suspect André, I believe you are safe. And of course your best defense is police proof, jury proof that somebody else shot Cecily, and who it was." He lighted another cigarette. "There were not many people on the island. Judith—Wales himself. Winnie. Laideau and André. Somebody might have followed Cecily here, of course, and killed her. But I don't think she had either friends or enemies—except André and Laideau. Suppose her existence threatened one or the other of them. Laideau appears to be the muscle man for André's pretty little schemes. Suppose he killed the girl because André wanted to get rid of her and Cecily wouldn't give him up?"

"André has an alibi."

"So has Judith," said Bill Cameron.

And Judith had the wit and the instantaneous daring and decision to claim it. *Or to invent it, in a way that was extraordinarily convincing!* "Why," the police would say, "would this woman tell such a story unless it is true?" If she were lying she'd tell a story less likely to be made capital of by gossip and newspapers. There were a dozen other stories she could have invented. But the one she told was convincing. Cleverly convincing? Or honestly convincing?

There was the handkerchief.

Again Marny was caught by a swift debate in her own mind. Could anyone she knew have done murder? And again it had the same conclusion. Certainly not Judith. There must be another explanation for the handkerchief. When she succeeded in getting the whole story from Winnie, she would see the loopholes as Winnie, frightened, had not. She told herself that.

And Bill Cameron said abruptly, "You like Judith. And I don't know her. But André is—André. I don't think Laideau and André would have taken such a dangerous method of getting rid of Cecily unless, for some reason, it was urgent. . . . Look here, Marny. Did Cecily call you by name?"

"Why, I—no, I don't think so. I can't remember."

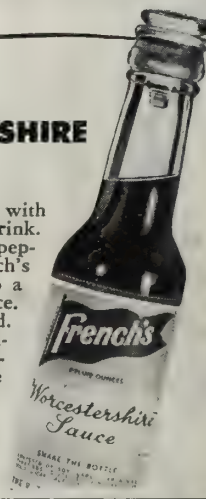
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WOW YOUR FRIENDS with this zippy, zesty drink. Add a little salt and pepper and a tsp. of French's Worcestershire to a glass of tomato juice. Mix well—serve cold. The blend of fine ingredients in this famous Worcestershire Sauce gives a rich *new* flavor!

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Write for folder and sample swatch

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO., LATROBE, PA.

"You'd remember. Did she know Judith? By sight, I mean, to recognize her?"

"I don't know."

"Has it occurred to you that when Cecily came to you, she might have thought you were Judith?"

"*Judith!*"

He looked at her queerly. "I guess you're bright in business. You're not very bright about yourself."

"But Cecily said André had talked to her. She said she'd seen him ——"

"André says he didn't see her at all. He told the police that last night. I don't imagine André's word amounts to anything, but Judith's story supports it. It gave André an alibi and it gave Judith an alibi, and she's a very attractive woman. Now don't get your back up like a mad kitten; I'm only reasoning. And somebody killed that girl."

"Not Judith!" cried Marny.

And Bill Cameron said all at once, very quietly, "Here is Captain Manson."

She whirled around. The detective and two policemen were walking across the court toward them.

Captain Manson said, "Good morning, Miss Sanderson—commander."

Marny opened her lips and no sound came out. Bill Cameron was right, she thought despairingly; she had no sense at all about people. She ought to have snatched that handkerchief from Winnie; she ought to have it now as evidence to give the police. It didn't matter whether or not she believed Judith could have killed Cecily. Nothing ought to matter when it was murder except your own safety. They'd never believe it without the handkerchief; and Winnie would deny it. Even Bill Cameron would not believe it. "Police proof, jury proof," he had said, and she had only a tale of a handkerchief that no longer existed.

SHARING

Nothing is happiness which is not shared by at least one other, and nothing is truly sorrow unless it is borne absolutely alone.

MYRTLE REED: The Spinster Book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Captain Manson said, "Is it true, Miss Sanderson, that Cecily Durant came to see you last night, just before you claim to have found her murdered, and told you she would kill you rather than let you take her husband?"

Bill Cameron did not move, did not speak, offered in no way to shield or to help.

"Yes," whispered Marny with stiff lips. And suddenly a very disheveled Charlie Ingram shot out from the entrance into the tennis court, his face red, his eyes popping, his monocle dancing on the end of its ribbon.

"I say—I say—I say, captain," he shouted. "Chap on the telephone says he saw it. Young ensign—was in an airplane over the island—saw the girl murdered. Come on. He wants to talk to you. Says a woman in a white dress did it."

XIII

THE young ensign's story was perfectly simple and straightforward—too simple, as a matter of fact, and too straightforward. As Tim Wales said, later, he saw too much and too little. But it sounded true.

He came at once, summoned peremptorily by Captain Manson and escorted by two policemen in a squad car. Captain Manson made no bones about letting them listen to the whole story; but then, Charlie Ingram already knew it.

"Says he saw it," cried Charlie.

"Maybe he did," said Tim dryly. "Maybe he didn't." But he was nervous, smoking rapidly, listening for the police car.

Judith was there, too, and Winnie, whose eyes sought Marny's with a look that was pleading, questioning and demanding all at once.

"Says it was a woman in a white dress," said Charlie, and then gave a rather panic-stricken look at Marny.

Coin Trick



When sending small coins thru the mails
For samples, books and such,
Use Texcel Tape to hold them fast—
It sticks with just a touch.

(Texcel holds and holds—
the "stick-um's" bonded-on!)



And if a crack or slit appears
Upon a window shade,
Use Texcel Tape - it's hard to spot
Just where the mend was made.

(Texcel mends securely—
the "stick-um's" bonded-on!)

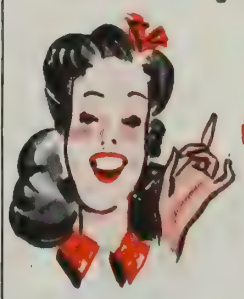


In mending pages torn in books,
For tears in money, too,
You'll find that Texcel Tape makes things
Look crisp and neat as new.

(Texcel means no gummy edges—
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Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
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It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.





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Is being used for war.
Buy Bonds and Stamps 'til Victory
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Texcel Tape

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CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Made by Industrial Tape Corporation
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New Brunswick, N.J.



Probably everyone was thinking what was all too obviously in Charlie's mind. Judith had worn black the night before; Winnie had worn blue; Marny had worn white.

And who had told Manson the true story of Marny's meeting with Cecily?

They did not question her then; there was no chance to talk to Captain Manson alone. And with a spattering of gravel the police car arrived and the young ensign appeared, saluted snappily when he saw Bill Cameron, gave Judith a definitely admiring look and told his story.

His name was Burke Harcourt; he had been on a practice flight over the island the night before, just at dusk; it was, however, still light enough to see the layout of the grounds very clearly. He had flown rather low, idly noting the tennis court and the pool. Nobody had been in the pool or, in fact, anywhere about the house, but down by the pier, just on the east side of the bamboo hedge, there had been two women and they were struggling.

"Struggling?" said Captain Manson.

"Well"—Ensign Harcourt hesitated uncomfortably—"it looked like that, sir. Maybe they were—well, a little tight, you know. And one of them fell down."

"Fell down! What do you mean exactly?"

But Ensign Harcourt didn't know. "You go awfully fast in a plane, you know, sir. I just saw that and wouldn't have seen it at all if I hadn't been flying pretty low. I took my ship on in and didn't think anything more about it till I saw the papers this morning. Then I realized that this must be Shadow Island and I asked my superior officer and he said I'd better let you know."

"You say you *saw* one of the women fall?"

The boy turned rather whiter and looked steadily at Captain Manson. "Yes, sir. But I didn't see the flash of a gun. I didn't see anything. Except one of the women was smaller than the other, I thought. The—the one that fell down."

Cecily, of course, was smaller than any of the three women; Judith was markedly tall, Winnie as tall as her father, Marny a good four inches taller than Cecily.

Captain Manson said, "Was there anything else that caught your attention?"

"No. That is, somebody was out in a rowboat—fishing, I guess."

"Where exactly?"

"Off toward Miami Beach. Around that green point that looks as if there were Australian pines on it."

Australian pines or casuarina trees.

Captain Manson said, "Who was rowin the boat? A man or a woman?"

"A man. Looked rather big. He wa alone. I don't think he could have seen th women at the pier. The trees were betwee them."

"What time was this?"

"Well, that—well, you see, sir, usually w check in right away and I could tell you a most to the minute. But last night, as landed, I noticed a wobble in the tail; stopped and talked about it awhile with mechanic and we looked at the thing. B the time I checked in, it was ten after eight.

"What is your impression of the tim when you must have flown over Shado Island, then?"

"Well, it must have been between seven thirty and eight. It was still light enough t see what I—what I told you about. Only don't think she was shot then; I think I have seen that and I think I'd have seen th gun flash. I'm not sure, of course. Is tha all, sir? I have a class."

"You say the taller woman was wearin white?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'm sure of that. Showe up clearly. It's what caught my eye."

"Very well. . . . Will you stand up, please Mrs. Wales, Miss Sanderson, Miss Wales? . . Thank you. . . . Now then, Mr. Har court"—he cleared his throat—"was eithe of the women you saw one of these ladies I'm sorry to have to do this, but remembe that your testimony may clear innocen people."

It was rather horrible standing there lik prisoners, waiting while the boy's embar rassed yet very keen eyes went from Marn to Judith (black head up, graceful body erec and, somehow, defiant, luminous dark eye meeting the young ensign's boldly) and ther to Winnie, who looked frightened as Judith did not. She glanced at Judith and at her father and would not meet the ensign's eyes

The young ensign shook his head. "I didn't see either woman clearly enough to identify her."

Judith sat down and lighted a cigarette and crossed her knees. Winnie remained standing. Tim got out his handkerchief and wiped his face and dropped one cigarette and lighted another.

Charlie Ingram said audibly, "Dear me, dear me. No other women on the island."

"Somebody could have come. Somebody could have come by boat. There are a hundred ways. Some woman interested in André ——" began Tim.

(Continued on Page 58)

★ ★

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET!

Victory is in sight, but these Maine folks bring it nearer with every stroke of ax and bucksaw: pulpwood for paper is one of the war's vital needs. (That's why your JOURNAL's hard to get.)





Working as a team, Lincoln and Katharine Black and son Lewis cut 150 cords of pulpwood from their 255-acre Waldo County, Maine, farm this winter. "I can help relieve a war shortage," said Katharine.

Truxton Coombs, blinded by dynamite eleven years ago, cuts three rough cords of pulpwood a day, with his partner, in Hancock County, Maine. The partner fells and limbs the trees, Truxton uses measuring stick and bow saw to feel his way around the felled trees.

"THE MEAT OF MANY USES"

That's what Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist, calls Swift's Premium Bacon. Its sweet smoke taste works magic in extender dishes—just two or three slices give zip to spaghetti, rice, baked limas. It's grand in lunch-box sandwiches. And here are other ways Miss Logan uses it.



FOR SUBSTANTIAL BREAKFASTS. The fine energy value of Swift's Premium Bacon gives you "ammunition" for a morning of hard work. Specially delicious with French Toast, or fried mush, and jam.



FOR THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH. Vegetables topped with Swift's Premium Bacon get eaten double-quick. A good, nourishing lunch: green beans and carrots with bacon; baked potato; milk; custard.



FOR THRIFTY DINNERS. Wash 1 lb. dried lima beans and soak overnight in cold water to cover. Drain; add 3 cups fresh water and 1 tbsp. salt; simmer gently until soft (about ½ hr.). Then add ½ cup chili sauce, ¼ cup chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. minced onion. Pour into a casserole, or individual baking dishes, top with Swift's Premium Bacon, and bake in a mod. hot oven (425°F.) until bacon is cooked (about 25 minutes), turning once. (Serves 4)

*And some Swift's Premium Bacon, Mr. Storekeeper. It's my family's favorite**



THE BACON WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE

*America's favorite, too! In a nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium got over twice as many votes as the second-best brand.

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New neighbor saves labor!



1 On Monday a newlywed couple named Warner
Had moved in the little white house on the corner.



2 A day or so later the neighbors who called
Were startled to find them completely installed.



3 "But how did you *do* it?" a visitor said,
"Why, cleaning the windows alone leaves me dead!"



4 "You ought to use WINDEX!" their hostess opined,
"Just spray and then wipe and your windows are shined!"



5 The economy angle she then did explain—
That WINDEX costs less than a penny per pane!



6 And if it's the 20-ounce size that you get,
The tariff per window is thriftier yet!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window pane. Don't trust cheap substitutes.

For Economy, Buy the Big 20-ounce Size



Copr. 1945, The Drackett Co.

(Continued from Page 56)

Captain Manson said to the boy, "Thank you. We can reach you later, if necessary. I'll have to ask you to let the police car take you to the morgue in order to see if you can identify Mrs. Durant as one of the women."

The boy turned still whiter and seemed about to expostulate, and then made a short little bow in the direction of Judith, saluted Bill Cameron again, and went away with the policemen who had brought him.

Manson said, "Did any of you have an interview of any kind with Cecily Durant near the pier at about that time last night?"

Judith said "No," clearly and as if it did not concern her in the slightest degree. Winnie said "No," too; Marny opened her lips to speak and Captain Manson said:

"I want to talk to you alone presently, Miss Sanderson. Now then—I saw the dresses you ladies were wearing last night. I'd like to know if any of you changed between, say, seven-thirty and eight."

Again Judith spoke clearly and promptly. "I've told you. I took off a short white dress and put on a long black chiffon."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wales."

Winnie said, "I changed too. We all changed. I put on a blue dress, the one I was wearing when the murder—when you came."

"Miss Sanderson, I believe, was wearing white," said Captain Manson. "Now then, if you don't mind, I'd like to look in your wardrobes—dressing rooms, wherever you keep your dresses. Will you show me, Miss Wales?"

They disappeared up the stairway together, Winnie going ahead.

Bill Cameron said, "This doesn't really count as evidence. It is too vague. Harcourt doesn't know the exact time; he didn't see a gun flash or even get the idea that there was a gun."

Judith said, "It may not count as evidence, but I think he saw something."

"Too much and too little," snapped Tim then, and got up nervously and tramped through the drawing room to the porch.

And Charlie Ingram said rather plaintively, "I say, Judith, where's this fellow Durant? Did they arrest him? I really think he did it, you know. Who else?"

Judith said coldly, "Listen, Charlie. He couldn't have murdered her. He sat there and smoked and talked. I was dressing. I couldn't see him, but I could hear him."

"Now, now, Judith, don't get worked up about it. I—see here, you know, my dear, no matter what you think of the fellow, he's not worth your going to such lengths to protect him. André Durant," said Charlie so earnestly that his monocle fell out and he snatched it up and replaced it, "André Durant is a rat. Knew it the first minute I saw him. And that fellow Laideau is a thug and a cutthroat if ever I saw one!"

Unexpectedly, a little smile touched Judith's heavily painted mouth. She said as unexpectedly, "Dear Charlie—he may be a rat, darling, but he couldn't have murdered Cecily." And added, "André always sleeps late. Perhaps I'd better call him." She got up with the utmost composure and went upstairs, moving gracefully in her white silk slacks, her black head held high.

Charlie sighed again and polished his monocle. "She'll bring him down, just as if nothing had happened. Want to bet on it?"

Nobody, apparently, did; but before Charlie could prove his small prophecy Captain Manson and Winnie returned.

Captain Manson spoke to Winnie for a moment, as if asking directions, and then asked Marny to accompany him to the small study.

He closed the door. The study was rather dark; there was only one window, and it was overhung with vines. He told her to sit down and sat down himself opposite her.

She had thought it would be much harder to talk to him than actually it was—although of course that was part of his job: to win your confidence, to lead you on to talk. To tell him everything; tell him about Cecily and the gun and everything she'd said.

She went through the whole story. When she'd finished he asked questions. What time



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How do you clean a
scrambled egg pan?
with a trowel?



Go easy! Scraping and scratching *ruins* pans! Brillo is *gentle*—but *firm* with cooked-on egg.

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No! Messy dish rags haven't the *spunk*. You need Brillo!



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Yes! Brillo's tidy, square metal-fiber pads scour *clean!* Polish, *too!* Quick! *Tidy!* Get Brillo Soap Pads; or Brillo Cleanser—pads and soap separate. The genuine—in the green and red box!

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Sell $1 NAME IMPRINTED STATIONERY
FREE SAMPLES
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Give a Canary
"A SINGING PET SHE'LL LOVE"
A perky, singing canary will make a "big hit" with Mom. So lively and cheerful, a little, golden songster is the perfect gift that keeps on giving . . . keeps Mom's spirits high while you're away. Buy her a canary, soon!
THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.



had it been when Cecily came? Did she think Cecily really meant murder or did she think she was merely hysterical?

"Hysterical," said Marny. "She'd been talking to him, she said. He was everything to her, life and ——" She stopped, but Captain Manson finished it grimly:

"—— and death. Yes, death. So far as I can discover up to now, she had no friends, no other contacts whatever, except through him. Well—you did right to tell me about their efforts to blackmail you. I'd like you to go into court with a charge against them. Well, we won't consider that, just now. Who knew of Cecily's visit to you?"

"André, as I told you. Laideau. Commander Cameron."

"Anyone else?"

"No." She added suddenly, "How did you know? Who told you?"

He replied promptly, "Charlie Ingram. He came down to the pier where I was watching them hunt for the gun. He told me."

"*Charlie Ingram! How did he know?*"

All at once something changed in the little room; it was almost tangible, almost something she could touch with her fingers, yet could not identify. It had something to do with Captain Manson. She knew that, but there was no perceptible change in him.

He said, "That's all now, Miss Sanderson. I do not intend to give your story to the newspapers. Murder—sticks to people. But I have to say, too, that if I can satisfactorily prove that Durant and Laideau did not murder Cecily Durant, then—well, you did wear white last night. And ——" Someone knocked at the door and he went to open it.

A policeman stood there; he looked excited and came in quickly. "Look—it was in the water. Not far from the pier. We found it while we were trying to find the gun." Marny could see it and it was André's gold cigarette case with the sardonyx showing only dimly through clots of mud and sand.

NOW YOU KNOW

An optimist is a man who gets treed by a lion but enjoys the scenery. —WALTER WINCHELL.

If you tell your friends the state of your health, you are merely taking them into your confidence; if you tell strangers, you are a neurotic. —ANON: In Your Life.

XIV

THEY called André. He came downstairs, his handsome face a mask, his black head high. Marny saw him come and turned quickly away into the drawing room.

He remained in the white-and-coral study, with Manson and another detective, for two hours; sometime during that time they sent for Laideau. He appeared from somewhere on the island in the company of a policeman and disappeared, also, into the small study.

It was a strange and an ominous day. A day that actually existed in two layers—one the outward, visible layer, the surface of facts as Marny knew them, and the other a hidden, secret layer, composed, really, of many layers. As many layers as there were people on the island active and intent upon their secret and, in at least one case, rather desperate activities.

Their fingerprints were recorded, separately; it was a rather gruesome little ceremony. André and Laideau emerged eventually from the study and disappeared, but were not placed under arrest. Policemen came and went. Judith sat on the porch and did nothing. Winnie sat on the porch and knitted a sweater. Tim fretted, and bounced, disappeared on mysterious errands and talked several times over the telephone to the New York office. Charlie Ingram stayed on, prowling restlessly about the grounds, watching the men at the pier, coming back again to report that they had found nothing.

For all that day men searched the island and the house and particularly the shallow

"I SAW HER STARING AT MY dishpan hands!"



"Changing to LUX took away that red, rough look!"

Red, rough hands *are* embarrassing. And so needless! Simply change to Lux for dishes! Hundreds of women have proved by actual tests that changing from strong soaps to Lux soon makes red, rough hands soft, smooth again.

Lux is really thrifty for dishes, too. Ounce for ounce, Lux washes up to *twice* as many dishes as any of 10 other leading soaps tested.



Thrifty – washes up to twice as many dishes!

Go back, Mary—
You forgot something!

Take half a minute more
—or that heavy date
may be a dud!

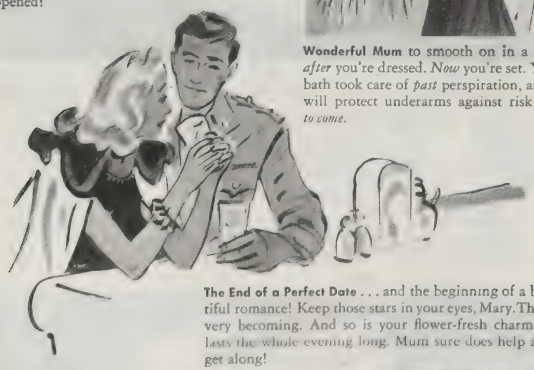




That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!



Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even *after* you're dressed. *Now* you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor *to come.*



The End of a Perfect Date . . . and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're very becoming. And so is your flower-fresh charm that lasts the whole evening long. Mum sure does help a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 40 seconds to use Mum. Even *after* you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

MUM'S SAFE—Mum won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S CERTAIN—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

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For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it that way, too.*



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MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

water near the pier. But no gun was found. It began to seem a very important piece of evidence; no secret was made of that.

Captain Manson, returning to the island after rather a long absence, talked to them with apparent frankness about it. "They've extracted the bullet that killed her," he said. "We've got to find the gun."

"I'm afraid of them," said Tim Wales with a shrug. "Too many accidents happen with guns. I don't like them."

"And never had one?"

"And never had one," said Tim definitely. "Neither had Judith or Winnie. They know how I feel about them."

Charlie Ingram said rather nervously that he had had several guns for years and still had them. "They are in my study, over on Silver Point. You can see them. They were still there this morning. I—checked it."

"What about André Durant?" said Tim. "What about Laideau?"

Captain Manson looked over Marny's head. "Durant says he had no gun. So far we've found no proof to the contrary. Laideau says he had a gun but he believes that Cecily may have"—he hesitated and said—"may have taken it. Certainly it was not in his room at the Villa Nova. And it was not in Cecily Durant's room, in the same hotel."

"See," said Tim. "She must have thought of suicide! That proves it."

Again Captain Manson rather ostentatiously did not look at Marny. "I don't think that was why she took his gun," he said quietly.

Tim was still excited and rather triumphant. "If the girl had a gun and you can prove it, it puts the whole thing in a different light," he cried.

"I'm not so sure," said Captain Manson and went away. But at least, thought Marny, he had not told them about Cecily's visit to her; for that she could be grateful.

But how had Charlie Ingram known of it? There was no chance to ask him, even if she had chosen to do so. There was no chance, either, to talk alone to Bill Cameron.

If the police considered André's cigarette case evidence against him, then it was by no means conclusive evidence, for Captain Manson went away again, still without making an arrest.

Laideau made no effort to seek her out and demand a decision. But, after Manson had gone, Winnie did. It was Winnie who, all that queer, hot day, managed to keep the routine of the house running almost as usual. She came out on the porch, looking hot and tired.

"Rilly's been difficult," she said. "They want to quit, both Rilly and his wife. I told them the police would make them stay, so they may as well work and draw wages. I don't suppose it's true, though." She sighed and said to Marny, "I want to get out of the house. Let's walk a bit—will you?"

MARNY rose and went along, strolling with Winnie across the lawn, down toward the swimming pool.

André and Laideau were there. André, in swimming trunks, sat on the edge of the pool with his legs in the water and his handsome black head sunk in his hands. Laideau still wore the white sport shirt and rather soiled white slacks he had worn the previous night. Neither of them was speaking, yet there was about them a curious air of communication, of shared speech and thought.

Winnie drew back. "Not here," she said and pulled Marny back through the opening in the brilliant red-and-green hibiscus hedge. And, once they were well away from the pool, apologized. "I was wrong this morning, Marny. I'm sorry I talked as I did. Trying to get you to tell father that André was in love with you, I mean. You didn't do it, did you?"

"No."

"It was a silly idea. But you see I'd found—*that*—and I couldn't sleep all night for worrying about it. You didn't tell the police about it, did you?"

"What good would it have done to tell them? You said you'd deny it."

"Yes," said Winnie. "I would. But if somebody is arrested and charged with murder, I'll tell about it. I promise you that. I hadn't thought of it that way."

"Where did you find the handkerchief, Winnie?"

But she was still stubborn. "No, I won't tell," she said. "I can't. Not even you."

Nor Manson. Marny knew that. There was never any use in trying to influence Tim when he looked as Winnie looked just then. And the story of a nonexistent, bloody handkerchief was not going to help her own case, but the contrary. They walked slowly back to the house.

WHEN Marny and Winnie reached the porch again everybody was listening to the radio from the drawing room, turned on very loud, just as if it were any day. That, of course, was Judith's doing.

The storm center, said the voice over the radio, was between Bermuda and Nassau, moving due west at an estimated rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

"Better get the shutters up," said Tim, smoking with nervous, rapid puffs. "Better move to a hotel."

"It'll turn north," said Judith. "It almost always does. . . . A good dance band comes on after the news."

The news, however, was not finished; the murder on Shadow Island, luxurious home of Tim Wales, president of the Wales Airlines, came next. Mrs. Wales, prominent in society. Miss Wales, well known, too, and winner of last week's tennis tournament. Cecily Durant, wife of one of the Waleses' guests, André Durant—shot in the back. According to rumor, a startling arrest was to be made within the next twenty-four hours.

CAPSULE CRITICISM

Walter Winchell tells about the playwright who said to the late Heywood Broun, "Your suit looks as though it had just been slept in."

"It has," answered Broun: "I just attended your last play."

Judith got up at that, went into the house and snapped off the radio.

Charlie Ingram said thoughtfully, "It's queer. I always thought the people directly concerned in a murder case knew all about it. I don't know a thing. Who do you suppose they're going to arrest?"

"André, I hope," said Tim Wales. "He did it. He and Laideau."

Judith returned.

The men in rowboats off the pier suddenly rowed in, tied their two boats and departed.

Bill Cameron got up. "Can I borrow a car, Mr. Wales? I'd like to get my duffel. That is, if I'm still invited to stay."

Tim shifted his omnipresent cigarette from his mouth to his fingers. "It's like an invitation to a pesthouse," he said. "But if you can put up with us, stay."

Bill said, "Thanks, then I will. How about coming along with me, anybody? Do you good." He looked at Judith and Winnie.

Judith shook her head. "But get all the newspapers you can, will you?" she said.

Winnie looked uncertain. "I'd like to. It's so—horrid. Waiting around like this. Not knowing what the police are doing or anything except what we hear on the radio."

Tim said, "Don't be a fool. Some idiot reporter'd spot you the minute you got off the causeway. Marny might go with you, Bill; nobody'll know her."

Bill Cameron said briskly, "Fine. Let's go right along."

And Charlie Ingram rose. "I'll be getting along too. Walked over. You can give me a ride, commander." He took Judith's hand.

"You're a darling, Charlie," said Judith.

"There's gasoline in my car," said Winnie. "Charlie will show you."

"Will the police let you go?" Tim asked Bill Cameron.

"We'll soon find out," he said, and Charlie led them to the white, vine-hung garage; they took Winnie's small gray coupé.

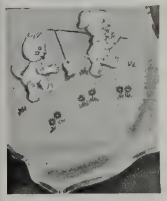
At the gate, Edward, the chauffeur, sitting morosely on a bench, merely glanced up

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE



by Ann Bucilla

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J4

as they passed. Three policemen were there. They did not stop the car, but one of them followed, in a moment, on a motorcycle.

Charlie observed it cheerfully. "Fellow seems to be taking a sporting interest," he said. "Let me off at the entrance to the next island, old chap. I'll walk to the house. It's only a small place, Silver Point. Nothing like Tim's place. Here we are."

They stopped at a narrow road leading from the causeway to another island, very small and masked with casuarinas so the house was not visible. Charlie Ingram waved and started down the road.

Bill Cameron started on. "The Wales family are now having a heart-to-heart conversation. And our policeman is sticking right with us. Now then—I thought I'd never get you alone. Tell me all about what Manson said."

She told him.

They crossed Indian Creek and turned on Collins Avenue. Houses, walled and laden with vines, brilliant hibiscus and bougainvillaea and pepper trees lined the wide street. Occasionally there were glimpses of the ocean, with the surf remarkably even and breaking very slowly and heavily.

"Manson's okay," Bill said thoughtfully, but frowned a little too. "Well, tomorrow's another day. Let's have dinner somewhere. It's early, but I can't take another meal today at the Wales place. I don't like the island. I don't like the house. And I think we're going to get the hurricane." He leaned out and waved his hand at the following policeman as they turned on Lincoln Road. "This way, buddy," he called.

But over the small table, a few minutes later, they talked. Rather guardedly, as there were tables near them, but the dance band muffled their words in music.

"The cigarette case is news to me," said Bill. "I'd like to know what they made of it, but it doesn't really prove anything as long as Judith sticks to her story."

"You feel sure that André did it?"

He shrugged. "André or Laideau. But the police are not going to do anything too quickly—anything that might make monkeys of them later. It all takes time. There are some funny angles, though." He frowned, tracing circles on the tablecloth with his fork. "How did Charlie Ingram know Cecily had seen you? I was sitting on the porch when she left. Charlie Ingram definitely was not there then. He might have come quietly into the room off the porch while you and I were talking. It was at least twenty minutes before I went into the drawing room. Judith and André came in and then Ingram and Tim Wales and Winnie. But Ingram wasn't in the drawing room when I entered it. So if he didn't overhear our talk, somebody must have told him. And if, say, Judith told him, how did she know? I don't like this business of a woman in a white dress either. Our young ensign saw a lot, considering the short time it took him to pass the island, but I'm sure he was sincere about it; and when I got to figuring the time it takes to approach and pass any given point, I decided he could have seen just what he says he saw. But it was still fairly light. And if he saw all that, I think he'd have seen the gun. If, that is, it was then that Cecily was shot. So maybe Cecily was then talking to somebody else in a white dinner dress."

"They said mine was the only one."

"A dress can be destroyed quickly and thoroughly." He thought for a moment. "Judith wore black later, but she could have changed after meeting Cecily. The time is obscure, and a few minutes one way or the other would make a great difference. Winnie wore blue, but she could have changed too. And of course"—he signaled to the waiter to bring the next course—"it may not have been a woman at all. It's an easy disguise. At night and at a distance."

André! Laideau! André had the run of the house and knew the place. He could have taken a white dress from Judith's or Winnie's wardrobe and later destroyed it.

Bill said, watching her, "Of course, whoever owned the dress knows it's gone and is

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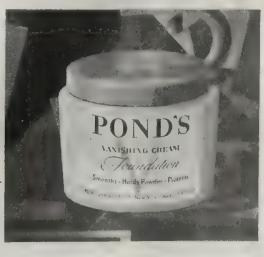
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protecting André by not telling it. Don't look at me as if I'd discovered a gold mine. It doesn't get us anywhere. It's merely an idea. Now then, let's dance."

They did. Quite as if murder had not touched them with chill, inexorable fingers.

Bill Cameron danced well. He was light on his feet, extraordinarily light for so big a man; for a moment the rhythm, the music, the pressure of his arm made a tight, invulnerable world. And while they were dancing someone bumped against them. It was only one of the small collisions that happen on a crowded dance floor, but she lost her balance momentarily and Bill Cameron caught her. Caught her and then held her for a moment, rather tight and hard against him, so, somehow, her cheek was pressed against his own.

It was the way he had held her when he kissed her. *Only it wasn't Bill who had held her and kissed her!* That, incredibly, had been André—and it did not seem as if it had been André at all. Bill Cameron had scarcely so much as touched her hand. Yet the warm, hard pressure of his cheek seemed extraordinarily familiar, as if she had known it, sometime, somewhere, before. And as if she had liked it!

He moved his head away. "On your feet?" he asked rather brusquely, and they began to dance again, but this time, it seemed to her, with a certain self-conscious formality.

Through the rest of the dinner he talked of impersonal things and looked at her with friendly but impersonal eyes, and when they'd finished did not linger but asked promptly for the check.

They picked up the policeman at the car, drove back along Collins Avenue and parked the car before a hotel.

"I'll get my stuff. Then let's watch the sea for a while," said Bill.

That, too, was normal, everyday, as if they had escaped a world where everything was awry and out of focus and horribly wrong. They sat in deep chairs above a strip of sand and watched the black ocean roll in and break in long creamy lines of white surf.

A radio was going in the lounge behind them; they could hear occasional words.

"Hurricane's still heading this way," said Bill. "It's queer how the surf is breaking. Looks, somehow—so slow. As if it knew it could afford to take its time. If the big blow comes, you know, we'd better get to a hotel quick. Manson won't stop us. He's a good guy." He paused and added, rather somberly, "Except maybe he's too good."

"Too good?"

"He'll do what he thinks is right," said Bill Cameron. "I wish you were out of this thing." He got up. "Forget I said that. You didn't murder her and there must be ways of proving it. Tomorrow, if you want me to, I'll talk to Mr. Wales about a lawyer for you. Not that I think you'll need one. But it's—sensible."

She remembered suddenly that Tim had called him "Bill." She said, "You talked to Tim today, didn't you?"

"Some," said Bill Cameron. "But not about you." He put down his hand for her. "We'd better be getting back. I don't know how much good a lawyer would do just now. Merely getting one is an admission of fear, so it's not a good move. The fact is," said Bill soberly, "unless they definitely remove André from the suspects, you are safe. André's their pick. So——" He gave her hand a quick but impersonal pat, and they went back to the car and a yawning policeman.

Even then, however, they did not go directly to Shadow Island. They went instead to Charlie Ingram's house.

"I'm going to ask him point-blank who told him that Cecily had come to you," said Bill, and stopped the little coupé in front of a low white house which loomed up beyond thick, shadowy foliage.

But Charlie was not at home; at least he didn't answer the bell, and there were no lights anywhere in the house. Eventually they gave up, backed cautiously around and, still followed by the policeman, continued along the causeway back to Shadow Island.

At the gate, which was lighted, Edward gave them a sleepy nod; and the two policemen stopped them, peered into the rumble seat and then let them go on. The third policeman left them there, leaning his motorcycle against the gatepost. The lights of the car glanced this way and that upon the green banks that lined the driveway.

Bill let her out at the front door. "I'll put the car away. Go on in, don't wait for me."

She crossed the gravel as he turned the car toward the garage. The engine sounded loud in the stillness; the car lights shot ahead and disappeared around the corner of the house as she put her hand on the latch.

The door, however, was locked. She tried it and tried it again, and started to ring the bell and stopped. The house was perfectly still. Everybody must have gone to bed early—and comprehensibly, considering the wakeful hours of the previous night. Obviously Rilly or someone, forgetting or not knowing that she and Bill were out, had locked the door. She'd wait for Bill.

But Bill did not come. Minutes passed. There was not a sound anywhere. The gate and its lights were far down the driveway and hidden by foliage. She left the step and walked slowly in the direction of the garage, expecting to see Bill's figure or hear the crunching sound of his footsteps at any instant. But she reached the garage and it showed vaguely light in the darkness; and the doors were closed and Bill was not there.

She went back along the driveway, her own footsteps making small sounds which seemed somehow furtive and yet too loud. She reached the front entrance and the steps which showed dimly white and still. Bill was not there.

There was nothing to do but ring. She put her thumb on the bell and, as she touched it, before she actually rang it, she remembered the porch and the door into the drawing room. That would be, if it were open, the simplest way into the house.

The grass around the house in that direction muffled her footsteps. There was no light on the porch and no light from the drawing-room door. And no one anywhere.

Well, she'd cross the porch and try that door. She was confused by the darkness, her sense of direction was awry; she brought up against the lower step of the vine-laden stairway, and flung both hands out to discover a guiding point, the railing.

Her hands encountered something that moved—heavily, sluggishly, only a little. It was soft and sagging; her fingers touched cloth. Like a coat, Like a man's coat hanging there in the thick, hot blackness. Hanging as if it were on a man. She flung back her hands and her body; a scream in her throat could not utter itself.

A man was hanging there, suspended somehow, anyhow—from the balcony, from the stairway, from any nameless thing she could not see or know, but which was only black and hidden.

The senses have a language of their own, intangible, swift, certain. Recognition derives from anything and everything—even a dim, pale outline, only and mercifully half seen, the outline of a man.

André Durant.

"*I'd like to see him hanged,*" *Tim had said.*

It was as if the words repeated themselves, disembodied, terribly clear in the black silence. And then she heard a light, soft patter of footsteps on the balcony above her head. Footsteps that did not diminish or dwindle but simply, abruptly stopped.

(To be Continued)

TIME WAS

Mother was telling stories of the time she was a little girl. Harold listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down the haystack and wading in the brook at the farm.

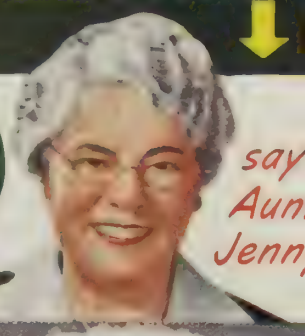
Finally he said with a sigh, "I wish I'd met you earlier, mother."

—HERBERT B. PROCHNOW: Public Speaker's Treasure Chest. (Harper & Bros.)

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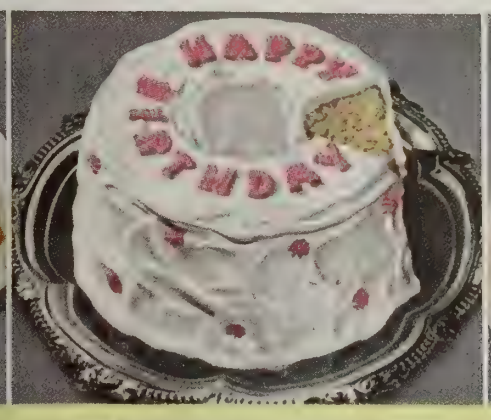
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- 2 cups sifted cake flour*
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder (with a tartrate powder, use 3½ teaspoons)
- ¼ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ⅔ cup Spry
- Juice of 1 medium orange plus water to make ⅔ cup
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

*Cake flour makes the finest cakes. But if all-purpose flour is used, reduce flour 2 tablespoons; beat 200 strokes instead of 150; then proceed as with cake flour.

THE makers of Spry are celebrating their Golden Jubilee . . . *you* will find cause for celebration, too, in New Spry and the lighter, more delicious cakes you can get now. Try this festive sunny orange cake!

SIFT flour, sugar, baking powder, soda and salt into mixing bowl. ADD grated fruit rinds. DROP in Spry. ADD orange juice and water, beat 150 strokes (takes only a jiffy, allow 100 strokes per minute). SCRAPE bowl and spoon often throughout entire mixing. ADD eggs, beat 250 strokes. ADD lemon juice *last*, beat 50 strokes. BAKE in two deep 8-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 30-40 minutes.

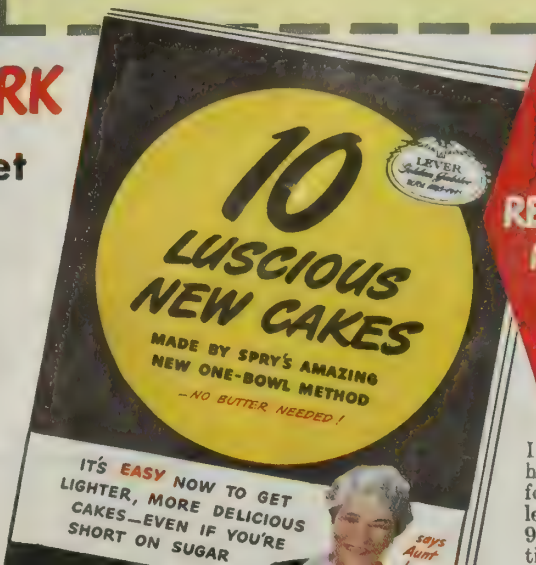
SUGAR-SAVING JUBILEE FROSTING—Mix in double boiler: 2 egg whites, 1 cup light corn sirup, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar. Place over boiling water and beat constantly with rotary beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from fire; add ½ teaspoon orange rind, ¼ teaspoon lemon extract, and a few drops of orange coloring. Spread between layers, on top and sides. Sprinkle sides with ½ cup slivered almonds or coconut.

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And besides this daintiness extra—*at no extra cost*—Modess gives you other tested extras: 3 out of 4 women, in a nationwide poll, voted it *softer to* touch; 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found it *safer*, less apt to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

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I appreciate the lack of fuss and bother with necessary deodorants.
Mrs. F. L. K.

Modess is now the first and last word in personal protection.
Mrs. J. P. du P.

NOW THAT APRIL'S THERE

(Continued from Page 18)

"These centaurettes, Wincy, remind me of you," he exclaimed gaily. "See this one with the flying plaits—that is precisely the way you looked before you went to Belmont. And this one—all over ringlets—is the way you look now. A transmogrification!" With a mischievous smile, he looked up at her. "Even when you were quite a baby, I used to recite Greek poetry to you when you were brought down after tea. It seemed to soothe and please you. I very much deplore the fact that you did not study Greek or at least Latin in your American school. It was—I shall say it openly—a matter of great distress to me that Professor and Mrs. Hilliard did not consider your welfare in this regard."

"It wasn't the Hilliards' fault, daddy. I could have elected Latin at Agassiz, only then I wouldn't have had time for physics and chemistry."

"Chemistry," he repeated, with evident distaste. "That is Professor Hilliard's field and you have been influenced by him."

Angus burst into the drawing room with a package for his father, followed by Mrs. Turner. Angus laid the package on his father's knees.

This was something very special. For weeks he had struggled to think of a suitable gift. He had looked at the things in Uncle Bill's study, asking himself whether his father would like any of them. Over the mantel above the fireplace hung the airplane model that Sutty and Angus had made, with a good deal of help from Uncle Bill. If he brought a model kit to his father, they could build the plane together. That was what Sutty did with his father.

But Professor Turner examined the marking on the balsa boards in utter bewilderment. He had never made things with his hands. Wincy doubted if he could. He did know, however, how to steer the subject to familiar ground.

"It was Daedalus," he told Angus, "who invented the first aircraft, fashioning wings of wax and feathers. He and his son Icarus attempted to fly with them. But Icarus flew too near the sun. His wings melted."

"What a sap!" Angus remarked.

Mrs. Turner smiled, but then a worried look crept into her face. "John, I quite forgot"—she looked at her husband anxiously—"the Warden wishes to see you tonight."

"Bother!"

"Do you suppose it's one of those Undergraduate Approach things again?"

"Shouldn't wonder. We've already had three of the beastly things this week," the professor said bitterly.

"Oh, John, I can't think why the college is making such a to-do. After all, you've been teaching classics for thirty years."

"You won't go, will you—tonight, when we've only just come home?" Angus asked. "I wanted to watch you make the model."

"I fear I must, Angus," his father said. "It's a frightfully important college matter."

"We could do it around nine," Angus suggested.

"Nine!" Mrs. Turner exclaimed. "You'll be long asleep by then, Angus."

"It will be nearly midnight before I return," the professor said, sighing. "I've home guard after I've seen the Warden. Some other time, perhaps, my boy."

There was silence for a moment. "Say," Angus asked suddenly, "when do we eat?"

"But you've had your supper."

"What—that snack? No, mummie, I mean when do we have dinner—all of us, in the dining room?"

"In England children your age do not have dinner in the dining room. At that hour they are in bed. A quiet nursery supper is much the best for the digestion."

"Rats on the digestion. I'm hungry. Sutty and us always had our meals in the dining room with Uncle Bill and Aunt Polly."

"Shocking language you've learned in the States, my boy," Professor Turner remarked.

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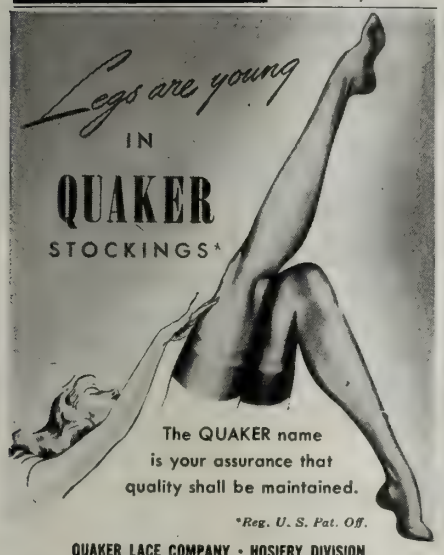
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"Mummie dear," Wincy put in, "we don't have to go back to the old nursery ways, do we—now that Angus is a big boy and I'm grown up? It would be humiliating."

"Not nursery ways, pet—of course not," Mrs. Turner said. "But in matters of supper, and so on, you must do as other children do in England."

There was a soft thudding on the stairs. Wincy rushed out and looked over the banisters. There on the last step was a sheet-covered ghost, wrestling with a mattress. At the sound of footsteps, Angus looked up, fear in his eyes.

"Is it Halloween?" Wincy asked, laughing. "Wait a minute and I'll help."

"Good morning, children," Mrs. Turner called, emerging from the scullery. "Dear me—Angus, what is this?"

"Such a big mattress," Angus remarked, tugging furiously. "The one in Belmont I could manage alone easy."

"But why should you wish to take your bedding into the garden?" Mrs. Turner asked. "We always air it at the window."

"It's wet," Wincy explained, trying to give her mother the knowing look which passes between grownups.

"Do you mean —— Angus, how shocking! Why, even as a little chap you never did a thing like that."

That dreadful look was in Angus' face again. Wincy wished people would stop harping on this business and give the kid a chance.

"Has this been going on all the time you were with the Hilliards?" Mrs. Turner asked.

"Oh, no!" Wincy assured her.

OF LOVE

Remember that man's love thrives far better on the stimulant of suspense than on the anesthetic of memory.

—HELEN ROWLAND: This Married Life. (Dodge Publishing Company.)

"Dear me, Angus," Mrs. Turner concluded wearily, "you had better air your pajamas as well."

Angus shook his head. "I didn't wear them."

"You didn't?" mummie cried. She was shocked. "Oh, Angus, what shall I do with you? If you are going to be tiresome, we'll never manage without a governess."

"I'm not tiresome, mummie. You just don't understand. Sutty Hilliard and I always sleep raw in the summertime."

"That, then, is the cause of your trouble," Mrs. Turner announced, and seemed relieved. "You have taken cold in the bladder. Peg the linen on the lines, then. Don't look disturbed, my boy. We'll soon have you right. A flannel band ——"

Before her mother could say any more, Wincy pushed the sheet-draped Angus out into the garden. The grass felt lovely between her toes. Everything was just the way it had always been—wallflowers and alyssum in the border, the great oak tree at the bottom of the garden, and daddy's pear tree growing up the wall.

Wincy and Angus had put the bedding in the sun and were chasing round the house when Wincy heard her mother's voice:

"Do come in! Brekker is almost ready."

"Oh," exclaimed Wincy. "Sorry. I'll be down in two shakes and help."

When she had dressed, she found Angus already in the kitchen, rooting about for a skillet.

"Mind the stove, Angus," Mrs. Turner warned. "I shouldn't come too close."

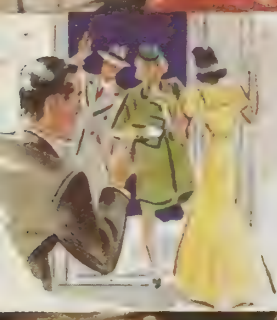
"Nuts!" he replied. "I'll just fry us up some flapjacks."

The professor had come down and was standing in the doorway. "Splendid weather," he remarked.

Angus was singing:

"Mammy's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin',
Mammy's little baby loves shortnin' bread."





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112 FRESH-TASTING FOODS
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"Are you certain you know the proper thing to do?" his mother asked nervously. "I should never have thought a boy of nine could be experienced in cookery."

"Wait till I flip 'em!" Angus shouted. "Boy, you should see Uncle Bill—he flips 'em so high they just miss the ceiling."

Mrs. Turner dropped into cook's chair. "It has been very difficult for me since the maids left," she said, and Wincy could see she was tired. "Cook was with us twenty years, and I seldom entered the kitchen."

"We'll fix things." Angus was beating the batter. "We're not used to cooks."

"Didn't the Hilliards have servants at all?" Mrs. Turner inquired with surprise.

"Of course not," Angus replied disdainfully. "We didn't need any of those old women fussing at us. Aunt Polly tacked our house jobs on the bulletin board and then we knew what to do."

"Just at first," Wincy remembered, "it was rather difficult. We were such babies when we got there. I couldn't even comb my hair, and Angus just stood with his arms stretched out waiting for someone to put clothes on him."

"I suppose it was a mistake," Mrs. Turner said thoughtfully, "Nannie's never allowing you to dress yourselves. I see it was a poor preparation for your American experience."

"It never occurred to us that the Hilliards would not have plenty of servants," Professor Turner added.

Angus, pouring the batter into the pan, looked around. "But they liked us," he explained.

"Of course they did, my love," his mother said. "But I mean, the extra trouble—to say nothing of the expense. Many people here in Oxford have found the *évacuées* extremely tiresome."

"Oh, sure," said Angus, "*évacuées*. But us ——" He grasped the pan with both hands. "Watch now—I'm going to flip!"

Terror passed over his mother's face as Angus sent the pancake flying out of the skillet. With striking coolness he recovered the pancake, golden side up, and his mother rewarded him with a look of respect.

"AH-H!" exclaimed Professor Turner when they were at breakfast. "Nectar and ambrosia! I never tasted anything so delicately flavored."

Angus was bursting with pride. He said nothing, but the very silence was an indication of his joy.

"Since you are still tired from the journey," Mrs. Turner announced, "we shan't go to church. Children dear, I've planned rather a jolly surprise for you. We're having the Quelches for tea—you're to have it with us in the drawing room."

"Quelches!" Angus repeated. "What are quelches?"

"You don't remember the Quelches?" his father asked. "Quelch is a Senior Fellow at St. James's."

"You used to be so sweet together when you were very little—you and Mark and the two little Quelches," Mrs. Turner recalled, "all sitting round the nursery table being fed by the two nannies." Wincy noticed that when she spoke of the past, her face brightened and became quite beautiful.

"Francis is two years younger than Mark," Mrs. Turner went on, "but Brenda is exactly your age, Wincy."

"I remember them. Francis was an awful pest. He used to pull my braids."

"Yes, he was quite a naughty little boy, but you'll find Francis well behaved now. He's going up to St. James's in the autumn."

"If he can pass in the Latin paper," Professor Turner added.

"Boys always seem to have trouble with Latin," Wincy observed. "Sandy Whipple had a terrible time."

"Who?" Mrs. Turner asked. "I don't remember hearing about him in your letters."

"Just a boy in Belmont."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Turner remarked with a queer note in her voice. "I thought you would be impatient to see Brenda as soon as you arrived."

"Haven't seen her for ages," Wincy murmured.

BECAUSE he felt out of things, not being able to remember the people who were being discussed, Angus made up a little singsong. "Quel-chy, Quel-chy, Quel-chy," he sang.

"Do stop, Angus," his father commanded. "You are very rude. Quelch is quite the coming man in our college. I shouldn't be surprised to see him Warden someday."

Angus stopped singing, stuffed in the last mouthful and got down from the table. "I'll wash up," he announced.

"And I'll dry," Wincy said.

"I was going to ——" Mrs. Turner began, looking surprised.

"Oh, no, mummie, you were setter. That leaves you the retriever, daddy."

"Leaves me what?" the professor asked.

"You clear the table," Angus explained. "In Belmont we had two trays—one had a picture of a setter painted on it and one a retriever. The guy who set the table used the setter tray and the guy who cleared used the retriever. See?"

"You want me to be a retriever?" Professor Turner asked in amazement.

"Doing housework alone is drudgery," Wincy explained. "But when everyone pitches in, it's fun. We used to have some of our best times in the kitchen in Belmont."

"You bet," Angus agreed. "Uncle Bill would put a saucepan on his head and dance a jig and sometimes we'd all sing while we cleaned up. Now, daddy, you just take the oleo and the milk jug. Put them in the larder and wipe up the crumbs."

To Wincy's amazement, her father did as he was told.

Wincy looked about the kitchen to see whether there was anything more to do before the guests arrived. The loaf had been sliced, the tea caddy stood ready, the crumpets were arranged on the platter.

From the passage she could see into the drawing room. Her father was reading and her mother was composing a letter of thanks to Aunt Polly. It was a friendly room, with the chintz-covered armchairs, and the French windows opening out into the garden. Why had it always frightened Wincy when she was brought down after tea to spend an hour with her parents?

Professor Turner glanced up. "Wincy, my dear," he called, shutting the book, "we haven't heard you play. Do give us a tune."

"Yes, dear, do play something," Mrs. Turner urged.

Wincy fetched her case and opened it. She held the bow to her eye and squinted down the length of the stick to see whether the dampness on board ship had warped it.

(Continued on Page 68)

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

Never were there any two so unfitted to marry. She was so preposterously young—young enough to be his daughter! And yet at the same time his weakness and his fear cried out, "Let it be! Let me be safe with her! Let it happen!"

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"MIX-EASY" LEMON ORANGE CAKE

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease pan, line bottom with waxed paper, and grease again. Use 9x9x2-inch pan or 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:
- 1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1¾ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar

Measure into bowl:
- ½ cup vegetable shortening
- ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Measure into cup:
- ½ cup milk

Have ready:
- 2 eggs, unbeaten

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!

(Mix by hand or with electric mixer on low speed.) Mix or stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ½ of milk and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute*. Add remaining milk, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only *actual* beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.) Turn batter into pan.

Baking: Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 35 minutes for square cake, or about 50 minutes for loaf cake. Spread with orange frosting.

Or bake in greased cupcake pans in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Cover tops with seven-minute frosting tinted a delicate shell pink. Makes about 15 large or 24 small cupcakes.

Other Ways to Bake this Cake: Double recipe and use three 9-inch layer pans or two 9x9x2-inch pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Or bake in 13x9x2-inch pan in moderate oven (375°F.) 45 minutes, or until done.



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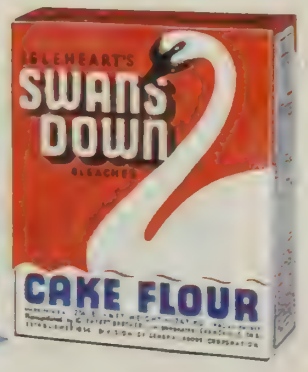
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(Continued from Page 66)

Then she took up the fiddle and tuned it, bowing the strings in pairs.

Now she was no longer in Oxford, nor even in Belmont, but deep in some lucid pool of sound, the hollow, unmixed intervals vibrating in widening circles around her. This was not a mechanical preliminary to music, but part of the music itself—a prelude, fifth following fifth, something Bach might have used to begin a suite.

A loud clanging suddenly drowned it out. Wincy's bow arm dropped. Her parents jumped up and hurried out into the passage. Wincy hung back, putting the fiddle away, and Angus kept close beside her. They could hear their parents and visitors all talking. Then Mrs. Turner drew Wincy and Angus into the passage to be presented.

"There you are at last, you poor children," Mrs. Quelch exclaimed in a high-pitched voice. "How you've grown, all this nasty long time out of England!"

"It wasn't nasty," Angus protested. "It was swell."

Mrs. Quelch gave a well-bred snicker at his flat pronunciation of the word "nasty."

Right then Wincy decided that she didn't care for this lady. But her father had seemed anxious to impress the Quelches and so she put in primly, "Angus and I are jolly glad to be home."

Doctor Quelch turned to Angus. He was a tall man with an important-looking nose. "See any Indians, young chap?" he asked, playfully poking Angus in the solar plexus.

"Nope. We weren't out West," Angus told him. "We were in Massachusetts."

Professor Turner came forward. "They were in Belmont, on the outskirts of Cambridge, stopping with a Harvard professor."

"Quite," Doctor Quelch remarked. "It's a strange thing, Turner, but whenever I hear the name Cambridge, I assume that it refers to our sister university. It always takes me a moment to recollect that it is also the name of a city in the States." He laughed heartily, but Wincy couldn't see what was funny about being so dumb.

Francis smiled politely, following Professor Turner into the drawing room. He was a tall, good-looking fellow with nice eyes, but Wincy thought if he enjoyed his father's joke he must be a drip. She took Brenda's coat and then, smiling, drew her into the drawing room.

"We used to go to Newfields together," Wincy began. "Do you still go there?"

"Yes," said Brenda, dropping her eyes.

"I'm going there next term," Wincy continued. "I guess it'll be strange after Agassiz—that was my school in America. Are you taking physics or chemistry?"

"No," said Brenda.

Well, Brenda might be fifteen too, but she acted like one of the sixth-grade kids at Agassiz.

Mrs. QUELCH immediately brought out her knitting and set to work. "My dear Winifred," she rattled on in her high-pitched voice, "you can't guess how impatient your dear parents have been! All winter they've talked of nothing but your coming in April. And now, at last, April is here."

Mrs. Turner nodded, her eyes shining. She was really beautiful when she looked that way, Wincy discovered.

"'Oh, to be in England,'" Doctor Quelch began, "'now that April's there——'"

Wincy looked up at him swiftly. She wouldn't have recognized the line if Mr. Thurman, who taught Sophomore English at Agassiz, hadn't been a Browning fan. *Oh, to be in England* —— Doctor Quelch reminded Wincy of it all again, though he didn't make it sound so beautiful as Mr. Thurman used to do. To be in England ——

"I managed to get some sausage meat off the ration yesterday," Mrs. Quelch said.

"Did you really?" Mrs. Turner exclaimed, pouring the tea. "Lucky duck!"

Angus was passing the whole-meal bread and Wincy, remembering her part, took up the crumpets. When the platters were empty, they went to the kitchen to refill them.

Even here, the sound of Mrs. Quelch's voice penetrated. "I must say, they look well fed and singularly cheerful. I was so afraid they might have been ill-treated. Strangers, you know, and foreigners to boot."

"Where does she think we've been?" Wincy asked Angus. "In jail? She's a pill."

"Picklepuss."

Mrs. TURNER was reassuring Mrs. Quelch. "They seem to have had a very agreeable stay. Some things seem a trifle"—she hesitated—"odd, but we'll have them right in no time."

"I am so relieved," Mrs. Quelch said, though she sounded faintly disappointed. "Some of those Americans ——"

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Turner said, loyally cutting the remark short. "Wincy and Angus were very fortunate. To be sure, those slang expressions are frightful. I can barely understand Angus half the time."

Francis broke in. "Look here, Mrs. Turner, you ought to go to the flicks. You'd catch on to American slang fast enough there."

Wincy, coming in with the platter, looked up to see how her mother was taking this suggestion, but Francis caught her eye and winked. He wasn't such a drip as she first thought.

"How poised Winifred is," Mrs. Quelch remarked. "She seems quite at home among grown people."

"Yes, Wincy has been in the company of older people a great deal, I gather," Mrs. Turner said, looking pleased by the compliment. "You have no idea how handy they both are. Their foster mother taught them to consider housekeeping fun."

"Housekeeping fun?" Mrs. Quelch repeated. "Fancy anything so ridiculous!"

"Yes, fun," Mrs. Turner insisted. "All the family seems to do the work together out there and they make a game of it. This morning the children even induced their father to be the retriever. It's going to be a great help to me without cook."

"I wonder what sort of people these American foster mothers are," Mrs. Quelch said, sucking on a knitting pin. "They sound rather like superior nannies with husbands."

Having given up all hope of making Brenda speak, Wincy sat listening while her father and Doctor Quelch mapped out a strategy for the invasion of the Continent. Francis listened too.

"Sooner the better is what I say," Doctor Quelch announced, banging his fist on the arm of the oak settle.

"Yes," Professor Turner answered. "It will be fraught with great anxiety for us. Mark's squadron will undoubtedly take part."

Nobody spoke for a moment. It was as if Mark's shadow had fallen across the room.

"When we've settled the Continent, we can turn our attention to the East," Doctor Quelch said at length. "It's high time we settled the Indian question too."

Professor Turner remarked that he wished Sir Stafford had been successful there. Doctor Quelch didn't agree.

Wincy felt a warmth, a sense of being where she belonged. In the Hilliard household politics were constantly discussed, sometimes with sharp differences of opinion.

"We ought to have been firmer with those mischief-makers from the first," Doctor Quelch said. "Too much sentimental boggling." *(Continued on Page 70)*

If Your Copy is Late

Because of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, many periodicals will frequently be late arriving at destination. If your JOURNAL or Reference Library order does not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions arising after your copy or order has left Philadelphia.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A tip to the women in their lives!

Uncle Sam is feeding your service man today and feeding him well — even if GI cooking can't compare with yours! But against the time when you take over, here's a friendly tip to remember.

The chances are, your man will want more milk, butter, cheese and ice cream than he ever did before. That's a natural result of his service diet. In training in this country, he has given about 3 times as much dairy products as men got in the last war.

Overseas, of course, the supply problem is tougher, but about 10% of all the food exported to our forces has been dairy products — as compared with only 2% in '17 and '18. That's one big reason why America has the healthiest, huskiest fighting men in all the world — for milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

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New Suffusing Ingredient

gives Pond's Dreamflower Powder "Sheer-Gauge" color smoothness

A powder should go on with a smooth "sheer-gauge" effect to bring smoothly, expensively, "sheer-gauge" *color* to your skin.

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POND'S Dreamflower Powder

made "sheer-gauge" by *experts* in beauty!

(Continued from Page 68)

"Oh, no, Doctor Quelch, we should have given India greater independence," Wincy put in earnestly. "It's just like England's colonial policy in the reign of George the Third. If she had been wiser then, the American colonies never would have rebelled. And just think what a help it would have been in this war if there hadn't been all the delay in arranging for Lend-Lease and a unified command."

"That will do, Wincy," her father said. "Little girls don't hold political opinions."

Wincy's cheeks felt on fire. Little girls —— To hide her confusion, she got up and passed the last of the crumpets. When she had made the circle, there was one left. She reached out for it, but Angus sneaked up and grabbed the crumpet from under her hand.

"You bum!" she exclaimed good-naturedly. Instantly she realized that something dreadful had happened. Conversation stopped.

Although Mrs. Turner's face was scarlet, her voice sounded quite controlled as she said firmly, "Go to your room, Wincy."

Wincy did not move. "What's the matter? What have I done?"

"Go to your room," Mrs. Turner repeated.

Wincy rushed across the drawing room and managed to get to the stairs before the tears showed. She threw herself across the bed, punching the pillow. It was all so different from Sunday in Belmont.

I didn't want to think about America—I wanted to be fair, she told herself. *I tried to forget how homesick I am for Aunt Polly and Uncle Bill and Sally Sutton and the kids at Agassiz. It just shows what this has done to me—I wanted to be fair, but they make me wish I was back.*

RIGHT now the Hilliards and Suttons were probably cooking beans and hot dogs over a campfire somewhere in the country. Wincy thought of afternoons in winter, when they would come in from skiing or skating and fix supper either at their house or the Suttons'. After that came the best part of all—Uncle Bill's orchestra. When Uncle Bill had seen she wasn't satisfied playing a toy instrument, but was eager to learn to play the fiddle like Sally, he had bought her one and sent her to music school.

Although Sally was two years older, she had liked Wincy right away—it wasn't just that Sally felt she had to be nice because her father was Aunt Polly's brother. When Sally outgrew her dresses, she handed them down. There were some hanging in the wardrobe now. Wincy especially liked the Austrian dirndl with the silver buttons. But when she had unpacked it mummie said it would look outlandish in Oxford.

At first, Agassiz School had seemed very queer. Having boys in the class seemed positively dopey. But Wincy had got used to it. She hadn't gone goofy over the boys the way Penny Poole and Brocky did. Last term, though, Sandy Whipple had started hanging around and some of the girls teased her. They said he was nuts about her. But he wasn't. He was just a friendly kid who liked hunting rocks and minerals, the way she did. Sandy had taken her to school dances a couple of times—he was a nice kid.

But not so nice as Hank Sutton. Nobody could be as nice as Hank. The girls couldn't tease her about him, because he was her foster cousin. Hank and Sally were only a year apart. When Wincy came they made a threesome.

When they first arrived, and Angus saw Uncle Bill playing catch with Sutty after supper, or making things with him in the workshop, he became furiously jealous of Sutty. Of course he didn't say anything. He just wet his bed. Wincy herself wouldn't have understood if Uncle Bill hadn't explained about the subconscious. Uncle Bill was wonderful the way he made you see things—no wonder he was so popular with the students. Even Sutty had been swell to Angus. He was eight when they arrived, and Angus was only six, but Sutty dragged him around with his gang, introducing him to everyone as "my kid brother." Pretty soon Angus began to feel Uncle Bill cared



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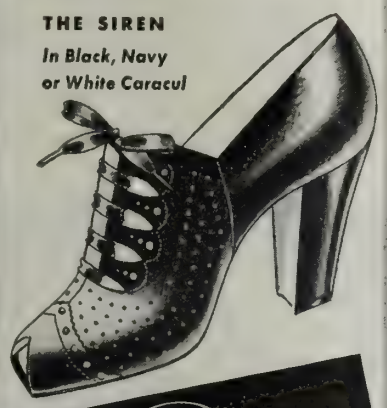
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for him, that he treated him just like Sutt[s]. After that first camping trip the three [a]them took, Angus never wet again, un[t] just the night before they sailed.

Aunt Polly had said a lot of nice thin[gs] to Wincy that night. She reminded her th[at] different countries had different custon[ms] and that Wincy must try to adjust to Oxfor[d] as she had to Belmont. . . .

She must have been asleep, for the ne[xt] thing she knew, she was wakened by a litt[le] scraping sound. The door opened a crac[k]. It was Angus, carrying a tray of milk an[d] biscuits.

"Mummie sent you this supper," he said. "I'm sorry I swiped the crumpet."

"I don't want supper," Wincy said. "Never mind about the crumpet. It wasn' your fault. Here I am, all grown up, an[d] they're trying to make an infant of me again sending me to my room."

Angus sat down on her bed. "Wincy," he said, "let's go back. It's rotten here."

"We can't, goofy."

"Gosh," he sighed, "I didn't think Eng[-] lish people were going to be like that."

"It might be just mummie and daddy," Wincy said, as much to herself as to Angus "If only I knew what I'd done."

"I know," Angus said, sitting up sud[-] denly. "Francis told me. He thought it wa[s] a big joke. 'Bum' doesn't mean the sam[e] thing here it does at home."

"Oh," said Wincy. "I wonder what i[t] does mean. I wish he'd told you that."

"He did," said Angus. "It means 'fanny.'"

Angus was in the doghouse, too, the ne[xt] morning. The night before, Mrs. Turner ha[d] insisted that in addition to his pajama

"COME UNTO ME"

The smallest children are near-est to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

—RICHTER: Quoted in Mother Thought, by Alice W. Rollins.

Angus wear a flannel band around hi[s] tummy. Angus had refused. His mother ha[d] insisted. It wasn't clear to Wincy how thing[s] had come out, but she had heard the mat[-] tress being heaved down the stairs.

Mrs. Turner, however, didn't notice i[t] until much later, when she was gatherin[g] acorns. She was sitting with her leg[s] stretched straight out before her on a roo[t] of the great oak at the bottom of the garde[n].

"For Pete's sake, mummie," Angu[s] shouted, as he and Wincy came out, "wha[t] the heck do you think you're doing?"

"W.V.S.," his mother answered.

"But what do you want acorns for?"

"Pigs—the pigs of Oxfordshire," Mr[s] Turner explained. It was then that sh[e] saw the mattress. She was quite upset.

"You oughtn't to be angry with hin[y] mummie," Wincy broke in; "it'll only mak[e] matters worse. He'd stop wetting, I'm sur[e] if you could only make him feel you lov[e] him. That worked in Belmont."

Her mother turned on Wincy. "Do sto[p] talking nonsense, child. You're merely pu[t]ting ideas into his head, very unhealth[y] and improper ideas, which you picked up the States. You can't think how I suffere[d] while you were gone. And now to have yo[u] tell me I don't love my own boy."

"I only said if you could make him *fe[el]* you love him," Wincy said softly.

"English people of good taste do not di[s]play their emotions," Mrs. Turner sai[d].

This isn't getting Angus anywhere, Win[cy] thought. *I wonder whether daddy unde[r]stands—someone has to help.*

Professor Turner's study was a little roo[m] at the back of the house. Wincy knocked [on] the door and looked in.

"Do you mind, daddy?"

Her father looked up from the papers [on] his desk. "Not this once," he said, "if y[ou] have something of importance to say."

"It's about Angus wetting his bed."

Embarrassment was so plainly marked [on] her father's face that Wincy stopped. Th[en]

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e thought the most polite thing would be ɔt to notice his embarrassment, so she ent on.

gi "It's no good scolding Angus for wetting," pie explained. "You could cure him, just cie way Uncle Bill did."

T "I?" Professor Turner asked in astonishigent. "How could I possibly? This is a Ase for a kidney specialist."

b "No, daddy, it's not."

d "In any case," Professor Turner confluded, "it is not a matter for a father to liscuss with his young daughter."

' Wincy pulled at her father's sleeve. "Look, laddy, let me tell you about it. Angus and ' felt terribly unhappy those first weeks at .he Hilliards' when he wet—we were so inxious to make a good impression. But we neednʼt have worried, because Aunt Polly lidn't fuss at all. She just showed Angus iow to work the pulley line."

Professor Turner looked puzzled.

"Skip it," Wincy said. "It's just a contraption the Hilliards have for hanging out the washing. Angus felt frightened because everything was strange."

"We feared that would be the case when you left. But under the circumstances, with .nvasion threatening ——"

"Certainly," Wincy said. There was no ise going into that. "The main trouble, :hough, was that Angus was jealous of Sutty Hilliard. You see, when Uncle Bill :omes home in the evening, he does things vith Sutty. They work the electric trains or nake airplane models. In the summer they ilay catch in the back yard."

J "Indeed?"

i "Angus had never had fun like that with ɔu. When he was brought down to the rawing room after tea, you thought him so oisy that mummie would ring for Nannie ɔ take him away again. And you seldom ent to the nursery."

I

DER father gave Wincy a searching look. 1Tell me, my dear, in Belmont—in the tates—do fathers make a practice of spendhg their leisure in the nursery?"

"They don't really have nurseries. Famiies just do things together. When Angus got o feel that Uncle Bill cared for him, as well is for Sutty, he stopped wetting. It's psychology—don't you see?" Wincy leaned orward earnestly. "Something in his mind ɔothers Angus while he sleeps and makes iim wet. I think he wants to be chums with ɔu, the way Sutty is with his father."

Professor Turner's face lit up with a sudlen flash of understanding. "You mean, if were more—more companionable? Would hat really make a difference? But I don't now how to make airplanes. I haven't a ɔotion how 'catch' is played. In any case, 'm too old. I am fifty-eight, you know. In oint of age, I could be Angus' grandfather."

("Yes, that does make a difference," Wincy reflected. "Uncle Bill is only thirtyight and Sutty is already twelve."

; "Yet," Professor Turner continued houghtfully, "I was no closer to Mark, hen he was a lad. But I never thought he eeded me. There may be something to what ɔu say about companionship. I wish now hat I had known him more intimately."

s "Oh, daddy, you do understand! Please cy to help Angus."

Her father was looking at her curiously. (You're very knowledgeable, Wincy. How ɔ you come to see things with the wisdom f a grown woman at the age of fifteen?"

; Wincy was pleased. "Aunt Polly and Uncle till explained psychology to me so I could elp Angus," she said.

l "Psychology," Professor Turner repeated.

s A suspicion began to grow in Wincy's iind. Perhaps psychology was one of those trictly American things—like corn on the ɔb and baseball and sweet potatoes.

l Professor Turner was rubbing his eyes. hey looked very tired.

v "The light is poor in here," Wincy said.

t "Yes, the wistaria wants trimming, but te've not been able to get a gardener."

t "Angus will do it. He and Sutty did all ae gardening at the Hilliards'."

l Professor Turner looked up in surprise. tDo you suppose a little chap like that s

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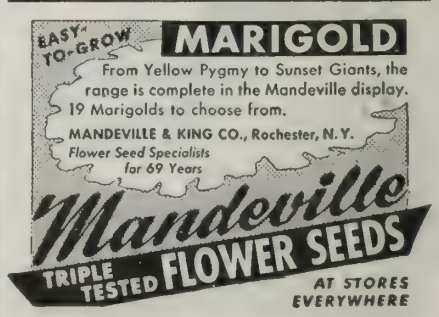
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could? It would help a great deal. I didn't mind so long as the student lamp was functioning, but I haven't been able to use it for a year."

"Did the fuse blow out?"

"I can't say. I have thrice asked Purseglove to send a man. And my reading stand wants mending, but the joiner ——" His voice trailed off despondently.

Wincy looked at the lamp cord. The silk was frayed around the plug, exposing the wires. "Angus can probably fix it," she said.

This time her father thought Wincy was joking. He laughed.

"I mean it," Wincy insisted. "He's quite good at things like that. Angus and Sutty made hundreds of lamps and thingumajigs." Wincy put her arms around her father. "But I think it would be nice if you asked him to do the vine—as between men, you know."

Wincy found Angus on the kitchen step.

"Gosh, there's nothing to do here," he complained.

"Yes, there is. Daddy needs you."

"He *does?*" Angus jumped up and raced to his father's study.

"It will be a great boon to me if you can put the student lamp to rights, my boy," Professor Turner said gravely.

"Sure I will," Angus replied, examining the plug. "All I need is a screw driver."

He hunted in the scullery and finally returned with an implement equal to the job. He sat on the floor of the study, opened the plug and put the loosened wire back inside.

"You put me in mind of Prometheus, my boy," Wincy heard her father say. "You are bringing me light."

It's Mark, Wincy thought, seeing a tall, lean figure through the glass. She ran to open the door, rumpling the rug in her haste.

LESSON No. 1

Just look after these new kids. Teach them that a slap on the back and a sock on the chin are really the same if your balance is good.

—ELSIE JANIS: In a letter to Frank Case.

It wasn't Mark, though, just Francis Quelch with a Latin book he had borrowed. What must he think of her, after the break she made yesterday? Wincy wanted to run upstairs, but it was too late. She tried to look lofty and bored, like a model in Vogue.

"I say," Francis began as though nothing had happened, "will you please give this to Professor Turner?"

"Certainly," Wincy drawled languidly, lifting her nose so high that she could feel the skin stretch along her throat.

Francis didn't stir. He just stood there, looking at Wincy in a nice, smiling sort of way, a little puzzled, but friendly. "Well," he said at last, "I thought I'd just pop in with the book. Cheerio!" Still looking at her in that funny way, Francis made for the door and tripped over the hump in the rug. "Oh," he cried in alarm, "I thought I'd trod on the dog."

Somehow, Wincy couldn't help laughing. And then Francis laughed.

All at once Wincy noticed that her chin was at its usual level. It didn't matter now. Francis seemed to have forgotten the break she had made. Besides, from all accounts, he had his troubles too. "Is the Latin bad?"

"Candidly, it's most frightful. I swot all day—there are such hundreds of pages. I've only a month till Smalls, and the river's ever so jolly now."

"Smalls?" That was a new word for her.

"Examinations to let me into the university. I'm bound to say, I don't really want to go up. It's father's plan. I want to join the navy. But father's pigheaded."

Wincy looked up into his face earnestly. "The older generation doesn't understand a lot of things," she said sympathetically.

He nodded. "D'you know, Wincy, it's impossible to believe you're not much older than Brenda?"

(Continued on Page 75)

Watch it, mother!
Just 2 inches
from where you
washed that apple



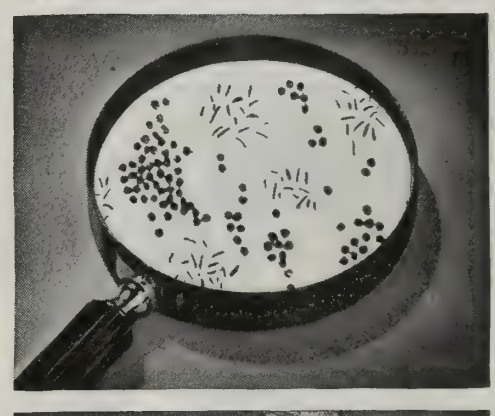
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WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. And remember, *foods* packed in cans come to you with their vitamins, minerals, and nutritional values sealed in.

(Continued from Page 73)

She really wasn't any older—five days younger—but she was too polite to say so. She didn't want to hurt Francis by agreeing that his sister was a baby.

"I expect America was an eye opener—everything so large and wonderful. Did you ever go to New York?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly took us there once in vacation. We saw the planetarium and ate at the Automat and went to the top of the Empire State Building. It was wonderful."

Francis looked impressed. "Sounds jolly."

Wincy suddenly decided to ask him the question that had come to her when she was talking to her father. "Francis, do English people know about psychology—inferiority complexes and that sort of thing?"

He thought for a long time. "Candidly, not very much. I believe they're doing some experiments in Cambridge ——"

"What about Oxford?"

"Oh, not at Oxford. At least," he added, doubtfully, "I shouldn't think so. Never any new ideas at St. James's, at least. Just the old traditional studies." And he laughed.

So that was it—that explained everything. Her parents just hadn't heard about psychology. She sighed, thinking of all the things she would have to teach them.

"Thumbs up!" said Francis. "I expect it's a bit of a tax for you, coming back to Merrie England."

"Oh, not for me. Just for Angus. Do you go out on the river often?"

"Whenever I can. I was on my way now, as a matter of fact. Would you like to come along?"

"I'd love to."

"Cheers!" cried Francis. "But I mean—do you think your mother will allow it?"

Wincy looked at him with pity. "Does Brenda have to ask permission to go out in the daytime? It's not at all necessary," she assured him. Then she added, just to be a sport, "But if you'd rather, I will." Seeing that this was what he wished, she went upstairs.

Mrs. Turner was in the nursery, looking through Angus' clothing. "There you are," she said. "I couldn't think where you were keeping yourself."

"I'M GOING on the river with Francis." Wincy bent over to kiss her mother good-by.

"You'll not do anything of the sort, my dear." Her mother was firm. "You are going shopping with me."

"Oh, mummie, you didn't tell me you were planning to take me shopping," Wincy cried. "If I'd known, I wouldn't have made the date with Francis."

"You should have asked permission first, in any case. You're far too young," Mrs. Turner said, smiling indulgently.

"What'll I do?" Wincy asked desperately. "I can't stand Francis up. In our crowd a girl who would stand a boy up was ——"

"There is no question as to what you will do. You are coming with me."

Wincy knew there was nothing to do but to explain to Francis. Angry and embarrassed, she hurried down the stairs and through the gate. Francis wasn't there. He was halfway up the street, disappearing rapidly.

Wincy bit her lip. Lifting her head, she noticed through the tears that Mrs. Turner was standing at the nursery window. All at once, Wincy understood what had happened. Her mother had called to Francis from the window, just as she would have done years ago, when they were still kids. Her mother had sent him away.

AS SHE and Angus walked down Banbury Road with Mrs. Turner, Wincy began to feel smoothed out inside. The streets of Oxford were so lovely, with the May trees and chestnut candles in full bloom and climbing roses dropping over the garden walls.

"I fear I shan't be able to get you a frock and Angus a knicker suit as well," Mrs. Turner said. "The coupons, you know. But Mrs. Tippet may be able to contrive something for you out of my old Liberty print."

"Not a smock, *please*, mummie. I've plenty of clothes—really I have," Wincy insisted. "Beautiful ones."

"They are nice," Mrs. Turner acknowledged, in the tone one uses to soothe a child. "You may wear them at home, and for certain occasions. But for the Warden's garden party you will need something more appropriate. I do wish I could buy you a pretty frock, but I fear Angus needs the suit more."

"Yes, get Angus the suit."

"I fear I must. It does seem a pity, though, to spend coupons on shorts, for he'll want trousers in September, when he goes away to school."

"Goes away to school? Mummie, you're not thinking of sending Angus away—to *boarding school?*"

"Why not? He's nine."

Wincy looked around quickly to see if Angus had heard. This was awful—worse, even, than the way her mother had acted about Francis. But Angus was halfway down the street.

"He's much too young," Wincy said. It was the first objection that she could think of.

"Not really young—though he seems so, I grant you. But Mark went away when he was nine. Many boys do. Angus will get excellent preparation for Winchester and make nice friends."

"Couldn't he prepare for Winchester in Oxford?" Wincy pleaded. "What about St. George's School?"

"Angus is going there next week for the remainder of the term. The classics master is going to give him special help. I can't think why the school the Hilliards chose for him didn't teach Latin."

"Nobody takes Latin in grammar school in America."

"How strange—for a boy. At all events," Mrs. Turner said with finality, "Angus will go to St. Tim's in September."

It was like a trap, Wincy thought, this lack of understanding on her mother's part. "Daddy told me yesterday that he'd give more time to Angus when the vac begins," she said desperately. "Take him walks and things."

"Dear man," Mrs. Turner said, smiling indulgently, "it's good of him. But John hardly takes the place of a governess. If only I could put my hands on one. Besides, with home guard and fire watching and his garden, your father's overworked as it is.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Exmoor

BY LESLEY DODGE

Down in the singing valley
  The waters tumble and rill,
But I will go by the other path
  Over the brackeny hill.
Up to the rolling moorland,
  Purple and gold and brown,
Where the distant sea is a tender blue
  And the far blue sky leans down.
Here clean sheep crop at the roadside
  Of turf that is springy and fine,
And a ragged cloud to sunward
  Is staining the ling like wine.
And here and there in a hollow
  A farmhouse weathered and gray
With its outflung fringe of farmland
  Is quietly folded away.
There's a buzzing of flies in the bracken,
  A shrilling of wind in my hair,
And all the sting of a mountain spring
  Abroad the astringent air.
So I, and the dear companion
  Who faces the road with me,
Will walk in the bright cool sunlight
  Straight to the beckoning sea.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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And he's rather nervy just at present anyhow—something to do with St. James's."

"I know, mummie. What's it about?"

"A very grown-up sort of thing, my dear—nothing to bother your little head over."

They had reached St. John's College and the Martyrs' Memorial. Wincy used to shiver at the words: "—— who near this spot yielded their bodies to be burned." Even now, Wincy remembered that Bishop Cranmer had put his right hand in the flame first because it had signed his recantation.

Magdalen Street and the Cornmarket were more crowded than Wincy had expected.

"Look," Angus said, "there's an American flag—isn't that nice?"

"Need you shout so, dear? It's the old Clarendon Hotel," Mrs. Turner explained. "They've converted it into an American Red Cross Club."

She shepherded the children into a department store.

"Oh, I remember," Wincy said. "We used to buy my gym tunics here, and those awful beaver hats."

"Right you are," her mother answered, leading the way. "A summer hat for Newfields School, please," she said to the assistant.

Before Wincy could think what was going to happen, there it was on her head, the very same straw model she used to wear before she went away.

The clerk put a mirror into Wincy's hand. It was not exactly an unbecoming hat—rather Peck and Peckish or Dobbs. But so young.

"Keep it on," Mrs. Turner said briskly. "I should like to see you wear it home." And Wincy knew the matter was settled.

Angus was less easily fitted. "Only nine years old!" the old man who measured him marveled. "What a great young gentleman."

"It's all that milk I drank in America," Angus explained proudly.

At last they found a suit that would do. "Wear it home," Mrs. Turner urged. "You look ever so much nicer."

They came out of the shop again, Angus, except for his crew cut, looking quite English, and Wincy much more so.

After the first minute, when she recovered from the surprise, Wincy stood back and looked at Hank. She hadn't remembered he was so handsome; but then, she had never seen him in his uniform.

"You've changed," she said, as he hung his cap on one of the branching arms above the umbrella stand.

"So have you," Hank answered. "You've changed back again." His American intonation sounded beautiful to her.

"Back again? How do you mean?"

Hank cocked his head, smiling. "Well, not quite," he said at last. "I mean, you're not really the way you were when you arrived in America. You had pigtails and long brown stockings then."

"But, Hank, that was years ago," Wincy protested. "Little English girls dress that way. I learned a lot about clothes, though, while I was stopping with the Hilliards. Don't I—Hank, don't I look different?"

Hank laughed. It was nice to hear him laugh again. "I wasn't thinking of clothes," he said slowly. "It's something in your face that's more English. How's everything? What's it like, being back in Oxford?"

"Angus and I are jolly glad to be home again," she answered. The polite phrase had become a habit. Then she remembered that she did not have to pretend to Hank. "Well," she added, "mummie and daddy are a little hard to please. But they'll get used to us. Oh, Hank, it's wonderful to see you. I didn't even know you were in England."

"I was pretty surprised myself, when my outfit came to England," Hank answered. "Then I got this pass, and there wasn't anything I wanted to see so much as you and Angus."

"Angus will be thrilled too," Wincy said. "He's gone to the Warden's garden party."

"The warden? Jail?"

Wincy smiled. "The Warden is the head of daddy's college. A very important person.



SMELLS KEEN, MRS. GREEN

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2 KINDS

YELLOW AND BROWN

Mummie had managed a frock for me, what she calls 'something appropriate'—it makes me look thirteen. But I had a headache, so she thought I'd better stop at home."

"Maybe I ought to leave," Hank said, without stirring, "if you're not feeling well."

"Oh, no, I'm quite fit now, really. I have been ever since you came. Oh, Hank, suppose I'd missed you—you can't imagine how dull it is here."

Hank looked around the room, at the oak settle and the stiff chairs, at the overpowering brown mantelshelf. "I guess it's not so hot," he said with feeling.

"There's no fun, the way there was in Belmont," Wincy said slowly. "Maybe if my elder brother were home it would be more that way. But mummie and daddy really need us quite badly. Daddy's so helpless—he's a Greek professor."

"Uncle Bill's a professor," Hank said.

"Oh, yes, but chemists are different, don't you think, from Greek professors? Come in the kitchen and we'll fix some grub," she said, laughing. She wanted Hank to know she could still speak his language.

The large red tiles in the kitchen floor fascinated Hank. "This is the first English home I've ever been in," he explained. "I'm seeing you for the first time in your natural habitat. But you were a natural for America, Wincy, once the Hilliards broke you in."

"I loved it," Wincy said, placing a platter of biscuits on the kitchen table and setting out the tea things. "You know, I miss the queerest people—people I didn't really care for, like Miss Lowell, my math teacher. And Sandy Whipple—he was that kid the girls used to tease me about. But everybody knew you were the only boy I really liked, Hank, and they couldn't tease me about my foster cousin. There can't be boy-and-girl stuff between cousins, can there?"

HIGH POINT

Every man is entitled to be valued by his best moment.

—EMERSON: Quoted in Catchwords of Cheer, by S. A. Hubbard. (A. C. McClurg Co.)

"Can't there be?"

"Of course not," Wincy said flatly, as they sat down. "Remember that time you took me to a concert at the Fogg?"

"I remember," Hank answered, looking at her intently in a way Wincy couldn't understand. Suddenly he pushed back his chair noisily and stood at attention. Wincy turned around. Professor and Mrs. Turner were in the doorway. They looked horrified.

"Oh, hello," Wincy said weakly.

"We walked in on tiptoe, Wincy," Mrs. Turner said, "lest you had fallen asleep *nursing that headache*."

The front door slammed and Angus trailed in. Seeing Hank, he took a flying leap between his father and mother and landed with his arms around Hank's neck.

"You old bozo!" he shouted. "Where in the heck did you come from?"

"Don't be rude, Angus," Professor Turner said sharply. He turned to Wincy. "Who is this—gentleman, Wincy?"

"It's Hank, daddy, Hank Sutton. He lived next door to us in Belmont. You know—one of the foster cousins."

"Of course," Mrs. Turner said, with a look of tremendous relief. "It's Mrs. Hilliard's nephew."

"That's right," Wincy said happily.

"The children gave us such disjointed accounts in their letters," Mrs. Turner told Hank, "that we do not have a very clear picture of their life in the States. We feared you were a total stranger, some soldier Wincy had—well—befriended during our absence." She looked about the kitchen distastefully. "Shall we go into the drawing room?" She led the way, but no one followed.

Professor Turner advanced upon Hank to shake hands. "Yes," he was saying, "Wincy and Angus had so many friends out there."

"Yes, sir," Hank said.



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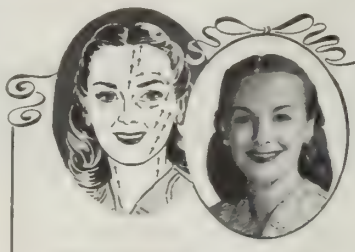
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HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

"Wincy," Mrs. Turner called from the drawing room, "do bring—bring—Wincy, what *is* his name?"

"Harley, mummie."

"Do bring Harley in here, dear." Mrs. Turner waited until everyone was seated and then she took charge of the conversation. "How old are you, Harley?" she asked.

"Eighteen, ma'am."

"Indeed! Younger than our boy Mark," Professor Turner remarked. "I fancied you were a good deal older."

"Mark's in the RAF. When last we heard, he was in Africa," Mrs. Turner explained, taking his picture from the writing desk and showing it to Hank. "What a pity you couldn't have met him."

Professor Turner, standing with his hands clasped behind his back, coughed. Wincy knew he was about to make a speech.

"Professor and Mrs. Hilliard had never heard of us," he began, clearing his throat, "when they offered their home to our children. They gave them what appears to have been the most affectionate care. In token of our gratitude, we shall always extend hospitality to any connection of these good people. Harley, we should be delighted if you would stay with us during your leave."

"Do," Angus begged, tugging at Hank's sleeve. "You can have Mark's room."

"Thanks," said Hank. "I'd like to stay, but I just got a twelve-hour pass. We're being shipped out in a couple of days."

"Oh," Wincy said.

There was a long, cold quiet. It was Hank who broke the silence with a laugh. "Imagine being in Africa on Halloween!"

"Ah, yes," the professor remarked, "the Eve of All Hallows."

"In America," Wincy put in eagerly, "they have parties and square dances."

"We dress up like ghosts," Angus broke in excitedly. "And rap on windows and ring people's doorbells. If we don't run away, they give us candy."

"Jack-o'-lanterns," Wincy went on.

"How jolly!" Mrs. Turner said. "You never told us anything about it."

The Wise Counsel of the Chinese Princess

If he tells you, "I love you more than anything else in the world," turn away your head and carefully arrange your hair.

If he tells you, "I adore you more than the golden god of the temple," arrange the folds of your dress and laughingly reproach him for his impiety.

If he passes under your window on his white horse to bid you good-by because he prefers to die in battle rather than of despair, give him a flower and wish him good luck.

But if he sits near you dumb as an oyster, and so clumsy that he spills tea on the blue cloth, smile at him tenderly as to the one whom you are willing to make your mate for life.

—From The Poems of Princess Chou: Mercure de France, Paris.

"Well," Hank said with a sigh, "guess I've got to be going. Have to get back to camp by midnight." He shook his head gloomily. "Thanks for everything."

When Hank got up, Mrs. Turner led the way into the passage, the others following. Angus held Hank's cap behind his back.

"Let's have it, kid," Hank said, and Angus reluctantly gave it up. "Good-by, Mrs. Turner; good-by, sir."

WINCY pushed past everyone. In a sudden frenzy, she threw her arms around Hank's neck. He held her against his hard chest. Over his shoulder, Wincy saw her mother's face and knew at once that she had done the wrong thing. When Hank was gone, her mother would very likely be extremely cross, but this time she would not care. It was nothing like that silly business with Francis. Only Hank mattered to her now.

From the doorstep, Wincy watched him hurry along Banbury Road in the hazy twilight. Halfway down the street, he turned and saluted.

"So long," she called, but her voice did not sound like her own. It was like someone else's, coming from a long way off.

The day after Hank's visit to Oxford, Wincy went through her scales and arpeggios with concentration for a little while, but soon found herself wondering whether Hank had been shipped out. Hank fighting; Hank wounded, perhaps, or taken prisoner. She played more slowly, sliding over the notes. Perhaps, if she did well at Newfields, they would let her go to college in America. After that she could marry Hank and stay on.

Above the daydream, Mrs. Quelch's high-pitched voice, holding forth on the drawing-room side of the dividing doors, pushed itself into Wincy's consciousness: "I do hope you'll pardon my saying it, Rachel—but Winifred seems a bit too forward for Brenda."

"Girls grow up far too fast in the States." Mrs. Turner admitted. "I can't help wishing we had kept her at home."

"It all comes of having been frightened by the blitz," Mrs. Quelch exclaimed. "Now, I resolved to keep Brenda by my side at all costs. If your Wincy had stopped at home, she would not have these wild notions."

Picklepuss, thought Wincy.

"But the stay did do her good in many ways," Mrs. Turner argued. "She learned to be very helpful in the house. She was taught to play the violin amazingly well."

"Nevertheless," Mrs. Quelch insisted, "I do think Winifred too much of a child to be entertaining a young man, especially alone in the house. I shouldn't dream of letting Brenda."

"I CAN'T think what you mean," Mrs. Turner said sharply, then added, laughing, "Oh, *that*—it's so long ago, I had forgotten. I shouldn't say Wincy was entirely to blame. Your Francis invited her."

"Francis?" Mrs. Quelch repeated, her voice rising. "Indeed, it wasn't Francis we saw embracing Winifred in the doorway yesterday. It was a tall, dark boy, my dear Rachel, in uniform. An American, I suspect."

There was a hush. "That was Harley Sutton," Mrs. Turner said. "Mrs. Hilliard's nephew. He landed in England with his outfit last week and came to see the children on his sight-seeing leave."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Quelch remarked, full of interest. "But such a warm embrace. I'm surprised you didn't stop at home to greet him, Rachel. All the way from the States ——"

"We had no idea he was coming," Mrs. Turner explained hastily. "The boy never thought to telephone. Wincy just happened to be at home, as she had a headache."

"What a coincidence"—she drew out the words sententiously—"her headache, and this young soldier's visit."

"I can't think what you mean," Mrs. Turner cried angrily.

"Can't you?" Mrs. Quelch's rasping voice was like honey now. "Our generation had headaches, too, Rachel, when we were young, and eager for forbidden fruit. Had you forgotten, my dear?"

Wincy was furious. *The snake*, she gasped. *I'll open the door and tell the reptile what I think of her, even if mummie brains me.*

Then, as a brilliant surprise, it came to her—how you handled a snake. You didn't talk to it—that showed no understanding of psychology at all—you charmed it. With dramatic suddenness, Wincy threw open the door. Mrs. Quelch, sitting on the window seat, did not have a chance to say a word, for Wincy fixed her eye upon her and instantly began playing. *O for the wings, for the wings of a dove*, she played with long, sweeping bows and a sustaining vibrato.

Like a boa constrictor who has raised himself to strike and then thought better of it, Mrs. Quelch shrank back among the cushions. Under Wincy's spellbinding stare, she dropped her eyes. She looked quite frightened. When Wincy and Mendelssohn and the Psalmist had done with her, Mrs. Quelch was nothing but a crumpled old gossip.

Intent on Mrs. Quelch, Wincy did not see her mother's face. She drew her bow slowly through the last beat; then, as suddenly as



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she had opened it, she shut the door. After that, the tears spilled over.

But Mrs. Quelch never knew about them. She removed herself into the passage. "Quite a talented girl, my dear, really," she said. "That would, of course, account for her irregular conduct. We all know artists are given to that sort of thing, don't we? *Good* day, Rachel."

"Your mother tells me," Professor Turner began, "that Miss Fulleylove finds your history preparation at Agassiz deplorably inadequate."

"I know," Wincy said, "but there's the whole summer. I can make it up."

"Actually," Professor Turner began, "we—your mother and I—consider it advisable that you enter school at once."

"But, daddy, it's almost June. It isn't worth it and I'd hate to go before I'd made up the history."

"Quite. I will not conceal the fact that I am in full agreement with you on that point, but the matter has been decided, so let us not discuss it further." He looked sad, almost old, as he left for home guard. Wincy wondered how things were going at St. James's. If only she could find out what was wrong!

Now she was supposed to go to school. Whatever for, in May? Nothing made sense. What would they call her at Newfields? An *évacuée?* Well, she wasn't going to school, anyhow, till Michaelmas term. That was absolutely flat.

Having made the decision, Wincy felt better. Running upstairs, two steps at a time, she had almost reached the landing when the front door opened. Wincy turned round and saw Mrs. Turner come in carrying a large bundle of clothing. "Hello, mummie." Her mother looked nice, with her fresh, pink cheeks and golden hair. She was a lot prettier than Aunt Polly, even in her W.V.S. hat.

"I GOT them," Mrs. Turner announced, her eyes shining, and dropped the bundle on the monk's bench, "at the clothing exchange. It would have been wicked to spend coupons on a school uniform," Mrs. Turner went on, opening the bundle and displaying a mass of navy-blue serge, "and that traveling costume you wore home from the States would have been quite out of place in Oxford, so I put it down in the barter book and got these instead."

"You gave my suit away?" Wincy cried. "The suit Aunt Polly bought me?"

"Yes, dear. You don't mind, do you?" Mrs. Turner looked at Wincy in surprise. "Oh, darling, you do! I never thought of asking you. You know, sometimes I forget you're not a little poppet any more."

"It's okay," Wincy muttered, eying the blue serge with disgust. "But I don't need a uniform yet. I'm going to make up the history by myself."

"I shouldn't worry about it too much, chicken," Mrs. Turner said comfortingly. "Miss Fulleylove says the form mistress will help you."

Wincy put her arm around her mother's waist. "I'm so glad you understand," she said happily. "I'll start working right away."

"You're being sensible about the costume," Mrs. Turner said. "I must see how the gym tunic fits."

"There's no point in it—if it's right now, it won't fit when I start school in September at the rate I'm growing."

"I hope it's right now," Mrs. Turner answered, "because you're starting school tomorrow. I told Miss Fulleylove this morning."

"I don't want to. There's no use going to school just for a few weeks."

"Yes, there is," Mrs. Turner insisted. "You will be looked after there. If we had Nannie, or even maids, I shouldn't urge you. But I cannot keep my eye on you. Just at present I'm frightfully occupied, collecting books for the military camps."

Wincy looked at her mother earnestly. "You needn't keep your eye on me," she said. "We often stayed alone in Belmont."

"I dare say," Mrs. Turner answered, and Wincy thought she sounded a little bitter.

(Continued on Page 81)



Bath Time Bouquet

Eight dainty bathsticks here you see,

Bright and pretty as can be.

Hang the container on the wall—

Keep it there till you've used them all.

Family and guests will find them fun,

Three fragrant baths in every one.

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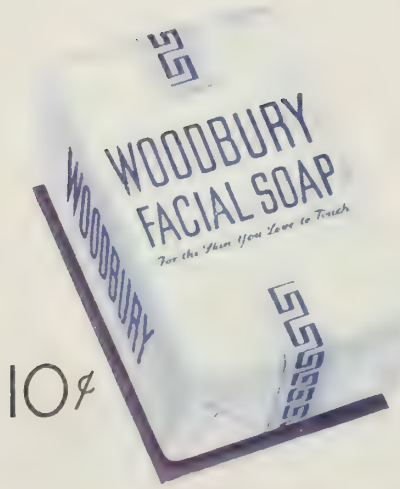
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Sudden Storm

HEAT LIGHTNING flickering through your veins.
Thunder pounding in your pulses. Then the first impassioned kiss,
like the sharp sting of rain on your lips. This is the
beginning! This is the moment sudden but long awaited . . .
when your beauty stirs a tumult in his heart that will never be stilled!



For this moment . . . you keep your beauty
bright with Woodbury, the Facial Soap
made for the skin alone. A daily Woodbury Facial
Cocktail . . . gentlest of cleansing care . . .
coaxes your complexion to smooth, soft enchantment.
Woodbury is a truly fine *skin* soap, made
in cake form only. It is your wonderfully simple,
simply wonderful way to loveliness.

WOODBURY FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

(Continued from Page 79)

our behavior indicates neglect. But at vfields you will be kept from running off lines. Now try these on." Mrs. Turner nped the serge mass onto Wincy's bed.

o that was it—she was being sent to ool for safekeeping, to jail, she who had rneyed all the way to America and back n a small boy to look after. What would ncis think of her now, in these weeds, n all her glamour gone?

he wondered what Mark would think, if should suddenly come popping in the t door. Would he like her, regardless— because she was his sister? He had er been friendly when they were younger, it would be different now, more like nk and Sally.

ut when she looked at herself in the long val glass, she was crushed. One look, and knew the uniform was worse, far worse, n she had feared. The gym tunic, reach- no farther than the top of her knees, g straight from her shoulders, tied in the dle like a sack of grain. It was more than could bear. She crumpled on the floor he foot of the mirror. Now there was ning left to her looks except her hair.

ut, as she turned her head from side to in the glass to console herself, she dis- ered that even her wave wasn't nice any e. The curls were beginning to straggle.

he telegram came on Saturday while the ners were at breakfast. Wincy brought to the dining room.

Mrs. Turner glanced at the message ckly and gave a little cry. "Mark ——" gasped pitifully.

nding the telegram her husband, she t to the window and d looking out, her d turned away.

"Missing," the pro- or explained briefly, ing over the paper Wincy. He got up went to his wife. re they stood—no ds, no tears—look- out into the garden. Wincy felt horror p through her as saw her father's shrink. Angus was clutching her arm, ing terrified. But he had the sense to still. Good kid!

Wincy pulled Angus gently into the pas- . "Don't speak to them," she whispered. What is it?" he asked, clinging to her. Something's happened to Mark—some- g terrible. Just don't bother them." She down and rubbed her cheek against us' soft hair.

EEMED a long time before there was any d in the dining room. Then Mrs. Turner e into the passage. "Oh," she exclaimed lenly, seeing Wincy and Angus there, poor little souls, I'd forgotten about My poor babies!" And, to Wincy's nishment, she burst into tears, running airs as fast as she could.

Come on," Wincy said to Angus. "I'll mummie's job and you do daddy's. I s he's the washer up this week."

ey kept the house going all day, she and us. They even did the "weekly shop," ding in line for hours without knowing there was at the end. But Mrs. Turner satisfied when they returned and showed ow much food they had managed to get.

Mrs. Palmer, across the street, had of- to take Mrs. Turner's place at the .S. that afternoon, Professor Turner aded his wife to rest in a deck chair tea while he thinned the carrots and up the scarlet runners.

Your Roi de Dijon roses are doing well year," he called, and she nodded, trying ok pleased.

ey were nice together, Wincy thought. could fall back on each other in time ouble, and they had courage. It must been this way when they sent her and us to an unknown home across the ocean, hen Wincy hadn't understood. She had only seen their brave smiles and never suspected how they must be crying inside.

"John," Mrs. Turner said suddenly, sitting up, "I fear we've let Wincy and Angus become aware of our anxiety. Children shouldn't be allowed to feel these things."

"They're not such children," the professor answered, as he scraped the earth from his trowel. "Wincy's a woman, actually. I don't think you appreciate how responsible she is. And Angus is capable of sharing the family burden too. It's not the way it was when we were children, Rachel."

Wincy, standing by the French windows in the drawing room, felt pleased. Daddy really did understand about her age, and he was bringing mummie around too.

Strange voices came from the passage. The Warden of St. James's had come with his daughter, as well as Doctor Quelch and some of the Fellows.

THE Warden smiled down on Angus and patted his shoulder. He wore a parson's collar, and he was so old that he had an almost childlike face.

So that's the Warden, Wincy said to herself—*not at all frightening. The way daddy talked, I thought he must be terrifying. Rather sweet, as a matter of fact, so pink and gentle, and those pale blue eyes.*

More people arrived—Mrs. Palmer, who reported about the work at the W.V.S., and Mrs. Quelch with Francis. Evidently they had all come because of the dreadful news about Mark, but they never mentioned him at all. Queer, Wincy thought—they must all be people of very good taste.

The Warden's daughter looked very nice. She wore her hair wound in a crown around her head and she had lovely gray eyes, but she must be at least twenty, so she was not likely, Wincy thought, to notice her.

Francis suddenly stood before her. "Did you read the telegram?" he asked softly. "What did it say?"

Francis and Mark had been chums, though Francis was younger. Wincy wondered if that was why he was being nice to her now.

"Missing," she answered. Suddenly her heart jumped. "Could that mean that Mark isn't—dead?"

"It could. No one knows yet."

"Oh, Francis!" she exclaimed and in her relief she clutched his hand.

Mrs. Quelch was watching. She looked directly at Wincy. Wincy dropped Francis' hand quickly. He must have noticed his mother, too, for he hurried off to speak to Professor Turner.

Someone said, "Your father tells me you are a budding musician, Winifred."

Turning, Wincy found that the Warden had moved over to talk to her. "Do you play?" she asked shyly.

"Not the fiddle. Before the war, we used to have a great deal of music in our college," he said, looking back through time with those pale blue eyes. "I hope it can be revived."

"What instrument do you play?"

"Flute, my dear, that mellifluous instrument ——"

"Oh," Wincy exclaimed, before she stopped to think whom she was addressing, "you could be the cuckoo."

"The what?"

"The cuckoo. Don't you know the Toy Symphony?"

The old gentleman's eyes took on that distant expression again. "Do you mean that symphony Haydn wrote for a lark? Where part of the orchestra uses toy instruments—the nightingale and quail and so on?"

"Yes," Wincy said happily. She had begun to fear no one in Oxford knew the music she had played at the Hilliards'.

"Once, long ago, we performed it at a gaudy," the Warden said. "It was a huge success. The audience laughed till it wept."

WASTED TIME

Have you ever thought how many minutes in every day most of us devote to nursing grievances, manufacturing sharp retorts, cursing our luck, allowing ourselves to be annoyed by trifles? It will be a ghastly reflection, when we come to die, that we've spent perhaps one year of our lives working ourselves into a fury because our breakfast egg is underboiled. —STEPHEN McKENNA.

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"We have the nightingale here," Wincy said eagerly. "It was Angus' part when we played the symphony in Belmont—our home in America, you know."

The Warden laughed. "It's a jolly work."

Wincy forgot what an important personage the Warden was. He was so nice and seemed so interested that she went on to tell him about the other music they used to play.

"What a happy experience you had abroad," the Warden said. "Have you met Daphne? She plays the cello. You might do something together." He went off to detach his daughter from Mrs. Quelch's conversation. "This is my daughter Daphne," the Warden said, presenting her to Wincy. "Do get Winifred to tell you about her jolly times in the States, Daphne," he urged, walking off to speak to Mrs. Turner.

"Are you a musician?" Wincy asked shyly.

"Oh, no," Daphne answered, "but I used to play quite a lot when I was at Somerville. Now I keep house for father and help the head almoner at the Radcliffe."

"Radcliffe?" Wincy repeated, dazed. She knew Daphne was not referring to Sally Sutton's college in Cambridge, U.S.A., but that was what she saw in her mind.

"Come to tea on Sunday," Daphne said cordially. "We'll play duets or sing madrigals."

"It was a joy hearing about music in the States," the Warden told Wincy in parting.

"I wish mummie and daddy cared for that sort of thing. It would help now."

"Pity they aren't musical," the Warden agreed. "We must think of some means of distracting them until better news arrives."

Wincy entered the great oaken portal of St. James's and crossed the college gardens on her way to tea with Daphne Godstow. Warden House appeared at the bottom of the gardens. The walls of the house were covered with creeper, making it look stately, and yet it was homey, too, with the border of blue lupine and columbine and the Warden's bicycle parked beside the drive. Wincy laughed. Since the blackout, the Warden had painted "The Lord is my Light" on the place where the lamp should have been.

Daphne seemed so pleased to see her that Wincy felt a sudden glow of happiness. "Any news?" Daphne asked anxiously.

"No," Wincy answered. "It's so dreadful for mummie and daddy, not knowing."

Daphne put her hand on Wincy's for a moment and looked at her fondly. Then she talked of other things. She wanted to know all about Wincy's life abroad.

Wincy found herself telling her new friend about the Hilliards and the Suttons and how nice it was in Belmont. She looked through the casement windows across the garden and the meadows. "It's lovely here too," she said suddenly.

"Been a wee bit homesick, haven't you?" Daphne asked. "I know precisely how it feels. I still miss my friends at Somerville."

"Did you all study Greek and Latin?"

"Not all. One of my friends was interested in chemistry, another in psychology. I studied musicology."

"I didn't think people did in England. Especially psychology. The English don't seem to know much about it."

"Have you talked to Doctor Wilson? He's doing some very interesting experiments."

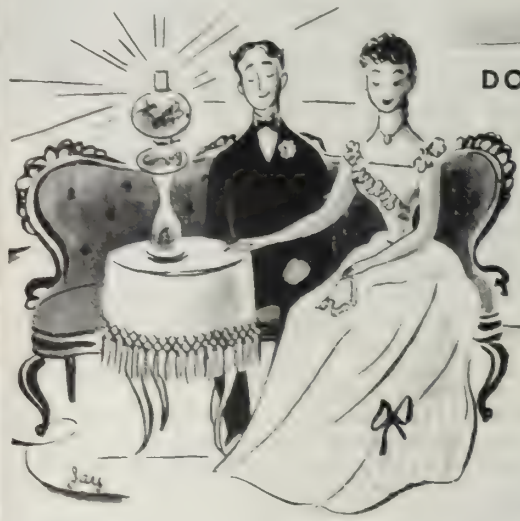
"No," Wincy answered. "I was afraid nobody here understood about complexes. Of course, my parents aren't used to children—they're only beginners."

Daphne laughed. "I believe you'll educate them," she said gaily. She stood up and collected the tea things. "You're an interesting person. It's fun to come up against

SUCCESS

A man's life is interesting primarily when he has failed. For it is a sign that he has tried to surpass himself.

—CLEMENCEAU.



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new ideas, and one isn't so apt to get them stopping at home. You've been very fortunate, haven't you?"

Wincy looked up with a grateful expression. No one else in England had seemed to think that she'd been fortunate in going to America.

"Brenda Quelch feels no end sorry she didn't go," Daphne said. "Since you came home, she wishes she'd been too."

"Oh," Wincy said in surprise. It had never occurred to her that Brenda might feel anything but superior to her.

It was time for Evening Prayers. Wincy could see the undergraduates strolling across the lawns in the late sunlight.

"By Jove, it's time already," Daphne said. "You're coming, too, aren't you?"

Wincy did not want to go. But she would not refuse Daphne. She went along, sitting beside her new friend in the Warden's pew. Across the aisle she could see her mother and Angus. As Angus bent his head, an impressive collar popped out at the back of his coat. Where had he got that collar? Had it been stored in the boxroom for years and years, ever since Mark was nine?

Wincy shut her eyes and swallowed hard. Nobody was safe, really. A bomb might fall on the chapel right now, killing them all. She hadn't realized all this in Belmont. Her mind knew it, but she hadn't felt the danger deep within. As she opened her eyes again, Wincy saw her mother grasping the back of the pew in front, her head bent over her hands. She must be praying for Mark.

Wincy felt too old to pray. Yet the chapel was filled with grown people—members of the college, many of them in military uniform, Doctor Quelch in his gown and Mrs. Quelch with Brenda beside her. There must be something to it which Wincy didn't understand. Someday she would ask Daphne.

The choir went out singing God Moves in a Mysterious Way. Wincy recognized it as her father's favorite hymn. Before she knew it, she found herself on the porch beside Daphne, shaking hands with the Warden.

He smiled at her. Then he bent down and put his face close to Wincy's ear. "I'm still cogitating, Winifred, seeking something to distract them—something gay, yet not frivolous, something engrossing ——"

Daphne, standing close, heard the words, too, and smiled at Wincy. The three of them were like conspirators.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Quelch," Wincy heard the Warden saying, as he straightened and turned away from her.

But Mrs. Quelch gave the dear old gentleman only the most cursory greeting. She was glaring at Wincy.

"Everything I do gets me in wrong with Picklepuss," Wincy observed. "Just going to Evening Prayers ——"

"With whom?" Daphne asked, and Wincy jumped.

"Mrs. Quelch," she explained primly.

"I knew whom you meant, but what was that amusing name you gave her?"

Wincy felt troubled. "Picklepuss," she repeated. "Sorry—it isn't very nice. People say it a lot in America. It means gherkin-face—you know, sour."

"Very fitting indeed!" Daphne laughed. "I must tell daddy—he'll enjoy it."

"Oh, Daphne, *please* don't," Wincy begged. Then, as she thought of the Warden's gentle humor and the inscription on his bicycle, she knew he would understand.

Funny, Wincy thought, as she walked home, that something dreadful should cause something lovely to happen. If it hadn't been for the bad news about Mark, the Warden and Daphne would never have come to call. It was true what the hymn said: *God moves in a mysterious way.* If only He would move for Mark!

At the close of school on Monday, Wincy hurried home before anyone could say things to her about Mark.

She had almost reached the garden gate when she saw her father coming toward her from St. Giles. Wincy ran to meet him and he handed her a phonograph record.



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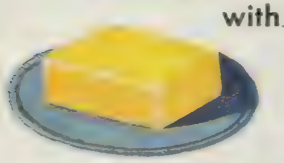
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"A present," he said briefly.

No sooner had they got to the house than Wincy hunted for the title of the record. It was Pomp and Circumstance. "Thank you, daddy," Wincy said, giving him a kiss.

"Are you pleased? I wasn't quite sure what composer you would prefer, but I knew I couldn't go wrong with Sir Edward."

"It'll make a start," Wincy answered. "We must get Bach and Beethoven and Prokofiev. But what'll we play them on?"

"There's a phonograph in the nursery," Mrs. Turner reminded Wincy. "Nannie used to play it for you."

"Where's Angus?" the professor inquired. "I have something for him too."

"Upstairs," Mrs. Turner answered wearily. Wincy had never seen her mother look so hopeless.

"I'll get Angus," she offered.

"There's really no occasion for a present," Mrs. Turner said. "Actually, Angus is doing very poorly in school. Last week, Mr. Rottingdean said ——"

"Daddy's present will make up to him for what old Rotter said," Wincy put in quickly. "It's not Angus' fault that he doesn't know Latin, and we don't want him to get an inferiority complex."

"A *what?*" Mrs. Turner asked.

"An inferiority complex. Aunt Polly used to say ——"

"Aunt Polly," Mrs. Turner repeated crossly. "Why didn't *she* see to it that Angus did his work properly? It's 'Aunt Polly said this' and 'Aunt Polly did that' till I'm fed up."

"Rachel—you forget yourself. The Hilliards did their best for the children."

"Of course," Mrs. Turner said penitently. "I oughtn't to have said that. It was very good of them to take the children in—all unknown, and so on."

"You're upset, my dear."

Mrs. Turner crumpled in her chair. "I expect you're right," she said bleakly. "It's awful—not knowing about Mark. Three days now. Oh, John, how can we go on this way, not knowing perhaps until the very end of the war ——"

"We do know, my dear," the professor said in that calm voice of his. "There isn't any doubt but that he's safe somewhere. He merely cannot communicate with us for the moment."

"Are you certain, John? If that's the case —— Still, I do think Mrs. Hilliard made things difficult for us."

Professor Turner said, "I believe Wincy is right. This present will help Angus. One has to use psychology in matters like this."

Well, I never, Wincy thought. "You've two books," she said in surprise.

"Yes, one of them is for myself. As a matter of fact, Wincy, it's something to do with psychology. You have piqued my curiosity. Treatise on psychology by a Cambridge don," the professor explained. "I confess it sounds like some sort of mechanical treatise. But I only glanced at it in the shop."

"May I call Angus now?" Wincy asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Turner said, her face brightening, "we'll put the present on the mantelpiece and let Angus *look* at it—a reward he is to receive when he has passed a dry night."

Wincy called Angus down and brought him into the drawing room. He looked dejected. It was a shame the way all the bounce had gone out of him since he heard he was going to be sent to boarding school. But when he saw the parcel on the mantelpiece, his face brightened.

"Gee, dad, thanks. Gee, that's swell!"

Professor Turner glanced at his wife a little sheepishly. Then he took the parcel off the mantelpiece.

Angus read the title page. The Age of Fable, by Thomas Bulfinch. "Oh," he sighed, skimming through the pages. He laid the book down and went to the window, looking out while he fiddled with the weight at the end of the curtain cord.

Wincy felt sorry for her father. "I'll read it with you, Angus. It's going to be fun."

"Okay," Angus answered without enthusiasm. Then his tone became urgent, "Daddy, can't I stay at St. George's next term? Tons of chaps in my form are going to be there."

"You must leave it to your elders to decide upon your education, my boy," Professor Turner answered gently. His face was very white and drawn.

The light faded from Angus' face. "Well, if I've got to go away," he said with a sigh, "I'm going back to Agassiz. I can't think how Aunt Polly gets along without me."

There was a terrible silence.

"Rachel," Professor Turner suddenly said in a hearty voice, as if he had not heard the last remark, "when are we going to have our tea? Angus and I feel no end peckish."

Wincy was serving the porridge in the silent dining room five days after her parents

(Continued on Page 86)

LITTLE GUY



"Love, love, love!!! Why don't they get wise and give the public what they want!"

"...comin' to my sundae social?"

"There's gonna be *four kinds-a* sundaes! Step up and take your choice—or try 'em *all!*

They're really delicious, 'cause my fav'rite Karo makes 'em smooth and not too sweet. Mom says they're easy to make—and don't get "grainy". They keep well in the refrigerator, so we always have sundae treats when comp'ny drops in.

And don't forget they're good for you 'cause Karo is rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar."

THE KARO KID





1. *Apple-mint*

1 c. Red Label Karo
2 tbsp. lemon juice
1½ c. shredded apple
Peppermint flavoring
Green coloring

Cook slowly, Karo, lemon juice and finely shredded apple pulp, until apple is just transparent, 6 to 8 min. Remove from heat. Stir in peppermint flavoring and green coloring. Makes 2 cups. May be kept in a covered jar in refrigerator several weeks.

2. *Caramel-nut*

½ c. brown sugar, firmly packed
½ c. Blue Label Karo
⅛ tsp. soda
6 tbsp. water
Dash salt
1 tbsp. butter
⅓ c. evaporated milk
⅓ c. sliced, toasted almonds

Cook brown sugar, Karo, soda, water, salt and butter over medium heat until a small amount will form a very soft ball when dropped in cold water, (232 degrees F.). Cool to lukewarm. Then beat in milk gradually, and blend 3 to 4 min. Stir in nuts. Makes 1⅓ cups. May be kept, covered, in refrigerator several weeks.

3. *Chocolate*

½ c. cocoa
⅓ c. Red or Blue Label Karo
6 tbsp. water
1½ c. sugar
½ tsp. salt
1 c. milk
3 tbsp. butter
½ tsp. vanilla

Cook cocoa, Karo and water over low heat until well blended. Stir in sugar, salt and milk. Cook gently 7 to 8 min. until the mixture thickens, (220 degrees F.). Remove from heat; add butter, and beat until the color starts to change. Stir in vanilla. Makes 2 cups. May be kept in a covered jar in refrigerator several weeks.



4. *Marshmallow*

2 c. Red Label Karo
2 egg whites (¼ cup)
⅛ tsp. salt
½ tsp. vanilla

Cook Karo over medium heat until a small amount will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water, (234 degrees F.). Whip egg whites, salt and vanilla until stiff, in a large bowl. Add hot syrup in four sections, beating after each addition. As mix becomes stiff, use wooden spoon. Takes about 5 minutes. When ready, mixture will stand in soft peaks when dropped from a spoon. Makes 4 cups. Keeps indefinitely in a covered jar at room temperature.

For Cake Topping or Filling: Use recipe as given. *For Sundaes (as illustrated) or Desserts:* Mix heaping tbsp. Basic Cream with 1½ tbsp. hot water, or fruit juice. Blend vigorously.

For Colored Swirl (as illustrated): Color a small portion; stir gently through white portion with tip of a small knife.

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(Continued from Page 84)

received the news about Mark, when the telephone rang. As soon as Mrs. Turner heard the Warden's voice, she put her husband on the line.

"The Undergraduate Approach again, most likely," she whispered cynically.

It was not, however, Professor Turner whom the Warden wished to speak with, and he made that point so clear that the professor was a trifle nettled.

"Not scheming to become a don, are you?" he asked Wincy superciliously, as she came to the telephone.

When the conversation was ended, Wincy would reveal nothing. "He has the most wonderful idea," was all she would say. "I'm not to tell you and mummie—it's a surprise. They're coming round tonight—the Warden and Daphne."

"Coming to see us again?" her father asked. "The Old Boy seldom goes visiting."

The Warden had been seeking some means of distracting the unhappy Turners while they waited for news of Mark, and the idea had come to him—he would persuade them to join in playing the Toy Symphony. He felt sure no one could resist the charm of that gay work, nor, while concentrating on its performance, brood over sorrow.

Angus alone shared the secret. He pushed the chairs in a semicircle facing the professor's reading stand. "You going to be the conductor?" he asked Wincy.

"I'm going to try," Wincy said faintly. "The Warden can't read a score. We'll make him concertmaster." She had never tried conducting, but she remembered how Uncle Bill had indicated beats with his head as he played the fiddle.

After supper, Angus brought the trumpet and drum he had played with as a little chap down from the nursery, as well as the nightingale. "What about the rattle?" he asked Wincy.

"Why don't you ask Mrs. Palmer, across the road?" the professor suggested. "I expect she has a rattle for her baby."

Angus flew through the passage and out the door.

Mrs. Turner stood at the door, looking in. She tried hard to conceal her disapproval, but, when Angus left the house, she could not help asking, "Does he really mean to use my cooking-pan lids in the drawing room?"

"I'm afraid we'll have to use them," Wincy said.

"And that dreadful nightingale—he drools so. I shan't want water spilled in the drawing room."

"Let him, Rachel," the professor urged. "It seems to be a necessary adjunct to these mysterious rites. The thing I can't fathom is what the Old Boy can have to do with all this childish pother—one of the foremost philosophers of our time."

THE bell clanged and Professor Turner went to open the door. Only Francis and Brenda Quelch were at the door, and the professor's face showed disappointment, which he quickly concealed. But it did seem out of place, he whispered to Wincy, to have invited children with the Warden. She explained that two more players were needed.

"Then it must be charades," the professor declared triumphantly.

The Godstows arrived at last, bringing their instruments and music stands and the precious score. Then Angus came in with Baby Palmer's rattle.

The players began to take the seats that Wincy assigned to them. When everyone was settled, the Warden rose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, bowing deeply, "this evening we propose to bring back the spirit of the eighteenth century by playing Haydn's Toy Symphony. This work, while scored in part for toy instruments, is, nevertheless, a real symphony. To perform it is a rare privilege, for it takes a skilled conductor. Mistress Winifred," he announced, drawing Wincy to the reading stand before the hearth, "will now wield the baton and we shall be her faithful followers."

Wincy curtsied gravely. Taking his seat, the Warden began to applaud so vigorously that the other players joined. Wincy felt her cheeks grow hot, but a happy glow enveloped her as she and the Godstows tuned up. She had never felt that way before in this room.

Angus bustled about, giving out the instruments and music. First he handed his father the toy trumpet.

"Of the harmonies I know nothing," Professor Turner protested.

"None for me, dear," Mrs. Turner said. "I'm not musical."

"That doesn't matter," Angus insisted. "You can't listen—the sound would kill you." He left the music with his mother.

BRENDA looked frightened. "I've never played the cymbals," she said.

"I say," Francis objected, "I'm not very quick at reading."

"It doesn't matter," Wincy told everyone. "You don't have to know how to read music, but you must watch and count carefully. The Warden, Daphne and I are going to play the melody on real instruments and you are going to play the accompaniment on toys."

"But I can't read a note of music," Mrs. Turner protested.

"Just wait, mummie, and you'll see. I'm going to beat like this"—she indicated the rhythm in the air with her bow, just as Uncle Bill used to do—"and you will count the measures you rest until it's time for you to come in. But first we'll introduce the players and their instruments. Our concertmaster, playing the cuckoo."

Warden Godstow rose, held up his flute, and made a deep bow.

"Now the cello—you needn't hold *that* up," Wincy added, laughing.

Daphne curtsied in an old-fashioned way.

"Now the rattle."

Mrs. Turner rose, feeling slightly foolish, as she held up Baby Palmer's rattle. Everyone laughed.

"Next, the cymbals," Wincy said.

Brenda stood up, holding the saucepan lids. She was both pleased and frightened.

"The trumpet and drum play in unison," Wincy announced, beckoning for Professor Turner and Francis to rise. "Please blow, daddy, so we can hear if you're in tune."

A feeble peep emerged from the trumpet. The players roared.

"Louder, please," Wincy commanded.

The professor tried again. His face was pink, but there were amused crinkles around his eyes.

"Well, it's not exactly in pitch," Wincy admitted, "but I expect it's the best we can do. Now the nightingale."

Angus stood up and proudly displayed his instrument, dripping water all over the floor.

"Last of all," Wincy said modestly, holding up the violin, "the fiddle. Now the tempo of the first movement is allegro and goes like this." She played the first few bars, Daphne joining in the bass. "I'll count one measure first and then you'll come in when I nod my head." Wincy counted four beats, waving her bow, and the symphony began.

"That's the cuckoo," Mrs. Turner exclaimed in surprise, when the Warden played his thirds. "That's precisely the way it sounds on Boar's Hill."

At the end of the first few measures, Wincy rapped the reading stand with her bow. "Good!" she exclaimed. "Everyone came in on time." The players laughed. "Well, nearly on time," Wincy admitted, laughing too. "Francis, a little softer, please—you're drowning out the other instruments. And, Brenda, you must count more carefully."

(Continued on Page 88)

WOMEN

The uncomfortable thing about women is that they are generally right.

—JAMES BARRIE.

A scolding wife can say endless disconcerting things, and she hits or misses: but a silent woman says everything.

—H. G. WELLS.

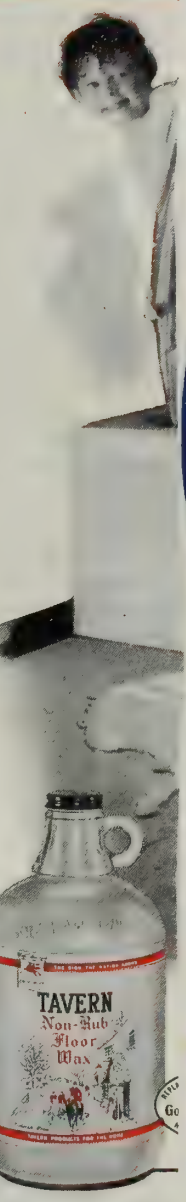
I wrote to her every day for two years, and what do you think was the result? She married the postman.

—ANON.

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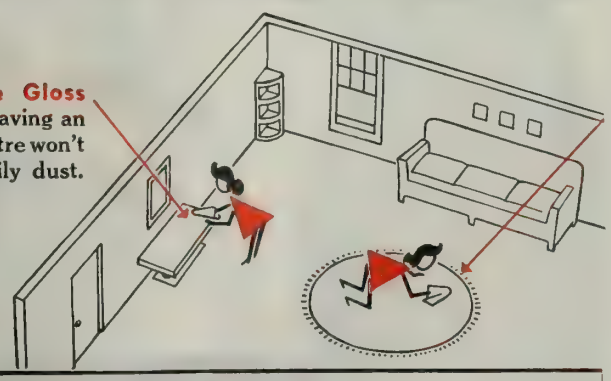
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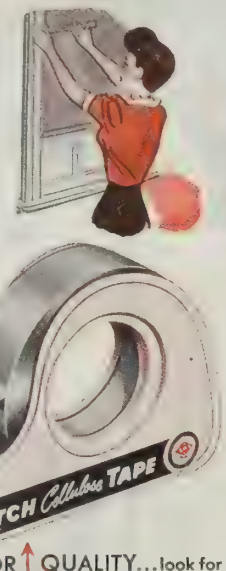


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(Continued from Page 86)

Francis tapped the drum softly. Then he looked up at Wincy and she gave him a satisfied nod. She could see he was enjoying himself.

"Now," said Wincy, "we'll start again."

In the Trio, the Warden played the part of a quail instead of the cuckoo, and Wincy noticed the other players laugh when they recognized the bird call. In the Finale they made a magnificent noise: the violin and cello carried the melody, the trumpet and drum were going great guns and Brenda brought the saucepan lids together smartly, while the Warden came in with the cuckoo again and Mrs. Turner trailed along, violently shaking her rattle. Angus had a pool of water at his feet. There was a round of laughter as the last measure subsided.

"Splendid, my dear," the Warden exclaimed, patting Wincy's shoulder.

Wincy looked up from the score. What she saw startled her. An airman in blue-gray stood in the doorway.

Mrs. Turner was the first to notice Wincy's startled expression. Glancing over her shoulder, she jumped up and ran into the passage. "Mark!" she cried. "Mark, are you safe?"

In an instant, Professor Turner and Francis were on their feet.

"Mark!" everyone cried. "Mark!"

Mark's parents clung to him. Although they were radiant, they looked almost as shocked as when the telegram had arrived.

"Why didn't you let us know you were coming, my boy?" the professor asked.

"I did," Mark answered. "I sent a telegram as soon as I got back to the base."

"It hasn't yet arrived. It doesn't matter now. We're delighted to see you."

The Godstows and Brenda surged toward the passage. But Angus hung back, clinging shyly to Wincy. The two stayed on the edge of the group, staring at their brother.

He was very handsome, Wincy thought, in a distinctly British way. His bearing was more soldierly than Hank's, but Hank hadn't been a soldier very long.

Francis said nothing as he shook hands with Mark, but when the two boys faced each other, Wincy could see that a world of unspoken messages passed between them.

Then Mark greeted the Warden and Daphne politely and waved at Brenda, but he looked faintly bored by the welcome. This puzzled Wincy, for she thought, considering how worried they had all been before, they appeared far too casual now that he was actually here and quite alive.

"The children are here, Mark," Mrs. Turner said.

Wincy grasped Mark's hand in both of hers. She wanted him to know how happy she was.

"I say, Wincy," he said, holding his sister at arm's length, "you *are* impetuous." He spoke jokingly, but now that she was closer, Wincy saw that Mark's cheeks were sunken and his eyelids twitched.

"I say," Mark exclaimed, as he watched Professor Turner scoop boiled mutton and parsnips out of the pot the following day, "things *have* changed here."

Wincy, taking her place at table, was studying the details of her brother's face—the hollows under his narrow cheekbones, the pointed nose like mummie's, the restless eyes under twitching lids. They had always been such calm eyes.

"Changed, Mark?" Mrs. Turner was beautiful with happiness as she surveyed her family complete about her.

"I mean," Mark explained, "I mean—the way you were all playing when I popped in last night. You never did such things when I was at home. And father on active duty on the kitchen front."

"I've learned a great deal," the professor said proudly. "To be setter, retriever and what to do for dishpan hands."

Mark laughed. "And fancy us being matey with the Warden," he went on.

"Well, perhaps it is different," Mrs. Turner admitted. "It must have happened gradually, for I wasn't aware of any change.



vonder what could have brought it ut."

Vast improvement," Mark said bluntly. His mother looked pleased, yet faintly zled.

Mark had offered very little explanation ut himself. He had been forced down in Channel and picked up some hours later armed. But it was several days before was able to return to his base, and there been some official confusion about his reabouts. Now he was on his way to an gnment in the west of England and had days to spend at home.

Wincy was surprised to see her parents cidly accepting Mark's silence. She was ng to know everything, but it didn't n wise to ask while her parents were sent. Perhaps later.

ngus' spirits had risen rnight. He could not e Mark for an instant. e, at last, was someone understood things—erators, propellers, nsmitters, motors—just people did in Belmont.

Come up to the nursery, Mark," Angus ged. "I'll show you my things."

Now, Wincy thought as Mark followed gus, *we'll have him to ourselves. He used to too superior to come to the nursery, but he that things are different. After all, he's a speck older than Hank, and Hank ght it worth while to come all the way across land to visit us.*

rofessor Turner came out of his study as gus went by. "Why don't you and Mark e this model plane you brought me?"

Gee, Mark, wait till you see this—it's a ll one," Angus shouted.

You never came up here before we went y, did you?" Wincy asked, when they e in the nursery.

Great snakes, no," Mark exclaimed. oo stuffy with Nannie."

ngus put the dope, nose block and pro-er aside and laid the intricately marked boards out on the dwarf table with the working drawings. He hadn't looked so happy since he left Belmont.

Mark was very much interested. Wincy watched him study the drawings and give commands to Angus, who jumped to carry them out. Mark turned his attention to the model for a few minutes and then he stood up, stretching.

"You're not going away?" Angus asked, deeply disappointed.

"Meeting a chum," Mark explained.

"Is it"—Wincy hesitated—"Francis Quelch?"

"Matter of fact, it is," he said, eying her curiously. "Any concern of yours?"

"I wondered if you were going on the river with him. He asked me once. Mummie wouldn't let me go."

"Not potty about him, are you?" Mark asked.

"Goodness, no! Actually, I don't even like him at all. Haven't you ever noticed the way his nose is the exact same shape as his father's and Brenda's?"

"No, I hadn't," Mark answered crossly.

"It's not repulsive—the nose, I mean," Wincy said hastily, not meaning to seem rude about Mark's friend. "It's very handsome, in fact. Francis' father is going to be the new Warden—did you know?"

"Can't be bothered," Mark muttered indifferently. "Francis ought to join the navy." He walked toward the nursery door. "Look here, Wincy, Francis is my friend. I won't hold with any cheek concerning him."

"Sorry. I didn't mean anything, Mark—really. He's all right, in a way. It's just—somehow American men suit me better."

Mark leaned against the doorjamb, spinning a sixpence in the air thoughtfully. "Rot!" he muttered, and walked off.

Wincy sat at the writing table near the French windows. Her parents had apparently forgotten that she was there.

A THOUGHT

A chip on the shoulder indicates that there's wood higher up. —ANON.

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"It must be rather dull for Wincy here," her father was saying, "after all the friends and parties and larking about she was accustomed to in Belmont."

Mrs. Turner nodded thoughtfully. "If only I had the time to be with her more. But the W.V.S. and the shopping seem to take all my time. Brenda Quelch would be just the friend for her. Do you remember how, when they were little ——"

"But she doesn't seem to fancy Brenda now."

"That will pass when she knows her better. I'll ask her to tea with her mother. Besides"—Mrs. Turner's voice became intense—"I should rather like Monica to see how well Wincy is shaping—a few American corners have been rubbed off."

"I never noticed any corners," the professor murmured. "D'you know, Rachel, I sometimes wonder whether Monica's preoccupation with Wincy's behavior may not be due, in part, to jealousy. I mean, Wincy is so much more vivid than that mousy little Quelch child."

"Oh, I don't think that can be, John," Mrs. Turner said. "She's been ever so solicitous about the children all through their American stay, worrying lest they fall in with unscrupulous people."

"Well, I'm not sure that she wasn't *hoping* for something of the sort, merely because Brenda stopped at home."

"I really can't believe it," Mrs. Turner said, a trifle hurt. "I do wish you had never read any of those psychology books. All you do nowadays is read them and think about them and imagine things. It makes me feel no end queer, as though things weren't at all what they seem."

Professor Turner looked at his wife tenderly. "It *is* queer, all this new knowledge, and quite upsetting. But whatever mutations it may presage in my outlook, my dear, one thing—my affection for you—will remain steadfast."

WINCY wished now that she had left the room sooner. The back of her eyes prickled, though she didn't understand why.

Mrs. Turner moved closer to her husband. "John," she said in a tense voice, "I must tell you something."

The professor looked up gravely.

"That morning a fortnight ago, after the telegram arrived, you know, I was so terrified, thinking the worst had happened to Mark, praying —— I had forgotten all about the little ones. And then I came upon them looking so mournful that I suddenly felt frightfully sorry for them. It was strange—Mark was the one I was grieving about, really, but I felt more than anything sorry for the children. They looked different to me, somehow—more like persons than like children. Queer that grief ——"

Involuntarily, Wincy stirred.

Mrs. Turner looked up. "Wincy!"

The professor turned around, aghast. "Have you been here all this time?"

Wincy turned from the writing desk. "I was writing to Sally Sutton."

Mrs. Turner looked weak. "I think I shall make myself a cup of tea," she said, starting for the passage. At the door she stopped. "D'you know," she said, presumably to her husband, but it was more as if she were talking to herself, "it may be all for the best, her knowing these things. Perhaps if I had understood at Wincy's age —— Of course, it would have been impossible—dear mother was such a typical Victorian. But, I mean, one really feels that one is getting closer to life."

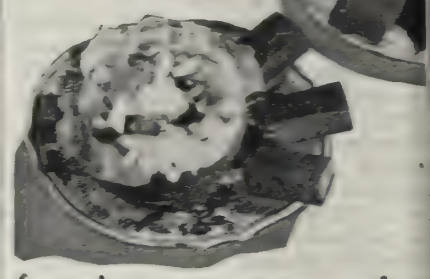
It wasn't very clear, just what she did mean, but Wincy felt a flutter in her chest, finding herself so close to her mother's secret thought, closer than she had ever been. Her mother was trying hard to see things.

After school the following afternoon Wincy biked through the Cornmarket with Sally Sutton's letter. She went into the post office and slid her letter into the box. She had to get back home because Brenda and her mother were coming to tea.

Wincy had set out the tea things and the kettle before going out. With everything

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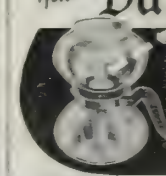
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ready, she could spare five minutes to have a look at the river from Folly Bridge.

Mrs. Turner was frightfully anxious to show Mrs. Quelch that Wincy was becoming civilized. When Doctor Quelch became Warden of St. James's, it would be awkward if his wife didn't approve of a Fellow's family.

Personally, Wincy said to herself, *I wish old Picklepuss would slip down a drainpipe. Still, if it's going to help daddy, I guess I can be decent to her.*

One bank of the river was lined with college barges. Wincy rested her bike against the railing, and, looking up the river, thought how lovely it was compared with the Charles, although when she was in Cambridge she had loved the Charles.

"Halloa, Wincy," someone said behind her.

Turning, she saw Francis Quelch. "Hi, Francis." Wincy hoped she appeared nonchalant, instead of startled. "Going on the river?"

"Just been," he answered. "On my way home now—have to swot, you know." Instead of going, though, he leaned beside her on the railing. "The Isis is the jolliest part of the Thames," he said. "In fact, I shouldn't wonder if it's the prettiest stretch of water anywhere in the world."

Wincy looked up at him. It seemed such an inane remark. But then, if she had not been evacuated, she might also have taken it for granted that her little corner of the earth was loveliest.

"Well, I mean," Francis went on, awkwardly, seeing the doubt in Wincy's face, "I haven't been about, like you. Other places must be nice too. But to me this is paradise."

"Paradisis," Wincy corrected, laughing.

He looked at her, charmed with the discovery. "Paradoxford," he retorted. "Paradoxford on the Paradisis."

They laughed over the phrase, repeating it over and over.

"I wish you could come punting with me someday," Francis said wistfully. "Through Iffley Lock to Sandford."

"I'll come someday," she said, and her voice sounded firmer than she had expected. "Quite soon, in fact."

"Cheers!" Francis exclaimed, and Wincy jumped. That was what he had said that dreadful day when she had promised to go, but had been obliged to stand him up.

She looked at him from the side of her eye. Until this moment he had been a boy like the others who walked about Oxford in cricket blazer and flannels. Now there was an individual selfness, a personalness about him that she had never seen in any boy, not even the ones she had known well, like Sandy Whipple and Hank Sutton.

Wincy thought, *It isn't his nice eyes or the handsome Quelch nose which gives him that special look, but the funny things about him—his forehead, his mouth which hasn't made up its mind yet whether to be good-natured or firm, and the way his Adam's apple keeps bobbing up and down.*

He was the most *understanding* person. First, when she called Angus a bum at the tea party, he had passed over the incident as though he had been an American. Then, when her mother shamed her by sending him away, he had let that pass too. No matter what mess there was, he always returned cheerful and friendly, as if nothing had happened.

She hadn't seen all this in him before, any more than she had seen his face—really—until today. It was a moment of special

(Continued on Page 93)

BUT NOT LOVE

All things change in the world of change and sorrow, but Love's way of promising never to change—that alone changes not.

—ORIENTAL PROVERB.

LI'L ABNER Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by AL CAPP



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WHEN THE POTLUCK ISN'T SUCH HOT LUCK



Leftover vegetables are good enough for a family salad—but for "potluck" company they need a build-up. Let Jell-O glamourize and multiply those tasty little odds and ends!



FRUITED RUBY FLAKES

1 package Jell-O (any red flavor)
2 cups hot water
1 banana, scored with fork and sliced
1 orange, peeled and sectioned

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill until firm. Break into flakes with fork. Pile lightly into serving dish. Arrange fruit on Jell-O as illustrated. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

NOTE: To prevent darkening of bananas, sprinkle with orange juice.

Ever wonder why people try so hard to find *genuine* Jell-O...why they talk about its "richer taste"? It's because every particle of fruit flavor is "locked-in" the Jell-O crystals —by a process exclusive with Jell-O.

SUNNY CHERRY TARTS

1 package Jell-O (any red flavor)
1 cup hot water
½ cup canned cherry juice
¼ teaspoon cinnamon, if desired
⅓ cup light cream
10 baked 3½-inch tart shells
1 cup drained canned red cherries

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water; add cherry juice and cinnamon. Measure ⅔ cup and chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in cream. Pile into tart shells.

Chill remaining Jell-O until slightly thickened; fold in cherries. Spoon over whipped Jell-O in tart shells. Chill until firm. Makes 10 cherry tarts.

Notice how extra-tangy Jell-O is—how clearly it recalls the flavor of the ripe fruit itself! But get the real thing—genuine Jell-O with the "locked-in" fruit flavor. It's worth waiting for!

VEGETABLE RICE MEDLEY

1 package Lime Jell-O
1½ cups hot water and vegetable stock and 2 chicken bouillon cubes
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon scraped onion
1 tablespoon pimiento strips
½ cup thinly sliced celery
⅓ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
½ cup cooked peas or string beans
1 cup cooked rice
¼ teaspoon celery salt

Dissolve Jell-O in hot liquid. Add vinegar and onion. Measure ½ cup; add 2 tablespoons water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add pimiento and ¼ cup celery. Turn into mold. Chill until firm.

Add 2 tablespoons water to remaining Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in mayonnaise and remaining ingredients. Add salt to taste. Turn into mold over firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with escarole, or other salad greens, and egg slices. Serves 6.

The Kate Smith Hour—Every Sunday—CBS Network

WHAT'S FOUND ONLY IN JELL-O?



THAT "LOCKED-IN" JELL-O FLAVOR!

Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods

(Continued from Page 91)

seeing. Everything felt different, looked different—there was a realness to things that had never been before.

"It was nice in Belmont," Wincy said dreamily. "In summer we used to go hosteling."

"Do you mean youth hostels? We have those."

"Yes. We'd all bike, except Aunt Polly. She followed in the station wagon, because we used to go quite far sometimes and Angus couldn't make more than ten miles a day. So Aunt Polly put his bike in the station wagon, and we'd all meet at the next hostel."

"Sounds ever so jolly," Francis put in.

"The Suttons used to come too—you know, our foster cousins."

"You mean that chap who came to see you?" Francis asked quickly. "Mother told me about it."

"Yes," Wincy answered vaguely.

"It was beastly with Mark away—until you came," Francis said suddenly.

The chimes of Great Tom floated down the Christ Church meadows and Wincy listened raptly, counting each stroke. There were six, yet the number held no meaning for Wincy. Standing on the bridge, she had seen new things in the world about her, but it was a timeless world.

Francis sighed. "I expect we'd better go."

They started back across the Broad Walk, passing through the War Memorial gate. On the pavement Wincy noticed some copper letters in the dusky light.

"'My sword,'" she read, "'I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage.'"

Wincy looked up at Francis. He stood there, twiddling the grip of his handle bar and looking at the words on the ground. All the happiness was gone out of his face.

"I just can't stick it," he blurted out. "Hang it all, Wincy—a chap belongs on a ship, instead of swotting at construe."

My sword I give to him. So that was why Francis spent his days punting instead of studying—it was the closest to a ship that his father would let him get.

"We have to make our own decisions, don't you think?" she said. "You can't expect the older generation to see things the way we do—at least my family doesn't."

FRANCIS looked up at Wincy in surprise. "Somehow I'd never thought of taking matters into my own hands. Perhaps I shall—how dim of me."

"After all," Wincy went on, as they began biking again, "it's our world—the older generation is practically through with it."

They were passing the Martyrs' Memorial.

"He must have wished that he had never taken back his word," Wincy said, "since he had to be burned anyway."

"Who?" Francis asked, surprised. "Oh—Bishop Cranmer! I'd never thought of that. Beastly way to die—what?"

They parted with nothing but a look of farewell. It wasn't necessary to say anything; Wincy knew Francis felt the way she did about the important moment.

She rushed into the house. There was a light in the drawing room and, as Wincy hurried through the passage, she heard Mrs. Quelch's voice.

"I should call the police if I were you, Rachel," she was saying. "She may have run away. Such a strange child."

For the first time since she slid Sally Sutton's letter into the box, Wincy remembered her mother's tea party. It was almost two hours since she had met Francis.

"Where have you been, child?" Mrs. Turner cried, as Wincy stood in the passage. She drew her into the lighted drawing room. "Are you hurt, pet? I've been terrified."

Mrs. Quelch, sitting in the big armchair, looked Wincy over, too, but not with such solicitude. Brenda was not there, and all signs of tea had been removed.

"So sorry," Wincy said breathlessly. "Am I late?"

"Late?" Mrs. Quelch echoed sarcastically.

"I'm so relieved," Mrs. Turner said. "I feared an accident. Where have you been?"

"Mailing a letter."

"It couldn't have taken two hours, just to the pillar box, Wincy," Mrs. Turner said, but not reproachfully.

Wincy was surprised. She had done an awful thing—not turning up for tea when she was supposed to make a good impression on Picklepuss. Yet Mrs. Turner merely looked relieved and loving.

"I didn't think I was gone very long," Wincy murmured. Had she and Francis spent nearly two hours on the bridge?

"SINCE Winifred is safe at home, Rachel," Mrs. Quelch announced, rising, "I shall go." She turned to Wincy. "I sent Brenda home after tea to say that everything must proceed without me. Poor Francis has been at home all the afternoon swotting."

That's what you think, Picklepuss, Wincy thought.

"So good of you to remain," Mrs. Turner said, leading the way into the passage.

"Fancy, almost three hours to the pillar box," Mrs. Quelch murmured, shaking her head at Wincy. "You didn't by any chance see a soldier on the way?"

But Wincy did not notice the implications. The question had struck her as very funny and she burst out laughing. "No," she answered, "no, not a soldier, rather a sailor—well, not exactly ——"

"I thought so," Mrs. Quelch broke in triumphantly. "You see, Rachel, it was just as I feared. It's the lure of the uniform. I'm so glad Brenda isn't that way," she added with nauseating smugness.

"He hasn't got a uniform," Wincy said.

"A sailor, yet not in uniform?" Mrs. Quelch said suspiciously. "What did he look like?"

Wincy hesitated a minute, picturing Francis again as he had looked in that moment of special seeing on Folly Bridge. "He has rather a bony forehead," she said, "and his mouth hasn't made up its mind yet whether to be good-natured or firm, but I think it's going to be firm. And his hair—his hair reminds me of the marsh grass around Scituate. That was where we used to go swimming in America."

Mrs. Turner looked at Wincy curiously. The anxiety had gone out of her face. "He sounds rather nice," she murmured.

"Rachel," Mrs. Quelch broke in, "I didn't say it before, although I've wanted to, ever since Winifred returned from that abominable country, and of course it's really no fault of hers, but the child has positively been corrupted."

"Monica!"

"Yes, Rachel. I cannot let Brenda associate with Winifred. I have already forbidden Francis ——"

"That's not in the least friendly, Monica."

"She has been running about town with a sailor," Mrs. Quelch said accusingly.

"I haven't," Wincy blurted out.

"You said you did."

"I didn't."

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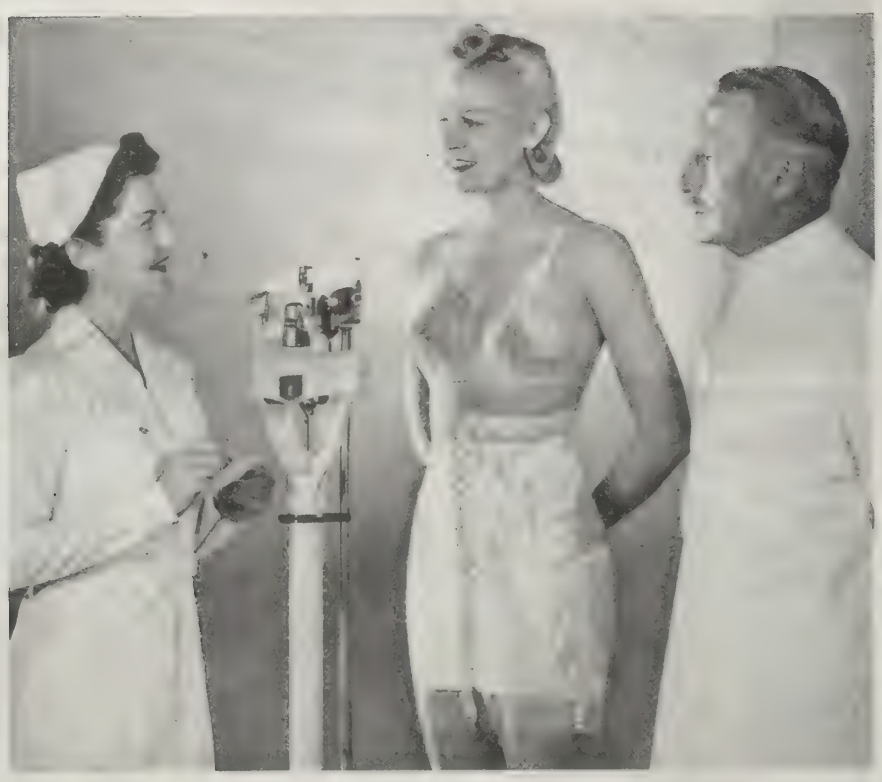
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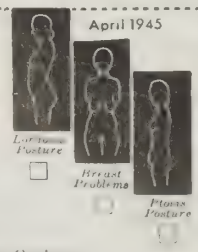
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"You did, Winifred," Mrs. Quelch said haughtily. "You are not only corrupt, but ill-mannered as well."

"But what you said wasn't true."

"Wincy," Mrs. Turner cried, "that's unpardonable rudeness. Apologize to Mrs. Quelch at once."

"I can't apologize, mummie," Wincy said, and she was terribly afraid that she was going to cry. "She wants me to admit something that isn't true."

"I think the child is perfectly right," Mrs. Turner said—Wincy could hardly believe it. "If she has not been running about with a sailor, there is nothing to apologize for."

"You, Rachel—you!" Mrs. Quelch shouted. "I never thought that you would uphold this wanton child. We all want to protect our children—but we must not uphold them in sin."

"Monica, you have no right to speak about Wincy in such terms."

"I shall never forget this," Mrs. Quelch said menacingly, as she fumbled with the doorknob. "A disgrace to St. James's!"

All of a sudden, Mrs. Quelch changed shape before Wincy's eyes. She was no longer Picklepuss. She was the wife of the next Warden of St. James's.

"Mrs. Quelch," Wincy called, just as the door was about to be closed. "I didn't mean ——"

—— *who near this spot yielded their bodies to be burned* —— Would she put her right hand in the flame first?

"I did mean it—I did mean every word."

The door slammed.

Professor Turner looked tremendously surprised when he opened the door and found his wife and daughter sitting on the monk's bench in the passage.

"Uncommonly drafty place you've chosen to sit in, I should say, Rachel," he remarked, "though you look pleased as Punch. Mark's not getting a leave, by any chance?"

"No," said Mrs. Turner. "Wincy and I simply collapsed here after demolishing Monica Quelch. We were exhausted, but victorious." She smiled at Wincy.

"Demolished her, did you?" the professor asked, laughing.

"She was simply livid," Mrs. Turner replied gaily. "Come into the drawing room."

But Wincy remained on the monk's bench.

"EVER since Wincy returned," she could hear Mrs. Turner saying, "Monica has held such an unkind opinion of her. At first, I was rather inclined to agree with some of her criticism. Wincy's foreign ways *were* very unsettling. The more Monica elaborated on them, the worse they seemed. But this afternoon she became insufferable, and I ticked her off. She's no understanding of the child's psychology at all."

Wincy jumped. Her mother ——

"No what?" Professor Turner asked. "Bless my soul, Rachel. What happened?"

"She went away, practically shaking her fist at me. Actually, Wincy *was* rather naughty, coming home at half past six, when we expected the Quelches for tea."

"Where was she?" the professor asked.

"Posting a letter."

Wincy jumped off the monk's bench and ran into the drawing room. "I met Francis," she explained. "We talked—I guess we must have talked a long time."

"You see, John, I knew all along there was nothing to make such a to-do over." Suddenly she laughed. "Oh, Wincy, how funny—when she asked you what he looked like—it was her own boy."

Professor Turner seemed mystified by his wife's laughter, but it reassured him. "Poisonous, that woman," he declared. "Seems to fancy herself an excellent helpmate, though. Doing everything to secure Quelch the Wardenship—already rushing about pulling wires, though the Old Boy won't resign for another three months."

"Do you really suppose that sort of thing will help her husband?" Mrs. Turner asked.

"No, I don't. But his wife must think so. No, Quelch will stand or fall on his merits. Rachel, *do* you think I might have some bread and jam? Beastly fare in hall. And the coffee! Now that I'm accustomed to Wincy's, I simply couldn't drink it."

They went into the kitchen.

Angus had been sent to bed before Wincy reached home, but he sneaked down in the pajamas which he was learning to wear and hung over the banister. "I say, Wincy," he whispered. "Daddy let me come to his room at St. James's this afternoon. It's wizard."

"That's nice," Wincy said, trying hard to look interested.

"THERE'S a ripping little window called an oriel, and potty old gargoyles spitting water all around the building. He took me to the library too. You know what? The books are *chained* to the wall. Isn't that rum? Must be mostly gangsters in the college."

Professor Turner came out of the kitchen, munching his bread and jam. Wincy was afraid he would scold Angus and order him off to bed, but to her surprise he greeted him quite warmly and offered him a bite of his bread.

"I've been hearing about your wonderful room," Wincy said.

"Yes, we had a splendid time there, Angus and I," Professor Turner said. "Can't think why I never invited him before. I cherish that room in St. James's. Been in it, you know, ever since I first was made a Fellow—thirty-one years ago, come Michaelmas. Now up with you, Angus, and to bed."

"It's better than Uncle Bill's old lab," Angus called as he mounted the stairs.

Uncle Bill's lab flashed before Wincy's mind, but it was a blurred picture, like a snapshot when the camera has moved.

"Yes," Professor Turner murmured, "thirty-one years. Couldn't bear to part with that room."

"Part with it? You mean lose your place in the college, daddy?" Wincy cried. And then she saw Mrs. Quelch again, but this was a very distinct picture. "A disgrace to St. James's," she had called Wincy. When her husband became Warden, she might even have Professor Turner expelled. There was only one thing for Wincy to do. As she realized this the tears suddenly began running down her cheeks. "I'll have to go back to Belmont," she sobbed. "Oh, daddy—just when I was beginning to like it here."

"Beginning to like it here, are you? Well, I'm ever so pleased." He stroked her hair.

"You don't understand, daddy," Wincy said, drying her eyes. "I've got to get away. When he's Warden, Mrs. Quelch will get you expelled."

"Impossible!" the professor exclaimed. "I've a University Chair, and such action could only be taken by the Fellows of the college. Never fear—Quelch is an honest man, though I don't fancy him as Warden."

Mrs. Turner came in from the kitchen.

"Rachel," the professor began, "I wonder—do you suppose—could we have been a wee bit jealous of the Hilliards?"

Mrs. Turner went almost white. "I shouldn't be surprised," she murmured.

One morning a few weeks later Angus brought in the post, devoured his porridge and rushed off to play.

"There's one for you, John, in Mrs. Hilliard's hand," Mrs. Turner remarked with surprise, looking over the letters. "How strange. You never wrote to Mrs. Hilliard."

"I might have done," he confessed, looking guilty.

"But you expressly asked me to write and thank her when the children returned."

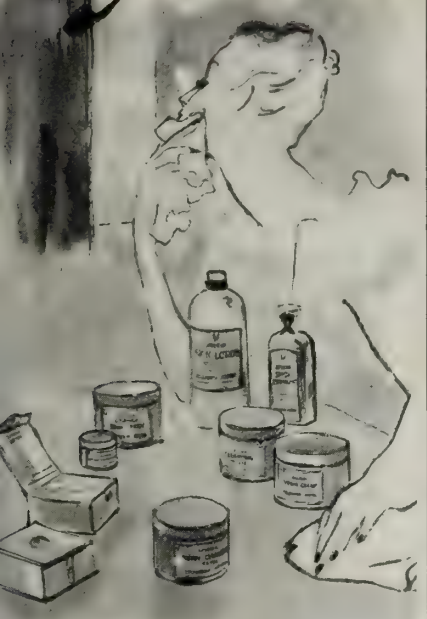
"So I did—when the children returned," Professor Turner admitted. "By the by, whom is your letter from?"

"Nannie," Mrs. Turner answered.

WHAT FEAR YOU?

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"What does Nannie say? Is she still in that infant welfare center in Birmingham?"

"Yes, but she's leaving shortly. John, she's coming back—how splendid!"

"What?" Wincy cried in alarm. "Nannie coming back?"

"She says she'll give me a hand with the household," Mrs. Turner went on happily. "Isn't that splendid? But I wonder," she added, her voice becoming doubtful, "whether, with Angus away at school ——"

Wincy jumped up from the table. "I'm too big for her," she stated in such a loud voice that she startled herself.

"Perhaps," Professor Turner ventured, "with Nannie to help you, we could keep Angus at home another year."

Wincy sent her father a grateful look.

"Such an excellent nurse," Mrs. Turner murmured. "Oh, we've quite forgotten your letter. Did you actually write to Mrs. Hilliard?"

Professor Turner had been thoughtfully munching his toast. "Those books we read together, you and I," he said after a pause, looking meaningly at his wife, "gave me many new thoughts. Bless my soul, Rachel, with this new understanding of the mind, I believe I can even do something for young Quelch—prepare him for his Smalls."

"But you have done, John. I can't think how often that boy comes here to have a text explained. What has all this to do with Mrs. Hilliard's letter? You are trying to evade the issue—did you write to her?"

"Somehow," the professor admitted, "I suddenly appreciated how much the children's American stay had enriched them. You know, it might have been merely a regrettable hiatus in their life. I had to tell Mrs. Hilliard."

MRS. TURNER looked strangely at her husband. "Well," she said at length, "I can't think why you were secretive about it. I've had much the same thought myself."

Impatiently, Mrs. Turner watched him open the letter.

"'How we do miss that pair!'" he read. "'Things at every turn remind us of the happiness we had in the years Wincy and Angus were with us.'"

Professor Turner looked up at his wife, deeply touched.

"'Isn't it wonderful,'" he continued reading, "'that children tend to remember the pleasant things and forget the painful? From your letter I judge that Wincy and Angus have painted a much rosier picture than we deserve—I know there were times when humdrum household chores affected my viewpoint to such an extent that I could have shaken each of the three youngsters until his teeth rattled. But I'm glad that Wincy and Angus remember our merrier times.'"

"So Mrs. Hilliard found the children tiresome, too, occasionally," Mrs. Turner exclaimed with satisfaction. "I never suspected. I had the impression her household was always perfectly serene."

"Oh, no," Wincy put in, "not always. There was the time Angus almost set fire to the boxroom. And one New Year, when we all went away to Vermont, I forgot to leave the taps open in my bathroom and when we came home we found the pipes had burst."

"Dear me!" the professor exclaimed.

"Poor woman," his wife murmured, smiling sympathetically, "with two strange infants—I, at any rate, had Nannie. She's a treasure, but"—her voice trailed off uncertainly—"I'm not convinced that I want her back, John. She's very set, you know."

"Do I not?" Professor Turner replied quickly. "I've wondered recently whether she didn't do the children more harm than good."

Mrs. Turner did not reply. She was looking out the window thoughtfully. "Nannie could go to her married sister," she said. "I don't believe I'll have her."

Wincy clutched her mother's arm. "Do let her come," she begged. If Nannie came, there might still be a chance for Angus to stay home.

"Don't worry, chicken," Professor Turner said, as he helped Wincy remove the dishes,

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½ pound peas
½ pound string beans
2 large green peppers
1 cup celery

Steam rice in double boiler. Brown the rice, onions (chopped fine) and mushrooms in melted shortening. Crisp and crumble the bacon. Form all this in a ring around your platter. Wash vegetables and cut in large pieces. Boil or steam until tender, drain, add bacon drippings, and pour into center of rice ring.

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"I expect Angus will stop at home in any case—I simply couldn't get on without him."

"He does seem a little chap to be pushing off into the world alone," Mrs. Turner agreed. "I couldn't bear it, actually."

Wincy rushed off in a glow of happiness. Angus was safe. Life was wonderful, if only Francis —— Disconsolately, she fetched her violin and music. In the passage, Mrs. Turner's words were distinctly audible.

"I'd been meaning to tell you, John, but I couldn't mention it in Wincy's presence: Angus' bed has been dry for the past fortnight."

"Has it really? Jolly good!" the professor exclaimed. "Wincy was right, then, when she said that my companionship would cure him—knowing little minx, isn't she?"

"I shouldn't say it was that altogether," Mrs. Turner objected, "though Angus does seem very chummy with you now. I think he also feels that I love him. Indirectly, Mrs. Hilliard taught me rather a lot about my three children. Odd, isn't it, that the threat of invasion ——"

Her father was singing when Wincy shut the door:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ——"

Wincy smiled—as usual, he was quite off key.

Wincy had hardly seen Francis in two months. Then she had run into him in St. Giles one September noon. He was coming home from the Examination Schools, where he had written the Latin paper. He was jubilant to be done with it.

THE SAME THRIFT

"It's been a long and tiring journey," said an Englishman to a Scotsman, as the London to Aberdeen express neared its destination.
"Aye," agreed the Scotsman, "an' sae it ought to be for the money."

"Let's celebrate," Wincy had said.

"Do you mean you'd like to? We could go on the river—I didn't think you ——"

"Of course I'd like to," Wincy said. "I promised you I'd come someday. I'd been rather expecting ——"

Francis looked pleased, and yet worried. "Well, I didn't know," he said. "They seem to do things so differently in the States—I wasn't sure how you felt."

"Weren't you, Francis?" Wincy asked.

His mouth settled in a smile. "We'll go to Sandford," he said happily.

But Wincy puzzled over Francis' strange behavior all the way home. It was so different from the way an American boy would act. At least, they were going to go on the river—if her mother let her go.

Fortunately, Mrs. Turner was at home. Wincy ran in and asked permission. Mrs. Turner considered a minute. "Why, yes," she said at last, "I think it would be jolly. It's such a ripping day."

"Oh, mummie, thanks!"

"After all," Mrs. Turner said, "you're growing old enough to go punting with a boy we all know. You'll be sixteen soon. Why don't you take the tea basket? Pack a nice tea for two."

It had been super on the river. Francis was in gay spirits at the start, because he was through with Latin forever.

"Did you ——" Wincy began to ask, and stopped. She didn't like to ask whether he had passed.

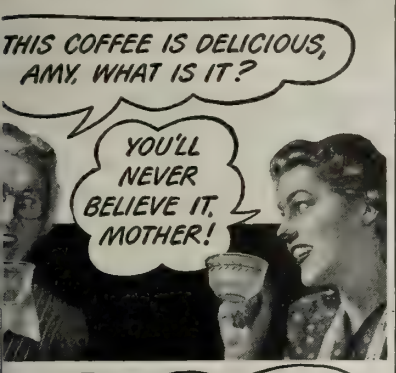
Francis understood, though. "I don't know," he said. "I hope so, for father's sake. It makes no difference to me. I'm joining the navy."

Wincy was startled. It had never occurred to her that if he did join the navy he would leave Oxford.

"When I come back," he said, not looking at her in his shyness, "I'm going to study



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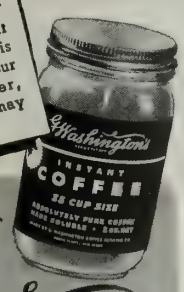




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engineering. I've decided that too. It isn't what father had in mind, but it's what England needs—the England of Tomorrow."

"The England of Tomorrow?" Wincy repeated, puzzled.

"Yes," Francis went on, sitting down and letting the punt drift, "there'll be so much to do—rebuilding the bombed areas: London and Bristol and Coventry. You must have noticed the frightful mess as you came through London."

"We weren't in London very long," Wincy explained. "And I was so homesick for Belmont, I guess I just didn't notice."

This seemed to puzzle Francis. "There'll be a need for engineers and architects—so much to do," he went on. "But we mustn't leave it to stuffy people, else they'll rebuild England to look like the Albert Memorial."

"Architecture," Wincy repeated thoughtfully. "I'd never thought of doing that. It would be fun building houses. I'd like that—houses not all in a row, hiding behind a wall, like in Banbury Road, but set down here and there, any old way, with gardens all around, instead of just at the back."

"It isn't the bombed areas alone," Francis said, "but all those frightful slums in London. We want to clear them away, put in a central heating plant for the whole neighborhood."

"I'd never thought of becoming an architect," Wincy put in, "but I think that would suit me very well. I'm glad you're going to do the things you really wish, Francis—the navy and the England of Tomorrow." She opened the tea basket.

"So am I," he said, biting into a bun, and added shyly, "If it hadn't been for you, Wincy, I never would have done. It's the way you've gone ahead with things you thought were right, and what you said about the older generation."

"What did I say?" Wincy asked.

"About it being our world. It is, naturally, but I'd never thought of it before."

"Yes," she said, looking at him, "it's our world."

Francis exclaimed, smiling suddenly, "Our world—how ripping—I thought you meant our generation's."

"Well, it's both in a way, don't you think?" Wincy asked. "I mean, there's the England of Tomorrow, which we are going to build, and there's our ——"

"We could build it together," Francis said, "you and I. We could make a sort of combine—you designing the houses and I putting in the appliances and doing the engineering for a whole area. It would be jolly, only ——" Joy and enthusiasm suddenly seemed extinguished in him. "Wincy," he said, "are the Hilliards Mormons?"

"No, of course not. What of it?"

"I thought perhaps you had been influenced by that," Francis explained seriously. "I mean—well, you rather seem to like me, and yet you were so matey with that American chap."

"Hank," Wincy put in. He ought to know the name by now and stop saying "that chap."

"Mother told me about it," Francis said.

"Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "*that*." Picklepuss had said those nasty things because she had seen Wincy throw her arms about Hank when he was leaving. Wincy ought not to have behaved that way—she saw it now. It made Francis think she was boy-crazy. But she had been young then—now she was almost sixteen, seeing things so differently.

Francis turned the punt about and began poling. It seemed no time at all before they reached the landing stage at Folly Bridge and he helped her out. "D'you know," he said, "it's two months since the day I met you here."

So Francis was counting time from that important moment too. Wincy's heart suddenly soared.

They parted at St. Giles' Church. Francis looked melancholy and he was twiddling the grip on his handle bar.

I ought to tell him not to do that, Wincy thought; *he'll wear it loose*. But she said nothing.

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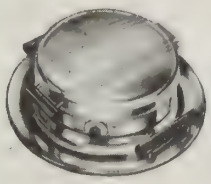
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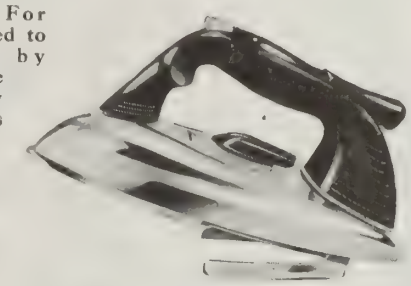
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Then, suddenly, she giggled. It wasn't because Francis looked so melancholy and his Adam's apple was behaving so badly, but he might have thought so, for he looked offended and suddenly biked home. Wincy was sorry. She hadn't meant to hurt his feelings. She had merely understood, all at once, what Francis had been driving at when he asked if the Hilliards were Mormons.

If only I had understood then—how dim of me, she thought. *Now he thinks I'm making fun of him.*

Wincy went home slowly. It was strange—she had been so happy on the river, yet now she was sad. How could one's feelings change so quickly? She had never been that way before. Was she sick—ill?

Or maybe—could it be—love?

Professor Turner said, "Francis got full marks in his Latin paper. I saw it this afternoon." Wincy's heart jumped.

"How nice," Mrs. Turner said. "Quelch will be pleased."

"It was amazingly good," the professor continued. "Astonishing how easy it was to teach that lad, once I understood the workings of his mind."

Wincy was happy Francis had done well, but why hadn't he come to tell her? He knew she was anxious about the results. Besides, she wanted to explain to him about Hank—that he was nothing more than just a foster cousin.

"Daddy," she asked, and suddenly felt shy, "do you think I could go to Somerville?"

"Somerville?" Professor Turner repeated. First surprise and then tremendous joy came into his face. "My dear, how perfectly splendid that you should want to go up. I had hoped that you would follow in my footsteps—not necessarily classics, but some branch of higher learning ——"

"Architecture," Wincy broke in, unable to keep it to herself any longer. "You know, after the war ——" She saw it all again the way Francis had described it—the bombed areas that would need rebuilding, the modern little houses going up where the frightful slums had been.

Professor Turner listened with such interest that Wincy was certain he was hearing these things for the first time.

"Funny thing," Wincy said thoughtfully, "I hadn't noticed these things about England before. I mean, just because no bombs fell around here I didn't think ——"

"I'd been wondering," the professor broke in, "how long it would take until you discovered your own country. That's why I was so surprised just now, when you spoke of these things. It's the first time."

"Oh," Wincy said. Her father was right. "I wonder why."

"You were too wrapped up in your adjustment to your mother and myself, I presume, and too nostalgic for America—which was only natural. But I'm ever so glad you've awakened to the needs of England."

"I didn't think of it myself," Wincy admitted. "It was Francis."

Mrs. Turner looked at Wincy and smiled like a conspirator. They shared a secret.

"I guess I was rather self-centere Wincy said in a low voice.

It was the professor's turn to look n chievous. "You'll have to do construe, y know, for Somerville."

Wincy looked up quickly. "But La doesn't have anything to do with arc tecture in the England of Tomorrow," protested. "We don't want to be stuff Wincy added sternly, "and rebuild Engla so it looks like the Albert Memorial."

"My dear," Professor Turner said, "t England of Tomorrow—on what found tion will your generation build it? On t England of the Present. And on what fou dation was this England built?"

"Why, the past," Wincy answered. " course—how dim of me. Oh, well"—Fran had managed the Latin, in spite of all worrying—"I'll take it." She would go Somerville like Daphne Godstow and ha lots of friends and do tons of jolly thin

"Latin can be very stimulating, actually her father was saying, "since I have a n undergraduate approach ——"

"Daddy," Win broke in, "what the Undergradua Approach, anywa It's bothered you lot."

"Yes, it did, thou I hadn't realized y knew. Some Fello feel that we oug to approach the u dergraduates qu differently—not tec nical training, y understand, but new approach to t old classical studies

"Sounds all right Wincy said.

"Yes, it is. I f so from the first her father agree "Nevertheless, I w bound by habit to ce tain methods of teac ing. But Quelch car see the need for a change. When he b comes Warden, I fe there will be ev greater difficulties, f I have become e tremely radical in n views."

"*Radical*, daddy!

"Well, for S James's," the pr fessor replied, sm ing. "Last spring was troubled becau I could not make t classics more mea ingful to my st dents. Your introdu ing me to psycholo gave me the key

"Psychology," Wincy murmured. Pe haps psychology would help her with Fra cis. But you couldn't use psychology on boy who wasn't even around.

Psychology's no use at all when you're love, Wincy decided. *God must move—there nothing I can do.*

"There was some ginger beer in the colle cellars," Professor Turner said. "The ma ciple presented it to me when I told him were having a Halloween party."

Mrs. Turner was putting the finishi touches on the jack-o'-lanterns. She had c some eerie creatures out of gourds and veg table marrow.

"They're beauties," Angus said, rollin out piecrust.

Professor Turner was peeling and slicin the apples. "How did you ever come think of giving a Halloween party, Rachel?

Mrs. Turner finished sticking the cand in a jack-o'-lantern before answering. "I was a most peculiar thing," she said, "th way it struck me all of a heap at th

(Continued on Page 100)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Boy on a Farm

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

He opened wide the gray barn door:
Nothing that was not there before
Met his eyes, yet he knew well
April had worked her yearly spell.
The old cow stood there facing
south,
A silver thread hung from her
mouth;
The mare threw back her shining
head,
Her quick hoofs answered to his
tread.
As he let down the pail to dip
Water up, his puckered lip
Shaped a whistle in the air,
And the animals' slow stare
Caught, as in a glass, a sprite
Lively in the lantern light.

He closed the door, looked at the
sky.
All his world was to his eye
Yellow with young daffodils;
Buttercups crowned all the hills.
He was an acolyte of spring;
On each heel a sudden wing
Lifted up his feet: and though
He walked through frost as crisp as
snow,
Grass was green beneath his tread;
On dreams of April he was fed.

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"YOU SIMPLY CAN'T make some men understand about rationing! The other day, Bill blithely telephones he's bringing the boss to dinner.

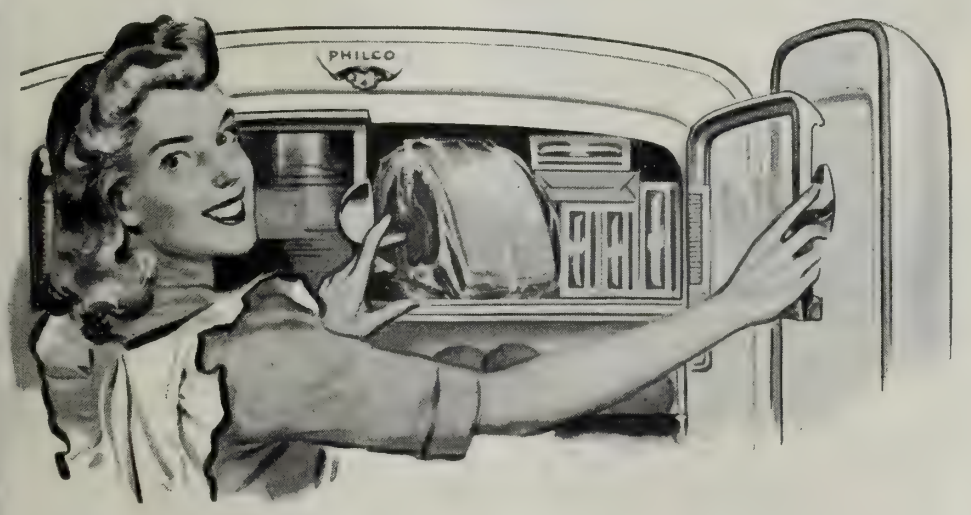
"Not a doubt in his mind that I'll wave a magic wand and produce something for such an occasion . . . and for a man who actually dotes on good eatings!

"But I *did* come through . . . thanks to my Philco Refrigerator. You see . . . it just happened that a whole week before I had more red points than usual . . . just when my butcher had plenty of meat on hand . . . including the sort of roast you dream about.

"The roast went home, where I popped it into the Frozen Food Compartment of my Philco. And there it was . . . frozen through and through . . . and was I happy that I had resisted a whole week of temptation! But I've warned Bill! We can always depend on our Philco to freeze meat for future use . . . but he certainly can't depend on my having red points. Not these days!"

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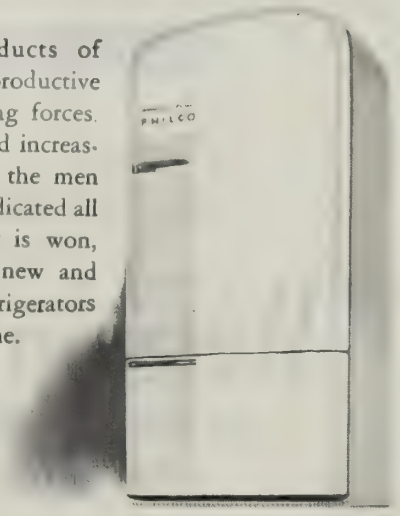


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BAKED EGGS SAVORY
(Serves 4)

3 tablespoons Wesson Oil
4 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
⅓ cup pimiento cheese
6 hard-cooked eggs
¾ cup bread cubes (small)
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Heat Wesson Oil in a pan, add flour, salt and paprika. Mix well. (Wesson's lightness coaxes out your seasonings, never drowns them in heavy oiliness.) Slowly add milk, stirring constantly until thickened. Add green pepper and cheese, stirring over slow heat until cheese is melted. Slice eggs in half, crosswise. Arrange in well-oiled, shallow baking dish. Pour sauce over the eggs. Brown bread cubes in butter or margarine. Arrange as topping. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot.



WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Now, taste! See how seasonings blend into this sunshiny salad oil! No wonder Wesson is used by more American women than any other brand of salad oil.

For occasional variety, why don't you try adding to this dressing ¼ cup Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon chopped onion?

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Wesson Oil
FOR SALADS & COOKING
NEW ORLEANS

(Continued from Page 98)

fishmonger's. I was thinking—how sweet these children are. And then, as I was passing the American Red Cross Club on my way home, I remembered what Harley had said about Halloween in Africa—how dismal it would be. The children had mentioned about tonight being Halloween. So I popped in to see the matron, a charming young person from South Carolina."

"How do you know which state she comes from?" Professor Turner inquired curiously.

"I asked her."

"My dear," the professor said, laughing, "you've come all over American, asking personal questions of a total stranger."

"And she said," Mrs. Turner continued, pretending not to notice that her husband was pulling her leg, "that it would be *swell* if we had a party and she would send round half a dozen lonely boys. One of them," she finished proudly, "comes from Belmont, Massachusetts."

Instantly, Wincy looked up. Could it be Hank? No; if he were in Oxford, he would have let her know. How she wished it might be—Hank was steadfast. He liked Wincy, and he didn't turn cold on her suddenly, the way Francis had done. Hank and she spoke the same language.

But it had been childish to think that someday she might marry Hank. He was not only steadfast, he was sweet. And yet, there was a sort of roughness about him: his way of saying things right out, anything he happened to think, and of asking the most personal questions. Besides, she intended visiting the Hilliards after the war, but she couldn't live in America. That wouldn't be the way to get caught up in England.

Francis, she whispered to herself. Why couldn't he have been the steadfast one?

"I've invited Daphne Godstow," Mrs. Turner was saying, "and Brenda and Francis."

Wincy, carrying mugs into the dining room, almost dropped the lot as she heard her mother's words.

"Of course," Mrs. Turner went on, "Francis cannot come, as it's his last night at home."

His last night at home. There was a bitter taste in Wincy's mouth. He wasn't even coming to say good-by.

"The name of the new Warden will be announced tonight," Professor Turner said. "The Fellows convene this afternoon."

"Then you won't be home for the party?" Angus asked.

"OF COURSE I shall, my boy," his father promised. "Nothing, not even the election of a new Warden, could keep me from attending our Halloween party. I shall excuse myself when the votes have been cast. It's the merest formality, in any case."

Yes, thought Wincy, *we all know what the result will be for the Turners when Picklepuss becomes Mrs. Warden.*

Wincy stood looking into the little mirror between the windows. It was ages now since anyone at Newfields had called her "the Yankee," but—even in the gym tunic—she never felt she looked quite like the others. She knew, though she hated to admit it, that this was because of her hair. It had grown so long since it was bobbed seven months ago that she had had to put the ends up in curl papers. The long curls made her look foreign.

She took one more long look in the mirror, and then grasped the scissors and cut her hair. The curls lay in bright patches all about her on the floor. But Wincy did not look at them. She was looking at her head, turning and twisting to get a better view of the back. It was not very even, but she was satisfied: she had that tidy Newfields look.

Angus came in to have his face blackened. He was so engrossed in his costume that he did not notice Wincy's hair.

"You're a gruesome sight," Wincy said as she blackened his face.

What should she wear for the party—Sally Sutton's dirndl? Since her mother had called the dress outlandish, Wincy had never worn it. For Halloween, though, something like that might be appropriate.

"It's going to be wizard," Angus said happily. "I wish Mark was coming."

And Francis, Wincy thought, but she said nothing.

"I say, Wincy, d'you know," Angus said eagerly, "I'm going to be hooker in scrum tomorrow. It's a ripping game," he said with such an inward glow that Wincy could see the game had completely won him over.

"Clear off now," she said, giving him a little shove. "You look terrifying."

The door of her mother's room was open and Wincy could hear her talking to Professor Turner.

"MONICA was doubtful about letting Brenda come," she was saying. "She was just beginning one of her homilies about girls that age. I said, 'Monica, your daughter will not be defiled by contact with those wholesome young Americans. It will do her good, actually. She might even lose some of her inhibitions.'"

"Did you really, Rachel?" Professor Turner asked, and Wincy could hear his hearty laugh.

"I did. But I doubt she knows what inhibitions are. I said, 'If you take my advice, you will send Brenda to America after the war for a bit of study.'"

Wincy opened the silver buttons of the dirndl and held up the shirred blouse to examine it.

Mrs. Turner, crossing the landing on her way to the bathroom, peeped in. "Shall you wear that?" she asked approvingly. "It's really lovely." She stopped suddenly, aghast. "*Wincy*, what *have* you done to your hair?"

Wincy turned around so that her mother could get a good view of the back. "Do you like it, mummie? I think it's no end more English, don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Turner said sadly. "Yes, it is more English, but I rather liked the way you wore your hair before. It suited you. There was something attractively"—she searched for the right word—"individual about it—quite individual."

But Wincy wasn't disappointed. She gave only a casual glance to the circle of yellow curls lying on the floor of her room. She was looking toward the England of Tomorrow. She considered the dirndl a long time. It was lovely, but somehow she couldn't see herself wearing it in Oxford.

When the doorbell clanged, she was tying the sash of the frock her mother had had made over for her to wear to the Warden's garden party.

Looking very festive in one of the orange hats Angus had made, Professor Turner came out to the larder to fetch the pie. Wincy was washing the forks so that they could be used over again, just as the Hilliards did when they gave a party.

There was a tremendous racket in the dining room. The American soldiers had not been in the house five minutes before they began talking to the Turners and Daphne and Brenda as if they had known them all their lives.

"The pie looks lovely, daddy," Wincy said.

The professor stopped to tip up Wincy's chin and peer into her face. "Happy with your Americans, chicken?"

"No."

"But, Wincy," Professor Turner exclaimed, "you used to be so keen about Americans. And these lads are ever so amusing, only I'm disappointed in the one from Belmont: he doesn't know the Hilliards."

(Continued on Page 102)

IN THE KNOW

The things most people want to know about are usually none of their business. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

It is not enough to be right. You mustn't be right too soon or too late. —JACQUES BAINVILLE: In Je Suis Partout, Paris.

Frigidaire repeats its wartime suggestions on

HOW TO KEEP MEAT



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54 Suggestions for Leftovers

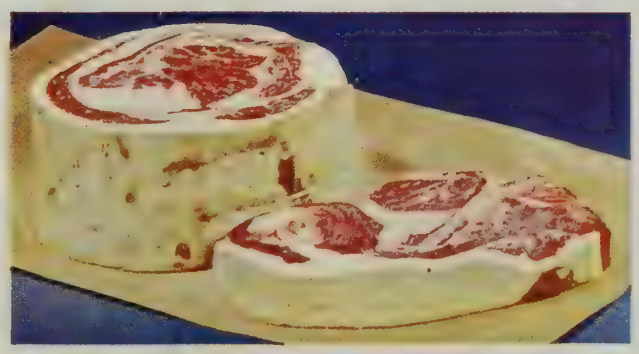
USE IN	BEEF	LAMB	HAM	VEAL	PORK	POULTRY	FISH
Hash	X	X	X			X	
Meat Pie	X	X		X	X	X	
Sliced	X	X	X		X	X	
Soup	X		X			X	
Stuffed Pepper	X		X		X		
Stew	X	X		X		X	
Chili	X						
Croquettes	X	X	X	X		X	X
Creamed		X	X	X		X	X
Meat Loaf	X		X	X	X		
Scalloped	X	X	X			X	X
Sandwich Filling	X	X	X			X	X
Salads			X	X		X	X

General Rules of Meat-Keeping

After purchase, remove meat from market paper. Don't wash or wipe with a damp cloth. Don't cut or chop it until just before using. If your refrigerator has a covered meat compartment, the meat can be stored without wrapping. Otherwise, wrap lightly in waxed paper, leave ends open for free air circulation, and store in defrosting tray or as near freezing unit as possible.

How to Freeze Meats

Wrap well in waxed paper and place in ice tray. (Separate individual portions with waxed paper to prevent freezing together.) To freeze quickly, place tray on bottom shelf of freezer and turn control to fastest freezing point. For continued storage after freezing, reset control to a colder than normal position. Never refreeze meat after thawing. Frozen meat may be thawed before cooking, or cooked directly from the frozen state, but when this is done, more time must be allowed for cooking.



STEAKS, CHOPS AND ROASTS may be kept up to three days in meat tray or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If you buy for later use, wrap and freeze. See how on this page.



LEFTOVER COOKED MEATS should be stored in a covered dish to prevent drying. Generally, leftover meat should not be cut or ground until just before using.



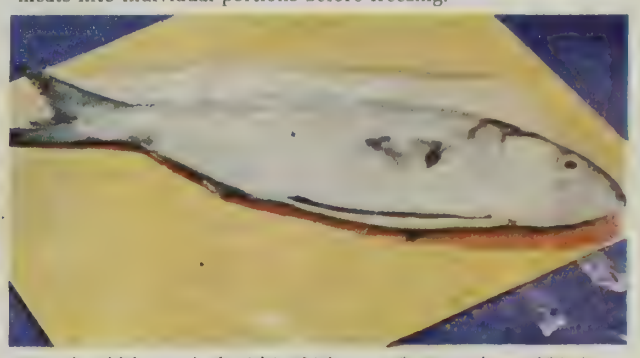
FROZEN MEATS will keep for long periods in the freezing unit. After thawing, frozen meat should be cooked as soon as possible. Caution: Never refreeze meat after it has thawed.



GROUND MEAT should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase or frozen when you get home. For convenience, separate ground meats into individual portions before freezing.



POULTRY, unlike meat, should be cleaned and washed *before* refrigeration. Whole birds keep better than disjointed birds. Cut up birds just before using. Freeze chicken like meats.



FISH should be cooked within 24 hours after purchase. If it is to be kept longer, freeze it immediately. To freeze fish and meats at home, follow directions given in the first column at left.

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FROM THE FIFTH AVENUE SALON OF **Dorothy Gray** AND AT THE BEST COSMETIC COUNTERS

(Continued from Page 100)

"They're all right," Wincy admitted, "but crude, don't you think? I'd give the lot of them for one English chap."

Her father smiled knowingly. "He'll come back, my dear."

Wincy gave her father a wan smile. He was nice. But he didn't know about her trouble with Francis. If they could only have hashed everything out, she and Francis, they might have parted good friends.

Going back into the dining room, Wincy blinked. It was dark, except for the eerie shadows of the jack-o'-lanterns flickering on the chocolate-colored walls.

Mrs. Turner was talking to the man they called Horny. "We were all playing a charming symphony," Wincy heard her say, "when we looked round and there he stood."

Her mother, Wincy thought, smiling to herself, *her mother* describing the most intimate family scene to a stranger!

The boy from Belmont proposed a toast to the Turners. He stood holding his ginger beer in the air. But the other boys went right on talking.

The one they called Rex seemed to have gone quite potty over Daphne. He was telling her in his deep Southern voice about his home. "Miles and miles of cotton," he was saying, "as far as the eye can see."

Wincy was embarrassed. She kept watching Daphne to see whether she was revolted by all this chatter, but Daphne seemed fascinated.

The other two soldiers were taking a wicked delight in making Brenda giggle. The boy from Belmont, Vin O'Reilly, was nice-looking. His G.I. haircut and the way he talked reminded Wincy of Hank, but of course he wasn't so nice.

"Golly," Vin was saying, looking at Wincy, "it's swell seeing an American girl."

"I'm not American," Wincy blurted out crossly. "I should think you could tell the difference."

"Well, you've lived in Belmont. Whereabouts did you live?"

"That's just what I was wondering about you," Wincy said. Could he read her thoughts, too, like Francis? "You know Concord Avenue? Well, you go out under the railroad bridge till you come to the hill where, if you look back, you can see Boston—the dome of the State House ——" Suddenly, as she spoke, it rushed over her like the wiry, warm water in the Hilliards' shower—all the happiness and excitement of those years. She saw it all, but not achingly, as she had before. It was pure joy.

Vin was explaining where he lived, but Wincy didn't hear a word. She tried to look interested, but she could only think of the Belmont which Vin didn't know.

She wouldn't have missed those years for anything. People were wrong if they thought being away had made her any less English. Sometimes looking at a place from the distance gave you a better view of it. People seemed to forget that. Francis had. She might have been able to make him see it, though, if he had only come around.

The bell clanged. Wincy flew to the door. It was Warden Godstow. "I'm bringing a bit of news, Winifred," he began, but suddenly, hearing the noise in the drawing room, he stopped and looked around.

"It's the Halloween party," Wincy explained. "Daphne is here."

The Warden nodded. "What about ——" He hesitated. "Is Madame Pickleface here too?" he asked finally, looking like a wicked little boy.

Wincy burst out laughing. "No, she's not."

The Warden looked relieved. "At the meeting this evening," he said, "your father was elected Warden of St. James's."

"My father—you mean daddy? The new Warden? But Doctor Quelch ——"

"Your father, Winifred," the Warden repeated solemnly. "We need a man with modern views who is sensitive to young minds, a man interested in music and science as well as the humanities. You will readily see, Winifred, that your father is eminently fitted for this post."

"Oh, Warden Godstow, how swell—how wizard, I mean," she exclaimed.

The Warden hadn't noticed the slip, for the racket in the dining room had become terrific.

"Play Casey Jones," Wincy heard someone shout.

They all joined in with their barbershop harmony.

The Warden was fascinated. "Delightful," he shouted, in order to make himself heard. "Isn't it delightful?"

Wincy didn't think so. "Rather crude," she said.

"But, Winifred," the old gentleman exclaimed, disappointed, "I thought you liked American music."

"I do. But madrigals are ever so much nicer."

The Warden laughed. "Well, I see you are becoming a little insular," he said. "Young people often are. But never fear, Winifred. You will appreciate these things, too, when you are my age."

"Come and meet the American soldiers," Wincy begged.

"Yes," he said—and added in a whisper, "I've brought my flute."

At the door of the dining room, the Warden stopped, blinking. Professor and Mrs. Turner came forward in welcome.

"I've come in, Turner, to tell you," the Warden began, "that at the meeting of the Fellows this evening ——"

Wincy did not hear the rest of Warden Godstow's announcement. The doorbell had clanged again.

Francis was at the door. He would not join the party, as there was no time, he said. He had only come for a moment. He stood looking down at Wincy with a troubled expression. She asked:

"Have you heard about the Warden?"

"Yes. As soon as father came home, I knew by his face that he hadn't ——"

"I'm sorry about Doctor Quelch," Wincy broke in. "Was he terribly disappointed?"

"No, I don't think he cares. He wasn't so keen for it, really. It was mother."

Wincy nodded. Poor Mrs. Quelch must feel frightfully after pulling all those wires.

"I'm glad for your sake, Wincy," Francis said, "that it's your father. That's what I came to say."

"Oh," Wincy exclaimed. Was that all he had come to say? "Tell me," she begged shyly, "was it because I was evacuated that you ——" She didn't know how to put it.

But Francis understood. He was reading her thoughts again, only they were hard to answer. He stared at the floor. "I didn't think there was much use," he said slowly. "I mean, you were so frightfully keen about America and all those people ——"

"Francis, guess what—I'm going to Somerville."

He looked surprised. "But I thought you wanted to go to that college where your foster cousin is."

"Oh—Radcliffe. No, I don't want to go there. I think Somerville will be heaps better for the England of Tomorrow."

"You mean," Francis said—and his face was like the sun suddenly coming out from behind a cloud—"you mean you're going to stop in England after the war?"

"Naturallv," Wincy answered impatiently.

"Wincy ——" he exclaimed.

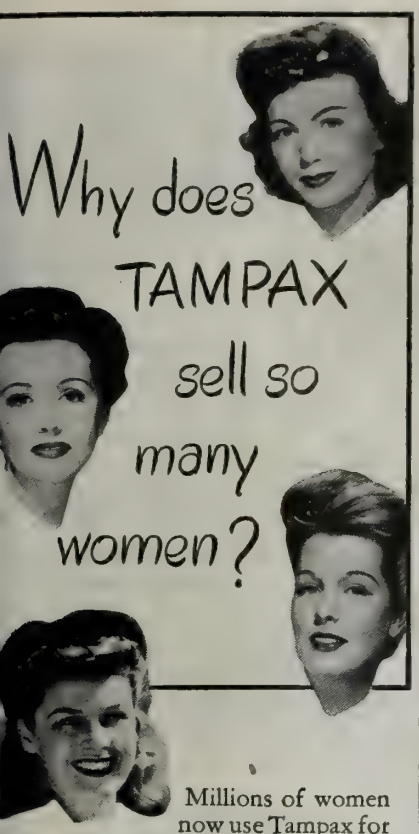
"I'd love to go to America for a visit."

"Oh," Francis put in quickly, "I'd like *that* too."

Wincy's heart soared. "I'll show it all to you," she said happily. "Belmont and Scituate, and we'll go skiing in Vermont. But of course I want to *live* in England."

THAT COVERS IT

A California authoress sent a manuscript to Ambrose Bierce with the request that he give her a "criticism in one sentence and drop further comment." He replied: "The covers of your book are too far apart."

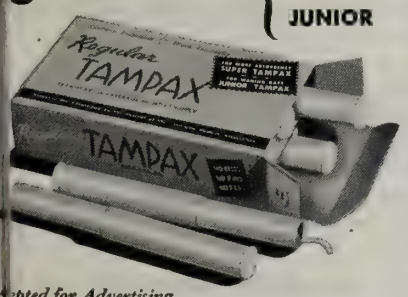


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"Oh, Wincy," he said, and his Adam's apple began to work, "how dim of me. I was afraid we couldn't join on those jobs. I mean, I couldn't live in a strange country, but if you'll stay in England ——"

"Silly," Wincy said softly, "that was what I intended doing all along. Francis, do you know how long it is since that day we met on Folly Bridge?"

"Three months," he answered instantly.

"You know," Wincy said, happily, "it's been like tuning up for a duet: we started with a different pitch—one sharp, the other flat—and then we came closer and closer, till we were in tune."

Very reluctantly, Francis turned to go. "Cheerio," he said hoarsely, opening the door. "Wincy," he whispered, "do you remember, in the War Memorial Garden at Christ Church—you know, on the ground—'My sword I give to him ——'"

"I remember," Wincy said solemnly.

"'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage,'" Francis said. "I'm giving it to you." And he was gone.

Wincy could not bear to go back to the party. She flopped on the monk's bench, repeating the words to herself, over and over, like a charm. *"My sword I give to him—I'm giving it to you."*

"Has everyone had a turn at ducking?" Mrs. Turner asked. "Where's Wincy?"

"I'll find her," Warden Godstow offered, and he came out into the passage in one of Angus' orange hats. "A bit of America transplanted to Banbury Road—what?" he exclaimed.

Wincy considered. "I don't think it can be done, really—do you, Warden? I mean, it's sort of silly to try."

"I should say you'd been quite successful," the old gentleman said. "Not since the invasion of Poland have I seen such happy faces—not since Munich ——"

"I don't mean the party," Wincy explained. "Just—trying to do things here the way we did in Belmont. Instead of looking about at England, when we first came home, Angus and I wanted to make everything over ——"

"À l'Américaine," the Warden put in.

WINCY smiled. When Doctor Quelch had recited "Oh, to be in England now that April's there," she could only picture Mr. Thurman at Agassiz. How changed she was. *"And whoever wakes in England sees ——"* she said to herself, thinking of the rest of the poem. She was waking and seeing very fast.

"Come and have your turn in the washing tub," the Warden urged. He drew Wincy into the bright kitchen and led her to the tub. There were puddles everywhere, but Mrs. Turner did not seem to mind. She was handing out towels lavishly.

If only Francis could have stayed for the party. He would have liked these stunts. Someday the war would be over; Francis and Mark would come home. They would have tons of parties like this.

The war would be over! But life wouldn't be a round of fun and parties, Wincy told herself. It would take a great deal of work to set England to rights again.

She felt powerful, suddenly—strong enough, almost, to put up those houses with her hands—underpinning, side walls, roof-trees—she could see them rising from the rubble. She knew she was capable of doing things, even such great ones as putting England to rights. After all, it hadn't been easy to put things right in Banbury Road, but she had managed that. They were right now.

Very right, oh, *very*, Wincy thought, watching her mother mop Horny's dripping head while he, sprawled in cook's chair, munched the apple he had retrieved from the tub. The professor stood in the center of the kitchen, his hands clasped behind his back, trying without success to bite into an apple that dangled from the ceiling.

Yes, Wincy thought, she would surely be able to set things to rights in England. *After all*, she said to herself, as she ducked into the icy water and came up with an apple in her teeth, *I've had heaps of experience.*

(THE END)



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WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MARY?

(Continued from Page 23)

of a girl in a blue dress, and suddenly I got such a crazy, homesick feeling to get Mary in my arms again that I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

Ten minutes later a taxi dropped me outside her door. I stood there, waiting, burning up inside, the cold, sleety rain drumming on the porch roof, and blowing the bare vines in against me.

The door opened and I saw Mary's mother. She was a small woman with fluffy gray-brown hair and glasses.

"George—it's really you! Come in—come in! Isn't it a miserable night? I've got coffee on the stove. George, darling, it's such a comfort to see you!"

"Where's Mary?"

"Here, put your coat right here—it'll dry out. Mary hasn't come in yet. It's the weather, of course. I suppose she had to take it awfully easy over the ridge tonight—full load and all. I could just cry about it—she was so anxious to get home early—ordinary nights she'd have been here at seven. She'll be wild, knowing you got here first."

"Look, Mrs. Baker—you trying to tell me Mary's driving that big bus over High Ridge tonight? *Mary?* Why, the road will be frozen to glare ice at that altitude—if it's not blocked by snowfall. Mrs. Baker, who's crazy around here?"

SHE was setting coffee, sugar and cream in front of me. Her little chin, pointed like Mary's, was trembling. "I know, George. I know how it must seem to you, being away like you have. But, you see, the bus company was up against it. They couldn't get drivers—all the men were gone—only Charlie Banner left. Somebody had to do it."

"But on a night like this ——"

"Mr. Wilcox didn't consider the weather was bad enough at four o'clock this afternoon to cancel the run," Mrs. Baker said, "and of course Mary couldn't ask for special privileges. Charlie Banner was taking the other bus through."

"Why the heck couldn't she ask for special privileges? This Charlie's a man, and Mary's a little slip of a girl! Who's running this outfit now? I'd like to talk to him!"

"Mr. Wilcox. Alan Wilcox." Mrs. Baker sat down opposite me. "You don't understand, George. You don't realize how Mary has changed. She's so—so conscientious and responsible. Mr. Wilcox considers her the steadiest driver he has. He—he thinks Mary's wonderful."

"Does he?" Once I had thought Mary was wonderful, too, but not because she was responsible and conscientious. I sat scowling at the clock over the table. "What time did you say she should have got in?"

"SEVEN O'CLOCK. Oh, George, she had everything planned—the dress she was going to wear ——"

"It's past eight-thirty. I'm going to talk to this Wilcox." I got up and walked over to the telephone. "What's the number?"

Mrs. Baker looked down at her hands, and her head shook faintly. "It's no use," she murmured. "I called just before you came in. I've called three times in the past hour. He just says all the busses are late tonight, and not to worry. He'll let me know the minute he hears anything."

I stood looking at her for a moment. The back of her neck had a small, helpless look. Mrs. Baker could never run a bus. An egg beater was just about her limit. I had a funny thought: maybe I should have been born in Mrs. Baker's generation; maybe I'd have got on with her better than with Mary.

I cleared my throat. "My old car still running?"

"Oh, yes. It's out back now—in the shed."

"Then suppose I take a run down to the bus depot. Maybe I can pick up some road reports or something."

I felt the force of the wind when I backed the car out against it. It gave me a bad, icy feeling inside, different from any time I'd ever been scared for myself. A few minutes later I walked into the glaring lights of the depot.

I went into the office and asked for Wilcox. I thought I felt a tenseness in here, a waiting for something. I didn't like it. The girl I spoke to nodded silently toward a smooth-faced, dark-haired man talking into a phone. A couple of emergency-crew men stood at a doorway opening into the garage. A truck's engine was bumbling away just outside.

The smooth-faced man said, "All right—I've got it. A mile this side of the pass. Now listen—just give me an idea, can you? How many's hurt?"

I said to the girl, "What bus is he talking about?"

"There's been an accident. There were two sections out of Slater Springs up over High Ridge. The rancher who's calling doesn't know which one went off the road."

Wilcox set down the phone. He turned to the men waiting in the doorway. "Start

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A WOMAN who does not get up in time to make herself attractive at the breakfast table would do her family more spiritual good by remaining in bed.

The quickest way to get a husband to repair household equipment is to let him take over his wife's work for a day.

Politeness in an individual is as necessary as paint on both sides of a fence, for a person, like a fence, faces out as well as in.

It is possible to tell by a boy's face whether or not he owns a dog.

Some mothers who rejoice over the birth of their sons often end by trying to make girls of them.

An eye-attracting breakfast is as important to a child as the first line of a story to a reader.

Dieting, for some women, consists only of more food for conversation.

She has a small vocabulary but a large turnover.

Old men working ambitiously at their jobs and old cars going enthusiastically along the highway should serve as warning, after this, against discarding valuable commodities.

To give away a child's possessions forcibly does not teach sharing, but only the *right* of *might*.

She had an idea she had been tuned to concert pitch.

One good thing the tire and gasoline shortage has accomplished is to make us realize that children's legs can carry them to school.

We did not know whether to rejoice or mourn when our small son announced that he was the fourth toughest boy in his room.

When a good little boy doesn't behave like a nice little girl, he is often called bad.



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rolling, boys. It went over about a mile this side of the pass." He spoke to the girl. "Get the hospital and tell them to send out the ambulance. This fellow's too excited—I couldn't get much out of him."

My mouth felt stiff. I said, "Which bus was Mary Baker driving?"

Wilcox seemed to see me for the first time. "You a friend of hers?"

"Yeah. Is she hurt?"

"I don't know yet. Slater Springs depot says she was trailing when the two busses left there. I can't believe it's Miss Baker. She's been over that pass in worse weather than this."

I said, "Can I use the phone?"

"Certainly. Help yourself."

I called Mrs. Baker and said, "Word just came in—Mary's bus is stalled in a drift. I'm going out to help open the road. Don't worry, mom—I'll have her home inside of an hour."

I set down the phone and took a couple of steps toward Wilcox.

I said, "They ought to lock you up. You and all the fools who think any woman can take on a man's job, just because she says she can. Let enough things like this happen, and maybe you'll learn ——"

I don't know what he answered. I got out of there. I swung the car west on 42. I saw the red lights of the ambulance move onto Main Street. Two miles out I overtook the truck and passed it. About then I was remembering that I had called Mrs. Baker "mom," and wondering how that would sit with her. I didn't care; in a way, I felt closer to her now than I did to Mary.

Now the road began to lift, and the rain on the windshield was turning to wet, smeary snow. It was still melting on the pavement. There'd be six miles of this easy climb, then the pass grading would start, and I'd have to watch it.

ONCE or twice on the curves, I caught sight of the ambulance lights. It was making time, but I'd pull away on the tough grade. My mind was all kind of numb and empty. There was trouble ahead, but I hadn't bit down on it yet. The thing was to get there.

I hit the grade at forty, and the first hairpin turn almost threw me. Now I was in a white world; the snow lay so even that it was hard to tell where the road divided the shoulders. At Jack's Woods there was a cattle outfit, and I saw the tracks of another car. That would be the rancher who had telephoned.

Two miles beyond timber line I saw lights. I eased up on the gas, and then the thing came into sight—the big bulk of the bus lying over on its side. There were a couple of red lanterns lighting it up. I slid my car against one of the snow-covered retaining walls and cut the motor.

Somebody picked up one of the lanterns and ran toward me.

"You a doctor?"

"No—he's right behind me. Anybody hurt bad?" That wasn't the question I wanted to ask. I think I was too scared to ask it.

"Guy driving the bus. He's pretty bad, I guess. Most of 'em just kind of bruised up. The girl's got 'em inside—she's taking care of 'em."

The guy—the girl. The words moved into my mind and opened up, slow and big. Now I realized I was walking fast, following the man, the snow flying like feathers in our faces. We rounded a little turn, and now I could see the other bus, standing solid and reassuring in the middle of the road.

Suddenly I remembered: "Slater Springs depot says she was trailing when the two busses left there." That meant Mary had been right behind—the first one to find the thing. And I remembered something else—Wilcox's confident, "I can't believe it's Miss Baker." So Wilcox had been right.

Somebody had built a bonfire at the side of the road, and several people were huddled close around it. Mary wasn't there, and I went on up to the door of the bus.

Then I saw her. I felt a sharp wrench, as though all my insides had turned over, and I stood there a moment, one foot on the

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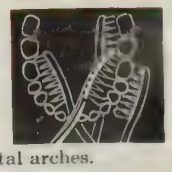
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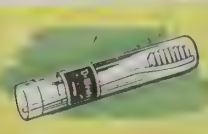
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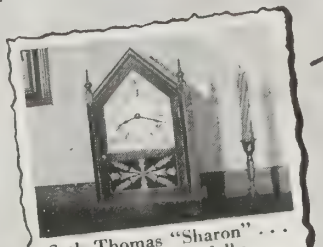
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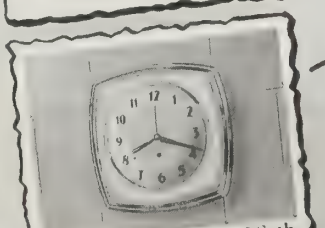
For Bill and me—

(WHEN BILL COMES BACK FROM OVERSEAS)



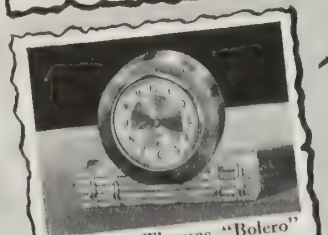
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CLEVER GIRL, Sergeant Bill's wife. She's making a scrapbook of swell home-making ideas clipped from the magazines. It's fun.

Bill's going to be mighty proud of her when he gets home from the wars... and he'll pat her on the back for her wise choice of electric clocks, too... every one a Seth Thomas.

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Right now Bill's wife is buying War Bonds . . . saving for their home. And at Seth Thomas, all our facilities are turning out precision instruments and intricate timing devices needed to help win the war. So Seth Thomas clocks are not now available. But perhaps before long you'll see beautiful Seth Thomas self-starting electric and spring-wound clocks in better stores everywhere. Look for them. You'll be glad you waited.

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Seth Thomas Clocks

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

"The finest name in clocks"

step, looking in through the window. She was leaning over somebody that was laid out on the back seat, doing something to his shoulder, and I could see her profile and one smudged cheek. She had on some kind of uniform, wet and bedraggled-looking. I opened the door and crouched into the aisle.

She said sharply, hardly glancing up, "Shut the door, please—I'm trying to keep this place warm."

"Mary."

She turned then. Five or six people, some sitting, some lying on the seats, turned, too, and they watched, their faces sickly white in the overhead light, while we moved toward each other.

"George," she said very low, and her hand went uncertainly to her hair and the streak of grease on her cheek, and then she smiled, a queer, shaky smile. "It's kind of a funny place for a reunion, isn't it?"

"Is that what they call understatement?"

The ambulance was outside now, and was edging into place.

I said briskly, "Okay, relax—there's your relief. Is there any reason why I can't take you home now?"

"Well, I—I have to take the bus in."

"Not on your life. You're going with me."

The door opened, and I saw Wilcox and a man who looked like a doctor. Wilcox began to talk right away. "You've been simply splendid, Miss Baker—splendid. They tell me it was you insisted on getting Charlie out, that otherwise he might have —— Now let's have a look ——"

I said, my voice rough as a file in my throat, "Maybe you're grateful enough to give her the rest of the night off. I'd like to take Miss Baker home—personally—in my car."

"Why—certainly." He gave me a look. It had everything in it. He didn't need words now to answer my outburst in his office. Then he turned back to Mary. "I hope you haven't tired yourself, Miss Baker. Get a good night's rest. Shall I see you tomorrow?"

"Sure." She gave a last look around the bus, at the white, pinched-looking faces. She said in a tired, tough little voice, "Same time, same station." Then she followed me out into the snow.

She sat small and straight beside me in the car, her head not much higher than my shoulder. But not on it—no, brother, not on it! This girl didn't need anybody's shoulder.

There was a kind of mean, bitter boiling inside me. I began to talk, and nothing I said was anything like I'd planned to say the first night I was home.

"You certainly are the fair-haired girl. It's not enough to take on a man's job—you have to be a heroine too. You have to save somebody's life. Some poor worm of a guy who lost his head. Say, what kind of a country is this, anyway? Talk about squeeze plays! Soon's we're out of the way, the women take over, and do everything a little bit better than it's ever been done before. Sure, I'm proud of you! I've got pride so big it's like a lump in my throat I can't swallow."

"Maybe you'll find out we have a little more in common than when you went away," she told me.

I said, "Listen—when I want a pal, I'll find a man. I don't go for this pal stuff when it comes to my girl. Some men may be different. This Wilcox now—I bet he's great on pals. I bet he'd make a wonderful buddy. Or perhaps you've already tried him out." I had no business saying that, and I knew it. But the way she sat there, quiet, competent.

"It's funny," she said after a moment. "I never thought tonight would be like this. I'd imagined it all so differently."

It occurred to me for the first time that she might have looked forward to this night too—that it might have meant something special to her. Well, how had she imagined it, then? I didn't know. I didn't know anything about her.

Neither of us said anything more the rest of the way home.

Mrs. Baker was on the telephone when we came in. She looked over at us, and relief washed over her face, and when she turned back to the phone her voice got high and excited.

"She's just come in this minute! She'll tell you all about it. You can speak to her yourself." She put her hand over the mouthpiece. "Mary—it's a reporter from the newspaper. He wants to hear all about the accident. Mary, he wants to put your picture in the paper. Think of that!"

I stood there, feeling just about as important as a fly on the ceiling, listening to Mary talk to the reporter. Her voice was perfectly matter-of-fact. You'd think she saved a life every week or so. When she was through, she sat there for a moment, staring absently at the tear in her sleeve.

Suddenly she swung around toward her mother. "Where's my dress? Did it come?"

Mrs. Baker's hands fluttered helplessly. "Oh, Mary—it didn't! I called the cleaners this afternoon, and they said it wouldn't be ready till tomorrow."

"Wouldn't be ready! But they promised I told them how important it was."

"I know, darling. I tried everything. I offered to walk into town, in spite of the weather, and get it myself. But no—it wasn't ready. I was just furious with them!"

This was all double talk to me. Why all this about a dress? You'd think they were discussing something serious. And then, while I was still trying to work it out, Mary sank down on the bottom step of the staircase and burst into tears. Her voice was all choked up, and it was hard for me to catch what she was saying, but I got some of it. She was talking to me.

"It's what I'd been counting on! It was the dress you always liked—the blue one. I'd planned to be wearing it when you got here. And tonight, when you walked into that bus, and then all the way back, knowing I looked so awful, and you were saying such awful things, I kept thinking, 'Wait till I get home and get fixed up, and put on the blue dress!' I thought, 'Then he'll love me again.' And now—it's not here."

I felt something go soft inside my chest. I went over and sat down on the step beside Mary. I pulled her head against my shoulder. "Heck, what's all this about? Listen, baby—you're just tired, that's all. I came home to see you, not a dress. You'd look wonderful to me in a potato sack."

I met Mrs. Baker's eye over Mary's head. I expected that we'd exchange an amused smile at the idea of anybody getting so excited over nothing.

But Mrs. Baker wasn't smiling. She said indignantly, "It's a shame. She was set on wearing that dress. She even bought a blue flower to wear in her hair."

"A blue flower," I said. "Think of that."

But what I was thinking was this: *They don't change so much, after all. Let them wear overalls, let them work a riveting machine, let them drive a bus. They're still women.* Mary and her mother still talked the same language.

And I began to remember her as I had first seen her tonight—a tough, tired, bedraggled little kid, doing a man-size job because there wasn't any man around to do it. And the pride came up in me again, only this time it wasn't like a lump in my throat; it was warm and good. I felt a little shamed and awed that she could go through all that and then come home and cry about a dress that hadn't come back from the cleaners. But it was a contented feeling, like when men say comfortably, "You can't understand women, no use to try."

I leaned over and kissed Mary's ear. "Go up and pin on the flower. A blue flower's all I need, right now, to mow me down."

BALANCE

You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward.

—JAMES THURBER.
Fables for Our Time (Harper and Bros.)

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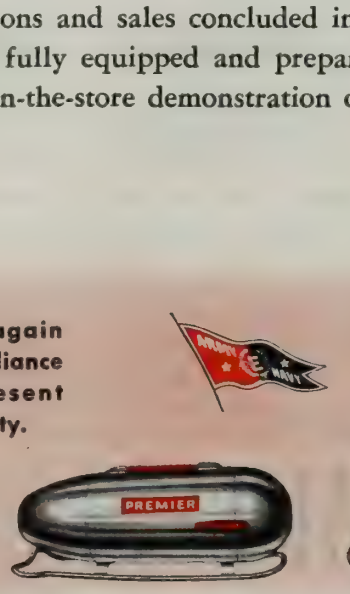
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Fruit . . . any kind . . . is a natural with Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Youngsters *love* it this way. And remember . . . with Nabisco Shredded Wheat in the pantry you can treat your family to a *new surprise* every morning in the week!



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Thousands of folks love Nabisco Shredded Wheat just "as is" with milk. Love its wholesome, *natural* flavor . . . the delicious goodness of the sun-ripened whole wheat from which it's made. And this *one* package is a whole "cereal shelf" . . . you can fix Nabisco Shredded Wheat so *many* different ways!



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ANOTHER DELICIOUS PRODUCT BAKED BY

NABISCO NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE

(Continued from Page 28)

really equals marriage. Only sometimes—you might as well face it—sometimes, especially at the end of winter ——

She stacked the breakfast dishes and turned on the hot water. This week end: she must plan for it. For instance—what was she going to wear? The old blue tweed suit? The white dinner dress that had been cleaned too often? How, *how* could she squeeze something new out of the budget?

She reached stolidly for the soap flakes. She knew that budget, merciless and inexorable. As well squeeze the proverbial stone. *If you go to St. Simeon's, my girl, you'll go in your blue tweed suit. It might as well have a bustle; I feel as though I'd had it since before electricity was discovered.* She splashed the hot water, and against the sinking of her heart she sang at the top of her voice:

"That old oaken budget, that iron-bound budget,
That moss-covered budget that hangs in the well."

David looked upon bed as an unnecessary evil. By the time Candy had shut his door that evening, she was conscious only of a deep desire to put her feet up, just until Bill got home.

She washed her face and hands, brushed her hair hard and put on fresh lipstick. Then she collapsed on her bed. All day long a little splinter of thought had been working its way upward in her mind; now she lay still and let it come to the surface. Perhaps it was the letter from Pan that had brought it there; perhaps it had been coming a long time. What, she wondered unhappily, was the matter with her, anyway? She and Bill had been married for almost four years, and for at least three of them he had been perfect. Now he wasn't. He had small, irritating habits he never used to have. Was marriage always like that?

She thought, *Everybody knows marriage was never meant for men, anyway. You always read it and everyone says so. So maybe Bill's beginning to get tired of it. I suppose a psychiatrist would say it was my fault: I ought to be able to keep his interest. But that's so unfair. Bill doesn't do anything to keep my interest, does he?*

The front door slammed, and Candy went rigid. Bill began to come upstairs, his progress accompanied by a curious series of bumping sounds. She set her teeth. *If he gets David all waked up again* —— He appeared in the doorway, grinning. His hat was cocked over one eye and in his arms were two large, shiny cardboard boxes which he dropped on her stomach.

"Ouch!" Candy was resentful. "What is this?"

Wordlessly, Bill took out and opened his penknife, which he offered to her in courtly fashion, over one forearm. She cut the string on the biggest box. Underneath was a layer of tissue paper. And underneath that ——

"Bill!" she gasped. "Oh, Bill—you got it!" She lifted out the Utterly Desirable Sports Dress, of cloud-soft, winter-white wool, with a brown calf belt. Size sixteen. She stared at him. "But you can't—how can we—but, *Bill!*"

"Like it?" he asked, rubbing his hands together. "Go on and open the other one."

Candy's cheeks were burning and her hands shook. She cut strings ruthlessly, whisked tissue paper over the floor and lifted out a long, deceptively simple black dinner dress, high-necked and long-sleeved, a dinner dress to dream about. She held it up to her and looked at her husband, who seemed, temporarily, to be in a prism of light.

"But—but, Bill," she said at last. "How did you get these? They're marvelous—they're exactly right—but, darling, how *could* you? Have we embezzled? I mean it's perfectly all right with me if we have—but what are we going to tell David when he grows up?"

Bill shook his head pityingly. "Sordid," he observed. "Always thinking of money."

Candy stepped across billows of paper and seized him by both arms. "Bill Stewart, you're going to tell me right now how you got these things! Have they made you president of the company?"

"No," said Bill pleasantly, "just head sales manager of the New York office."

Candy's mouth fell open. Her hands released his arms and she sank slowly to the floor, where she came to rest in a dress box. "And we've only got fish for dinner," she said weakly. "Bill darling, you really are the most wonderful man."

Bill nodded happily. "That's what my employers told me."

"Oh, they did?" She scrambled to her feet. Things were beginning to settle down.

"Yes, they took the horses out of my carriage and drew me through the streets."

"Oh, and what," Candy asked suspiciously, "were the horses doing *in* your carriage in the first place?"

"And then they toasted me in champagne."

"Drunk out of their slippers, no doubt?"

"No doubt," Bill agreed. "Mr. Denstone's slipper would hold about a magnum. Anyway, there wasn't a dry nose in the house."

Candy observed, "Someday, when the gold dust has settled, you must tell me about it, darling. Did you spend your entire raise?"

"Not quite," Bill said modestly. "I bought David a War Bond too."

"I hate to be grasping," Candy said, "but would there be enough left for me to get a new permanent?"

(Continued on Page 110)

Packing Pointers

Keep lunch box clean. Air daily. Have a lunch box corner of cupboard and refrigerator for materials and equipment—saves time. If time to pack is at an odd hour, make fillings, etc., ahead and chill in refrigerator. Have cold foods cold and hot foods hot. Wrap everything separately to preserve freshness and prevent swapping of flavors. Wrap sandwich greens separately to prevent wilting. Use jars or paper containers with non-spill lids for salads, desserts, puddings, etc. Pack heavy foods like oranges and apples on bottom—lighter things like sandwiches and raw vegetables on top to prevent squashing. Put in extra napkins, salt, pepper and sugar shakers, covered (empty spice cans with shutter lids good for this). Pack as late as possible.



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An elegant Crystal table service, rich with the tradition of Early America. Imperial "Cape Cod" Crystal may be temporarily unavailable in your locality, but we think it merits your future consideration.

THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION · BELLAIRE, OHIO

(Continued from Page 108)

"Get yourself a wig if you want one," Bill said regally. "As I said to Mr. Denstone, 'What's money to me?'"

"And, as Mr. Denstone answered, 'A complete stranger, Mr. Stewart.'"

Bill went right on: "I said to him, I said, 'My wife is in rags. She wears newspapers for underwear and potato sacks tied on her feet, or vice versa. She bought a green dress, but that was so long ago that it turned gray, waiting, waiting ——'"

Candy suddenly threw herself upon him. "Darling, I adore you."

He looked down at her. "May I hang my legs over the side of the chair?" She nodded. "And read my newspaper at breakfast?"

"You can do anything you want," she told him. "You can even snore."

Bill kissed her tenderly. "Women. The romantic sex. Pardon me while I wash."

The Demings' chauffeur turned the station wagon into a pine-bordered driveway; at the end Candy could see glimpses of their long, white house. Surreptitiously, she ran a forefinger up the unfamiliar sweep of her back hair. It felt startlingly naked and alarmingly elegant. Perhaps it had not been entirely wise to add a new hair-do to an already complex week end—especially a hair-do which Bill had never seen.

She was somewhat reassured, however, by the glance of grudging approval allowed her by the Demings' contemptuous parlormaid. Pan's great Dane padded across the hall to welcome her and escort her to the library, where he paused, nuzzling her hand.

"Mrs. Stewart," announced the parlormaid, in a tone which implied that Candy was using a rather unconvincing alias.

There was a moment of arrested motion, a tableau in firelight: George Deming looking toward her, a smile in his bright brown eyes; Pan, her amber-colored hair gleaming, her hand raised toward the silver teapot; Serena Perry, vivid as a gypsy, cross-legged on the hearth; and the penetrating gaze of a tall, thin, gloomy man. Then the moment broke. George got up, and Pan came toward her quickly—but, somehow, it was not one welcome, it was two separate welcomes.

"Darling, how lovely!" Pan said. "Where's Bill?"

Candy kissed her warmly and explained Bill's delay. A conference. "He was so sorry. He'll be here on the five-ten."

George patted her shoulder affectionately, Serena smiled brilliantly.

"And this," said Pan, in a high, unnatural voice, "is Mr. Max Atlas."

Candy said politely, "How do you do?" to which Mr. Atlas responded, in a deep, rather harsh voice:

"What an entrance."

Serena chuckled. "Max darling, in an insecure world there's only one thing you can be certain of. Mrs. Stewart didn't plan it."

Mr. Atlas looked at Candy from under his lavish eyebrows. "Maybe the dog did."

George asked quickly, "How's Bill?"

Candy, aware of Mr. Atlas' disconcerting gaze, sat down primly, said that Bill was very well, hesitated—and then added quickly, "He's just been made head sales manager, but he'll beat me for telling you."

"Men," said Serena profoundly. "They're psychopathic that way. Or maybe just superstitious. What does being a head sales manager mean?"

SURETIES

Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty: and if you do know it for a certainty, then ask yourself, why should I tell it? —LAVATE: Toaster's Handbook, by Edmund & Williams. (H. W. Wilson Co.)

The survival of the fittest is going to make some guy awful lonesome someday.

—HARRY HERSHFIELD: Now I'll Tell One. (Greenberg.)



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DUFF'S WAFFLE MIX takes all the work and worry out of making delicious, crisp waffles. Everything's in . . . skilfully blended to insure perfect results every time.

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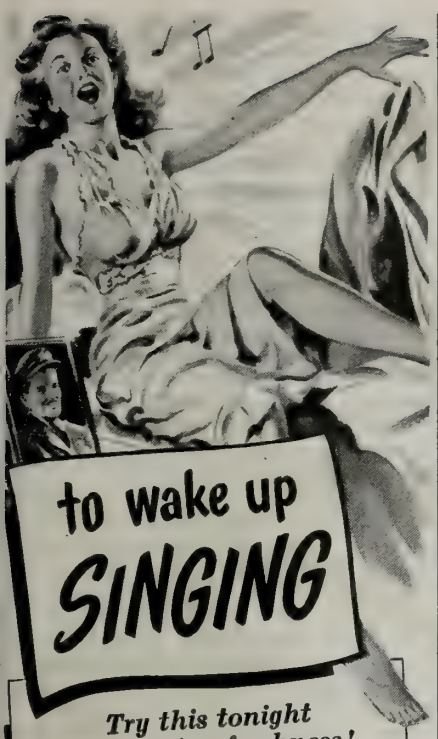
All you do is heat and serve in their own savory broth; no washing, peeling, no waste. Real economy — *contents of can equal almost double their weight in fresh mushrooms.* Recipes on label.

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One sauce for all meats, fish, fowl, eggs, beans or salads. The international favorite for over 100 years. *Not rationed.*

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The DASH that makes the DISH

Under cover of George's explanation, Pan leaned closer. Candy saw that she was thinner; her eyes looked tired. "I've got to talk to you," Pan murmured. "It's about George."

Candy patted her hand. "Relax, darling. Aunt Candace will re-educate him."

"I knew you would if anyone could. He thinks you're wonderful. You see ——"

"Don't bother to explain, my pet," Candy told her. "I know George."

Pan looked worried. "Well—I'll tell you about it later. Don't say anything now. . . . You look marvelous. When did you start doing your hair that way? And I adore your dress. Max is absolutely transfixed. I never saw him do this before."

Candy glanced up and met Mr. Atlas' inscrutable black eye. Far inside herself, she smiled. It was going to be a rather interesting week end. First she would change George's outlook on women and then, having straightened out the Demings' marriage, she would lie back and bask in the admiration of Mr. Atlas. Of course, it was silly—but it was undeniably fun. Yes, it was going to be a very interesting week end.

"Max, darling," said Serena, "have you read Bird's Eye View of Bella? Why don't you buy it? I'm dying to do Bella. It's absolutely made for me."

Mr. Atlas said, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles next."

Serena sighed. "You always get your own way, don't you? You must have been a repulsive little boy."

Mr. Atlas glanced sideways at Pan, and George laughed. "He gets his own way in the end—but sometimes it takes a little doing, eh, Max?"

Pan turned quickly to Candy. "Max has made me a most inviting offer."

"Which Pan is going to decline," George put in lightly.

CANDY eyed him. Under his lightness was something else—something that was part of the tension in the room. "Really?" she said coolly. "Why? I think she ought to accept."

Pan cleared her throat sharply, and George smiled.

Mr. Atlas sat up. "Of course she ought to accept," he stated. "Only person to do her own book. Wouldn't let anybody else touch it. Keep the flavor. Know what I mean?"

Candy smiled at him. "Of course I know what you mean, Mr. Atlas. But isn't that a rather unusual view for Hollywood to take? Usually dozens of different people work on a script, don't they?"

"My views are always unusual," said Mr. Atlas. "Successful. You talk to her."

Candy settled back in her chair, drank tea and said, in an excellent imitation of an offhand manner, "I've always thought that it was a mistake for women to be just—women. We're better women if we do something else as well. Like flying a plane or—or acting or something."

"Very sensible point of view," George said.

Candy glanced at him, startled. With all his charm, George had never before shown the slightest hypocrisy. It was mildly shocking; also it made her a little angry. *Now,* she thought, *I'll make certain that Pan goes to Hollywood.*

Mr. Atlas said suddenly, "Ever have a screen test, Mrs. Stewart?"

Candy laughed. "Heavens, no!"

Serena cried, "Darling—suppose you were photogenic!"

"Then you could all go to Hollywood together," George suggested dryly.

"Bill would die," said Pan.

It was a perfect opening, and Candy seized it. "Indeed he wouldn't! Bill would be perfectly delighted if I went to Hollywood—or anyplace else I wanted to go." In the small but solid silence that followed this astonishing statement, she had time to reflect what a good thing it was that Bill had been delayed. Then she met George's eyes. "Bill is very fair-minded about marriage. Live and let live, he always says."

"I've never heard him say such a thing in my life," George said without heat. "At least not about *his* marriage. That's why I always thought you were the ideal wife for him."

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Candy opened her mouth, and Pan asked, "But, Candy, what would you do with David if you wanted to go off someplace?"

"Send him to mother," Candy answered promptly. "She's been dying to get her hands on him ever since he was born. But it's not my career we're talking about, it's Pan's."

Pan leaped to her feet. "Someone's coming—oh, it's Bill."

Bill came into the warm library. He looked, Candy thought, cold and tired, but he shook hands with Pan and George affectionately, greeted Serena and Mr. Atlas, and turned to his wife.

"Hello, sweet——" he began, and stopped, stricken. "What in the name of rubber cement have you done with your hair?"

Candy felt herself turning scarlet. She glared at him, not trusting herself to speak.

Pan intercepted. "Why, she's just put it up, Bill darling."

"Well," said Bill with feeling, "I hope it'll come down again."

George snorted. "Did you think she'd nailed it up? Of course it'll come down again—but it's not going to. Candy's going to have a screen test and be a famous star. Her name is going to be—let's see—Max, what would you think of Angel Cholmondeley?"

"What's this all about, anyway?" Bill inquired.

"Max practically offered your wife a screen test," Serena explained airily. "You wouldn't mind if she went to Hollywood, Bill? Just for six months or so?"

"Of course Bill wouldn't mind," George said heartily. "Live and let live, that's Bill's motto—isn't it, pal?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," Bill said tersely. "One lump, please, Pan."

Candy stood up abruptly. "I think if you don't mind, Pan, I'll go up now. If we're dressing for dinner ——"

Pan got to her feet swiftly. "I'll go with you. Some people are coming in after dinner. We thought we might dance."

Candy stepped over Bill's legs, bathed him in a fiery glance, of which he seemed totally unaware, and left the room.

On their way upstairs Candy glanced at Pan uneasily, aware of something very wrong. But Pan said nothing whatever until they were inside the rose guest room. Then she shut the door and turned.

"Candy, why *did* you? If only you'd waited, I could have told you ——"

"Told me what?" Candy stared at her. "That George wouldn't let you have a life of your own? I knew that already."

"But I don't *want* a life of my own." Pan pounded the back of a chair with a fist. "It's *George*. He wants me to go to the Coast and work for Max."

Candy sank down on the chaise longue because her knees seemed to be buckling. "You mean you don't *want* to go?"

"Of course I don't want to! I want to stay right here and be George's wife." Pan choked. "We've only been married for six months, and he's determined to have me leave him." Her voice shook ominously, and she turned. "He's tired of me," she said.

"He's not tired of you!" Candy cried. It was the only solid fact in a whirling universe. "George adores you—anyone can see that. He always has."

Pan's blue eyes were burning. "Then why does he want me to go away?"

Candy blinked, trying to grope her way through this bewildering fog. "Because," she said slowly, "I suppose he thinks you want to. That's it, Pan—he's afraid you'll be restless and unhappy if you just settle down and be Mrs. George Deming."

"But I've *told* him ——"

"I know, but—oh, dear, it's so mixed up! Don't you see, before you got married, you kept saying you wouldn't ever marry George because he wanted a domestic girl who'd belong to him, body and soul. And George kept saying woman's place was in the home. And now ——"

"And now," Pan said with a thin smile, "now it's *after* we're married, and I've



changed my mind. I like being owned by George—but George seems to have changed his mind too."

"But how was I to know that?" Candy demanded miserably.

"If you'd just waited ——" Pan broke off. "Oh, I know it isn't really your fault, Candy, but things have been so awful. I thought you could help—you could make George understand how I feel—and you've just made everything worse."

"I'll fix it," Candy promised desperately. "I'll explain to him how it happened."

Pan's shoulders sank. "He'll never pay any attention to you now. Anyway, you've said you'd go away yourself and George always says you and Bill have the perfect marriage. Candy, *would* you leave Bill and David?"

"Well, no—but ——"

Pan leaned forward. "If Max offered you a movie contract, Candy, tell me honestly, would you sign it?"

Candy laughed. "No, I wouldn't."

"And if you wanted to, would Bill let you? Would he?"

"He'd have a fit," said Candy honestly.

"Well, why doesn't George have a fit?" Pan cried. "Why can't he be more like Bill?"

"Pan darling, much as I adore Bill ——"

The door behind her opened, and Bill stood on the threshold. "Oh, sorry."

Pan gave him a pale smile. "Candy and I are just gossiping. I must go and dress. Dinner's at half past seven."

Bill shut the door after her and lay down on the bed with his shoes on.

"William Stewart, take your muddy shoes off that bedspread!" Candy glared.

He groaned and hung his feet over the edge of the bed.

Candy said defensively, "It's such bad manners."

"You knew what my manners were like when you married me."

She spoke more tartly than she had intended. "As a matter of fact, I didn't."

"Well, you do now," Bill pointed out. "You've been telling me about them for weeks." Candy stared at him, and he added in a loud voice, "Screen tests!" and turned over with his head in the pillow.

"What," Candy asked stiffly, "is so bad about that?"

Bill snorted into the pillow. "That alligator! You don't think he meant it, do you?"

Candy shut the bathroom door with a haughty bang. While she bathed, she reflected miserably that in the space of half an hour the whole week end had gone topsy-turvy. And only four days ago Bill had given her the very dress she was about to put on. She looked at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. Bill was cross and rather quarrelsome right now—but he had been sweet to get those dresses. She opened the bathroom door a crack; he was asleep with his feet on the spread. Very gently she called to him. He groaned and opened his eyes reluctantly.

"Go away!" he grated through his teeth.

She shut the bathroom door very quietly, and went on with her dressing. As she got into the black dinner dress her hands shook. He had no right to speak that way. Presents weren't enough to compensate a wife for being treated as though she were a slave. Candy swept through the bedroom without a glance at Bill, and down the stairs.

Dinner was a nightmare. Pan and George were scarcely speaking to each other. George, a perfect host, was—superficially—his usual

CARRY ON!

When a man kums to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfys him that he and I are two as smart men as there is living. —JOSH BILLINGS.

Don't allow yourself to be carried away by enthusiasm; you may have to walk back. —CHARLES M. SNYDER.



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The beauty which distinguishes Cambridge crystal is the result of perfect modeling and proportions, hand-crafted in the clear and unusually brilliant Cambridge glass. Those who employ taste and good judgment in selecting crystal have long appreciated that Cambridge styling is above passing fashion, that the set one starts with may be added to from open stock and that the prestige of the Cambridge label never places a premium on the price. If your dealer is temporarily out of an item, please make allowances for wartime.

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"If I were getting married again..."

IF BRIDES could only do a little crystal-gazing . . . there's many a girl would see that some things worked out differently.

Take, for instance, Mrs. Kathryn Wilson of North Tonawanda, N. Y. She wrote us this interesting story:

"When I was married, my friends gave me a wonderful bedroom shower. Among the many gifts were six fine-looking sheets. One was a Pequot."

A fine gift? Seemed so. But wait! Says Mrs. Wilson:

"That was nine years ago. The other day I took an old sheet from the linen closet and used it to cover the family ironing board. I looked at the label...it was that faithful Pequot. The other five had worn out years before."

What's more, Mrs. Wilson explained, all six sheets had been used in rotation and had the same good care. Do you wonder she enthuses about Pequot sheets . . . that she ends her letter by saying:

"If I were getting married again, I'd try to hint to 'showering' friends to make all my gift sheets Pequots."

If your local store is out of Pequots, please be patient . . . because the needs of our armed forces must come first. We're doing our very best to supply *some* Pequots for civilians. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

urbane and entertaining self; but Pan shifted like mercury from brilliant chatter, which did not include her husband, to pale, preoccupied silence which excluded them all. Serena tried valiantly to strike a spark of genuine gaiety from the party, but as dessert was served even she subsided. Bill was unusually quiet and Mr. Atlas merely ate with methodical appreciation.

Suddenly he said, into the icy silence, "Anybody ever heard of Asmodeus?"

"Who's he — a fortuneteller?" Serena asked flippantly.

Mr. Atlas put down his napkin deliberately. "Asmodeus," he said, "is the evil spirit of matrimony."

Pan dropped a spoon.

"What," asked George, "does he do?"

"Flies," said Mr. Atlas. "Over the houses. He can take off their roofs and look in."

"Oh, I've always wanted to do that!" Candy cried, with idiotic vivacity.

Mr. Atlas threw her an inscrutable glance. "Where I come from," he said—"Middle Europe—they say on certain nights that Asmodeus flies. Scared of him. Why I'm a bachelor—know what I mean?"

"Emma," said Pan to the parlormaid, "serve the coffee in the library, will you?"

As Candy crossed the hall, George put his hand on her arm and moved his head toward the little study next door.

"Gloomy little place," George said, shutting the study door, "but so is my mind at the moment. Candy, you helped me once. Will you do it again?"

Candy stood stiffly by the door. "To make Pan go to Hollywood? No, George, I won't."

George's jaw fell. "You won't? But you said yourself this afternoon ——"

Candy almost stamped her foot with impatience. "Never mind what I said this afternoon! This afternoon I thought she was dying to go and you wouldn't let her. Now I find she doesn't want to go at all."

George's mouth was grim. "Oh, yes, she does—really. I know Pan. She thinks it's her duty to stay here. She's determined to sacrifice herself for me and like it—all that for-better-for-worse stuff. Oh, no."

"But, George ——" Candy began.

George smiled a wise and rather bitter little smile. "I'm not a child, Candy. I don't claim to know much about women, but I do know this: if I kept Pan now, she'd be regretting it inside of six months. Oh, no. I'll make her go now—let her get it out of her system. It's my only chance of keeping her."

"George," Candy said desperately, "you're all wrong. Listen ——"

"I know what I'm doing," George said, still with that little smile. "My only mistake was in thinking you'd help me."

"You *don't* know what you're doing. You're acting like an idiot!"

George gulped. "Shall we go and get some coffee?" he said with cool courtesy.

CANDY went out of the little study with a sick sensation. She had come expressly to help Pan and George, and what had she done? Said all the wrong things, let Pan down completely. Made George mad. *Asmodeus—I'm Asmodeus, myself.*

From the library came voices, and laughter pitched high. Some of the guests had arrived, then. The party had begun.

It was, it seemed to her, the middle of the night when Bill woke her. He was shaking her shoulder gently. She opened her eyes, his face came into focus—and she struggled up, wide-eyed with horror.

"Bill, what's happened to you? Your face!"

"I don't know," he said miserably. His eyes were bloodshot and frightened. "I feel awful. I can't swallow. Do you think I have diphtheria or something?"

Candy looked at him in awe. His face was enormous—and suddenly, with returning consciousness, came common sense. "Darling," she said, "get right back into bed. I'll call Pan. We'll get a doctor." She whipped on her dressing gown. He was peering at her with hideous pathos from under the blankets. "Bill—have you ever had mumps?"

His lopsided face looked stricken. "No," he croaked. "My sister did, but—I didn't."

Candy went out quietly.

FROM downstairs drifted the lovely aroma of breakfast coffee. It seemed a shame to wake Pan so early; but Pan's voice answered at once, and Candy opened her bedroom door. She was standing, fully dressed, with her back to a half-packed suitcase. The smile on her face was clearly an effort. Instinctively, Candy ignored the suitcase and plunged instantly.

"Pan, it's Bill—he's got something the matter with him. I'm sorry to be a nuisance at this unholy hour on a Sunday, but do you suppose we could get a doctor?"

"My dear—of course." Pan was across the room before she had finished speaking. She dialed. "Is he very ill, Candy? What do you think it is?"

Before Candy could answer, the door opposite opened, and a hollow-eyed George stood there in a dressing gown. Pan began to speak into the telephone.

"What's going on?" George inquired huskily. Then his eye fell on the suitcase, and his whole expression sharpened.

"All right, Doctor Lewis, and thank you so much," Pan said and hung up.

There was a tiny silence. Then George jerked his head toward the suitcase.

"Going someplace?" he asked.

Pan looked down at the telephone, and then straight up at George. "Yes, I was—going someplace. When the others left, this afternoon, I thought I'd—go too."

Candy took a step toward the door, which Pan was blocking. "I think I'd better——" They didn't even hear her.

"Decided to take up Max's offer after all?" George asked conversationally.

"No." Pan's voice was still soft. "No, I was just—going."

"Why?" The word was like a bullet.

"Because you obviously wanted me to."

Candy pushed past her and said loudly, "I must get back to Bill. Please excuse me." She went out and shut the door behind her. Neither of them had looked at her at all.

It was nearly an hour later when Candy went downstairs to breakfast. Doctor Lewis had been and gone. Only Serena and Mr. Atlas were at the table.

"How is he?" they asked in unison.

Candy discovered that she was starving to death. She tossed off a glass of orange juice and fell upon a covered dish of popovers. "He's just uncomfortable. It's mumps all right. He's got to be kept still till the swelling goes down. The poor Demings ——"

"Man who came to dinner," said Mr. Atlas.

Serena asked, "But what about your little boy, Candy?"

Candy poured a cup of coffee. "I called up my mother. She's going right out to our house."

Serena sighed. "My mother has all the iron dependability of a child's balloon bumping on the ceiling."

Candy said slowly, "Max. That Asmodeus you were telling us about. You said he was an evil spirit—but what does he *do?*"

"He is the demon of vanity. He makes married couples try to improve each other."

"Oh," said Candy.

"I don't see why that's so awful," Serena objected. *(Continued on Page 116)*

STALLING

An English society lady took a soldier out for the evening and gave him a very fine dinner, with champagne and liqueurs, followed by stalls at a play. After, she had qualms of conscience about her extravagance, so went to her parson and told him about it. "We had champagne at dinner and liqueurs afterward, and did I do wrong?"

"Don't you remember?" said the parson.

—SAMSON LOW: Scalpel, Sword and Stretcher. (Marston & Co., Ltd. London.)



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hand—tight. Some d
my darling. And my hand
Because I



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on his Beautyrest
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autyrest, for we
e a good way to
you need a *new*
de by Simmons.

It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

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Heartbeat

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH

LEIGH

A DIVISION OF [illegible]
NEW YORK AND [illegible]

[illegible] TAX
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 114)

Mr. Atlas said, "There is no ego like that of a husband and wife. You know what I mean?"

"She hasn't the faintest idea what you mean," Serena said briskly. "She thinks Bill is perfect, don't you, darling?"

"Er—yes," said Candy. Mr. Atlas smiled.

Bill put his extraordinary visage outside the sheet, and said hollowly, "I bet I look awful. Do I?" And as Candy swallowed a wild snort of laughter, he insisted morbidly, "What do I look like? Go on—tell me."

"Darling," Candy told him tenderly, "you look just like a portrait of Charles the Second, painted on a pear."

Bill groaned and vanished. She began to straighten the room. Bill reappeared.

"Candy?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'm sorry I was so bad-tempered yesterday. I felt terrible. I didn't know what was the matter with me."

"I know, darling." She put a cool hand on his forehead. "I understand."

"I'll be a very good patient," he said humbly. "I'll try not to make any trouble."

Candy looked down and her heart melted. "Now don't worry, darling. In just a little while I'll give you a nice bed bath."

Bill shot up his eyes wildly. "I don't want a nice bed bath! If you try to give me a bed bath, I'll have a relapse. Why do you think I've led a clean, wholesome, upright life? Just to avoid bed baths—that's why!"

"Now, now, now, lie down, that's a good boy." Candy patted the pillow, and he sank back.

There was a short silence. Then, "Candy."

"Yes, darling?"

"Fix my pillows, will you?" She fixed his pillows, and he said apologetically, "My feet are cold."

She got him a hot-water bottle. "There—that better?"

"Much." He smiled up at her pathetically. "You're so good to me, Candy. The light's in my eyes."

She adjusted the window shade.

"Just sit down," Bill said fretfully, "where I can see you."

Candy sat down. "I suppose you'd like me to call the office tomorrow morning?"

Bill tried to sit up again. "You're not going to tell them I have mumps?"

"What would you like me to tell them?"

Bill groaned. "I don't know. You think of something."

"Grippe?" The covers heaved negatively. "Pinkeye?"

"PLEASE take this seriously," Bill said with hoarse anguish. "I thought you were going to take such good care of me—and you won't even think of something dignified for me to have."

"Well, you could have a stroke. A stroke is very dignified." Bill flounce[illegible] and Candy said, "I'll t[illegible]n doing," George said, just a *touch* of bubonic plague, complicated with chronic leprosy. Maybe Mr. Denstone will send you a nice little bell to hang around your neck."

"Now, listen——"

Candy got up suddenly and bent over his bed. "Now you listen!" she said fiercely. "We're being enough of a nuisance to the Demings without any embroidery from you. For the next two weeks, Bill Stewart, you're going to do exactly as I say. Do you hear? *Exactly!*"

"For the next two weeks?" He looked up at her craftily.

"While you've got mumps."

"O.K." He settled back unexpectedly. "While I've got mumps, I do what you say. When I'm over mumps, *you* do what *I* say. Is it a deal?"

"Why, of all the ridiculous ——"

He struggled up, panting and heaving. "Mumps can be dangerous," he warned. "Is it a deal?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Lie down."

HE SUBSIDED, a smile creeping over his fantastic face. "I can read my paper at breakfast," he said dreamily. "I can drop my shirts on the floor. I can hang my legs ——" There was a long pause. "No. No, I think maybe you're right there. I won't hang my legs." He turned on her. "I'm thirsty. And sort of hungry too. I want some orange juice with cracked ice in it. And a little squeeze of lime."

Candy got up with alacrity. "I'll get it for you, dear."

She got to the door before he called her. "And you might toast some saltines and put a little butter on them. If they have any cream cheese, I'd like that too."

Candy simply looked at him and left the room. Outside, she came face to face with George, who inquired about Bill.

"Well, mumps aren't comfortable."

"I suppose not," George admitted. "I never had them." He beamed benignly upon her. "But of course you're absolutely in your element, aren't you? Women always love to take care of people who are ill or helpless. Well, if there's anything in the world you want, you just tell us."

Candy gave him a long and evil look. Then she inquired sweetly, "When is Pan leaving?"

"Oh, she's not going. I decided against it after all," said George.

"Well, that's good. Because she'd only have to come back again in eighteen days."

"Eighteen days?" George looked baffled.

"In eighteen days," Candy assured him, "you'll probably feel the first swelling. Maybe a little sooner. There's a shortage of nurses, you know, and mumps can be quite serious. Pan will be absolutely in her element."

She went down the stairs, happily aware of George, standing on the top step, staring after her with horror in his eyes. But at the pantry door she came to an abrupt halt.

When Asmodeus flies, she thought, frowning in concentration, *he makes husbands want to remodel wives, and wives improve husbands. But he doesn't bother Bill! Bill doesn't want me to change. Not even so much as a new hair-do. And as for things like screen tests —— And yet he gave me two new dresses. And he said he'd stop hanging his feet over the arms of chairs. Bill*, she told herself proudly, *is unique. He's absolut[illegible]wonderful [illegible]cause he*

She opened t[illegible]and shut the door behind her fronted Em[illegible]them had looked at her at all.

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"I don't see why that's so awful," Sere objected. *(Continued on Page 116)*



IN OUR FIRST HOME

A furnished room—
"somewhere in Texas"

But we made it ours, dear, didn't we? You were proud of me, you said—cooking and doing dishes and keeping house and a war job, besides. "Yet your hands are just as soft," *you said. I owe my nice hands to Jergens Lotion; because watery jobs like dishes do take the softening moisture from a girl's skin.*

Alone with you, evenings—
"*My wife has such dear, smooth hands,*"
you said. (How thankful I am for
Jergens Lotion to help keep my hands nice.
Jergens is such simple hand care.)



Our first dog.
"*To protect you,*" you said. You held my hand—tight. Some day we'll have a real home, my darling. And my hands will still be nice for you. Because I'll be using Jergens Lotion.



Girls doing Uncle Sam's work in airplane factories
use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. Jergens helps *protect* your hands from roughness and that coarse, too-old look. Imagine! Two ingredients in your Jergens Lotion are so special for helping even hard-used skin to dearly-desired smoothness, that many doctors prescribe them. No bothersome sticky feeling! Just be sure and use Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

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The supreme skill of FRANCES DENNEY is brilliantly displayed in her Lipstick Color . . . every shade contains a bright, arresting quality that brings a youthful bloom to make-up. . . . Among MISS DENNEY'S twelve important colors you'll quickly find the one that gives your lips the luscious look of young Beauty.

$1.50 PLUS TAX



HE'S OUR BABY!

(Continued from Page 27)

was arrested for drunk and reckless driving, smashed his car into a milk truck in the A.M. the other A.M. They give him thirty days in the county jail and I'm askin' you how is Etta Michaels gonna feed them kids with no money comin' in? It makes me feel terrible to sit here and think about it."

"Don't let it get you down, sis," he answered. "Everything is O.K. I see you are not up on this stuff."

"What stuff?"

"You realize of course that when they send a man to the clink they also send out cash money to his family to feed them while he is there temporarily."

"They do? I never knew that. You sure of that, Joey?"

"Sure I'm sure. Don't you never read the papers?"

"I read the papers every day and I never seen an account of anything like that."

"The Sunday papers? You read the Sunday papers?"

"Not all the way through. I got the big Sunday dinner to get on Sundays."

"Well then"—Joe got up—"it's all in them. It's right there in that part you don't read. 'By now, Cupcake."

Joe went whistling out the door and when he saw poor Mrs. Prentiss from next door (arthritis) raking the leaves off her lawn, he said, "Hiya, Toots."

She stopped raking and leaned on her rake (the handle). "What a kid you are. Tell me, Joey, where is your brother-in-law keepin' himself? I ain't seen him around. There's been no trouble with him and her I hope over to your place? Where is he?" And when she said this her eyes got so bright and so eager she looked like kids when they expect somebody to hand them a big piece of candy.

Joe answered as follows: "You mean Clarence?"

She said, "That's your brother-in-law ain't it? At least that is what I have always led myself to believe. Where is he?"

Joe said, "He has a brother Ed upstate for a long time and he went up there with him on a fishing trip."

The light went out of her eyes and she slumped down sad. "Oh, is that all? Well some people have it pretty easy, vacations with me all it is is work and more work."

Joe hated to see her slump and go sad like this so he said, "If I tell you where he really is will you promise to cross your heart and keep it dark?"

She said, "Oh leave it go. I was only askin' to make conversation. I promise. Where is he?"

"Well," says Joe, "what happened to Clarence would fill a book. Sure you won't crack on it if I give it to you?"

She explained that she never cracked on it when people gave it to her and that was why she had so many lifelong friends running in and out of her house all day and ringing her telephone.

"The truth of the matter is," said Joe, "that Clarence is serving out a thirty-day sentence down to the county jail and don't mention it as it is a sore subject."

"Well, well," she said and her eyes lit up again and she came over closer to him quick. "I didn't quite catch that."

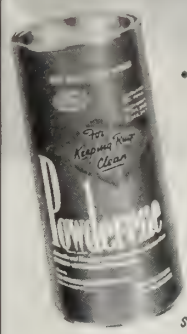
Joe gave it to her again.

"What on earth," she gasped, "why and for what reason what I mean is I don't get it and living next door to him for ten years and thinkin' butter wouldn't melt in his mouth."

"It was not a question of butter in his mouth," Joe said. "It was somethin' else down his tonsils. Clarence got sloppy one A.M. and smacked his car into a milk truck. Maybe he was lookin' for another quart. Keep it dark. 'By now, Cupcake."

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Then Joe did a half turn of the double Balboa (jive stuff) on the sidewalk and forgot about the whole thing.

But everything comes to an end (too bad) and Clarence returned home feeling fine but mentioning about the inconvenience of the whole thing and how some people have a crazy idea of fun—camping out—bugs, etc.

He didn't notice that the neighbors looked at him slanchwise as he walked to and from work, and he didn't pay any particular attention when they said, "How does it feel to be out—we mean 'back'?" Or how they looked sly when he stopped and spoke about the fishing trip with his brother.

But he couldn't help but wonder one evening when that rich old Mrs. Paepcke in the fifteen-room house on the corner walked out on her porch and called to him, "Mr. Cochems! Oh, Mr. Cochems!"

"Were you speaking to me, Mrs. Paepcke?" was what he said and then she wriggled a forefinger at him and he went up the porch steps. He didn't read her meter but he figured it was a complaint against the gas company.

"Mr. Cochems"—the old lady looked at him like a little old eagle and the lace on her dress was long and yellow and torn in one spot but Clarence did not mention this to her—"Mr. Cochems, how is your wife and your little boy?"

He replied they were fine and then he thought a minute and asked her how she was (tit for tat).

"I want you all to come here on Sunday afternoon at three." She barked and wheezed and coughed a little bit and a maid in a uniform came out and threw a couple of things. One was a shawl over the old lady's shoulder and the other was a dirty look at Clarence Cochems.

"What's wrong?" asked Clarence, figuring Louis had broke a window and they were keeping it from him at home.

"Wrong? What could be wrong? I want you and your wife and your little boy to come over here on Sunday at three. What's wrong about that? I'll go in now. It's drafty."

When Clarence got home and told the family, how could they figure it except that the old lady was losing her marbles maybe?

"I want to see the inside of that house though," Pearl said. "But, honey, didn't she say anything about bringing Joe?"

Clarence answered her, "Sweetheart, she said nothing whatsoever about Joe. She said the same as I been telling you, 'Mr. Cochems, I want you and your wife and your little boy to come at three on Sunday.'"

Pearl said, "It's mighty funny she didn't mention Joe. Joe is one of the family."

Clarence replied as follows: "Joe is not one of this family. He is one of your father's family."

Joe said, "Socko on the osenay, Arenceclay. He's talkin' sensible, sis. Besides which on Sunday P.M. I have a date with a new little chick who thinks I am super besides which that old lady has asked me up there so many times I lost count and I don't want to go because all she wants is to adopt me and give me all her moola and what do I want with that when I got all this appeal for the chicks?"

Came Sunday like it's bound to (every week) and Clarence was ready early and looking at his watch at 2:30 and looking then at Pearl. "Ready? Better get ready." And then they scrubbed Louis, who yelled while Pearl burned and sputtered.

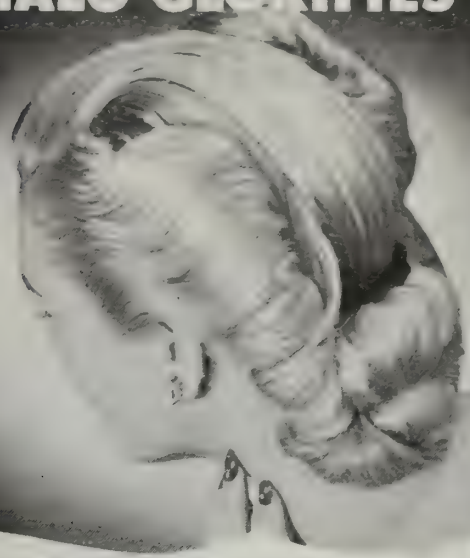
"She oughta know Joe lives with us. I don't see why she didn't ask him." She was

THIRD PERSON

Every man is practically three men: the man you knew before he proposed: the man you've accepted: and the man you've married.

—JOHN OLIVER HOBBES: Quoted in Adam's Sons, by Leila H. Learned. (Sparrell Art Co.)

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still saying it as they walked up the street single file.

"The only way he could come is to be born all over again with the name of Cochems and that's not gonna happen if I have anything to do with it," was all the answer Clarence made and then they were standing on the porch of the big house and Pearl was trying not to let on she was stealing something (peeks) through the heavy lace curtains or at the uniform of the maid who opened the door.

The maid looked at them and spoke as follows: "Good afternoon." Then she waited.

Pearl said, "Hello. We're Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cochems and this is Louis."

Clarence said, "Nice day."

Louis said, "What's your name?"

The maid opened the door wider. "Step in please and I'll see if Mrs. Paepcke is at home."

Clarence stepped in first. "Don't worry about that. She's home all right. She told me three and it's three on the nose."

The maid must not have heard him because she said, "I'll see if she's at home. Wait in there please."

They stepped into a big living room full of white statues (undressed) and gold furniture and thick rugs.

"I know the old lady's home," whispered Clarence. "What was that dame givin' us?"

"The run-around," answered Pearl. "Maybe you misunderstood what she said and maybe she only wanted you to read her meter."

"Not my territory." Clarence looked around. "Some layout."

"Louis"—this was Pearl—"don't touch anything. Keep your hands offa that."

"That's right," nodded Clarence. "Fool around till you break somethin' and I gotta pay for it."

In a minute old Mrs. Paepcke came downstairs with the maid helping her do it. Her hair was curled and she wore black satin and there was powder caught in the wrinkles of her little face. She beamed at them.

"How nice to have you in my home," she said first to Pearl then to Louis and last of all to Clarence. Then she sat down. "How kind you were to come over. Please sit down and shall it be sherry or shall it be tea?"

"Sherry," said Louis because it sounded like "cherry."

Clarence Cochems looked stern and he said, "Just a kid. You know kids."

Pearl said, "Well whatever is most convenient. We don't want to be any trouble, Mrs. Paepcke."

Clarence said, "You name it, Mrs. Paepcke."

"I'm having sherry," she answered and then she poured out a glass with a gold rim and handed it to Pearl and then a glass of cola and handed it to Louis who was now working on a plate of nuts and cheese things on the tray. "Leave him alone," said Mrs. Paepcke. "He's only a child once." Then she handed a glass of sherry to Clarence. "I know you want sherry, Mr. Cochems."

"I don't mind a sociable drink once in a while with friends," he said and then Mrs. Paepcke smiled slyly at him.

"I guess you don't, Mr. Cochems."

Then she helped her own self to several glasses of wine and then another one while they talked about the weather and finally she leaned back in her chair and made a remark. This was it:

"God help anybody who gets on the wrong side of the law. I said that then and I say it now. What a person is shows on their face but do they see it? They do not. All they care about is making an arrest and getting credit for it. I hate them. When they come around here to sell tickets for their policemen's ball I tell them how I feel. Didn't I have a brother Henry and didn't they hound him and hound him and pinned the whole thing on him when he was home in bed asleep at the time? He was all right later on after he got out because he married a good woman. That's his son's picture on the mantel—infantry. Did you ever see a finer-lookin' man? His father looked just like that



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iis age. Don't you tell me a thing about
m. My heart goes out to anyone who
ies up against them. Have some more
e."

Clarence looked at Pearl and Pearl looked
Clarence and Louis said, "Cops. She's
:in' about cops."

Of course," said Mrs. Paepcke. "Cops.
I I can look at you, Mr. Cochems, and
r fine wife and beautiful little boy and
ipathize with what you've been through.
it's why I asked you here today. Have
ie more wine."

Clarence said, "Just a drop. But see here,
s. Paepcke—I don't get ——"

he stopped him. "I'll never say a word
ut it. Weren't we through the same thing
ı Henry, and my mother just as fine a
nan as God ever breathed a breath of life
." Tears came into Mrs. Paepcke's eyes
into Pearl Cochems' too, and she said:
Mine too, Mrs. Paepcke, raised six chil-
ı and all of them a credit to her. Joe is
baby."

Mrs. Paepcke's tone became bitter. "And
see some of them walking with their
s in fancy harness down the street. If
y've no children of their own they can do
somebody else's like I did for my sisters'
brothers' children. Give the little fellow
e nuts. Come here, dear, and kiss me."

earl pushed Louis over to her and even
ıgh it was her own idea she seemed to feel
about it because she kept crying.

earl said, "You're one in a million, Mrs.
pcke. I wish there was more like you.
always tried to do for my family too.
brother Joe lives with me and Clarence.
s our baby."

Mrs. Paepcke wiped her eyes. "And it's a
ı like Mr. Cochems who would have it
: way. The men who get into trouble are
ones with the hearts. You take these
fling, prissy prissies never getting into
tble on their own—no heart—no spirit.
re some wine, Mr. Cochems."

larence had something to add and he
ed it. "What you say is right, Mrs. Paepcke. Now you take some of these fellows down to our place of business, livin' from hand to mouth spendin' every cent they get. Do they think they're gonna be young forever?"

"Youth," sighed Mrs. Paepcke, "most beautiful thing in the world. Hang onto it."

"My brother Joe," said Pearl, "is seventeen. Always a smile for everybody. You know Joe, Mrs. Paepcke?"

"God bless such people," nodded the old lady. "I don't know him but I wish I did. Why isn't he here now? Go and get him."

"He's not home," said Clarence.

"Next Sunday," said Mrs. Paepcke, "bring him next Sunday. Come early and spend the day." Then she turned to Clarence. "And I'm going to do something for you too, Mr. Cochems. I'll show them they can't ruin a man's life. You work at the gas company. Do you know Eddie Carmody?"

"Mr. Carmody," and Clarence's voice got a hush-hush sound, "is our president."

"I know him well," said Mrs. Paepcke. "I own a big block of preferred stock in that company. I'm going to tell Eddie to give you something good down there. Oh, yes, Martha ——"

There stood the maid and she said, "Time for your nap, Mrs. Paepcke," and she then did two things. She helped her up and then she held her up.

"My friends will stay right here," the old lady said. "They will have more sherry and the little boy will have more nuts. Will you excuse me now and come again next Sunday." Then she smiled and wiped her eyes and the maid took her out and helped her up the stairs and Pearl and Clarence and Louis sat very still and they heard her breathing hard and panting and she was muttering, "I'm coming. I'm coming. Don't pull me."

"You've had too much again," the maid was scolding. "Shame on you, shame, shame. You're all wore out."

"Oh, shame on you, you old crab," was the last thing they heard Mrs. Paepcke say, and Pearl commented as she helped herself to

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more wine, "She's swell. She's number one in my book."

"Don't go makin' a pig of yourself just 'cause it's right there before you," Clarence mentioned, and she poured him some too.

In a few minutes the maid came back in and she didn't say one word but picked up the tray with the wine and started out of the room with it.

"Pardon my glove," said Pearl, who felt good.

"This is where we came in," said Clarence, and he got up and said to Pearl, "Come on, sweetheart. Come on you too, Louis."

Pearl waited till they were out the door and then she walked back into the kitchen where the maid was. "Excuse me," she said. "I don't get it. Are you sure Mrs. Paepcke didn't have us mixed up with somebody else?"

The maid answered, "She didn't have you mixed with nobody else. Your brother told Mrs. Prentiss and Mrs. Prentiss told the chauffeur all about the trouble your husband got into and in jail. It's a new chauffeur. Mrs. Paepcke is always sorry for people who get in jail. We cut those pieces out of the papers before we give them to her. I'm not sorry for them but she is."

When Pearl got outside Clarence edged over close to her and glanced around and spoke out of the side of his mouth. "To me there's somethin' disgustin' about an old lady that gets so slopped over she thinks she knows our president, Mr. Carmody, and if she thinks she's got any of our preferred stock she better look again because all of it owned by about only three people in th town. Sweetheart, you keep away from h and Louis too and Joe too. It's no place be hangin' around with all them statues."

One night about a week later Clarenc came home and he had a look on his fa which said "I know a secret." Then he calle them all together and he said:

"Well folks it just goes to show. Do yo best and you get the best. I never stalled my work in bad weather (Rule 3) like th rest of the guys and the higher ups is watc ing you even when you don't think so. what happens to me? I specially want yo to get this Joe. Today Mr. Carmody calls m into the office and says, 'Cochems we a puttin' you on the sales floor at a twent five-dollar-a-month increase in salary and chance for advancement which is more in portant even than the money.' And how d it happen Joe? Not by kiddin' aroun Think it over."

Joe did too. He thought it over for fiv minutes, because he had a hunch there was lot in what Clarence said. Then he wen down to the record shop.

And while Pearl was listening to Clarenc and saying, "That's swell, honey," she w doing some figuring (detective) on her ow and she got the whole thing figured but sh also made up her mind to two things. Thes were: she would never tell Clarence abou Joe (nice big sister) and she would neve tell Joe about Mrs. Paepcke (loving wife

THIS CAN BE AMERICA ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By Struthers Burt

☆ THE FOREST ☆

AN ANCIENT American expression, still popular in some parts of the country, especially in the Far West, is "Bulling your way through." It is not a compliment. At best it is said with a tolerant smile; at the worst, with contempt. The person you are describing is not patient. He is not wise. He does not look where he is going. When confronted by a problem, he puts his head down and charges at it blindly, like a bull. Sometimes he gets through, but always with unnecessary damage to himself, to others and to whatever is in the way. Symbolically speaking, hanging to his horns there is always some part of a fence that has to be rebuilt.

A bull is a courageous animal, and certainly he is useful. But a man is supposed to be wiser.

Horace Kephart, famous mountain and forest man, wrote several excellent textbooks on how to find your way through a wilderness and how to be safe while doing so. All he did, of course, was to collect and put into print what every frontiersman has always known. Two of Kephart's most important rules are these:

There is no such thing as a straight line in an untraveled country. . . . When you are lost, or in difficulties, sit down, take hold of yourself by an effort of the will, be calm. Panic is what kills men.

There is no such thing as a straight line in an untraveled country because too many unexpected obstacles intervene: a bog here, a deadfall there, a cliff somewhere else. All you work by is your general direction, the points of your compass and the knowledge of your objective: where you want to go. As for the rest of it, patiently, wisely, cheerfully and, by necessity, circuitously, you find your way through the wilderness.

As for not getting lost, that also has to do with calmness and common sense.

Getting lost, like everything else where man is concerned, is 80 per cent psychological, 20 per cent actual. If the 80 per cent is under control, the 20 per cent is usually surmountable. Fundamentally, getting lost is no more than having to alter somewhat the original specifications, the blueprint, because of the unexpected.

Panic is man's worst danger. Unnecessar suspicion, unnecessary worry are the nex Men have run themselves to death in a ter acre forest within five miles, or less, safety.

Now life is a continual frontier, and ca be nothing else, for every moment of eac succeeding hour we move into the unknow and unexpected. Life is the one frontier tha can never be traveled until you come to i Unless you use your head, and all the ex perience of the moments that are past, some day you will surely get lost in the moment to come, and then you will get into a panic and run yourself to death, and spread pani among a lot of other people, unless instantl you take hold of yourself. The similarity o life to making your way through an un known forest, or climbing unknown moun tains, is perfect. Everything a mountainee or forest man or frontiersman knows i applicable to life. Where are you going Why do you want to get there? That ther will be a hundred unexpected difficulties t be surmounted is inevitable.

We are certainly in one of the mos dangerous periods the world has ever seen All that we hold dear, all that has made thi country great, is in peril, and at stake. Ou enemy is powerful and adroit; and even whe he is defeated, the evil he has loosed will tak much patience before it is hunted down an exterminated. As we find our way throug this forest we will come upon scores o unlooked-for obstructions—dozens of pit falls. But if we know what we want an our approximate destination, and if we kee calm, we'll get there.

And what do we want, and what is ou destination? Peace, decency again, an honor once more between men and nation

Panic is man's mortal enemy; that, an unnecessary suspicion and worry. The firs is death, the others are bogs and swamps an down timber. But America is a nation o frontiersmen. Many of us still actually ar mountaineers and forest men, and the tradi tion is still strong with all of us; even wit those who live in cities, even with thos most recently come. We can find our wa through the forest, and we will.

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re are two ways to buy bacon—in the slice and in the slab—and t a lot of good-eating ways there are to serve it

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—bacon in the bean pot—and bacon always in the breakfast.

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IT WAS WONDERFUL

(Continued from Page 20)

turned I could get a look at him close enough to see his eyes.

I guess I overdid it, because suddenly he turned and marched straight toward me. I stood frozen to the floor. He stopped in front of me and thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Well," he said angrily, "what?"

"What?" I gasped weakly. "I beg your pardon ——"

"Don't pretend you haven't been following me. Now what for?"

I moved my lips futilely. Not a word came out. He stood there and glared down at me. His eyes were a very definite and flashing green. They were wonderful.

"My dear young lady," he said, after a few seconds of this, and his voice was very sarcastic, "I really think I have a right to know why you are trailing me so persistently. If you work for a detective agency—and I have heard the shortage of men has hit them too—you lack experience. I spotted you on the first turn around the station."

I gulped and shook my head. "It's all because of a magazine article," I finally managed to get out. "It said if you went to a big station you would find thousands of men who all walked like the one you didn't want to think about any longer and then you would find out how run-of-the-mill he was and dull and—oh, I looked and looked for hours and you were the only one. I'm so terribly sorry, but I've been trying to find something wrong with you." I stopped then and felt the blood pour into my face at the look of stunned surprise that came over his.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, and his voice was uncertain.

"I can't possibly explain it to you," I wailed. "I've never been so embarrassed, but it was an article in a magazine about how to fall out of love ——" My voice ran down like an old-fashioned phonograph.

But he was beginning to regain his self-possession. He adjusted his hat and straightened his tie, and the look he finally turned on me was faintly patronizing. "Have you been at this for many weeks?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I said crisply. "I'm a secretary in the American Trust Company on Wall Street and I work extremely hard."

His head snapped up at that and he grabbed my arm. "Secretary?" he almost hissed at me. "Are you sure?"

"Well, of course." I attempted a step backward, but he held me too tightly to move. I couldn't imagine what had got into him. "I've been one for six years," I said. "It's very dull."

"Listen," he said, and started to walk, still holding my arm. "An angel from heaven. I need you terribly. Can you take shorthand and type?"

"Naturally. I work for a vice-president. He's mean. He doesn't ever allow me to erase. So I don't make mistakes."

"My," he said, "think of that! My goodness!" He was walking faster and faster, and we were at the Lexington Avenue exit before I knew it. "I have to go to Washington," he was saying, and he waved at a taxi.

"Now wait a minute," I said and planted my feet firmly.

"We can't discuss anything here." He pushed me into the taxi and yelled something at the driver as he jumped in after me.

I was too amazed to move. I thought about kidnapings and all kinds of horrible things. He stared down at me intently.

"I need a secretary in the worst way, and I'm not mean. I was supposed to meet one in Grand Central, I thought. Mine up and got married yesterday, the way they do these days. She had arranged for her sister to come down from Hartford and see me through this week end and until I could get another one." He stopped and took a deep breath. "But she didn't come and she doesn't know where my new office is. I have to be in Washington tomorrow morning for a conference, with this memorandum all prepared. There's a meeting Monday." He almost looked as if he would burst into tears.

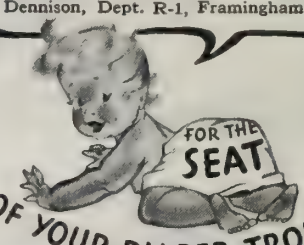
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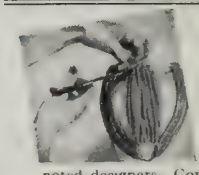
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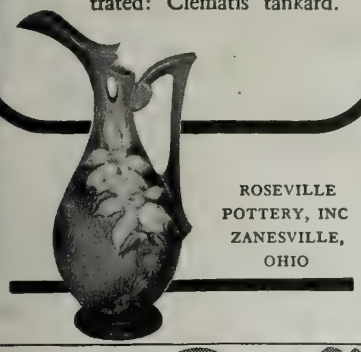
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"Public stenographers," I said, and withdrew slightly into the corner of the cab. "This is Saturday and my day off, and I'm tired anyhow."

"Public stenographers," he practically shouted at me. "What do you know about public stenographers? Have you tried to get one lately?"

"Well, no," I said.

"Of course not; you can't. And if you do they're about seventeen and so dumb you want to break things over their heads. I know it's Saturday, but I'll pay you ——"

I turned away from the pleading look in his eyes. "I'm sorry," I said, "but really ——"

He interrupted before I had a chance to finish: "I'll pay you almost anything."

I looked out the window and tried to figure out where we were. "It isn't money." I half smiled, because if he was like Tony he wasn't the kind of man to plead with a woman for anything.

"No, of course not. I'm sorry." He sat back in his corner of the taxi and made an effort to relax. "My name is John Sanford Ware, Jr.," he said. "I'm all tied up with airplanes. Have been since before the war." He named a company I've heard a lot about and went on to explain that postwar problems had become very important, and there was a meeting on Monday in Washington to discuss further plans. Each company had to present its plans in writing.

"Why leave such important business until the last minute?" I asked as the cab stopped for a red light.

NATURE'S ERROR

Why fools are endowed by Nature with voices so much louder than sensible people possess is a mystery. It is a fact emphasized throughout history. —A. E. HERTZLER.

Reason often makes mistakes, but conscience never does.

—JOSH BILLINGS: Josh Billings' Old Farmer's Almanax. (G. W. Dillingham Co.)

He pushed his hat to the back of his head and I saw how crisp his black hair was. There was almost a wave in it, but it was so thick you really couldn't tell. Then I noticed how his chin was squared.

"Lady," he said, "you must have heard about the war. I've been working night and day for months. There just hasn't been enough time."

"You look healthy," I said and immediately felt ridiculous for making such a stupid statement, but Tony never looked too healthy. He was kind of pale. I guess he drank too much.

The taxi stopped then and I couldn't have told you where we were. Mr. Ware jumped out and paid the driver. I stood there on the sidewalk in front of a tall building and looked around. I didn't know what to do. I looked at John Sanford Ware, Jr., as he waited for change, and suddenly I was seeing how different he was from Tony. Here was a man who wasn't trading on his attractiveness. He was so interested in what he was doing that nothing else mattered. *He must really need someone to help him out, or he would never have bothered to pick up a girl in the station.* The taxi drove off and he turned to me.

"All right," I said and sighed. "I'll help you out. But banking and airplanes are rather far apart. You'll have to be patient."

He caught my elbow and whirled me around toward the entrance to the building. "You're wonderful," he said and smiled. With the smile all the strain and sternness went out of his face. His eyes crinkled and his mouth went up at the corners. It made me feel very special because he was smiling at me, and for the first time that day I was glad I had on my new suit.

"My name," I said a little primly as we went toward the elevators, "is Margo Scott," and I mentally pulled myself together. Just because a man smiles at a secretary, you

she must have bought him
VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS



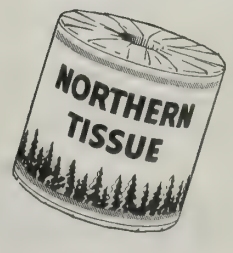
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Tomorrow is the Wind

BY JESSE STUART

All yesterdays are dreams that slowly pass;
Today is life with April in the trees
And apple blossoms falling to the grass—
Tomorrow is the wind that laughs and grieves.
We walk today beside this wind-blue stream
And laugh to April wind that laughs to us;
We climb steep bluffs of knee-deep trillium
Where fingers of spruce pines hang tremulous.

Another year before an April comes
When magic music of the whippoorwills
And silver rain's tattooing cliffs like drums
Will break the silence of these mighty hills.
Why does this mountain April have to fade
When we could dream where trillium blooms forever?
This April goes before our dreams are made,
Swifter than music of a mountain river.

From Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

don't have to think he's smiling at a woman too. There is nothing more marvelous in this world than the perfect stenographer.

The offices Mr. Ware led me through were nothing short of phenomenal to my bank-accustomed eyes. They were obviously new and very modern. His office was painted a cool green. The desk and chairs were blond mahogany. There was a fireplace with green glass andirons and some deep chairs by it done in a brilliant-russet tweedy material. The draperies were the same color as the walls, and the thick rug was a deeper rust than the chairs. Mr. Ware pointed to a small office opening from his, where he said his secretary sat. "When I have one," he smiled.

By the time I found a notebook and a pencil he was ready to start. Notes were strewn all over his desk and he was frowning, completely engrossed in them. I sat down and opened the notebook and waited. There is something fascinating in waiting for a strange man to begin dictating. You can tell a lot about a man from the way he does it. Mr. Ware started off with a rush. I wasn't surprised, because I already knew he was an impetuous and strong-willed man.

He kept up a steady pace for what seemed hours, and I guess I finally got numb. His voice went on and on and I made circles and lines, and if I had any feeling at all it was a fervent hope that they would all mean the right things when I started to type them.

Suddenly he stopped and said crisply, "That's all. We made excellent time."

I started to stand up, but my knees collapsed under me. I sat down with a thud.

"What's wrong?" He stopped in the middle of bundling up his notes and looked at me with real concern.

"I guess my feet are asleep," I said.

He looked at his watch. "Why, it's after six. No wonder. I'm terribly sorry; you must be exhausted." He piled all the notes in a drawer. "Here, you sit in this chair and relax a bit before you start to type."

I settled back and sighed luxuriously.

"Now," he said, "whatever quirk of fate took you to Grand Central this afternoon?"

I smiled. "A whole chain of quirks of fate," I said.

He sat down in the other chair. A puzzled look came into his green eyes. "Let me see, what was that fantastic business you were occupied with there at Grand Central?"

"It sounds idiotic, I know," I began, and told him all about the magazine article and Tony.

"Why did you pick on me?" he asked.

"Well"—I looked up to meet his steady green eyes—"you see, it was the way you walk. Like Tony exactly. I hope I didn't embarrass you too much."

He put his head back and laughed. "Embarrass me—lady, you had me scared. No woman ever followed me like that before."

I asked him about airplanes. He was terribly interested in his work and it was exciting to listen to him talk.

"Of course," he said, "I do love it. I eat with it and sleep with it, but in the beginning I was sore. I wanted to fly the things, but they said I was too old. I'm thirty-nine."

"Oh," I said. "That's a shame, but your work is more important really."

"I know. So then they drafted me. I'm not married—never had the time—and the company got me permanently deferred. I was mad about that too."

I nodded sympathetically, because I could see it still made him mad that he had never had the chance to fight. Then my head stuck in the middle of a nod. "Not married," he'd said. I must have misunderstood him. Thirty-nine and as attractive as he was and not married.

I tried to pull myself together enough to get his mind off not fighting the war as a private in the front lines. I had my mouth all open to say something trite and dull when I saw that he was staring at me intently.

"You're an odd girl," he said, and his eyes sent little shivers scampering up and down my spine, they were so deep and green.

"Not odd, crazy," I said and stood up abruptly. "I get myself so involved with my love life that the only way I can get temporary relief is to work on my one day off. I'd better get after the typing."

He grinned at me and I could feel his eyes on me as I walked across the room to pick up my notebook. I hoped my stocking seams were straight. I had the feeling that he wanted to talk some more, but I didn't dare look at him. Because I wanted to know more about him myself.

I really can work fast when I settle down to it. Mr. Ware read each page as I finished it, and I noticed once that he was staring at me with that "you're some typist" look in his eyes. It was a wonderful feeling, working with him. I liked it.

By nine o'clock we were finished.

"Food," he said, as he shoved the completed work into his brief case. "I'll take you to dinner. You certainly need food, and I'm famished."

"Well ——" I said doubtfully, some inner sense warning me to leave well enough alone.

"Oh, come on. My train is at midnight. That gives me three hours to learn more about you." He laughed, down at me and I laughed back. I really was terribly hungry.

We went to a place called Maxa's, over on Third Avenue. It was in an old house and we went down six or seven steps from the street and along a dark hall. There was a small bar off the hall, but it was so quiet that our footsteps echoed. The dining room was charming, its walls paneled in dark polished oak. The only light came from candles on the

(Continued on Page 128)



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(Continued from Page 126)

tables, and there was a small string orchestra in an alcove. The headwaiter seemed to know Mr. Ware very well.

We ordered steaks and tossed green salad. I was practically drooling at the thought of steak, as I seldom see one in this meat-rationed world. We talked about what we liked to eat and discovered we both loved pumpkin pie for breakfast. We talked about the kind of house we liked and found we both preferred to live in the country, loved the ballet and reading in bed. We ate our dinner, but I only half tasted it, I was so excited and happy. It was wonderful.

Just as we were drinking our coffee the orchestra started to play the Emperor Waltz. He smiled and I noticed again how different a smile made his face. It erased the tired lines, the bitterness that comes with long, hard hours of work.

"Do you like to waltz?" he asked.

"I love to."

"Good." A few couples were dancing in the broad spaces between the tables. "Let's," he said. "It stirs up your circulation and your knees won't collapse so easily."

For a minute I didn't want to. I love to dance. Tony is a beautifully smooth dancer. Most men who are no good in other ways do dance well. Mr. Ware probably never had time to dance either. In fact, he might bounce. That would be terrible. For some reason I didn't want to find anything in him to criticize.

"TAKE your hat off," he was saying as he stood waiting for me to get up. "Not that it isn't a veritable cream puff of a hat, but it will get in your way and tickle my nose; and anyhow, I like you better without it."

I obediently removed it. I was so preoccupied with the hat and what he had just said that we were dancing before I realized it. Dancing, whirling, sliding over the polished floor. It was as though we were flying. I might have known. A man who walked with such easy rhythm would be able to dance. His arms were strong and hard and it was wonderful.

The orchestra played Strauss waltzes for almost half an hour, and when they finally stopped I was panting for breath. We stood in the shadowy room and smiled into each other's eyes like two children. Then he took my elbow and we went back to our table.

"Thank you, Mr. Ware," I said. "That was marvelous."

"I should think you might call me John," he said a little gruffly. "And I'd like to call you Margo, if I may. I never knew one before."

"Of course," I smiled.

He smiled back at me. "It's amazing how healthy you look with your circulation stirred up," he said.

I reached for my compact and I didn't look healthy to me. I looked like a dangerous case of high blood pressure. I told him so a little tartly and he threw his head back and roared.

"It isn't that you don't always look healthy," he said. "Anyone can see that with your black hair you should have pale skin. It looks like magnolia petals." He coughed then and when I looked up he was studying his watch.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's ten-forty," he said. "Look, I have to call up Mr. Van Arsley. He's the president of the company. I'm meeting him on the train. I just want to tell him everything is all right."

"Then I'll powder my nose while you're phoning."

"All right," he said. "The telephone is in the little bar we passed on the way in, and the ladies' room is beyond the bar on the other side of the hall. I'll only be a minute."

We separated and I went on to face myself in the long mirror in the powder room. While I combed my hair I tried to give myself a good pep talk. The first thing I knew I'd have two men to forget.

I finally snapped my purse shut and started back to the dining room. No one was in the long, dark corridor and my heels

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sounded loud on the bare floor. I had just gone a little beyond the bar when I heard John's footsteps behind me, coming along the hall. I turned to wait for him. Then I gasped and backed against the wall. It was Tony.

He saw me at the same time. "Why, Margo darling, what are you doing here? What luck—I've been trying to get you all night. You look positively devastating."

"Hello," I said and my voice quavered a little. He was just the same, and as he stooped to kiss me the same excitement surged through me in spite of myself.

"Come on back and I'll buy you a drink," he said, but I shook my head.

"I can't—I'm having dinner."

"Well, that's all right. I'll come with you and wait until you're finished and then we can go on someplace. This is marvelous, running into you like this—I've been traveling all over the country the past months and I haven't had a minute to write or anything."

"Yes, I know," I said and headed down the hall to the dining room with dragging feet. Tony was behind me burbling along about his work and how he had come to New York to rest up.

"And see you, darling. Who are you having dinner with, your sister and brother-in-law?"

"No," I said as I saw John, who had returned and was sitting at our table. "A man."

"Well, then, we can leave right—who?" He caught himself in amazement.

"John," I said as we came up to the table, "this is Mr. Forrester, Mr. Ware."

John stood up to shake hands, but he looked very puzzled. And disappointed. I wanted to sink through the floor. If only Tony would go away for an hour or so and I could meet him later and explain the whole thing. There was something about that day with John that I wanted to keep perfect.

We made polite conversation for a minute and Tony turned to me. "Darling, I have plans, wonderful plans."

"Plans?" I asked, wondering what new venture he was about to embark on. John was sitting stiffly staring at his cigarette.

"Plans for us, Margo," Tony said and I jumped. My heart was pounding so I could hardly breathe. After all these years was Tony suddenly going to settle down and marry me? "Yes," he was going on. "Why, only last week when I was in New York I ran into Bud Welles—he was my roommate at Dartmouth—and he's getting married. He wants me to be best man and ——"

My heart stopped and settled back into place with a thud. "Last week?" I asked, and I was staring at him, seeing him for the first time for what he really was. While I sat home and bit my nails and cried myself to sleep because he didn't write, didn't telephone or come see me, all the while supposing he was too busy traveling to take the time, he was in New York, where it takes only a second to make a phone call. "Last week," I said again, and something in my voice penetrated Tony's enthusiasm.

"Oh," he said. "Well, yes, I made a flying business trip, dear. I tried all the time I was here to get a second to call you, but you know how it is."

I shook my head and turned away from him. How many times had I swallowed that sort of excuse in the past two or three years? Somewhere in the distance I heard the orchestra start to play another waltz. Tony's voice was going confidently on, but I wasn't listening any longer. I was looking at John and he was staring at me. Suddenly he got up and spoke rather sharply.

"I have to go in a minute, Margo," he said. "Will you dance once more with me?"

"Yes, John." I could barely get the words out. I wanted to cry, but his strong arms around me steadied me a little. We moved out onto the floor and I looked back to see Tony sitting there in amazement.

John held me away from him and looked down at me. "Do you want to go on someplace with—Tony?" he asked.

"No." I shook my head. "I'm going to come to the station and see you off."

He pulled me close against him then and held me so tight I could scarcely breathe as we whirled faster and faster.

When we got back to the table I managed to smile quite nicely at Tony. We were late for the train, and while John called the waiter and gathered up our belongings I explained to Tony that we had to go.

"It's been nice seeing you, though," I said politely. "But about those plans. I don't believe I can manage them."

Tony didn't say a word. He stood there staring at me and I noticed for the first time in my life that his pale-blue eyes were inclined to bulge.

John and I had to run then. We made a mad dash for a taxi and collapsed breathless and laughing as it drove off.

"If I only didn't have to go," John said. "I'd like to go on dancing with you all night. It's always that way. Never enough time."

"I'm sorry too." I smiled at him. "I love dancing with you."

He sat up straight suddenly and caught my shoulders. "Margo, that guy—am I wrong, or did I see all that business finish there tonight?"

"You're not wrong, John. It's finished for good."

His hands tightened on my shoulders. "It's crazy, you know," he said, "it's idiotic and insane and impossible, but I love you."

"Oh, John," I said weakly and he pulled me to him and kissed me. I felt as though I were spinning in space and I finally pushed him away a little. "You make me dizzy," I said, and smiled into his green eyes. "Are you sure you're not being nice to me, trying to help me forget ——"

"Nice to you," he shouted. "Was there ever such a woman? I love you, I tell you, love you; don't you understand that?"

"Yes," I said. "I do because I love you, but it's so improbable ——" He kissed me before I could finish the words.

We had to run through Pennsylvania Station, and got to the gates just before they closed. John pulled me to him and kissed me hard while the guard tapped his foot and yelled "All abo—ard ——"

"Listen," he said, "you get out of this station as fast as you can. You might run into another man who walks the same way." I laughed at him, but he shook me and his eyes were serious. "I mean it," he said. "You go home and start thinking about giving your boss notice. I want to marry you before you read any more fancy magazine articles."

"All right," I gasped and he was gone, running down the ramp to the train.

I stood there and watched him go. The station echoed with the steady tramp of feet. People surged by me, but I didn't see them. I turned and wandered slowly toward the Seventh Avenue exit. How completely different John was from Tony, in spite of their walks. The magazine article was wrong, after all. Just because two men walked the same way didn't prove a thing. It was what was inside of a man that was important. And John was fine. And he loved me. It was wonderful.

R.I.P.

A sentimental bricklayer worked in the building of the National Cathedral at Washington. When his good wife died the authorities were embarrassed by his request that she be sealed in one of the crypts—along with Woodrow Wilson, Admiral Dewey, and the like. Tactfully they told him it might not be. But he seemed no whit offended when he returned to work after the funeral and cremation. He mixed his mortar and laid his bricks with his usual cheerfulness.

On his way home from work a fellow workman tried to incite him to sentiment: the bricklayer's wife had a right to be buried in the cathedral.

The bricklayer responded with an enigmatic smile. "She's there, all right," he said.

—Adapted from Alexander Woollcott.



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"I gave up my career to save my marriage"

MEET DRAMATIC SOPRANO LOIS WHITE ECK, OF TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, WHO TRIED TO COMBINE FOUR CHILDREN WITH A CONCERT CAREER.

★ ★ **BY BOOTH TARKINGTON** ★ ★

THE story of any American family appears to be prevalently the story of the mother. Of course it's otherwise if one of the children is beginning to be a genius or if the father is becoming celebrated in politics or financially; but ordinarily "home" means "mother"; and unquestionably and especially when the mother is a person of talent or is or has been a "career woman," she holds the center of the family stage.

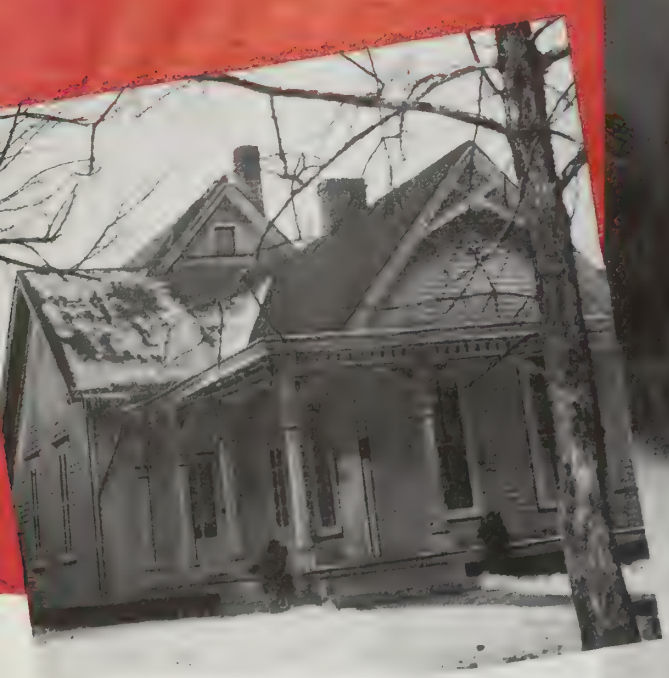
That's the way it seems to be with the George C. Eck family, of Terre Haute, Indiana, because Mrs. Eck had a professional career before everything changed for all members of the Eck family and they came to be what they are now. Life might have been more spectacular and less satisfactory for the six Ecks if Mrs. Eck's ambition hadn't crashed when and as it did.

13.7% of American families have incomes of $3000 to $4000 a year.

MUNKACSI



Happy to exchange a prima donna for a mother who stays home are, left to right: Jane, 3; Mr. Eck; Lucia, 9; Cecelia, 15; George, Jr., in front.



"After a nervous breakdown, I gave up my glamorous career. George bought a shabby eight-room house in Terre Haute and found a small job with the A & P. I became plain Mrs. George Eck, housewife. I thought my life was over."

"I am often asked what talents my daughters have. I don't know. The career I am educating them for is marriage, pure and simple. It's the only lasting happiness a woman can have."



She began the career early. As a musical child, little Lois White, of Clinton, near Terre Haute, she held the spotlight brightly, to her own view and that of her parents. Her father was a farmer who played the piano. (He still does. Indiana is a state where this can happen.) At fourteen, Lois went to live with an aunt and uncle in Kansas City and had vocal and piano lessons from the sisters at St. Vincent's Academy there. The aunt was sympathetic musically, had faith that Lois would one day "sing in the Metropolitan," and Lois, aged fifteen, made her first public appearance at the Athenaeum in Kansas City where, in the same week, Marion Talley had her debut. Later, this coincidence must have seemed happily significant to Lois; and still later, perhaps rather bitterly ironical.

In 1926, after studying music in Chicago, Lois White became professional as a soprano on the Stuart-Warner broadcasting program in that city, and the next year she went on a road tour with Thavin's Band and Opera Company. Then she was married to George Eck, of Chicago. George was a studious boy of twenty-one; he'd become an accountant while working hard for a degree at Northwestern University's extension school. Lois still feels that she then intended to give up her eagerly believed-in great career and devote herself to married life. She didn't do it.

Not many brides with imaginations aglitter as was hers have done it. Lois would some day pour forth Aïda at the Metropolitan, her Kansas City aunt had told her; and now a chest of treasure appeared to be merely awaiting the grasp of bold and talented hands. To put this another way, she had a good, hard-working husband; but an accountant who is also trying for a university degree doesn't flash like a meteor, and young Lois thought that success ought to be meteoric. Since George's career naturally wasn't being that, her own all the more had to be; so they moved to New York, where many people think it's right for meteors to live.

George and she didn't know how young they were, and for quite a while they didn't have at all a bad time in New York. George was a steady, responsible young man; he got a job and went to night school at New York University, still after that degree. Lois had a start at the old Paramount Grill and was in some pictures at the Paramount Astoria studios. The Ecks had an apartment in Astoria. Lois didn't try for an audition at the Metropolitan; she was doing pretty well, gladly singing "blues" in supper clubs. Money came rather easily and she widened her sphere—went even to Boston to sing at the Cocoanut Grove. George was a Catholic; Lois had become one, and having children doesn't seem to have interfered with the career. Neither, at first, did the depression and the harder and harder struggle to keep going.

The Ecks had come to New York in 1929, and in 1930 they became the parents of a daughter, Cecelia. In 1931 they had twins, a boy and a girl. They had another daughter, Lucia, in 1935, when the twins were four years old. Worried by the inferior maids she hired, Lois looked after the children

"I was going to sing at the Met." Lois recalls. "I knew that with my voice I could make far more money than my husband, and I did. It almost wrecked my life."



"My only regret is, I can't make shoes!" This opera singer has learned to sew all her own clothes, daughters' too. "I figure that by doing all the cooking, laundry, cleaning, etc., I save my husband about $28 a week. Do many workingwomen make more?"



"Children are a sort of old-age insurance," says Mrs. Eck of youngest daughter, Lucia, and George, Jr. (above). "When they're young, the burden seems almost too much to bear, but as time goes on, the dividends get bigger and bigger. Today my big family is keeping me young."

in the daytime, sang at night, fought the depression; then the combination was too much for her. Her voice wouldn't do what she wished; she lost it and had a breakdown. There, in collapse, ended this mirage part of the Eck family's history, and the change came. The long depression smashed the lives of a great many people; but blessings sometimes wear the mask of misfortune. The New York collapse of the Ecks was their salvation.

There's something about Indiana; people go back there. Wendell Willkie came home to Indiana to make his acceptance speech and whenever he could he turned, for congenial rest, to his Rushville farms. Lois White had been born on the banks of the Wabash; Terre Haute is on the eastern shore of that lovingly sung river; and something very like instinct returned her with her husband and young family to the Hoosier sycamores. In those last days in Astoria, Lois saw her life split into two parts; she realized that the career was over and that it ought to be so. It was time to put the stress on George's. Henceforth, her calling was to be that of a wife and a mother.

The young family's financial resources had reached their all-time low; but George Eck did a remarkable thing. Under the depression the Midwestern flatlands lay at their historical flattest, and trusted, well-skilled employees were everywhere being discharged, not taken on; but George Eck, tackling the impossible, got himself a job with the A & P. The Eck family began all over again.

George's A & P job was of the smallest; but he bettered it, and now, not ten years later, he's the head cost accountant. Moreover, he's a man anybody'd like and rely upon. He's a scoutmaster and takes George, Jr., the boy of the twins, with him to the scout meetings twice a week. The university degree never quite faded from George Eck's quietly persistent mind. He still seeks that parchment and now, warmly encouraged by his wife, plans to obtain it from the Indiana State Teachers College. The character of such a man isn't founded upon sand; George Eck seems to be built upon the old dependable rock of good sense and solid principle; and I think that when the Ecks floundered into something close upon despair during that breakdown in New York, they weren't in such dangerous trouble as they thought. George was there.

Here's something that might be encouraging to almost anybody. With the return to Indiana, Lois Eck, dramatic soprano, began to be an Indiana girl again. She'd been born an Indiana girl, but hadn't brought herself up to be one, so she had to learn the crafts her career had cost her. She had to learn to cook, to sew, to wash and iron, to clean house, to manage children

"The sooner a woman makes a real home for a man, the sooner he will become successful and can give her a better house, servants, lovely clothes, and so on," discovered this former concert star. "The woman who insists upon a career is shortsighted. She is only giving herself a life sentence."





MUNKACSI

"I am happier than I have ever been, and so is George. Few men ever amount to much when their wives work. Now that he has a wife behind him heart and soul, his career is booming. Through his Boy Scout work, he has become a leader in the community."

excellently and to be her husband's resourceful helpmeet. She had to learn how to save the money George earned; she had to learn to economize scientifically so that the children could go to school with college in prospect. Most descendants of the Hoosier pioneers had a prescription well dosed into them in their youth: "What counts isn't what you make, it's what you save." Mrs. Eck remembered this, saw the truth of it, and now calculates she saves her husband $1100 in cash a year out of the family income of about $3000.

She does all the washing and ironing for the family of six, and her estimate is that this saves "a good $5 per week, $260 per year." By careful marketing, though she studies to provide a balanced diet, she feels that the saving is at least $10 a week, or $520 a year. By doing a lot of dressmaking, even tailoring, for the children and herself, she saves $150 yearly, according to her figures, and her canning achieves an annual economy of $100. What she saves by laundering curtains, cleaning wallpaper, stepladder work, painting and general housekeeping brings up her total estimate of the saving to $1100; and at that she doesn't include anything for not hiring a cook. When I was a little boy and visited my ancestors in Terre Haute, my grandmother paid her cook $2.50 a week. Cooks come higher now; but even if they didn't, I doubt that Mrs. George Eck would want one around. She's what we sometimes call a dynamic sort of woman and doesn't seem to care to rest much.

She has herself a big time being an industrious wife, mother and housewife in Indiana, and the Ecks wisely go on living in their nice old eight-room, one-story Terre Haute house, 1110 North 8th Street, though now they could probably sell it for quite a little more than the $2500 they paid for it some years ago. The neighborhood isn't fashionable, but it's self-respecting, and that's what Mr. George C. Eck's household is. Life in Terre Haute, population under 70,000, seems a far cry from the life of a dramatic soprano, radio singer, night-club performer and the old ambition for the Metropolitan; but Lois Eck has no regrets in the pleasant Midwestern house that she keeps scrubbed spotless.

Her economies don't appear to stint the children. They are as well dressed as they are good-mannered. Any adult meeting them would see that they are being well brought up. Cecelia, fifteen, quiet, neat and good-looking, is in her first year at high school. Janie, the girl of the twins, who are thirteen now, is the liveliest of the four children—at least in the presence of adult callers. Her sprightliness, though, is of the agreeably amusing kind and she has been described as "cherubic, a bit on the plump side"; but it's best not to mention this to her. She doesn't care for it. George, Jr., nice-looking even though adolescent, naturally has his reticences. He knows how to be polite, all right; but, when his father is not at home, George is the only male in a household of four women, and a person has to be pretty much on guard and suspicious to maintain a position of any consequence under such circumstances. Like his father's, George's head goes after figures and business, and now he has a paper route that took him what seemed a long, long time to obtain. Lucia, the youngest, nine, has still to be completely rid of the effects of the whooping cough she had when she was four weeks old. Her appetite never got started properly and she can't seem to care, even now, for adequate nourishment; she just doesn't want any. I wonder in how many thousands of American families there's one child that won't eat. George and Lois Eck are good parents; they'll get Lucia over this.

Some people would call the Ecks' house "Victorian." It isn't. Terre Haute styles in architecture during the presidency of General Grant, when the house was built, weren't affected by British taste. The Indiana one-story house was a flowering from the log-cabin period; but the ceilings were high because the Indiana summer heat is something only the hardy Hoosiers can bear and Terre Haute has a habit of outdoing the other hot spots of the state in that specialty. The Ecks' old house has the General Grant and Hayes-and-Wheeler high ceilings and is well built, neatly furnished, too; but the Ecks plan to enlarge it after the war by widening the front room to cross the whole front of the house. They aren't people who stand still and they aren't going to let their General Grant house stand still either; they like it, but they're going to keep tinkering with it. Before they get through with it even General Garfield wouldn't recognize it; maybe President McKinley himself wouldn't. Progressive Middle Western Americans do these things to their houses, or else they move.

Well, so there's this American family, the Ecks, settled down in Terre Haute, getting along, prospering, cheerful, industrious and friendly, good citizens. Would that be enough for a former opera singer, New York night-club and café performer, a dramatic soprano who's recovered her voice? The answer is that when Lois Eck's professional career ended and her life broke into two parts, she had a new ambition and as a wife and mother she's fulfilling it. That's her career now and anybody can see she puts her soul into it; but this doesn't mean that she doesn't enter into the life about her or has no other interests. We've mentioned that Mrs. Eck is dynamic. I don't know how many women's clubs there are to the square mile in Indiana; but Mrs. Eck belongs to seven of them. She's a Daughter of the American Revolution, a member of the National Council of Catholic Women and of course of the Federation of Women's Clubs and the Terre Haute Woman's Department Club. She acts in the Community Theater, sings programs of grouped songs, gives musicales in her own home, sings in the choir of the Sacred Heart Church; she sings, indeed, with the Terre Haute Symphony Orchestra.

One of the organizations to which Mrs. Eck belongs is a flower-arrangement club called "Put 'Em in a Vase." Her friend, Mrs. Carolyn Andrew, has a garden, and Mrs. Eck and Mrs. Andrew have been working up a serious turn for the Put 'Em in a Vase Club, called "Flowers Set to Music." With a piano accompaniment and wearing formal gowns, Mrs. Eck sings flower songs and nature songs and Mrs. Andrew does flower arranging and talks. They zestfully contemplate putting on this act for women's clubs around the state, and nobody doubts its success.

Besides the other things she does, Mrs. Eck finds time to teach her daughters to play the piano; but she's become too wise to try to force their talents or to mold her children into patterns. For instance, she doesn't try to make them dramatic because she's had dramatic gifts herself; if any of them displays a talent, she'll help but not force it. When, in New York, suffering great agony of mind and body, she dropped her earlier ambitions down the coalhole, she learned some important things from that spiritual trial; and one of them was that the success of a husband and the good of children need the wife and mother to be not a cloud-compeller but a helper.

The story of a typical American family may usually be the story of the mother; but, if she fills to the full the old-fashioned but still good definition of a wife as a helpmeet, the husband and father is really the head of the house. Moreover, his work has to be the foundation; and, when Lois Eck came to understand this, the life of the Ecks as a successful family was assured. She devotes herself to it with such determination and so tireless an energy, and in addition is so busy with her supplementary interests in Terre Haute, that she sometimes says that George says he's the only man in the world who'd stay married to her. Perhaps when George says this he's being humorously reminiscent and thinking of the past when his wife was a "career woman"; but Lois doesn't mind his saying it. She's pleased. In fact, she's proud. Who wouldn't be? Looked at correctly, it's a pretty big compliment.

The George Cecil Ecks, of 1110 North 8th Street, Terre Haute, Indiana, show forth as a good, diligent and happy American family. Mrs. George Eck often thinks that in the whole world there isn't a happier woman than she is—and she might be right.

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I Thought My Life Was Over

BY LOIS WHITE ECK

AS THE sun was setting on the "gay nineties" and the troublesome twentieth century was being born, way out in Taylorville, Illinois, a forerunner of the modern career woman wrote an article for a magazine on a new art, domestic science, and a stock-raising farmer-pianist over in Clinton, Indiana, read it. He thought the article so outstanding for a *woman* to have written that he wrote her a letter of congratulation. From this correspondence, romance grew, blossoming into marriage in 1904. My parents. They went to live at "Lee Lands," the White homestead on the banks of the Wabash, where I was born May 15, 1906.

My mother not only excelled in domestic science, but had a beautiful voice and was a talented elocutionist as well. My father operated a large stock farm, but found time to play the piano much better than most people in the community. As one old family friend remarked, he was the first person she ever heard who played with "inspired fire." When I was born my parents were not young; and as is often the case, I inherited many of their strongest qualities, music and determination among them. It was the perfect background for a career woman.

My beautiful mother died when I was fourteen, and I was sent out to Kansas City, Missouri, to my uncle and aunt, the Owen Barbrés. My aunt had been head millinery designer for a large Kansas City store for many years. She loved music, and was determined that I would one day sing in the Metropolitan. Another career woman in the family was my mother's only sister, Anna Barbré Colegrove, who was the first woman county superintendent of schools in Christian County, Illinois.

I studied voice and piano with the sisters at St. Vincent's Academy, and made my first public appearance at fifteen at the Athenaeum in Kansas City, where the same week another fifteen-year-old soprano, who *was* destined for the Metropolitan, Marion Talley, made her debut.

Later my uncle and aunt and I moved to Alexandria, Louisiana, where I studied voice with a former member of the old St. Charles Opera of New Orleans. There I was heard by Tito Schipa, of the Metropolitan, when he was on tour, and he suggested that I study with Vittorio Arimonde, basso of the Chicago Civic Opera. I later obtained a partial scholarship at Chicago Musical College, where Arimonde taught, but soon found John Dwight Sample to be the finest teacher a dramatic soprano could have, and changed to his classes.

In 1926 I began my professional career when I broke the no-soprano rule on the Stewart-Warner Air Theatre, WBBM, Chicago. In 1927 I went on my first road tour with Thaviu's Band and Opera Company, singing parts in Aïda, Samson and Delilah, and Debussy's Prodigal Son. I had taken the tour because it ended in Mississippi and I intended to go to Alexandria to visit my uncle and aunt, but the morning I was to leave I received a wire that my aunt had died suddenly. I finished the tour and went back North to marry George Cecil Eck, of Chicago.

I had met George when he came to call on another girl at school. He was only twenty-one, already an accountant, and working on his degree at Northwestern University's extension school. He had a fine record scholastically, having won two scholarships to high school over all the boys in parochial schools in Chicago. I really intended to give up my career to devote my time to marriage, but it just didn't work out that way. Among many other annoyances, I grew restless at the slowness of his progress, accustomed as I was to the meteoric tempo of the theater. In 1929, after working in stock, hotel supper rooms and vaudeville around Chicago, I decided to try my wings in New York. My first engagement was quite good for a newcomer, being at the old Paramount Grill. Later I made pictures at the Paramount Astoria studios. In June George joined me.

For three or four years success was easy for us both, even though we had Cecelia in 1930, and the twins, Jane and George, in 1931. Then came the depression. George was working for the New York Title and Mortgage Company and going to New York University at night, still pursuing his degree. Now my career was a must. Before it had been a dream I hoped to fulfill. The year 1935 brought us Lucia, and in 1936 old Mother Nature played a rather scurvy trick on me, I thought. I lost my voice and had a nervous breakdown.

Until then, *my* career had been the paramount issue. I was determined to succeed. This was the end toward which my whole life had been directed. George's career was of secondary importance to me, for I knew he could never make as much money in his profession as I could make in mine. Now I was completely incapacitated, and George had to take over. He quit his job with the State Mortgage Commission in New York City and took us back to my father's farm in Indiana, for he thought New York City no place to rear children and cure a neurotic wife. I felt as though my life was ended and nothing much mattered. In reality, it was only the beginning.

George went to work in Terre Haute for the A. & P. Tea Company at their Ann Page food plant, at the bottom in the accounting department, and is now in charge of the cost-accounting department. In Terre Haute, we bought a shabby seventy-five-year-old eight-room "cottage." I shocked everyone by saying that it was the nicest house I'd ever had because it had eight rooms! I was accustomed to renting apartments at so much per room in New York. I'd never had over five before, and they were of the cigar-box size. Our house has rooms of the sixteen-by-sixteen-foot variety, with eleven-and-a-half-foot ceilings. I had never done much housework in New York, and it was all so new and strange to me, but it had to be done. Armed with all the women's magazines on the market and the advice of kind neighbors, I've come through on top. I've cleaned every inch of the walls many times, teetering on the top of a six-foot ladder, where my five feet six inches just puts my head on the ceiling. I who am afraid to get up on a stool. I've canned five and six hundred quarts of food each summer and I've made all the girls' and my own clothes, even to tailoring suits and coats. I do all the washing and ironing and quite a bit of flower gardening.

But all this is on the dreary side of the ledger. I have found a whole bright new social world that I never before dreamed existed. I belong to many clubs. I am active in Community Theater, recently playing the opera singer Daruschka in Claudia. I do research in genealogy, study flower arranging and find time to keep up my music. Of course I sing many programs, including an appearance with the Terre Haute Symphony Orchestra not long ago, and I sing in my church choir, Sacred Heart Church. I also teach my daughters piano.

The only career in which I am really interested today is my husband's. We haven't made nearly as much money these past eight years, but we *have* actually accomplished more than in the nine preceding. We are buying our home and have completely furnished it on what to me is a mere pittance. When the war is over, we plan to remodel

★ ★

it. Also, after the war George hopes really to "go" places in his profession. He is a scoutmaster and is going back to college at Indiana State Teachers College finally to get that elusive degree in extension school. The children will soon be in college, too; and due to our three fine institutions, Indiana State, St. Mary's-of-the-Wood, and Rose Polytechnical, we shall be able to see them through without too much difficulty. I do hope eventually to do radio work, for my voice is better than it ever was. And I want to really write. Educating four children will take a lot of money, and being a career woman in the first place, I shall no doubt always be trying to put my shoulder to the wheel. But I care for nothing that will take me either far or long from my family. My children are the most fascinating entertainment there is.

Celia is almost fifteen and a freshman at Central Catholic High. She is a member of the Junior Woman's Department Club, goes dancing, and so on. In short, she's growing up. The twins aren't far behind at thirteen. They are in the eighth grade, and nine-year-old Lucia is in the fifth grade at St. Ann's. I adore adolescence, and have more sympathy for it than most. Probably because I had so little of it myself. The next ten years are going to be the most exciting in my life, and I wouldn't trade my grand husband and nice children for all the swimming-pooled mansions in Hollywood.

I am often asked what talents my daughters have and if they have inherited my voice. I always answer that I honestly don't know, for I haven't been anxious to find out. The career for which I am educating them is marriage, pure and simple. Of course I want them to know some method of earning their living if it is necessary, but I want them to be prepared first to be good wives and mothers. That is the most neglected vocation in the world today.

If women could only realize that, for the greater part, they are worth so much more to their husbands in their own homes than they are to anyone else! The effect on their husbands' success can't be counted in money. I was reared on the adage that it isn't what one makes that counts, but what one saves, and the older I grow the more I find it is true. A woman can do a world of things to save money. I had to find it out the hard way though. Of course it isn't quite so pleasant work or so exciting, but I should like to point out the actual amount of money in dollars and cents that I save my husband each year.

First of all, there is the washing and ironing. For a family of our size, that would cost a good $5 a week, $260 a year. Then comes food. By careful budgeting, marketing and cooking, I provide six people with a fairly well-balanced diet for about $17 a week. Several years ago a leading women's magazine stated that $25 a week was the average cost for food for a family of four. I know I save at least $10 a week, or $520 a year, on this one item alone. Consider clothing. I spend around $240 a year, out of which comes a suit or overcoat for father at $35, and shoes—heavens, the shoes! Two pairs a year for each child at $6 a pair is $48. I find it unwise to buy cheaper shoes, for they can't be resoled. Then there are gym shoes, play shoes, and so on. And a pair or two for mother and dad, making the shoe bill easily $75 a year. So out of $240 for the yearly budget must come $110, leaving only $130 to clothe six people, about $22 each. My method for stretching is simple: I just make everything we wear that can be made at home. On sewing alone I save more than $150. Lastly, there is the canning. Judging it by its equivalent in the stores, I average over $100-a-year saving here. The incidentals, such as laundering curtains, cleaning wallpaper, painting and general house cleaning, bring the total up to $1100 in cash that I save my husband each year. We used to have a maid. In these times of astronomical salaries for help, I'd hate to figure what I save by doing the housekeeping. Certainly $400 a year. Do many women make more than $1800 a year? I doubt it. Then, besides the time spent thus, I still attend many afternoon club meetings and noon luncheons.

There are so many things that money can't buy, such as being at home to cheer your husband when he is blue, nursing him and the children when they are ill. Always being on hand to prepare a hot meal. Being your husband's eyes and ears in this world of intrigue, making social contacts and entertaining his friends. Few men, excepting the relatively few geniuses, ever amount to much as long as their wives work. No man feels happy and secure as long as his wife spends most of her waking hours in the company of men more successful than himself, and who dwarf him in comparison. A woman, by making a home for her husband, is really contributing the greatest amount of her energy to herself in the long run, for the sooner her husband is successful the sooner he can provide her with a better home, help to run it, lovely clothes, and so on. The woman who insists on a career for herself is shortsighted. She is only giving herself a life sentence.

There will be those, of course, who will not admire my large family, and I can sympathize with them, for I probably wouldn't have had so many children, either, but for my religion. Yet today I realize that in just that one respect God has more than blessed me. When I hear childless middle-aged couples bemoan their lot and know their regret that they haven't children, I realize that children are a sort of old-age insurance. They are rather hard to pay for at first, and age seems a long way off, but as time goes on the payments seem to grow lighter, till with the approach of middle age one realizes one has been wise beyond one's knowledge to have taken on this burden, though it once seemed almost more than one could bear.

I am more than grateful today for my big family, for it is keeping me young. I am living my youth over again with my children. And in ten years they will be married while I am still young, leaving me time to do all the useless little things that so many women spend a greater part of their lives doing. But best of all, I shall have someone near and dear to me to interest me and keep me from loneliness when my youth is gone and the world has lost its glitter. There is more than one way to have a career, and old Mother Nature seems to have forced me to find the better way.

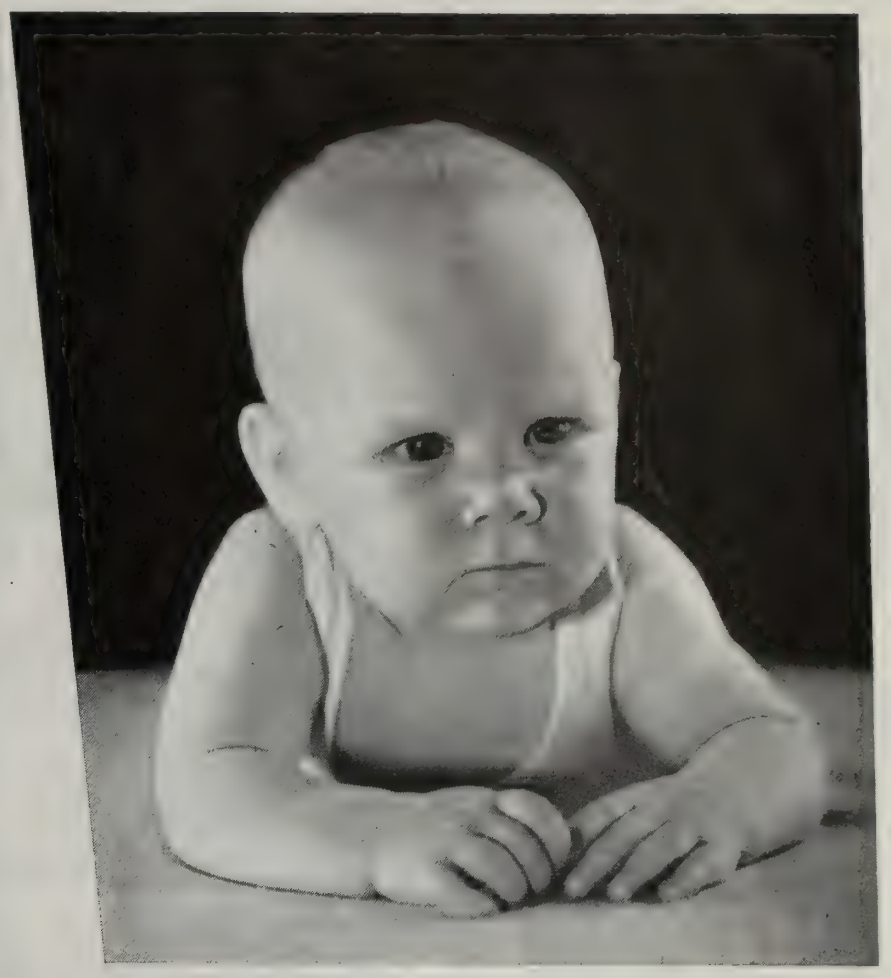
Does Your G.I. Want to Go to College?

Thanks to United States' generosity toward veterans, ex-Corporal Gray is doing it, even though he has a wife and child, with another baby on the way. The Grays live just off the University of California campus in a two-bedroom house with eight people sharing the same kitchen, stove and sink!

C. S. Forester, famed for his best sellers, The Ship, and Captain Horatio Hornblower, brings you the saga of a 1945 college freshman, with a wife, baby and $109.25 a month.

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the
MAY JOURNAL

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"The House will please come to order!"

That's the stuff, Son . . . this is your time to give orders and make 'em stick. Later on it won't be so easy.

And here's a tip—while you're still 'head man'. See that the womenfolk do your washing with Fels-Naptha Soap.

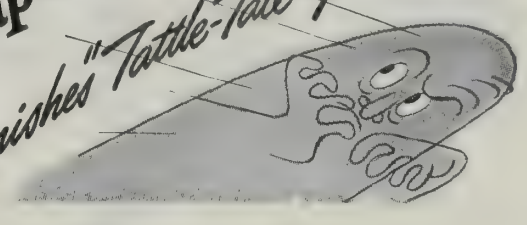
At your age a fellow needs a large wardrobe—designed for comfort more than style. He has to 'change' often and on short notice.

That means a full-time job for Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap. Keeping you supplied with garments that are clean and sweet and snowy white. Keeping the house shipshape and the rest of the family happy.

So remember this: It's fairly painless to 'do your duds'—with the gentle soap that makes the doing easy . . .
That's Fels-Naptha!



Fels-Naptha Soap
Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



IT'LL BE MORE FUN "GETTING THERE"



There's a Ford in your future!

Here's a promise to be fulfilled only when Victory is accomplished. Then a smart, new peacetime Ford will be waiting to make those trips more fun.

. . . For your coming Ford will be big and roomy—youthful in action and in styling, too. Rich looking—inside and out—its smart lines will surely rate a "second look" on street and highway.

. . . Naturally, this new car will live up to the famous Ford tradition for economy and reliability. Into it will go all the skill and experience that Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

. . . When? We're going to start production plans as soon as we receive the necessary "go ahead." Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

"STARS OF THE FUTURE." Listen to the new Ford musical program on all Blue Network stations. Every Friday night—8:00 E.W.T. 7:00 C.W.T. 9:30 M.W.T. 8:30 P.W.T.

Rose Arrangement

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Even the tiniest yard has room for a few choice roses for cutting. Here are some varieties that bloom through a long season and will thrive in most localities. Lois Eck and her friends have fun arranging their flowers under the inspiring slogan, "Put 'em in a vase."



Magic Red and World's Fair roses arranged in an old metal jewel box.



Good arrangement of glorious Pan American roses in a copper bowl.



Real floral drama showing an old Chinese vase with two Lady Mandeville roses, as crisply upright as they grew on the bush.



Six Gloaming roses so arranged that each retains its individuality. Bottle vases hold roses gracefully, show stems to advantage.



Again Gloaming roses, but notice how this arrangement changes their natural slender grace to sophisticated, styled composition.



The tall roses are Eclipse; Marie Curie and Mandalay come next, with Gloaming and McGrady's Sunset clustered beneath them.



Exquisite Holstein Floribunda roses in a modern copper bowl. The tight buds and foliage are part of the fine composition.



The right vase and a perfect arrangement for showing the sculptured beauty of Mrs. Miniver roses—new and especially fine.



Foliage and stems play an important part in this exquisite arrangement of Fantasia roses. Natural grace is the theme.



A few Pinocchio roses are used to accent a permanent foundation of greens gracefully arranged in a pottery fruit dish.

TEEN-AGE REDUCING



PHOTO BY STUART

Pretty, thirteen-year-old Jane Eck has only one beauty problem: her weight. With her burnished-gold hair and her peaches-and-cream skin, she has nothing to worry about except those extra pounds which so often vex girls during the teens. Now she is going to do battle with those. On this page we give her prescription for streamlining, simplified for the benefit of all plump teen-agers who want to banish unwelcome cushioning.

★ ★ ★ Three-Way Prescription ★ ★ ★

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

Do . .

- Check with your doctor before dieting.
- Drink two glasses of milk every day. *No substitutions on this important item.*
- Exercise at least one hour daily in the fresh air.
- Get nine hours' sleep. Rest is especially important when young bodies are running on lean rations.
- Follow a sound diet. No faddy experiments, *please!* Here is a sensible menu from a physician:

BREAKFAST

Fruit, fresh or unsweetened, 1 serving.
1 egg.
1 slice whole-wheat toast.
1 pat butter.
1 glass milk (or coffee or tea; no sugar).

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Lean meat or cottage cheese, 1 good serving.
Vegetable, 1 serving.
Salad with lemon or vinegar.
1 slice bread, whole-wheat.
1 pat butter.
Fruit, fresh or unsweetened, 1 serving.
1 glass milk (or can be saved for afternoon).

DINNER

Lean meat, fish or fowl, 1 good serving.
Potato, 1, small, boiled or baked (eat skin).
Vegetables, 2 servings.
Fruit, fresh or unsweetened. (Occasionally a simple gelatin or custard dessert or water ice.)

Don't . .

- Try to fool the scale. You are only cheating yourself. Weigh twice a week, on the same scale in the same type of clothing, at the same time of day—*and write it down with the date in a permanent record.*
- Take "just one bite" of forbidden foods. One taste leads to another, and the harm is done.
- Believe that a soda-fountain drink "doesn't count because it doesn't have ice cream in it." When the gang orders refreshments, stick to orange juice or, better yet, tomato juice, until you get that wonderful new figure.
- Tantalize yourself by hanging around candy displays. If you "simply can't live" without candy, eat one piece on Sunday—if you have been good enough in the meantime to earn it—and forget about it between times.
- Think you can break training one day and then make up for it by exercise. It takes two brisk miles to walk off one chocolate éclair! Exercise tightens your muscles and makes you look smoother, but it doesn't melt fat.
- Act sorry for yourself, or your friends will shun you as a bore. Show them you mean business in this dieting, but don't talk about it. Just wait till they see your elegant new contours. Will they be envious!

Reminders . .

- Sugar is scarce. Give your share to your family and win their hearts while you are improving your figure.
- Box lunches don't have to be sandwiches. Two hard-cooked eggs, three pieces of zwieback, an apple and a bunch of celery, all added up together, don't make as much weight as a cheese sandwich.
- It takes almost ten cups of unbuttered popcorn to equal the calories in two pieces of chocolate fudge! So if you will settle for a couple of cups of plain popcorn when you feel you *must* go on a binge, you will be smart.
- If you peel your breakfast orange instead of cutting it, and eat pulp and everything, it will fill you up better and be good for you too.
- Eat your salad—or a couple of stalks of celery—before the rest of your meal. It will take the sharp edge off your appetite.
- Weight doesn't drop off miraculously, or evenly, but if you persist and play fair you are bound to get results.

The New, Natural, Delicious way to give a *Helping Hand*

WHEN COLDS AND DANGEROUS INFECTIONS ARE IN THE AIR!



ORANGE AND GRAPEFRUIT JUICES, deliciously blended, fortify the whole family with protective VITAMIN C

The word DELICIOUS hardly describes it. Imagine the juice of orida oranges with all their delicate sweetness. And added to is juice is the fruity tang of tempting grapefruit juice. Once you ave tried a can of these two delectable juices expertly blended gether, you'll want them every single day.

Yes, every day is none too often for such a delicious treat. nd every day is none too often to build up your health with these ices. For these are the juices that richly supply everybody with e VITAMIN C needed daily to build up resistance—to fight in- ctions—to fight fatigue—and COLDS!

You couldn't form a smarter habit than to make the serving of lended Orange and Grapefruit Juice a daily breakfast custom!

Other Juicy Florida Treats in store for You!

CANNED GRAPEFRUIT JUICE
—with all the fresh fruity tang of tree-ripened Florida grapefruit. And a gold mine of vitamin C for you!

•

Florida Canned Orange Juice
Florida Canned Grapefruit Sections

What a Juicy Combination of flavor and health!



In every can of Florida Blended Juice, you get the luscious sweetness of delicious Florida oranges . . .

+ PLUS . . .

the appetizing tang of grapefruit juice. A blend of juices that are Nature's most abundant sources of protective VITAMIN C.

● FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • *Lakeland, Florida*

Canned Florida

ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT

BLENDED JUICE

Sunday-afternoon dress: printed drawstring bow blouse, skirt: in cotton or crepe. 1530, 10 to 18; 15c.

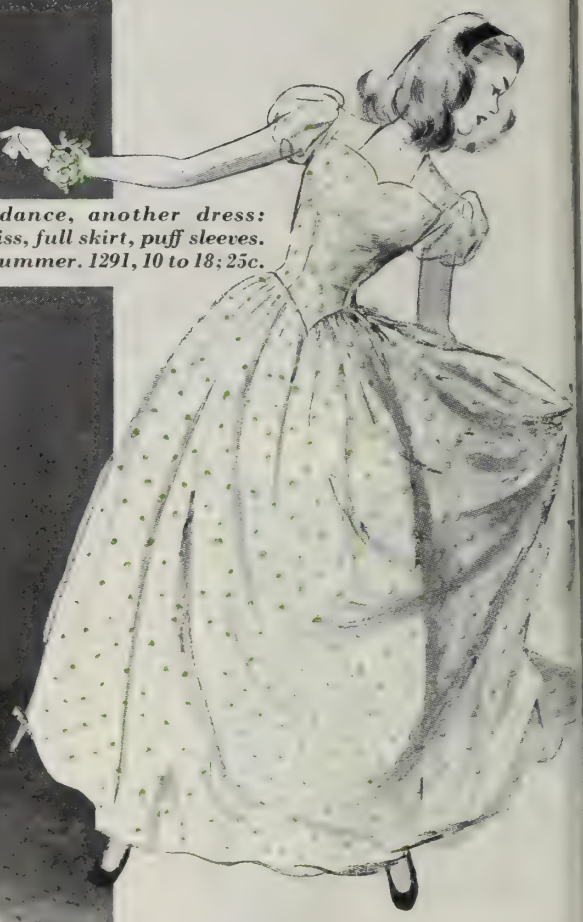




PHOTOGRAPH BY PLUCER

The first long dress—the first big dance. Cecelia in bouffant blue-and-white printed organdy, trimmed with black velvet ribbons and an off-shoulder ruffle. 1541, 10 to 18; 25c.

Another dance, another dress: dotted Swiss, full skirt, puff sleeves. Spring or summer. 1291, 10 to 18; 25c.



Plaid with a peplum and a ruffle for a gay day. Low round neck is easy to wear, flattering. 1483, 12 to 18; 25c.

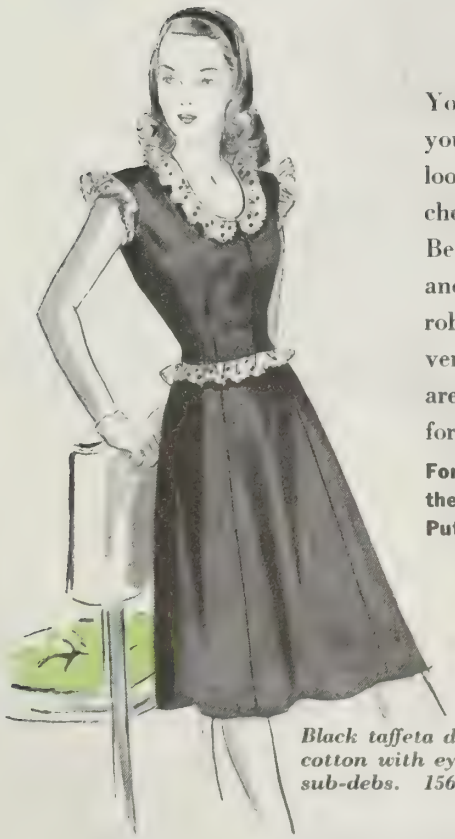


PATTERN FOR A DREAM DRESS

By Dawn Crowell

Your first formal dress—the dream you've been dreaming ever since HE asked you to your first real dance! What are you going to wear? How pretty can you look? Will you dance every dance? Cecelia Eck, demure, blue-eyed, fifteen, chose romantic organdy for an off-the-shoulder dress her mother made for her. Because Cecelia knows that one successful dance leads to another and still another, she and her mother are making other dress-up additions for her wardrobe. A ruffled plaid in her most becoming colors for an evening at the Y; a very young black taffeta trimmed in white lace for an afternoon party. Here are six Hollywood Patterns; select your favorite—the one that will do the most for you—and make it as memorable as your very first dance!

For back views and sizes see page 178. **Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order them by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut, or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.**



Black taffeta dress with lace, or cotton with eyelet, is young for sub-debs. 1566, 10 to 18; 25c.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Tiny velvet, grosgrain or taffeta ribbon bows on the bodice of a crepe or cotton dress. 1590, 10 to 18; 25c.

© HOLLY

For exquisite daintiness a new safeguard

Now Kotex contains a deodorant

It's locked in . . . so it can't shake out



NOW you get this new protection for your charm, your daintiness—at no extra cost to you.

A deodorant is locked inside each Kotex sanitary napkin to help keep you fresh, lovely, confident. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on!

There are *so many* important reasons why you should always insist on Kotex:

(1) The *patented, flat tapered ends* of Kotex mean no bulges, no revealing lines.

(2) You get lasting comfort, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

(3) The special *four-ply* safety center gives you extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting.

(4) Only Kotex has three sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—for different women, different days.

(5) And now this extra safeguard—the new deodorant in every Kotex napkin.

No wonder most women simply won't be satisfied with any other brand!



More women choose KOTEX*

than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Who would guess she's been on her feet all day

Subtract Some Candles from your cake—to match th younger way you'll feel when *foot fatigue* is off yo schedule. Selby ARCH PRESERVER shoes by da make this new woman of you by night! These thr famous features do the trick.

- *Steel arch bridge for firm support.*
- *Individually placed metatarsal pad for comfort.*
- *Perfectly flat innersole for comfort-plus.*

$8.95 to $12.95

Slightly Higher in Western States and Canada









Selby

ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

Selby Shoes, Fifth Avenue and 38th St., New York City, and Your Leading Shoe and Department Store. *Manufactured for women by* THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, Portsmouth, Ohio . . . *for men,* E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Rockland, Mass. . . . *for children,* GREEN SHOE MFG. CO., Boston, Mass. • In Canada, Murray-Selby, Ltd., London, Ont. • In England, Selby Shoes, Ltd., London In Australia, Selby Shoes (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney • In New Zealand, Swinton & Oates, Ltd., Auckland • In Argentina, Alberto Grimoldi, Buenos Aires.

SELBY SHOES THE WORLD OVER—ESTABLISHED 1877...CREATED FOR PEACE-TIME COMFORT—PRICELESS IN WARTIME.

Copr. 1945, The Selby Shoe Company

RAWLINGS—VOGUE STUDIOS, CAPRI ORIGINAL

CAREER WOMAN *Home Style*

BY JUDY BARRY

PERHAPS you've wondered, you young wives who have fledgling business careers born of wartime necessity, what you ought to do about them when Johnnie comes home again and you can really begin to live your marriage.

In many cases there won't be the smallest question in your mind. Most of the young Army and Navy wives whom I know wear the dream of being at last in their own homes, practicing the fine art of homemaking, wrapped around them like a cloak these days—their best protection against the cold of loneliness and separation.

But those of you who feel that perhaps you'd be more useful if you were bringing home a piece of the family bacon—better listen to one of Lois Eck's pet theories. It's much more than a theory, however, for she has really given both kinds of career a long, and in each case successful, whirl. What's more, she has some mighty interesting figures to back up her intense conviction that, considered from a strictly cash-and-carry standpoint, the average wife's best-paying career is found in her own home!

Not that the actual worth of a pretty, agreeable wife, a serene, thriftily managed home to the morale of a young husband on his way up in the business world really could be measured in dollars and cents. But just for the fun of it, and because she has a canny head for figures, Lois sat down one day and figured out her "pay check" for a year. It's itemized there at the right. P.S. No withholding tax.

Do you agree with her estimates? We've checked them here in the Workshop, and we think she's been fairly conservative—in fact, we think she might even give herself a small merit raise!

Consider one of Mrs. Eck's most pithy observations: "I was reared on the adage that it isn't so much what one makes that counts, as what one saves. And the older I grew, the more I realized it was true."

When Mrs. Eck did take on homemaking as a full-time job, it wasn't easy. She was completely untutored—learned how from maids and magazines. "I had to find out the hard way, alas," she says, "but a woman at home can do a world of things to save money."

It's true indeed that being one's own pearl-in-the-kitchen has many monetary compensations besides all the other satisfying rewards that one can't put a price tag on. Think of how much more economical it is to be able to market in person, for example. How much more fun, too, even when your companion is a ration book.

"To market, to market, to buy a fat pig!" Wouldn't it be wonderful? But nevertheless, if you're right there to talk the lack of a pig over with the butcher, you can come home again jiggety-jig having captured whatever he had that was good, plus the benefit of his suggestions. You've been Mrs. Johnnie-on-the-spot to take advantage of specials—you've seen the richness of fruits and vegetables spread out so you know what's plentiful, thus cheaper, and can plan your menus with these in mind.

Mrs. Eck markets in person, on a grand scale, twice a week. The children, of course, run incidental errands. And the point problem isn't cramping her menu style too much, because ——

She's very well preserved! That is, her storage closet is full of home-canned, delicious de-lovelies. There's another satisfaction, if you're your own cook-maid-housekeeper. You'll enjoy preserving, by canning or deep-freezing, the fruits of your Victory Garden labor. *(Continued on Page 170)*



Orchids from the boss is something you can't count on in most careers, even if you have been a good girl! But George Eck feels Lois deserves them. Here's why—an estimate of what she "earns" each year at the second career she's wooed and won. Lois says it's the most worth-while job, making and caring for a home!

By careful marketing and cooking, Lois serves six people well-balanced meals for about $17 a week. Judging by generally accepted figures, she believes she saves $10 a week, $520 a year on food. Canning at home saves another $100.

She allots $240 a year for clothing, out of which comes a suit or overcoat for dad at about $35. Shoes gobble up $75. ("Heavens, the shoes," groans Lois. "If I could only make them!") Her method of stretching $130 to clothe six people is—"Make everything possible!" Her sewing alone, Mrs. Eck feels sure, "earns" at the very least $150 a year.

"Outside" laundry for a family their size would cost $5 a week minimum. Doing her own washing and ironing adds $260 a year. Then $400 credit for the maid she used to have. Incidentals, cleaning, laundering curtains, painting and such bring the total of her earning-by-saving up to $1500.

"Do many average women," asks Lois, "come out more than $1500 ahead of the game in business? I doubt it!"

PHOTOS BY STUART



Cleaning twelve-feet-up ceilings brings Lois to the top of her career ladder!

A supper that sings!

SPAM BIRDS



SPAM* 'N' CORN BREAD

For luncheon with a real "Southern accent," broil thick slices of Spam, serve sizzling with crusty, fresh-baked corn bread and old-fashioned apple sauce.

SPAM* BIRDS

Toothpick thin slices of Spam around your favorite stuffing. Brown in hot oven. Serve with garden peas, candied sweets. Spam is pure pork, hence rich in vitamins B_1 and B_2.





COLD OR HOT...
SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

*"Spam" is a registered trademark. It identifies a meat product—packed only in 12-ounce tins—made exclusively by Geo A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

P.S. You'll Like Hormel Chili Con Carne! Everybody likes chili the way Hormel makes it, because Hormel Chili is different. You'll like it, too. Double Your Money Back If You Don't!

HORMEL
GOOD FOODS



PHOTOS BY STUA

Striving to put as much variety and zest into life as possible, Loi Eck stages her dinner with as much care as a first-night performance

STAGING A MEAL

By Louella G. Shouer

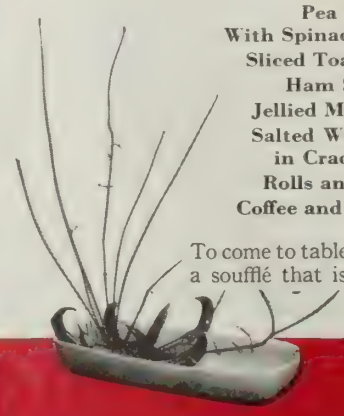
Producing a meal that is a humdinger instead of a humdru copy of the day before or last week will give added meani to your life. You'll discover, if you haven't already, that th daily performance is a fascinating business—well worth yo creative and artistic efforts. The appreciative and genuin applause from your daily and company audiences will h enough to spur you on.

Lois Eck feels that way about flowers and flavors. To gether with a friend, Carolyn Andrew, she creates centerpie ideas. The cutout photographs on this and the next page a their handiwork. They used "just what they had in the house.

You can do it too—not only with centerpieces, but wit food as well. Take a look around you—see what you have i the house, your heart, mind and hands.

Your table is your stage. Make a hit show out of it. Choos your characters carefully and present your show with elegan and charm, whether your scene calls for inexpensive potter or your best china and glass.

ONE-ACT PLAY



Pea Soup
With Spinach and Curry
Sliced Toasted Rolls
Ham Soufflé
Jellied Mushrooms
Salted Water Cress
in Cracked Ice
Rolls and Spread
Coffee and Chocolates

To come to table proudly bearing a soufflé that is high, wide and handsome, step down the rest o the meal. Give more attention t the star. . . . Canned pea sou plays a new role with the add tion of milk, puréed spinach an a little curry powder. . . . Tha bowl of water cress has just bit part, but it will make you meal sing. . . . Skip dessert an have a surprise ending. Pas chocolates or home-made cand with the coffee.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

If you raise your own chickens, beef or pork, you'll want to can some to help spread the supply through the year. The new Government canning booklet, Home Canning of Meats, is the last word on just how to do it. Order by number, AWI-110, from Office of Information, USDA, Washington 25, D. C. Single copies free.

BIT PARTS

ten it's the little touch to food—the ce of orange on the lamb chop or the se-geranium leaf in the teapot—that ds drama to your meal. For instance, you're going to have frankfurters and acaroni and cheese for supper, make e dish speak louder by splitting or slic- the franks and baking them on top. For flavor flair, combine fresh fruit th juices of canned fruit. Or try last ar's strawberry jam instead of sugar strawberries.

Some night when you feel you've pro- ced a very special meal, write your menu in large letters on a paper place mat with the children's colored crayon. Tack it up in the kitchen for the family to see and anticipate.

A little ice cream goes a long way for a party. Cupcakes Alaska are the answer. Hollow out cupcakes. Fill with spoonfuls of firm ice cream. Frost with meringue. Brown as usual.

It will soon be Easter and the children's eyes will brighten when they discover you have added a little coloring—take your choice—to the water in which you soft-cooked the eggs for breakfast.



EASTER-BREAKFAST MATINEE

Pitcher of Fruit Juices
Assorted Cereals With Toppings
Corn-Bread Ring
Creamed Julienne Ham With Mushrooms
Coffee

Change the scene. Serve breakfast for special occasions from your buffet, English style. Arrange fruit-juice pitcher and glasses at one end. Heap a mixture of dry cereals in your salad bowl—have fixings grouped together on a small tray. Bake corn bread in a ring mold. Center it with the hot ham and mushrooms. Rig up the coffee maker and you're ready for the curtain to go up. Don't forget a flower for dad's lapel.

PROMPTINGS AND ASIDES

Dress rehearsals are important to a od show. Visualize your company eals when you plan them. Then pre- ew for the family first. It helps a hit d prevents a flop.

As often as you think it wise, dodge e usual. If you've had the same ests quite often and your pet menus, owever good, have had a long run, ve your folks what they least expect. ney'll sit up in their seats.

Play around with the "props" in ur own cupboard. Have no com- nctions about using the flower bowl r salad, the salad bowl for anything at would look dramatic in it. Take an ventory of your lares and penates. ossibilities there for table gadgets at you may not have thought of.

If your china looks as dull and seedy you as the flowers on last year's hat, ake a few colored cloths out of material by the yard. The right cloth is often just the ticket to make your china take the lead again.

Room for two—group foods together. Use a tray for two menu items instead of one. For instance, Lois has a large round tray. She often serves a bowl salad in the center, hot rolls or sandwiches attractively arranged at the base.

Make this a rule: No chicken patties allowed if you're having an affair. They've been billed so often folks won't want to see them again.

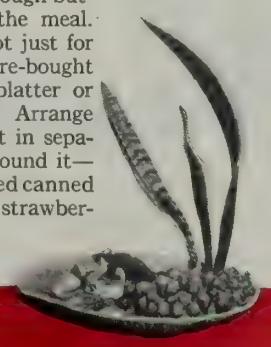
Don't hesitate to bring your breadboard into the living room as service for your very best canapé concoction. And as for the "very best"—better to have one really good one rather than several that never come out of the wings.

Before dinner put on your favorite dress and powder your nose so you'll be ready for your curtain call.

PRIZE PACKAGE

Tiny Beets
Horse-Radish Stuffing
Little Fish in Paper
Lemon Points
Tureen of Spring Vegetables
Cucumber-and-Onion Salad
ot Rolls Water-Cress Butter
Fruit Garland
Sherbet Coffee

ood things come in small packges. All small fish are better for ooking in paper. The juices stay the bank. Your little-used tureen, if not too enormous, makes a wonderful mouth-watering sight filled with good things other than soup. Chop water cress and cream into enough butter or margarine for the meal. Chill in a mold. It's not just for sandwiches! Heap store-bought sherbet in center of platter or your glass cake plate. Arrange sectioned and cut fruit in separate colorful heaps around it—orange sections, drained canned fruits. Have you any strawberries or pineapple?



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PYREX WARE COOKING QUIZ!



1 FOOD COOKS 1/3 FASTER IN PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) It supplies its own heat ☐
(B) It absorbs radiant oven heat ☐
(C) It's the "hottest" item in the cooking utensil field ☐



2 LESS DANGER OF BURNED FOOD WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) It's fireproof ☐
(B) You can watch food cook through the sides and bottom to just the right degree of brown ☐
(C) It rings a bell when food is done ☐



3 YOU SAVE STEPS AND WORK WITH PYREX WARE BECAUSE:

(A) You bake, serve, and store in same dish ☐
(B) It's easy to carry ☐
(C) It runs around by itself ☐



4 PYREX WARE IS EASIER TO WASH BECAUSE:

(A) It makes soap sudsier ☐
(B) It's waterproof ☐
(C) Sticky foods don't cling to its smooth surface ☐



PRESSED IN GLASS

5 LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK WHEN YOU BUY GLASS UTENSILS BECAUSE:

(A) It's so good-looking ☐
(B) It's easy to find ☐
(C) It's the mark of Pyrex ware, the original heat-resistant glass cooking ware, a product of Corning Research in Glass ☐

ANSWER BOX!



OF COURSE you know the right answers but here they are anyway:

1 (B); 2 (B); 3 (A); 4 (C); 5 (C).

AND BY THE WAY, the baking dish shown above is the Pyrex Double Duty Casserole . . . really two dishes in one: Bottom serves as open baker. Cover makes pie plate. 3 sizes. Quart size . . . . . only **50¢**

IF YOU HAVEN'T tried Pyrex ware here's a good way to start. The Pyrex Deep Pie Dish is swell for cooking and serving individual pies, soup, cereals, custards, apple sauce. 8-ounce size . . . . . only **10¢**

"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.



YOUR FAVORITE FOODS, TOO, deserve a bright new dress these cheerful spring days. See how easily lemons add a dash of color and sparkling flavor to any spring menu.



APPETIZER—*Tomato Juice*

Any appetizer responds to the wake-up zip of fresh lemon. Easy-to-squeeze quarters are a "must" with tomato and other vegetable juices.



MAIN DISH—*Lamb Shanks with Lemon**

For something different in an economy dish try this tempting lamb recipe: insert slivers of garlic in 4 lamb shanks . . . dust with flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Brown slowly in melted fat for 10-15 minutes. Add 1 bay leaf, ½ cup fresh lemon juice, 2 tbs. grated lemon peel and simmer slowly 1½ to 2 hours. Add water if necessary. There's a dish the whole family will cheer. Lemons do wonders for many main dish stand-bys . . . especially fish and veal.



VEGETABLE—*Buttered Carrots**

Lots of vegetables aren't complete without the tang of lemon. Carrots, for example, are wonderful when you thicken the cooking liquid with flour, add a dash of lemon, a pat of butter and a sprinkling of nutmeg. Drench carrots just before serving.



SALAD—*Mixed Greens Salad**

For extra crispness try adding a bit of fresh lemon juice to the ice water when freshening up salad greens. And for the dressing use straight lemon juice with a little sugar added to bring out hidden flavors in the firm, tender greens when served.



DESSERT—*Lemon Snow**

Prepare unflavored gelatine (according to directions) with fresh lemon juice. Just before it sets whip vigorously. Serve with a luscious thin custard sauce. Mmm! And don't overlook lemon as a favorite flavoring for pies, cakes, puddings and other dessert treats.

So, as you see, lemons can be your most helpful food in planning tastier meals. But there is another reason for using lemons liberally—HEALTH. Lemons are a rich source of vitamins C and P, a good source of B_1. They aid digestion and alkalinize the system. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 interesting recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 204, Los Angeles, 55, California.



Sunkist Lemons in trademarked tissue wrappers are the finest and juiciest from 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.

FOR GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD FLAVOR

Sunkist

California Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

APRIL ON A SPREE

(Continued from Page 43)

yellow part, known informally as the "yelk" or "yolk," plastered as tight as adhesive plaster on the ham. And that, my dears, is "Country Style." I don't know *what* country, but I'm sure it is not this one.

HAM AND EGGS

Just the way I can't leave mashed potatoes alone, but always have to give a lot of good advice about them, so it is with this superior dish.

First get a fine center slice of ham, about three quarters of an inch thick. Half an inch is good. Thinner than that is delicious—if it's broiled two minutes or so on each side and not all dried up.

Having a nice thick slice of ham, slash the fat around the edge with a sharp knife so it won't buckle up on you. Now either fry it or broil it—broil is best, *I* think. Turn it a few times; it isn't a steak, you know. When it is tender to the fork and a little brown and the fat around the edge is brown and crisp—for heaven's sake don't cut off the fat—you've got a perfect thing.

Now for the Eggs

Take a small spider (or frying pan) and set it to heat with several large spoonfuls of butter or margarine or bacon fat, if you've got it. When the fat is hot but not sizzling, slip one egg in and baste it every minute it's cooking, until it has cooked to the point you like—soft, medium or hard. Do one egg at a time. Take them up carefully, that they don't get broken, and arrange them either on or around the ham, just to suit yourselves. Salt and pepper and paprika each egg lightly—and there you've got ham and eggs. That other business shouldn't happen to a dog, as they say.

And that is my Easter message to you. If it happens to be practically the same one each year you don't mind, do you? Thanks a lot, I thought not.

Let us see what we see. We come now to the April Spree meal you probably have noticed in a pictorial way. Maybe you have been wondering if I was going to ignore the whole thing and let it go at that. Well, I am not. Going right into it this minute, as a matter of fact. We are now a long way from ham and eggs. In fact, we are at the fruit melange—better known as fruit cup—stage. Just as a starter.

FRUIT MELANGE

Cut up as many kinds of fruit as you can come by. Strawberries—those first ones you can't resist, costly though they be as a diamond clip—pineapple, grapes, oranges—anything goes. Little white grapes add a lot, and canned cherries too. Chill until all is very cold and dress the fruit with honey and lemon juice. Makes a real nice beginning for a springtime meal.

Going on from here. The big noise in this luncheon *or* dinner (you can use this menu for either) is simply a chicken fricassee in a rice ring—and I can tell you that, made with thought and care, it is a very satisfactory dish indeed. Fricassee is an old stand-by for Sunday dinner up where I hailed from. But it makes a difference how it's made. This is how I do it.

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN

If you choose a chicken you may steam it; and if it is a fowl you're dealing with, guess you'll have to boil it. I get chickens because I like them better, but that is a matter of taste.

When the bird is very tender, take it out and cool it awhile. For a big rice ring there must be two chickens or one large fowl. Save the liquor from the steaming or boil-

Juice King

Finest in Home Juicers



Fresh fruit juices help keep your family fit...serve them often. And the quick, easy way to squeeze fruit juice is with JUICE KING. It's simple to use...easy to clean ...and smartly designed. JUICE KING will be back after Victory. Watch for it.

NATIONAL DIE CASTING COMPANY
Lincolnwood 45, Illinois



Early New England colonists, making maple sugar the old-fashioned way, did not match the flavor achieved by modern methods.

Rich in true maple sugar flavor

The Indians taught America's early settlers how to make syrup from maple sap. But they didn't know the secret of keeping the flavor always true, rich and uniform.

We blend maple sugar with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars which gives you—in every bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup—the same true maple sugar flavor. This blend enhances the maple flavor—makes it richer . . . more delicious . . . a real New England delicacy for your pancakes and waffles! Get it at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid
Syrup

ng, cool and take off all the fat. If there sn't enough broth (and you will want lenty), "extend" it with a jar or can of hicken broth. Helps a lot.

Cut the breasts of the chicken—go on, 'm going to say chicken, no matter *what* ou choose—into nice slices, no thinner han you can help. Take the rest of the neat from the bones, but don't cut it up nto dice. Leave the pieces sort of natural-ooking, if you know what I mean.

Make a Gravy

Put all the broth in a kettle. Melt about ⅓ cup of butter or margarine (here's he place to use the hicken fat instead). dd an equal quantity f flour to make a smooth oux—I mean a blended nixture to thicken with. When the broth is pretty arm but far this side of oiling, stir in the roux, lowly, and stir all the ime and let it cook while ou stir. Now, when it is s thick as heavy cream nd just as smooth, sea-on to taste with salt and hite pepper. Add a lit-le herb mixture meant or stews and cook a few inutes more. Pour part f this gravy over the hicken and keep the rest side.

The Rice Ring

Boil 2 cups of rice—this depends on the ze of the ring. Put it on in boiling salted ater and boil hard until the rice is done, nd, if you don't use too much water, ost of it will be gone by the time the rice done. Drain it in a large strainer or olander, and pour 2 or 3 quarts of hot wa-er through it to get rid of the starchy ok. Put it back in the dry kettle, cover it ith a folded towel and let it stand for alf an hour or so. Now grease the mold ell—and I mean really *grease* it, and not st carry it past a butter ball. Pack the ce in it firmly, but keep from pushing it down like an overstuffed sofa with a fat man on one end.

Set the mold in hot water and put it in a moderate oven—350° F. or thereabouts—for fifteen minutes, maybe twenty. Unmold on a hot platter. Fill the center with the chicken and gravy, pouring over at the last the gravy you saved out. Recall it? Be sure you've heated the chicken and the gravy as hot as hot can be. And put the dark meat under the white, for looks' sake only. Personally, I like dark meat best. So save me the drumsticks. (And this goes for turkey too.) When you serve this fine dish, you can get at both white and dark easily enough. And if you have too much gravy, put it in a gravy tureen and pass it. I mean too much to go in the ring. There won't be too much any other way. Folks love it.

This is a nice variation on the old familiar fricas-see with biscuits or with dumplings. But those are traditions. Nothing will ever really take their places. At least I think not.

A genuine eighteen-carat treat. That refers to asparagus, fresh or frozen. It hasn't raised its lovely head yet, in most gardens, anyway. Although I don't have to be told that there are *some* lucky people who gather roses and asparagus *any* old time. It's the climate.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Fine manners are a stronger bond than a beautiful face. The former binds; the latter only attracts.

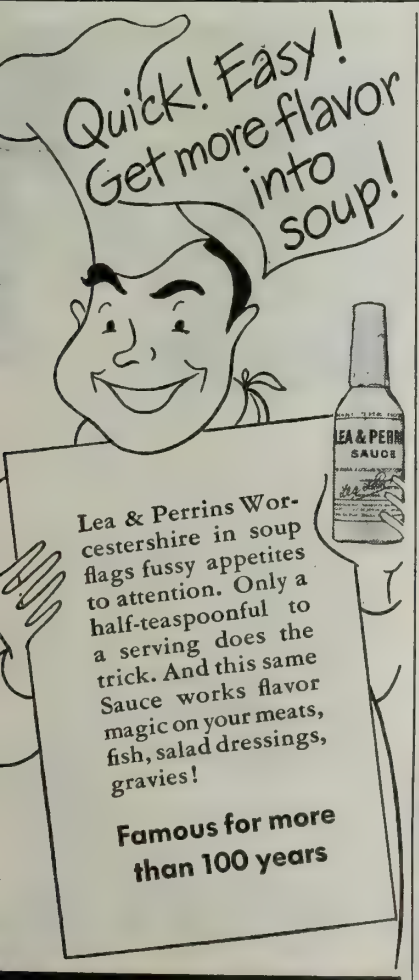
—LAMARTINE: Quoted in The Speaker's Desk Book. Edited by Martha Lupton (Maxwell Drake, Publisher).

Many married couples manage to patch up their old quarrels until they are as good as new ones.

—ANON. Esar's Comic Dictionary (Harvest House).

ASPARAGUS WITH CROUTONS

Cook the asparagus as usual, tied in bunches, heads above the water. They will cook from the steam. Drain well. Dress with salt and pepper and butter or—well, you know as well as I do and it's hard to spell. Begins with *m*. Arrange the asparagus on a platter with croutons. These are very small cubes of bread which have



Lea & Perrins Worcestershire in soup flags fussy appetites to attention. Only a half-teaspoonful to a serving does the trick. And this same Sauce works flavor magic on your meats, fish, salad dressings, gravies!

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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Hot B-V! It's becoming a national habit. So delicious, so satisfying. So downright meaty good. And, so simple to make. Try Hot B-V whenever a hot drink's the thing. They'll all love its tangy flavor. The smartest hot drink of all. Had your Hot B-V today?

The magic meat flavor with a hundred uses.
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B-V

Makes it taste better

SO QUICK! SO EASY!

NEW SPRING GARDEN SALAD

Just try this recipe with Veg-All Mixed Vegetables: Drain 1 can Veg-All, reserving liquid for soups or gravies. Combine drained Veg-All with ½ cup sliced stuffed olives, ¼ cup sliced sweet pickles, 3 diced, hard-cooked eggs, 1 cup shredded lettuce. Chill. Add tangy salad dressing to moisten (see recipe). Toss lightly. Cut tomatoes so that each tomato forms eight sections. Place on lettuce leaves petal-wise. Fill with salad. Top with hard-cooked egg and slice of stuffed olive.

A Vivacious Combination of fancy green and yellow vegetables is contained in each can of Veg-All . . . peeled, diced, cooked, ready-to-serve. Rich in vege-table flavor . . . high in vitamin retention. Get Veg-All, America's most popular mixed vegetables, at your store.

. . . and the dressing HAS ZIP!

Do try it! Here's real "Frenchy" tang. Just grate ½ clove garlic. Add 4 tsp. sugar, 3 tsp. salt, 3 tsp. paprika, ¼ tsp. dry mustard. Blend with back of spoon. Add ⅔ cup salad oil, 6 tbsp. vinegar. Place in covered jar. Shake until well-blended. Chill. Shake well before serving.



for You

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Dept. LHJ445, Green Bay, Wisconsin
Please send without charge new Salad Recipes. Also your booklet of Free "Time-Saver Recipes." Prepared and approved by leading home economists. Illustrated in color.

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For My Growth, Your Energy—

SERVE THE CEREAL SO MANY FOOD AUTHORITIES SERVE IN THEIR OWN HOMES!

What do Food Authorities serve their own families?

More than 460 Dietitians and Home Economists, all of them mothers of growing children, when recently questioned, agreed almost *unanimously* (96⅔%!) that the *hot* breakfast cereal is best for growing children and active adults.

And *hot oatmeal* was overwhelmingly their first choice—chosen for use in their own homes *3 to 1 over all other hot cereals combined!*

These experts know that no other natural cereal provides as much of 3 great Basic Vitality Elements* indispensable for normal growth, stamina and energy. They want these important advantages for themselves and for their own growing children.

See that *your* family has the superiorities of delicious, whole-grain Quaker Oats. Remember to get a big economical package of Quaker Oats today. In everything there's Always One That's Best.

*Protein, Food-Energy, Vitamin B_1

Delicious
Quaker Oats



been tossed in butter and fried or browned to a crisp brownness in the oven.

SALAD AS USUAL

Cucumbers, radishes, cress, lettuce, tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, all sliced or cut up and tossed in a bowl with French dressing—that's a salad. Put in a little basil. Rub the bowl with garlic or don't go near a clove of garlic. Or marinate a clove of same in the dressing. Or make your dressing with garlic vinegar—or some herb vinegar or good tarragon vinegar. See? You have such choice as only a man making a stained-glass window can boast of.

If you marinate the olives in the dressing and drain them well, you have no idea how much better they are. That is my idea and maybe good only for me. But try it, try it once.

Just you wait. What for? And haven't you been waiting on me for years and years, and what did it get you or what has it got you?

It has got you what you are going to learn about now, without more delay, as the announcers say. And that something is a Meringue-Lemon Tart. Notice I didn't say lemon-meringue pie, although you can have it either way, coming or going. In a moment you'll see what I mean.

MERINGUE-LEMON TART

First grease a glass pie plate very thoroughly—even on the rim—more thoroughly than you would even for a cake. Dust with flour and shake off the excess flour. Beat 3 egg whites with ⅛ teaspoon of salt, until stiff but not dry. Add 1 cup of sugar gradually—a tablespoonful at a time—beating well after each addition to dissolve the sugar before adding the next spoonful. Flavor with ½ teaspoon of vanilla. Spread this meringue in the prepared pie plate, setting aside about 4 tablespoons of the meringue. (Tell you why pretty soon.) Do not build the edges too high or it will swell over the edge when you bake it and get you into trouble when you cut and serve it. With the rest of the meringue make little rounds and put them on a greased tin cooky sheet. Bake the pie shell in a slow oven, 300° F., for twenty minutes. Reduce the heat to 275° F. and bake for fifteen minutes more. The little meringues will bake at the same time, though they take only about twenty-five minutes to become crisp. Leave the shell in the pie plate, but take off the little fellas and cool on a rack. When cool add lemon filling just a little while before serving and have the filling thoroughly cool but not chilled. Put the small meringues on top. Cut it carefully and lift it out gently.

The Filling: Mix 6 tablespoons of cornstarch, ⅛ teaspoon of salt and 1¼ cups of sugar together thoroughly. Add 2 cups of boiling water and the grated rind of 1 lemon. Stir until very smooth. Put in the top of a double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and light. Cover and cook twenty to thirty minutes or until you couldn't taste the cornstarch if you ate it all day. Add ¼ cup of butter or margarine. Pour the hot mixture over 3 egg yolks mixed with ½ cup of lemon juice. Beat until smooth as an alderman's promises. Return to the double boiler and cook about two minutes more. Cool it thoroughly at room temperature. Do not chill. (I said this before, and I mean it.) Pour into the pie and decorate with the small meringues. And here you have a lemon pie in a meringue shell! Different, eh? Try it.

Easy does it. So it's almost time to pin up the vines again and set out the iron benches and clean out the brook, at least get out the corsets, old overshoes and tin cans the brats threw in last fall. And as they got stuck on a log under the bridge, we never noticed them until this spring. Preserved as in water glass are the corsets. The vintage is apparently of the era of Empress Eugénie.

But, as I always say, easy does it. No need to lose our head. The brook is formidable now, rushing along like a wild horse—or is it wild horseman? Take it easy; if folks think those things belong to *me*, they are crazy. It doesn't worry me, not one bit.



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When you find the Nazareth label on infants' and children's underwear you can buy with the assurance that sizes are correct—quality is dependable and the prices are moderate.

Nazareth is making as many garments as wartime conditions permit, and is also devoting a large part of its facilities to the manufacture of goods for our armed forces.

For the past 58 years millions of mothers have preferred Nazareth underwear for their youngsters because it is so good.

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Nazareth
INFANTS' & CHILDREN'S
UNDERWEAR
AND SLEEPERS



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You want *your* child to have lovely hair now *and* later in life, don't you? Well, that's why you should care for your child's hair with Packer's Tar Soap.

No safer soap for the "tender age." Thick, quick suds cleanse gently, rinse easily . . . leave the hair soft and gleaming . . . the scalp clean and refreshed. Children find the rich pine-cone color and piney odor delightful.

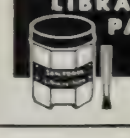
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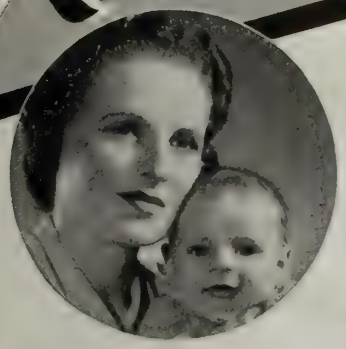


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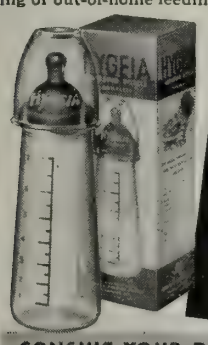
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WE WON'T BEAT PARIS ON FASHIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

Frenchwomen's fashions are designed to increase the appreciation of men, and are often designed *by* appreciative men. They are designed to keep women interesting to men, hence the constant changes in them. "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"—as was said of Cleopatra—is an object to be achieved through woman's dress, according to the French. Let it be whimsical, bizarre even, girlish here and queenly there, but let it be differentiated, individual, fascinating, changeful. Let the lady who wears those hats and gowns be as brilliant as Madame Curie, as witty as Colette; let her be, if her talents so decree, an adviser to a prime minister, a writer on mathematics, a director of an industry; but never let her forget, nor anyone else forget, that she is first, last and all the time a woman. Let her dress never be standardized. Let her sacrifice the practical to the interesting. Maybe, under the frivolous hat, is as hard a head as ever sat on a captain of industry. Let her use the head—but by all means camouflage it. The powerful brain would be intolerable with a masculinelike exterior to advertise it. Behind an alluring getup, it is exciting.

If a woman is too buxom for the prevailing fashion and goes to a first-rate American dressmaker, she will be urged to slim her figure down, and excite a look of disdain. If she goes to a first-rate French dressmaker, she is likely to be told, "Ah, madame, the gentlemen do not always prefer the skinny ones. Madame has warm eyes and a most lovely skin, and very pretty ankles, and we shall bring those out."

CHOOSE ONE

Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: Quoted in Modern Marriage and How to Bear It. Maud Churton Braby (Mitchell Kennerly).

If a businesswoman goes to an American tailor to order a "nicely cut, appropriate business suit," she will get it without argument. But if she goes to a French tailor he will say, "Madame is a businesswoman? How very clever! But should you advertise it? The men when they look at you should not think of the business, but of the pretty woman who is so competent besides. That is also, madame, good for the business. So not the tailored suit, madame, like anyone might wear; and not brown or gray or navy blue like the men wear, but—for you, madame—green, like the eyes that are green too." And if you say, "But I do not think it is very practical," he will say, "Ah, madame, it is most impractical not to be beautiful."

And what woman would disagree with that dictum?

For, I maintain, this is first-rate feminine psychology, and masculine too. I have known many distinguished women, but I have never known one who would not secretly sacrifice some few atoms at least of her intellect for an additional shot of sheer physical beauty, or fascination, or charm. What is wrong with that? Isn't it a trait in women which keeps the human race going, and makes life infinitely more attractive than it would otherwise be?

So I say that as long as French civilization rates femininity so very high, Paris will be the center of women's fashions, and the hat or the frock from Paris will have a special magic for the wife of an American businessman, a British diplomat or a Russian commissar.

And meanwhile the American mass production clothing industry will work up Parisian designs and their own into the best clothes for the money worn by any women in the world.



I hope you will reach for the lasting things

Not only for beauty of face, but of character . . .

for sublime courage . . . sympathy . . . warmth.

These enduring values I wish you, my daughter!

AND NOW, WHILE YOU GROW, we will build other lasting assets . . .

a sound set of teeth, a well-shaped head, a fine, full chest, a strong back and straight legs . . .

FOR MORE-THAN-SURFACE BEAUTY—Give your baby the critical element she needs *every day* to transform the minerals in her food into a sound, strong framework. Critical Vitamin D is supplied by Squibb Cod Liver Oil. Give it *regularly* to your baby. Squibb Cod Liver Oil—"baby's beauty bottle"—also supplies her with essential Vitamin A.

Will your baby build sound teeth?

Two groups of children—5 to 15 years old—were studied recently. One group received extra Vitamin D and developed *only half as many* cavities as the children not receiving it . . . Suggestion: For sounder teeth, continue to give *your* growing child Squibb Cod Liver Oil daily.



Little Vitamin D—twice as many cavities

More Vitamin D—



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SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

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"So I waved my wand – and there stood a beautiful princess!"

How a clever mother learned to work real magic with Singer Sewing Lessons.



"NOT SO LONG AGO, my little Betsy looked more like an orphan child than a princess!

"She'd outgrown everything she owned—before the material had even *started* to wear. And when I priced children's clothes—whew!

"I was nearly desperate, when I heard about Singer's Lessons in Make-Over and Alterations . . . lucky day for me!

"I took my problems to my Singer Sewing Center*—and those wonderful Singer experts showed me how to fix up all of Betsy's outgrown clothes—from party dresses to coats!

"Do you know—Betsy's clothes look smarter and prettier now than when they were new! Is she proud of them—and am *I!*"



"I'm Saving Real Money! Singer lessons are so low-priced—only $1.50 for 2 hours of personal instruction—or $10 for a course of 8 lessons. (And when you make things over, it's like getting new ones free!) Now I'm planning to take lessons in Home Dressmaking and Home Decoration, too!"





"I've Learned Tricks with Braid! You'd never guess this little dress was pieced. Isn't the braid pretty?—I found it (surprise!) at Singer's own Notion Counter. Every Singer Sewing Center has a *complete* one!"



"I'm So Pleased With Singer Sewing Services! Singer made the buttonholes on this set-in front panel. They do custom-made belts and buttons . . . picot . . . hemstitch, too!"



"I'm Dreaming of a New Singer Sewing Machine! I discovered some new ones are still available. Of course, you have to wait your turn. (And Singer Centers are the *only* places to buy reconditioned Singers in good running order. Also machines can be rented by the month for home use or by the hour at Singer Centers.)"

*Singer Sewing Centers are listed in the telephone directory under Singer Sewing Machine Company and are identified by the Famous Red "S" on the windows.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

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D-DAY AGAINST TB

(Continued from Page 39)

ecause there was no room. New York's ige Sea View, for instance, once had 1900 atients in overcrowded wards—and 900 aiting to get in. With prolonged sanatorium ed rest and exhaustive observation crucially nportant in modern handling of TB, length- ing most patients' stay in theory, crowded ards and waiting lists are heavy handicaps r conscientious staff doctors.

Dr. A. N. Aitken, director of the Niagara ounty sanatorium in New York State, mous for its rehabilitation of TB sufferers, is a short answer for the question of how e gets such results: "This place was built g enough for the community. It never had waiting list. I pray heaven it never will." he nation at large probably has a potential aiting list of twice as many as it has in bed. To get back to figures, care for 60,000 ew sanatorium patients might cost the na- on $240,000,000 a year. Important money ain, but not for long: if practically all open ses were in sanatoriums, the number of ew cases needing beds would fall off rapidly. ine tenths of such facilities would probably e empty in ten years, for lack of new TB ctims to fill them. We could burn down ne out of ten sanatoriums in public cele- ation and still have made money, because e would be saving the bulk of that annual ,000,000,000 that TB needlessly costs. ublic-health experts, however, are quick to oint out that all such newly empty hospital uildings will be invaluable for the care of ronic disease—cancer, heart trouble, ar- ritis and others—which will be more and ore of a problem as our population grows der. Compare such a figure with the mere 0,000,000 which the United States Public ealth Service has just asked for—and not et been voted by Congress as this is writ- n—as appropriation for work in TB pre- ention and control.

Even so, that sum can be utterly useful. Much of it may be used to increase case-finding work. Time was when the TB world hoped to get the cost of an X-ray chest examination down to $5 a head, which would have been an excellent investment. Now streamlined new techniques and use of microfilm have reduced that astoundingly, with Canadian authorities reporting, for instance, that they check large groups at an over-all cost of around 20 cents a chest. Especially built examining trucks, making the rounds of war plants in places like Philadelphia, can put factory personnel through the X-ray mill at a rate of sixty an hour. In one or another degree of gravity, TB shows up in one out of fifty checked. A stunning piece of work—only it must not be forgotten that such dragnet campaigns are pointless unless the community has sanatorium facilities for all such patients that need them.

Since smaller films are not so finely detailed as the old-time full-size pictures, the best procedure uses microfilm for preliminary screening and confirms suspicions with big films. That can start saving lives right away. But sometimes lack of previous checkup leads to tragedy. There was that Philadelphia war worker, a middle-aged man who swore he had never missed a day's work in his life, still at it six days a week, in whose right lung the camera showed a cavity as big as his own burly fist. He's dead now. A year or so earlier, X ray and a sanatorium might have saved him.

Until that hoped-for anti-TB drug comes along—as it will someday—conquering the disease in the individual is relatively simple—not easy. Put him in bed. Let a nourishing, high-resistance diet and lack of drain on energy help his body lick the bugs, which it usually can manage. If necessary, collapse

(Continued on Page 155)

CALOT OR BERET?





WHATEVER style you choose, we have a pattern for it. With a small length of fabric, a little spare time and a JOURNAL pattern you can create a hat that will delight you or your daughter. Order one of the patterns described below—or write for our complete list of JOURNAL hat and bag patterns which we send free on request.

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cause of the uncertainties of wartime transportation, booklets may be late arriving at destination. If your order es not reach you on time, please do not write complaining of delay. The delay is caused by conditions, arising after your order has left Philadelphia, beyond our control.

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97. FIGURE-EIGHT HAT. Just a twisted strip of checked gingham or white or pastel piqué. Easy to make and comfortable to wear. 5c.
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92. BEACH HAT. Simply a wide, wide brim to make of bedticking and trim with felt. 5c.
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Get those old timers into the fight!



Those old magazines, newspapers, cartons, pasteboard boxes, Christmas Cards, Valentines, letters of long ago, and other paper you've stored away are needed right now for front-line duty.

Such waste paper is being converted as fast as possible into containers that carry ammunition, blood plasma and food to all of our fighting men.

So urgently is waste paper needed that everybody should consider it a "must" to search their attics, basements, storerooms, libraries, desks, closets and shelves for this vital material.

The situation is so acute that even this magazine should be turned in for salvage as soon as you and your family have finished reading it.

Cooperate with the paper salvage drive in your community. Watch your daily paper for announcements about the collection of scrap paper.

(Continued from Page 153)

nfected lung by internal pressure—this neumothorax—or by surgery, with the acoplasty operation. Keep him in bed nprovement develops, for this is a long, process, calling for great precaution. his eventual getting up take place by l gradations, to make sure he doesn't dicap his body in the closing rounds of battle. Train him to conserve physical nervous energy the rest of his life, to d against physical running down that nt bring about recurrence.

nat's all. It works. Since such a regimen be set up practically anywhere if doc- nurses and beds are available, climate elatively unimportant these days. In e of many new victims' wishful insistence they can get ample and untroubled bed at home, sanatorium care is thoroughly cated, because so few households have er the room or the rigidly disciplined ts essential to proper treatment, not to tion the ever-present risk of infecting family. The sanatorium is no panacea, rated from other anti-TB measures, but oes give optimum protection to both ent and public.

ne difficulty, of course, is that TB vic- are human beings, a fact that, even r sanatorium conditions, makes han- g them one of the most exacting personal- ions jobs in all medicine. Dragnet case ng and an ample supply of beds are all well. But, unless victim can be kept ed—willingly and peratively—his ces of recovery are slimmer than they ld be.

or human beings ll subject to emo-, and TB sufferers o exception. "Just everybody else," e expert's descrip- "only having to more of a beat- Psychiatrists take stock nowadays e old notions that rculosis stimulates e of the more per- l emotions. That ngs in the same as the idea that onsumptive young en have hectic red s on their cheeks are fatally fascinating. But, being a cross on of normal people, those coming down TB react much as you would yourself d by a doctor, however tactfully, that had to drop everything in life—job, e, marriage, freedom of movement—and bed and stay there for undetermined hs or years, under penalty of death, unded by strangers in a similar state voluntarily suspended animation.

sounds like, and can be, a nightmare. plucky way most patients take it is a nding credit to both the human race the canny skill with which doctors le them.

instance, they mustn't worry. But is a young mother who had to leave id a husband and two children. Here oung fellow whose job used to support lderly mother and a crippled aunt. ng them not to worry sounds like, and is, a very bad joke. For another detail their community may have skipped is ding especially intelligent and generous care for the dependents of TB victims. disease hits oftenest and hardest below 3000 income mark; and even in com- ties where relief is readily got at, it is inadequate in amount. The family of a TB case need more than the bare neces- They have been "massively" exposed e the case was diagnosed and, without nourishing food and healthy living ers, the chances that some one of them lso develop TB are cruelly high. Con- y, real assurance that the home folks l right is the best possible way to start a new patient on the long, exacting road to recovery.

The sanatorium's worst problem, as patients improve under skillful handling, often is to keep them convinced they are still ill. Gaining weight, gnawed at by lack of mental stimulus, homesick and yet full of a treacherous feeling of energy, they plead earnestly for release.

"Lemme go home, doc," is the gist of it. "My folks can take care of me same as you do here and feed me up and all. I'm going nuts in this place. I feel O.K., I never felt better in my life. Why can't I get out of here?"

TIME and again, patiently and at length, the doctor explains that feelings are one thing, X-ray plates and properly spaced sputum and gastric-lavage tests are quite another; that his experience makes it critically clear that months must still elapse before his professional conscience will let this eloquent patient go. Time and again it fails to work. The patient leaves regardless—"without medical consent" is the phrase in the sanatorium records—and headshaking follows him out the door. It is well justified. The chances are high that a few months will see him back, riddled with germs again, three times as badly off as when he first entered, all because this treacherous disease makes a sardonic specialty of fooling its victims, and there is no psychologically advisable way of keeping him in the sanatorium against his will.

Stories about big pay for war work have done a lot of damage in tuberculosis. It takes a lot of resolution to stay in an institution when your folks are on relief and you feel like a fighting cock and you know that, if you were home, you could be making $50 a week take-home pay. Damage came at the admissions end, too, with sanatorium populations falling off here and there, empty beds actually appearing as admissions slacked—because, experts think, people who should have started treatment for TB were preferring to stay out of bed and earn big war wages.

This problem of "get them under treatment and keep them there" often becomes so acute that compulsion is tried. It sounds paradoxical to record simultaneously that the nation lacks enough sanatorium beds and that occasionally people have been forced into sanatoriums. Actually, it makes sense: certain irresponsible individuals can be too dangerous. Ordinarily, only persuasion is used to keep patients from walking out. But, in the past few years, public-health authorities in communities like Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, the District of Columbia have experimented with using their sweeping police powers to protect the public against TB much as if it were smallpox. The courts have usually cooperated in flagrant cases.

In Philadelphia, for instance, a vacant building in a public hospital was set aside as a sanatorium and, with a police guard at the door, used for compulsory hospitalization of some fifty "open" cases who had refused to behave. Care is the same as it would be in a regular sanatorium. The outstanding case was a man with a record of six walkouts from different sanatoriums who was found in a rooming house habitually spitting out the window on his landlady's wash hanging in the back yard.

In four years, however, Philadelphia has not carried matters much beyond fifty of the most irresponsible patients at a time, and the same is true of the scale of the idea in other places. "The human equation," explains one doctor, "is just too tough to

WASTED THRIFT

An old lady of my acquaintance was reviewing her past on a recent birthday when someone asked her if she would make any changes in her life if she had it to live over.

"Yes," she replied emphatically, "I would. I'd be a little foolish now and then instead of so very practical." Surprise showed in the faces of those about her and she hastened to explain: "All my life I've made a point of being prudent. I've worn only clothes that were long-wearing and wouldn't show the dirt; had no furniture that wasn't solid and useful; cooked nothing but plain, nourishing meals. And I'm not one bit better off today than if I'd had the blue velvet dress I longed for and the lamp with the hard-to-dust prisms that I wanted."

—MARIETTA BUELL: Quoted in Your Life.

NEW DESSERT IDEAS

...for now, and when the boys come home!

You're sure to want the recipes
...and there's the coupon below



COFFEE-PECAN RENNET-CUSTARD

Your whole family loves milk in this sophisticated dress . . . and these desserts are easy to make: no eggs, no cooking! The rennet enzyme makes milk easy to digest, too. **Serve rennet-custards often—you can always buy either**

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Make it with *light* cream in your automatic refrigerator or hand freezer . . . it'll be smooth as velvet, good as it is beautiful. No sugar! No beating! **Till the war's over you may not get all you want of**

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DANISH DESSERT PIE

"Easy as pie" to make this beautiful dessert . . . just add water and boil one minute! Danish dessert is a favorite dish in all Scandinavia, flavored with real fruit juices and flavors. **Scarcity of these juices may make it temporarily hard for you to get**

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WALNUT FUDGE

Easiest-to-make fudge you ever made! Smooth, creamy, delicious—with *no* beating, only 4 minutes' cooking! Chocolate and penuche flavors. **Sorry—for the duration you won't be able to buy**

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BRAND

Her parents are Doctors—



5-months-old Joel is a mighty lucky little lady. *Both* her mother and father are doctors!* So you can be sure she's being watched over with expert eyes! The result? Look at her picture and see how she's thriving!

Joel at 5 months

At birth she weighed	*Now she weighs*
6 pounds 2 ounces	16 pounds
At birth her height was	*Now her height is*
20 inches	25 inches

Her cereal is CLAPP'S!

Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals

—because in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—

3 times as much Iron as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

2½ times as much Vitamin B_1 as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

Vitamin B_1—100 U.S.P. units
Vitamin G—0.18 mg.
Iron—6 mg.
Calcium—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.



No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Names on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

Ask your Doctor!

handle compulsorily in any but the worst possible situations." True, that knowledge that a court order can be got if all persuasion fails has been very useful in last resort, when a new-found case is too ignorant or frightened to behave. But the emotional angle is so important, the idea of legal confinement for an undramatic disease so shocking, that Philadelphia has even been taking the cop away from the door. They figure the risk of a getaway is less than the damage done by that blue-coated reminder.

Emotional pressures not only tempt patients out of the sanatorium sooner than is safe. They also heavily handicap their fight with the disease. Any good doctor knows that in any disease, the unwilling, disturbed or frightened invalid has less chance of recovery; this is signally true in TB.

Years ago a famous French doctor proved that, in consequence of wondering why new drugs intended to combat TB always did unaccountably well in early trials and then fizzled away into eventual disappointment. He announced he was going to try a promising new drug with a fancy name on a large group of his patients and compare the results with those among untreated patients—standard experimental procedure. The new drug was actually plain salt water, equivalent to the old-time doctor's bread pill. But it worked wonders. Used on the experimental group with much ceremony, it produced many rapid improvements, whereas the control group showed no unusual changes.

That is not comic in the slightest. Those patients were merely responding with physical improvement to a sense of new hope and special care; for in this war of body against bacillus, morale is as important a factor as in any other war.

MARRIAGE

Success in marriage largely depends on good cooking; out of the kitchen comes the tune.

—IRISH PROVERB.

Children are natural mimics. They act like their parents in spite of every effort to teach them good manners.

While lying flat on his back, sleepless because it's tough sleeping after you nap so much in the daytime, the TB patient has plenty of time to think. Even if all is well at home, even if he is convinced he will eventually recover, he badly needs reassurance about his personal future. He probably entered the sanatorium jitterily aware of old wives' tales about how "consumptives" are forever lost to life, systemic cripples, unable to earn or enjoy themselves, burdens on their families by definition. That slant on TB has done just as much damage as the old idea that the disease comes of a "hereditary taint."

His doctors must not only persuade him of the wild exaggeration of such notions; they must do it for his emotions as well as his mind. He must be brought to feel that, with care, he can live a real life after they shake his hand and send him home for good. So, along with training in precautions he must take in daily life, a good sanatorium also tries to reintroduce him to living by way of a "rehabilitation" program. Much of that is standard "occupational therapy"—handicrafts like bookbinding, leatherwork, modeling, anything absorbing that will bring back a sense of physical activity and purposive action. But much more is cleverly aimed at getting him back on the track of responsibility and earning, helping him to dramatize his approaching release.

Maybe his old job as a telephone lineman will be too strenuous. But aptitude tests show he has a good head for figures and an instinct for neatness, so he can start learning mechanical drafting or bookkeeping right there in the sanatorium while his cure is finishing up. That feels wonderfully like business. As he learns, he is gradually let do

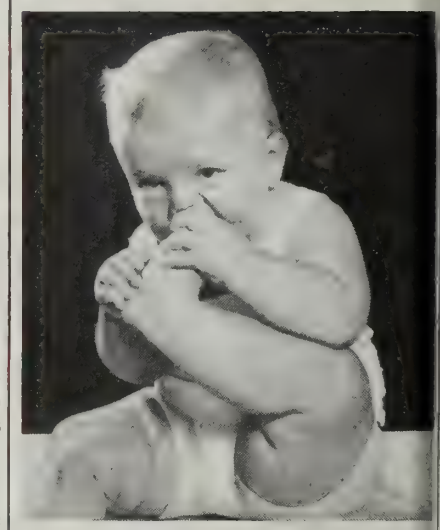
Chix is the easy-does-it diaper!



EASY is the word for CHIX gauze diapers! Easy on baby's velvet skin, because the bird's-eye weave is so unbelievably soft. Easy on mother, too, for CHIX wash in a whizz and dry in a jiffy!

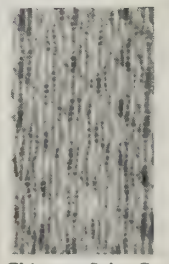
DOES a wonderful job of helping to keep baby drier, because the special CHIX weave is extra-absorbent and holds moisture, so "wet" is less apt to spread and soak baby's shirt and other clothes.

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more and more until, just before discharge, he is handling a fully active day's work, even skipping the afternoon nap that becomes a compelling habit with TB patients. If he had tried a full day right after walking out on his own, his illusion that he was fit as ever would probably have crashed in a breakdown. As it is, with the sanatorium staff making sure he never quite overdoes, chances of his recovery's sticking are immensely enhanced.

No one institution developed this approach; it grew up in response to unmistakable need all over. The famous Altro shops in New York's Bronx, for instance, have long been making able-to-earn garmentworkers out of arrested TB cases by skilled attention to training, working conditions and increasing loads. At Niagara, the place that never had a waiting list, rehabilitation proves up marvelously. Its cleverly handled all-over program combines occupational therapy with an adult education setup which the patients themselves started twelve years ago, aimed at job training because the depression had made things so specially tough for discharged TB patients. By subtle gradations you are worked up to studying most standard business subjects or photography or commercial art, or dietetics and sewing if you are a woman with household responsibilities coming up—all at a pace suiting your needs and what you hope to do when discharged.

The sanatorium itself is used as training ground, with patients earning pay at going rates at the switchboard, in the laboratory, the X-ray rooms, at nursing and maintenance chores, in dietetics and four or five other activities. From the girl on the switchboard to the housewife type making beds on the fifth floor, no outsider can tell which are patients and which are on the staff. It helps pay their bills; it produces "work tolerance"; but, most important of all, it feels like living again. Niagara's director counts it his greatest triumph that the "loafer's slouch," the discouraged slump characteristic of the emotionally deflated TB sufferer, is never seen in his institution.

THE peculiar beauty of it is that such programs are admirable for keeping patients in the sanatorium. This emphasis on intelligently preparing to leave makes it easier to stay. In one instance, well-handled rehabilitation cut the proportion of patients leaving without medical consent—walking out, no matter what the doctor said—from 25 per cent to 10 per cent in a very short time. It would be worth while for that reason alone.

Such rehabilitation isn't a guaranty of clear sailing after discharge, of course. State job-training agencies have been known to refuse to bother with discharged TB patients as so likely to break down that they aren't worth spending public funds on. Many employers, ignorantly apprehensive, refuse to hire anybody who was ever in a sanatorium. And many relatives and friends of discharged patients make exhibitions of themselves by mutterings about "Do we have to sterilize the dishes?" There are heartbreaking tales like that of the young fellow on the verge of discharge, planning to visit his brother and family on his way home, only to get a letter telling him to do no such thing: "We'd like to see you, but, after all, we have to protect ourselves."

Such kicks in the teeth are all the more sickening because unnecessary—in no such case is infection risk actually present, if the former patient behaves himself as he has been carefully trained to. That sort of thing is another good reason why anti-TB planners always put continued public education first.

They are unquestionably right to do so. The war has decimated sanatorium staffs, handicapped follow-ups on the families of known cases, and kept out of sanatoriums a great many people who should be in them. Once the shooting is over, however, the big blow can be struck. If the public knew vividly what enough beds, enough case finding and enough rehabilitation could do, the TB menace would now be in the same boat that the Nazi menace was in when the Allies went ashore in Normandy on D day.

"I've solved the Baby Powder mystery!"



"Ps-s-t, read this inside story"

"I used to think baby powders were all alike, but look at these differences . . .

- **Most baby specialists** all over the country say that Mennen is the best baby powder* . . .
- **Comparing 3 leading baby powders** . . . microscopic tests show that *Mennen* is smoothest of all! (No wonder, 'cause a special Mennen process makes this powder satin-smooth) . . .
- **3 out of 4 doctors** say baby powder should be *antiseptic;* being *antiseptic,* Mennen powder helps fight harmful germs . . .

"So, Mom, ple-e-eze help protect my delicate skin against painful chafing, prickly heat, scalded buttocks and other skin troubles—with the *best* baby powder, and I do mean *Mennen!* It makes me smell so sweet, too."

*According to surveys

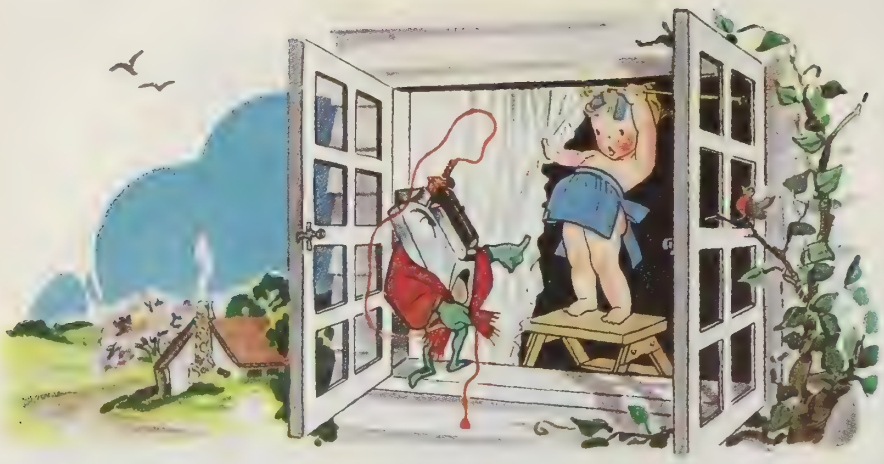
"Mom, buy me the best... Mennen!"





Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion.*

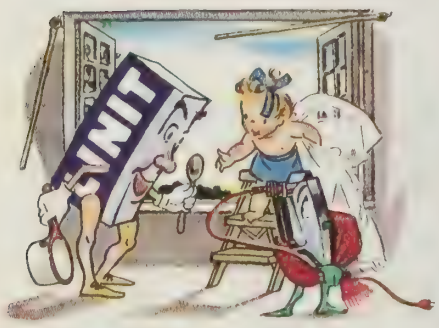
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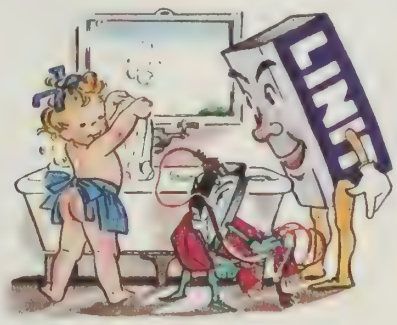
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"...it's my iron decision that curtains are silly!
Their slow poke-y frills get me shivery, chilly."
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The slick, handsome starch that saves many a minute.



And now
"Meet Master Linit.
He's really perfection
To iron—to flatter
a curtain's complexion!

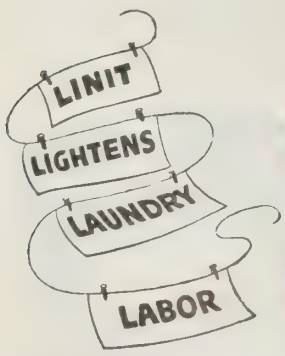


Here's how—
"We wash our curtains
As clean as a breeze—
Then Linit will starch them
with elegant ease.



Quick mix—
"He blends half cupfuls
of water and Linit—
Then adds boiling water—
It's done in a minute!"

Clicks!
Well, do look at Sad Iron,
gay and alive-y!
With Linit his work is so
happy and jive-y!





If *you* have a Sad Iron
balky at chores—
Get Linit tomorrow
at all grocery stores.

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The Hygiene of Children's Imagination

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

"Should I discourage my child's make-believe play?"

No. Imagination is the most active part of the child's mental life. When such play is discouraged, imagination will seek an outlet in other channels. Daydreaming may become excessive when the imagination cannot be exercised in games or self-amusement.

"Don't fairy stories give a child a morbid imagination?"

Children's stories have been criticized usually by people afraid of their own imaginations. Since children have vivid imaginations, these stories can become more real to them than real life. So the child must be guided to look upon such stories as a form of make-believe. In reading the adventures of Alice in Wonderland, for example, say "Of course these things don't really happen, but isn't it fun to pretend they might?"

"But I feel certain some of these give my child night terrors."

Quite possibly. Some of these stories feature undesirably cruel or fearsome experiences. It is not until children are around five years old that they can distinguish between fact and imagination. The more imaginative stories should be reserved until they are of school age.

"Isn't it undesirable to read them ANY stories at bedtime?"

Rather the opposite. Imagination is especially active in the drowsy period before sleep. If stories are told them, or read to them, only after they get into bed it makes going to bed a delight. Don't read a bedtime story in the living room. Make it the unvarying habit to have the story after they are in bed. Read in a soothing, low voice. A make-believe story induces the imaginative frame of mind that is the first stage of sleep itself.

"But don't bedtime stories stimulate dreaming?"

The child will dream anyway. He starts dreaming when he is about six months old, if not earlier. But he may have a different sort of dream after a story than if he is simply put to bed and left.

"I am worried about imaginary people my child pretends to play with."

Don't worry. Many children have imaginary playmates. Sometimes they imagine an entire family, living in an imaginary house in the back yard. It is usually the more intelligent children who pretend about imaginary playmates. The sensible parent accepts imaginary playmates as a natural thing.

"Is it all right, then, to join in children's imaginative play?"

It is more than all right—it is desirable. Children are born dramatists, but many parents are matter-of-fact, prosaic. It helps the parent to understand and guide the child by taking part in imaginative play.

"Is it right to use their imagination to discipline children?"

It is, if it is used properly. Many problems of discipline can be solved by appealing to the child's imagination. Mothers have told me they find their young children more enjoyable when the mother herself makes many little daily problems into a game of make-believe. But children quickly catch on if the mother joins in their play only to get something done—especially the child with a contrary streak.

"It seems to me that some of the lies children tell are just imagination working overtime."

Most so-called lies of young children are just that. Remember that it is not until around school age that children can plainly tell dreams and imaginations from fact. They cannot be safely disciplined for lying until old enough to understand what a falsehood is.

"Why does my child say that Sunday school is blue and the movies are pink?"

That is a form of linked imagination. Some people associate colors with everyday things which are lacking in color. This is known technically as synesthesia, and is perfectly healthy although it is rare. A parent should look forward to some unusual accomplishments by a child who has this form of imagination.

"Does make-believe play show the occupation a child should follow?"

Many parents believe so. But no safe vocational guidance can be given in childhood, except for those rare exceptions who are prodigies. Make-believe is very different from actual ability. In addition, the make-believe interests change many times as the child becomes older.

"My child becomes so absorbed in daydreams he does not hear us call him to meals."

Daydreaming is imagination turned inward. Make-believe play is imagination put to work. Unhappiness may turn the imagination from active playing into passive daydreaming. Children can't stop daydreaming by merely being told to; the reason that lies behind the inward turning of their imagination must be found. This is a job for a specialist.

"Does make-believe play determine a child's character?"

It does not determine its character so often as it indicates trends in the child's character. Making believe that imaginary playmates or dolls are being punished, or that they have caught diseases, for example, may indicate a hostile attitude toward the parents. Make-believe does not cause this attitude, but merely reflects it. An expert can learn a great deal about a child's real nature by watching his make-believe play.

"Why does my child say he can see people in the clouds?"

Because he has a vivid imagination. Children see many more things of this sort than their parents do, or than the parents realize their children do. To understand a child we must understand his ever-active imagination which makes a sand pile a fairyland, a tattered toy his closest friend.



(Sing to the tune of The Man on the Flying Trapeze)

They float through the air—and kersplash in a tub
Where Swan gives 'em all a delightful, pure scrub.
The babies adore it—can't wait for their rub!
Gentle Swan is the soap of their dreams!

The doctors and mamas with praises are wild.
Swan's pure as castiles! Oh, so sudsy and mild!
It helps keep you rosy and fresh as a child!
Gentle Swan is the soap of your dreams!

So float through your day with the greatest of ease,
Swan dishes or duds or whatever you please!.
Swan's gentle and mild—with your skin it agrees!
Buy pure Swan—it's the soap of your dreams!



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An adorable color print of the Merry-go-round Swan babies above is yours for only 10¢ (to cover cost of mailing and handling).



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He Needs Your Wisest Love in a War-Changed World!

TODAY you must love your baby not only with all your heart . . . but with all your wisdom. Now, when medical care is so often hard to get, he depends more than ever on *your* watchful, intelligent care to keep him safe and strong.

His greatest danger—the "other fellow's cold"

One danger only you can guard your baby against is the "other fellow's cold." An ordinary cold, carelessly passed on, can be the start of a dread illness for your tiny baby; in fact, no other illness causes so many fatalities among infants as respiratory infections and their frightening complications.

The best possible way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to see that he never comes in contact with it. But suppose a member of your family gets a cold—or you yourself?

Guard him with a protective mask

The next best thing to keeping your baby completely isolated from every person with a cold is to reduce the risk of contagion with a protective mask. Wear one yourself, if you have a cold, whenever you are near him and when you prepare his food. . . and make no exception to this rule for any other person.

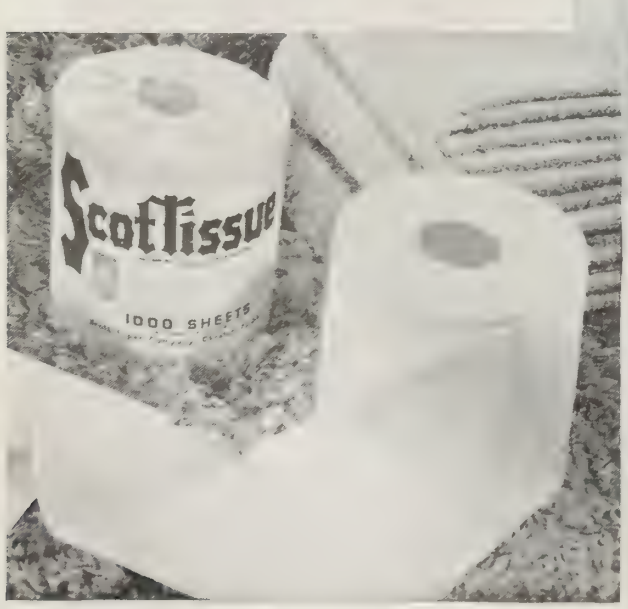
Tissue mask quick and easy to make

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can easily make an emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs, and greatly reduce the danger of contagion.

Never before has it been so vitally important to keep your baby strong and well . . . to take these wise protective measures against the serious danger of respiratory infection.



Tiny hands, reaching out so trustingly . . . a symbol of how much your baby needs your strength and wisdom . . . a need that is greater than ever today when the world is faced with a serious medical shortage.



THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture

MARY LOUISE BARRETT



The best weapon against tuberculosis is watchfulness.

Fighting Tuberculosis

IS EVERYBODY'S JOB

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN
President, Chicago Board of Health

TUBERCULOSIS increases in wartime. This doesn't mean that medical science has failed. Actually, the person with tuberculosis has a better chance of recovery today than ever before. But, during war, it is difficult to relieve or control such conditions as crowded living quarters, inadequate rest and improper diet. These conditions help spread tuberculosis.

Checking tuberculosis is everybody's job. Mothers, especially, have these responsibilities: Guard against fatigue. Give children the right foods. Make sure no one in the family has tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is not inheritable, but tiny babies may catch it easily from others in the household. Babies have little resistance to tuberculosis and often die quickly if the disease gains a foothold. Usually, however, the tubercle bacillus works slowly—insidiously. Most often it attacks the lungs, where darkness, warmth and moisture provide lush surroundings for its growth.

Nature furnishes our best weapon for fighting this deadly germ. As yet, no drug has been found which will kill or suppress it. Where sulphas and even wonder-working penicillin fail, the body's own defenses, however, often succeed. Tough, fibrous tissue is built up around the infected area. Unless tuberculosis germs get a head start, this tissue wall hardens and traps them inside. Often they never escape; then the infected person does not become ill with tuberculosis. Sometimes the germs remain trapped and inactive for a long period, but break out finally and produce the symptoms of active tuberculosis.

In most cases, the disease gives some notice of its presence while it is still curable. Here are symptoms the mother should look for: loss of appetite, loss of weight, undue fatigue, persistent cough, fever. Any of these should be reason for an examination by the doctor.

But the fact that tuberculosis can gain headway without producing these or any other signs is a powerful argument for medical examinations every year—especially for children. By listening with instruments and tapping the chest with his fingers, the doctor may find questionable areas; then he will make further tests to see whether or not tuberculosis has invaded the body.

In one test, a substance called tuberculin is used. If an inflammation, or "reaction," appears, the person is known to have

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



"D'ya feel uncomfortable, mom...I hope?"



BABY: Remember *now* what it's like to be a baby, Mom!

MOM: Whew—what a life babies do lead! People doing this to you—that to you—and *so* many things to make your skin scratchy and irritated!

BABY: My complaint exactly, Mom. Guess now you're in the mood to listen—when I yell for Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: You bet I am—just *ask* me!

BABY: Please may I have some nice, pure Johnson's Baby Oil, to smooth all over me and help prevent what my doc calls "urine irritation"? And, please, some soft, smooth Johnson's Powder, for times when chafes and prickles bother me?



MOM: Lamb—from now on, I'll do right by you!

BABY: You and Johnson's, Mom! Just *wait* till you see how those smoother-uppers agree with my pink pelt!



Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson



Which "Meal-time Mutiny" is your Problem?



1. Is your youngster a "dessert hound"? Perhaps he refuses to eat much of anything but sweets. Well, try tempting him with delicious, nourishing Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner—all children love it. Then watch his appetite perk up!



2. Does she veto those vegetables? Maybe she turns away from foods that supply needed vitamins and minerals. That appetite-tempting sauce in Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner is a blend of rich, hearty vegetables.



3. Is your child a "delayed-action" eater? Nothing is any more annoying than a child who toys with his regular meal, then says he's hungry two hours later. He'll eat his fill *at mealtime* when you serve Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner.



4. Or does she demand special dishes? It's no fun, having to fix extra dishes to coax a finicky child's tastes. She'll join with the whole family in enjoying a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner—and your meal-getting will be far easier!

Spaghetti A La
HECTOR BOIARDI *
A 12-minute triumph!

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner carton contains:

- 1 pkg. extra-fine durum wheat spaghetti
- 1 large jar of the one and only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce
- 1 canister specially blended Parmesan style grated cheese

Drop spaghetti in salted boiling water. While it cooks, heat the sauce over a low flame. In 12 minutes, drain the spaghetti and spread the sauce over it. Then sprinkle on the cheese for the crowning touch. Lady, you've a meal your family will rave over! Children love it. Serves 3 or more generously for a few pennies a portion.

**Pronounced BOY-AR-DEE*



Chef BOY-AR-DEE
Spaghetti Dinner

tubercle bacilli in his body. But this doesn't mean that he has, or ever will have, tuberculosis. Nearly half of all people react to tuberculin, yet only a small fraction—about one in a thousand—ever become actively ill.

The best way for the doctor to tell whether or not a person has tuberculosis is to make an X-ray examination of the chest. Areas of the lung affected by disease cast a darker shadow on the X-ray film than normal lung tissue does; thus the trained observer can tell exactly how far the disease has progressed. Whenever symptoms indicating the possibility of tuberculosis appear, the doctor will want to see chest X rays. When a person is found to have the disease in active form, all others in the household should be examined at once. This is the only way children can be protected from exposure.

Tubercle bacilli are not passed from person to person in casual or occasional contacts. But the close, continued contact which occurs among members of the same household is likely to result in transmittal of the disease. In fact, 25 per cent of all persons who are intimately exposed to tuberculosis ultimately succumb. In children, active symptoms may come comparatively soon after the initial infection, but in adults four or five or even ten years or longer may pass before tuberculosis becomes active.

Tubercle bacilli are transmitted directly when droplets of moisture or mucus are breathed or coughed out by someone who is actively infected. Infection also passes indirectly when food, eating utensils, bedclothes or other objects are contaminated. The germs may survive for long periods in darkness and moisture, but they die quickly when exposed to dry air and bright light. Thus the clothing and utensils used by a person with tuberculosis need not be destroyed. A thorough airing in bright sunlight will remove the threat of surviving germs.

TREATMENT of tuberculosis has this aim: to implement and assist the body's natural resistance. Chiefly, this is accomplished through rest. The lungs are least active when the body is at rest; this favors speedy completion of Nature's encircling wall of fibrous tissue. For best results, sanatorium care is usually recommended, because it offers two overwhelming advantages: first, rest is closely supervised in the sanatorium—the best-intentioned program of rest at home is haphazard by comparison; second, only by removing the tuberculosis patient to the sanatorium can the risk of exposing others in the family be eliminated entirely. Climate is no longer considered important by most physicians in the treatment of tuberculosis. Sometimes—especially if an early diagnosis has been made—cures are completed in a few months of sanatorium care. When damage to the lungs is extensive, years may be required.

Today, doctors have two ways of resting the diseased lung without putting the patient to bed. In one of these, called pneumothorax, air is introduced into the space surrounding the lung, which is thus wholly or partially collapsed and rested. Among the other methods is an operation to pinch or crush the phrenic nerve, which controls the muscles of the diaphragm. This relaxes the diaphragm and collapses part of the lung. Another operation used is called thoracoplasty. In this operation, parts of several ribs may be removed, which also leads to collapse of lung tissue. When the diagnosis of tuberculosis has been made early and treatment is undertaken before the lungs are seriously affected, these measures may permit the patient to go to school or work while he is being cured.

Tuberculosis research is directed constantly toward finding a drug which will kill or stop the growth of the germ itself. Many agents are being tried, and some give promise for the future. But until the time comes when doctors all agree that such a specific cure is at hand, the best weapon against tuberculosis is watchfulness. If early discovery and proper management give it a chance, the body, if well nourished and in good health, fights back successfully when tuberculosis attacks.

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Brer Rabbit GOLD LABEL Molasses

Light colored, sweet and mild—has the flavor children go for

You won't need Commando tactics to get your youngsters to drink milk. Add delicious, iron-rich Brer Rabbit Molasses! Children love its flavor.

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Free! Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living." Gives 116 recipes. Tells all about New Orleans molasses for table use and cooking. Also leaflet of sugar-saving recipes. Mail this coupon *today* to: Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La. Dept. J4-5

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CRICKET

(Continued from Page 25)

ıe only honest way to tell time is to the changes," Cricket said when he n old man. "You look round you and hing is thisaway—and then in a e you look round and everything is vay. That's what I'd call time."

k there, before time moved, though, was above him a thick bush of tupelo s leaning and their sour, green berries w if he wanted a sour, green taste in outh. Here all along the bank before vas the blinding sand bar of washed, sand, reaching an arm into the water, ere was the width of river shining like in the sun, though it was black as tar. ırrent coiled and eddied for half a mile it went out of sight around a bluff. cket watched the ripples blowing along ver's face. It was always cool here. es swirled and boiled and dipped, d by the ripples. Near Cricket's feet on of the bubbles had joined company here was a bank of foam quivering t a greasy log, blowing like white blossoms in the moonless night, free, re from the river's current—or jailed from the current, whichever way you l at it. Cricket stuck his finger through windows in the shaking foam, little size shutters and inch-long halls, with doors to them. The whole thing crumble, likely as not, whenever you ed it.

re were many good things, even back but nothing so good as the river. It take a chicken dinner to beat that. ng to hitch up the span of chestnuts iving them around to the front of the ouse was good. The brass ring in the mouth on the hitching post was good. ere just about dusk, somebody might nting the lamps and dragging the red shut, and if you were lucky you could hear the supper gong sound in the thick dusk: *bong . . . bong . . . bong.* When the mistress played the pianoforte you could peep over the ledge of the window and see the ruffled lace of her petticoat hanging out beside the pedal of the pianoforte, and you could hear the crystal notes of the music. The master had a dull red satin cravat. The butler handed about little linen doilies and little liquor glasses on a silver waiter. In the corner of the parlor the biggest clock you ever saw swung its bright pendulum through the slow moments, wearing itself away going nowhere. The sound of the supper gong going in the dusk was like gold money falling through the air, or like slow, fat birds flying away home.

There were a lot of good things.

At noon if the overseer sent Cricket up to the kitchen he'd scuff his feet along through the hot sand and wish Maria would slip him a pone of corn bread or a block of warm gingerbread or sometimes even a wedge of sugar cake, and sometimes she did—when she could. Cricket wouldn't trade the river for going to get the overseer's dinner pail.

He pulled his feet from the tobacco-colored water; out yonder where it was deep, the water was black as a starved night. Cricket dipped the water bucket full and started back to the new ground before the overseer could miss him. The best way to stay in with an overseer—or anybody else, maybe—is to do everything he says right on the mark and to the letter. Even then you catch it, sometimes.

Cricket got back up to the new ground. Everybody was perished for water. He got down to work, his shirt plastered to his back with sweat. Young mockingbirds were tilted in crab-apple trees along the fence rows, learning to sing. Their throats sounded like rusty well chains going. In the clearing the





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black boys, scrawny and pinch-waisted, were grubbing and piling and burning roots.

The overseer went down to the river for something or other. You could loaf along while he was gone, talk loud and cuss and tussle. That's how the fight started. The boys were playing around, tussling and carrying on, and that other boy got mad and told Cricket to leave him be now. But Cricket grabbed the boy's arms from behind, just playing, you understand, and laid the boy flat. ("Ise just ashowin' him Ise the best man," Cricket said. "You got to have something you're better than—whether hit's a boy or a dog or a snake.")

First thing Cricket knew the boy was all but stronger than he was, and then it got harder to throw him. The boy was biting mad now, and sank his teeth into Cricket's shoulder, and Cricket had a time knocking him loose. The boy backed off and came on again and was twice as strong as he was before. ("If a man gets mad enough finally, he kin whup you world without end," Cricket said.)

The boy jerked out a knife and he was crying while he tore the knife open.

You can't fight a knife with your fists. It's worse than a gun; it's more certain and leaner, it goes deeper and stays in. Cricket caught up a root, a big hard root of a palmetto, and when the boy came on again Cricket let the boy have it on the head. The knife flew out of the boy's hand and he leaned sidewise and dropped down slowly, and lay still there on the hot, bright ground.

"You'd better git!" another boy said, and Cricket got.

The crab-apple thicket where the young mockers were practicing was a hundred yards off on the side away from the river. Cricket darted in under the crab-apple trees and on among old palmetto clumps and myrtle bushes. Once he looked back to see whether the overseer had come up from the river, but he hadn't. The other boys were trying to lift the bulletheaded boy.

Cricket worked his way along, quickly as the thickets would allow, up past the corner of the near cotton field. The cotton and corn ran no telling how far; he'd have to circle away up around the low cotton and find the tall corn. He could get through the corn to the highroad.

IT WAS cold at night, even in hot summer. The ground is always cold. ("Reckon no grave ever would be warm," Cricket said.) There were wild plums just about ripe, and rain water in the road ditches; that took care of Cricket's eating and drinking.

He ran as hard as he could down the grassy shoulders of the road. He had to keep his eyes peeled for anybody else on the highroad. When his lights were fit to bust and his mouth as dry as a hulled nut he would roll off into the bushes and rest. Then he would get into the road again and run until his tongue was big and full and blood was washing high in his head.

The worst part of the running in the open was being afraid to look back, and having to look back. When his feet were flying down alongside the road tracks, he swore he could hear heavy feet running behind him, gaining on him no matter how hard he ran. Then he'd look back, and he had heard only the sound of his own feet pounding along after himself. ("I learned more than I knowed I was learning," Cricket said. "Never was nobody to be afraid of, unless it's yo'self.")

A hundred times he thought he heard the overseer call out "Stop!" and he kept thinking: *By now the bloodhounds will be called out and set on my track.* He could wad ditches and lose his scent, but he cou make any time in the ditch and there w but one direction to go anyhow. He h find a house and somebody to hide him had to follow the highroad. ("You h get off in the bushes and not git l Cricket said.) His legs thought for him kept on pumping him away.

Cricket didn't know how far he got the highroad, so I don't know. The passed over two or three creeks on sla plank bridges. There were crawfish i shallows of the creeks and Cricket ate and they tasted better than warm, fried and hush puppies would taste any time. He slept under the bridges and i good sleep; the dusty roof was low an earth was slimed and cool and the w whispered along among the pond lilies past the steep banks of bulrushes.

HE DIDN'T know how long he was o highroad, so I don't know, because he sometimes when the sun was high an ran on the road sometimes when the m came up. There were reaches of wire along the road, and broom sedge stirrin a waste of pale water, and swampy l where bays were blooming, and then was higher ground. Away off yonder he corn leaning a little this way and that shaking her tossels in a low west wind. C

Cricket slipped in among the tall corn sat on the pale, hot ground. The air felt afternoon. The bl of corn worked stir of wind knocked ge against one an and clashed like sticks, and all ar you could hear tussling and pla of the corn, like low boys with rag tosseled heads. good smell of the gathered ab Cricket and c down over him settled about his tle old black h He lifted the so his right foot ag his breeches leg wropped his foo the warm cloth; he soothed his foot the same The corn soothed all over the same like warm, soft cl

Only April

By Jehanne de Mare

Why should it be April
Out of all the year,
Gentle as the mist fall,
Hesitant as fear—

Why should only April,
Filigreed and fine,
Only April taste as sweet
As the ripened wine?

Why should only April,
Singing underground,
Remember all the loveliness
In her silver sound?

He worked his way on down alongside highroad toward where a house ought t Sure enough, there was a big white ho sitting still in the late-afternoon sunsh Between the cornfield and the house t was a whitewashed rail fence.

At the back of the house there were oaks shading a well sweep. At the w black woman was letting down the old sweep into the cold well. If that b woman would hide him in a crib or a stack, he'd be all right. He'd have to till dark to ask her. Here in the corn t wasn't anything to eat but grasshoppers katydids, and them hard to catch, if yo tired. If the black woman turned him u the white folks he just wouldn't tell wh was; he'd act like he didn't know noth He'd act crazy, but not too crazy.

His throat was parched. He was aperis for water. He could hardly bear it when black woman pulled up the wooden bu and the white water wasted away off its s into the deep well. He ran out of the and stumbled up against the rail fenc behind the crape myrtles bunched aga the fence. He leaned on the fence and cl his eyes. He was pretty tired. (Time senseless marking on school-bred m clocks and calendars. The only real tim beaten out by men's feet on the earth.)

Cricket had not seen that woman for or three years, yet he knew she was mother. He lay down behind the rail fe and watched her a minute, and then

tled to her the way you whistle to a
d you've raised from a puppy and now
an old dog.
here was something awful strange, he
in the way she took down her hands
the glistering water bucket and turned
face his way. He was clutching the sec-
rail of the fence. Her eyes didn't seek
ugh all the rails; her eyes went straight
m. It was awful strange, he said. She
ed around once, toward the house. Then
ame over to the fence. She was wiping
vet hands on her caught-up apron. She
him against her, his little old black head
the sweat running down his face.
e remembered his name, too; not his
name, but the one he always went by
he was born, because he grew stunted
was sort of quick and wasp-waisted and
eyed. She said his name as though she
it to herself.
Yes, mammy," he said, and that was
he talk there was then.
e held his head against her big, loose
sts; she brought him a gourdful of water
he lay down and kept still till dark. She
ed him in the hot singing dark. Little
s had gone to sleep in the crape myrtles.
n mammy stirred the bushes, the birds
ed their wings stealthily and were afraid.

he folks didn't want a cook with a family
eed. Those were hard times. At first
my hid Cricket in an old stock barn
wasn't used any more. She toted pine
v by armfuls and piled it on old rotten
ks and brought a quilt from her cabin
made Cricket a bed. She lived in a
ty in the back yard of the Big House and
etimes he slept there when she dared to
it, but mostly till cold winter he stayed
he stock barn where nobody ever came.
very night when she came in after dark
brought fire coals in the scoop of an old
el and built a fire in the floorless barn,
brought Cricket's supper out from some-
e under her draggling skirts: half-
ved chicken bones and cold biscuits, raw
potatoes taken one or two at a time from the potato hole in the kitchen.

They would roast a potato apiece in the hot ashes and eat them with stolen hog grease melting down their chins. When there was company at the Big House, mammy would be late and Cricket would be long asleep. One such time she waked him and told him to build up the fire while she went down into the stock pasture and brought a bucket of water and scalded the young chicken she brought from under her skirts. It was limber-necked because she had choked it to death when she grabbed it off the roost. They cleaned and fried and ate the whole chicken, just the two of them together.

Mammy would talk about a strange country some nights, stories she had from her mother. There by a tired fire she told stories of The People, of houses made of sticks bound about with trunks of vines and set safely high over water, their floors smelling of mats of new rushes; she told about poison brew and thickets of green Kaffir corn. There you traded for a wife: if she was flabby-breasted and despoiled, you gave her father as many goats as you had fingers on your hands; but if she was high-breasted and flat-bellied and young and restless from the fever of love, you paid her father as many goats as you had fingers and toes. You heard long halloos around a marriage hut in hot, rank darkness and the drums went *doom* . . . *doom* . . . *doom*.

Till he was a yearling-sized boy Cricket hid with his mother and nobody ever knew. When she was an old woman he kept her in his own home and she had the best there was in the house. He had a good place in a turpentine camp then. When he was an old man she was gone and *everybody* was gone but *him*, he said.

No, he hadn't noticed the time much, he said. A while he was walking along in the clods and dust behind a plow handle; and before he knew it there he was, all but bedfast beside an old fire in an old house. "The only time they is is change," he said.

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By noon the house is nearly finished; most wall panels and some roof panels already in place; bathroom units about to be installed, and remaining panels ready for rapid, efficient, modern flexible erection.



Here in these two pictures you get a glimpse of how one kind of modern house assembly operates. Other systems of house parts and construction will vary as to details of design and erection. But the same principle of highly simplified, factory-finished sections and units in volume production will provide the answer to the low-cost quality for which we all are looking in our postwar homes.



HOUSE MODEL BY DEVON DENNETT; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPHS B

House in a Day

BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

TWO of the most beautiful and practical creations this country has ever produced were the carriage and the original Cape Cod cottage. They are both still beautiful, but their practicality—and their beauty, too—must now be measured by a new set of standards. The carriage as a conveyance has been superseded by the modern automobile; and from now on the Cape Cod cottage, even in its most up-to-date versions, will have to match its value as a dwelling after the war with an absolutely brand-new type of living place. The new twentieth-century house which is on its way will bear almost the same relationship to the familiar eighteenth-century-styled residence as the modern motorcar bears to the carriage of the 1880's. Like the automobile and the airplane, the new house will be the natural expression of this marvelous mechanical and mass-production age in which we're living.

And now, as we look at this new house example designed especially for the JOURNAL by Plan-Tech Associates, let us also look a few facts in the face. Right away, we may as well admit that currently houses cost too much for what we get; that average families on average incomes simply can't afford a house that comes anywhere near their reasonable requirements of comfort, convenience, welfare and long-term security. Yet houses that do measure up to those requirements can be made. And here is how:

To begin with, there must be a terrific reduction in the number of parts and pieces which go into a house. Up to now, the ordinary house has been made up of as many as fifty thousand separate items, whereas the new type of house illustrated above could contain less than five hundred. And why is this important? It's important primarily because it cuts the cost. It makes it possible to turn out fully finished panels, sections and units by the most efficient and economical mass-production methods; to put these simplified parts together in a matter of hours instead of days and weeks. Result: enormous savings in manpower, time and material.

But in order to get better homes for less money, you, the home-buying and home-renting public, must encourage a progressive home-building industry to produce them. Homes that are really new, more livable and much less expensive can be made only if they can be sold—and sold by the millions; just those millions of new homes that we so desperately need. But the methods by which we can make these millions of new homes most efficiently are methods which are decidedly different from those we used before. And naturally, if those new methods are going to be honestly applied, to get the most house possible for the money, then houses are going to be decidedly different too—not only in the way they work, but also in the way they look.

When it comes to the way they look, if that causes you any concern, keep in mind that a house is a long-time affair. This house here, as well as the other houses we are previewing every month in these pages, may look different to you now, but as time goes on it may ver well happen that the old houses will be the ones to loo different. Appearance, however, in my opinion, is far le important than cost and livability; and I believe th new and improved equipment, together with new desig ing, new methods of manufacture and assembly, will great lower the cost as they greatly increase the livability.

For instance, I believe that a house designed with a eye on the future, precision-made for permanence, ar put up in a properly planned community, will warrant forty-year-payment arrangement at a reduced intere rate, thus practically cutting its monthly cost in ha What can further cut the cost of ownership is the fa that it can be bought fully equipped, with all major appl ances pre-installed at factory prices, to be paid for wit the house. Upkeep costs can be cut by the more efficie heating systems we know we can have, with the full pr tection of really scientific insulation, plus the savin from free solar heat in winter through window walls.

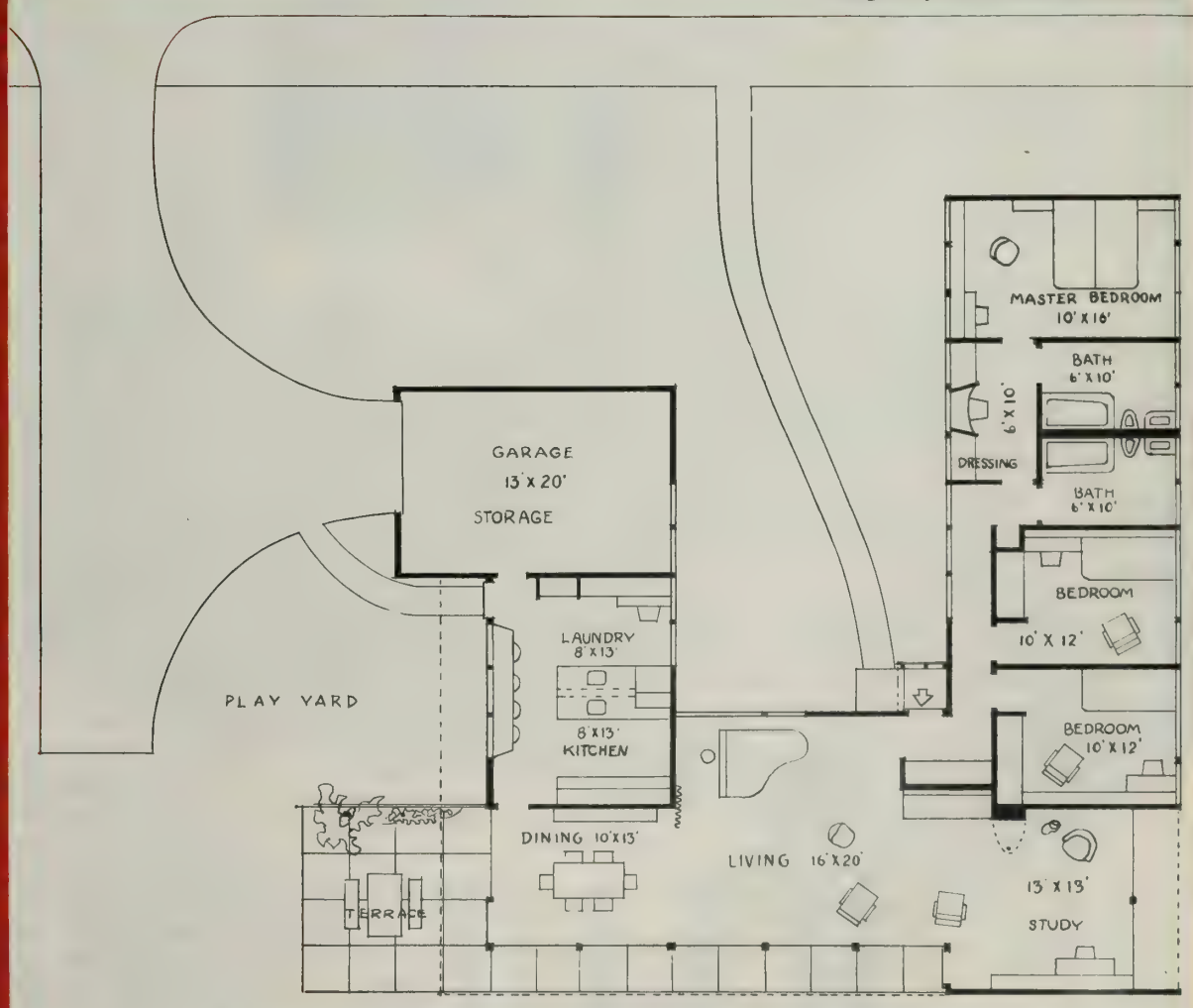
In other words, the new true twentieth-century hou is no mere dream of streamlining and gadgetry. Tho are trifles and mostly meaningless. What it can be, if yo will only encourage its coming, is such a triumph of d signing skill, engineering research and industrial ingenuit that millions of families will have a chance to live as the have never lived before. And we shall continue to sho you here, month by month, just what this means— many ways—and how you can help it all to come abou



here is no more reason for the new twentieth-ntury house to look like a cottage than there is r the modern automobile to look like a carriage.

or anyone who wants to be wise about lecting a new home, the first considera-on will be the floor plan. Principally on the an depends all your future comfort and nvenience; your long-term happiness th your home. You can't examine a plan o carefully. So—notice here first that the om arrangement is custom-planned for ople, and not for outward appearance. ery window, doorway, wall is where it is cause of the way people want to live. No im style from the past, for the sake of chitectural symmetry, tries to put a pic-re of tomorrow's living into yesterday's ame. Study the plan and you will see how clusion and quiet designed the bedroom ction; how light, view, space and varied efulness made the whole living area a despread multipurpose room where fam-groups can get along pleasantly together; d how consideration of the housewife's me and effort laid out the kitchen-laundry. ok at the way the house is put together, d you will see that out of the various nels and units, houses of many sizes, apes and room arrangements can be made. his is flexible planning, uncontrolled by any riod pattern; just the reverse of that en-untered in the conventional dwelling. In-ead of your being poured into an antique old, here is the mold you make yourself.

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PHOTO BY RICHARD PRATT

Giant Sensation Cosmos blooms in crimson, pink, white; stands six feet high.

The Bigger the Better

BY THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT

BEFORE the war, the gardener kind of frowned upon the idea of filling up a lot of space with fast, enormous annuals. It was a quick and easy way to make an effect, and it seemed to me that just because it wasn't difficult was hardly enough reason for her to condemn it. Well, anyway, she doesn't condemn it any more; for as matters stand at present, she has little time and effort left to spend on the scrupulous care and constant attention she used to give her flowers from seed to bloom. So what has always seemed to me one of the most efficient kinds of gardening has now become customary with us, and might be something for peacetime, too, in case you want to consider it.

There are, of course, plenty of annuals you can plant in the spring which will become pretty terrific before they're finished in the fall. As far as plant size is concerned, the list is very long, but for size and beauty both the choice is limited. To begin with the biggest and in many ways the most spectacular, you can hardly hope to grow anything much larger than castor bean, especially if you raise *Ricinus zanzibarensis,* which from May-sown seeds reaches a height of twelve feet by late summer, and the plants will be just about as wide as they are high. The effect is decidedly tropical, and colorful too—the large dented leaves running from green to reddish bronze, and the seed-pod clusters bright red. Another variety, *R. sanguineus,* is even showier, with blood-red stalks and brilliant fruit; but it is somewhat smaller, growing a mere six to eight feet high. Naturally, castor beans take up considerable garden room; but if you're looking for an easy way to fill some empty space, you can't do better. If you want your plants to put on a show, give them good rich loam, neither sandy nor clayey, dug deep, with three or four seeds to a little round bed the diameter of a barrel. You won't have to worry about weeding, but don't believe anyone like the person who told the gardener that castor beans would keep away moles. I soon found out that one wasn't true. It isn't a fact, either, that they prevent malaria, as rumored.

Next to castor bean, the biggest annual I ever grew, to the gardener's disgust, was the Russian Mammoth sunflower, which went just as high in the air for me as castor bean but made a narrow row in single file along the fence, therefore taking up comparatively little room. It completely threw the gardener's other flowers out of scale, which was why she didn't like it; but as a background for the vegetables where the flowers were before the war, she has no objections to it now. One of her neighborhood friends, who grows corn in her garden, which we don't happen to do, gives the gardener occasional corn in exchange for sunflower seeds that the neighbor feeds to her chickens and canaries.

Actually, this biggest member of the sunflower family, so familiar to almost everyone, is not so beautiful as it is grotesque and useful. But the whole group of annual sunflowers, ordinarily listed in the catalogues as the variety New Red, is really good decoration. Even though a trifle ungainly in the garden, these so-called reds are wonderful when cut for the house, where they make a fine Van Gogh effect. Some are an altogether rich dark red, some are lighter, and some are tipped with yellow. It's a good thing to plant them so they can be viewed from the sunny side in the garden, as that's the way they face; and a good companion with which to front them and mask their lower stems and foliage is the giant dahlia-flowered zinnia—not a giant in the sense of the sunflower and the castor bean, but just as easy to grow and even more rewarding when it comes to cutting.

The third immense annual in my list of three is the single late-flowering cosmos and the giant single Sensation—the most delicate-looking of all, but decidedly robust. These are not to be confused with the summer-flowering varieties in orange and yellow, which have become so popular, for they are plants of comparatively modest size. The giant single Sensation will come into flower ten weeks after sowing, and will stand six feet high, covered with blooms in crimson, pink and white. The same colors occur in the single late-flowering varieties which don't come into bloom until fall, but make up in splendor for the waiting. For by that time the lacy-leaved plants are well over six feet high and just as broad, and are a mass of flowers, as the picture at the top of this page proves.

Newlyweds!

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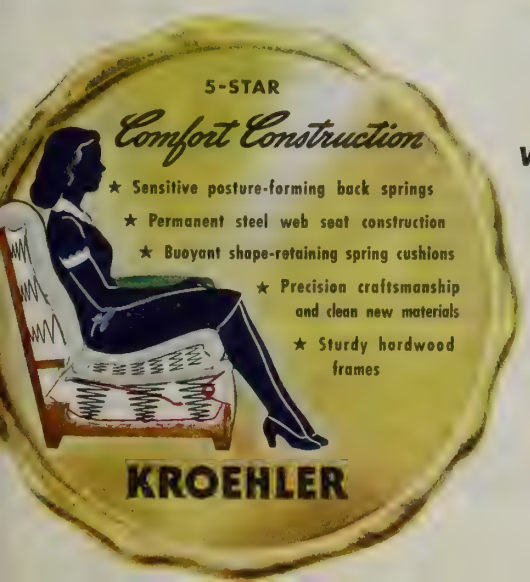
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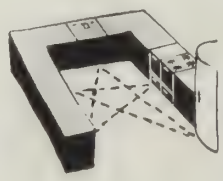
Whistle while you Work in the house that Gas runs!

BY MARGARET MALLABY



Ask any woman how much time she spends in her kitchen and she'll probably say "Too much!" The exact time—according to the men with stop-watches—runs about four hours a day... during which time you prepare about 1,000 meals a year.

Well, the Gas industry figures anyone who's doing a job of such dimensions rates the best equipment modern science can devise. That's why they're interested in cooking up for you one of the most thoroughly coordinated jobs of kitchen planning that's been done since Adam and Eve set up light housekeeping.



These "New Freedom Gas Kitchens" are coming your way just as soon as peace lets us put the emphasis back on *living*. In the meantime, you undoubtedly have all sorts of pet ideas you'd like to see planned right into these kitchens. Send them along to me—with your permission to use them—and we'll see what we can do.



For instance, one woman I know says she's always felt that running a home is a top flight executive's job — and did you ever see an executive without a desk? That's just one of the things she wants in her kitchen of the future.

Frankly, I'd settle for one of the new Gas ranges. After all, cooking is the Number 1 Kitchen Job. That's why the laboratories of the Gas industry have worked *years*—spent millions of dollars to perfect a range that will include every new discovery to make cooking easier, faster, *better*.

If your range is more than six years old—no matter how good it was when you bought it—it simply can't match these modern miracles. Think of heating controls so accurate it's virtually impossible to have a baking failure . . . smokeless broilers . . . top-of-the-stove cooking so fast and flexible you save hours of work and watching! To get this "last word" in quality ranges, look for the CP seal before you buy.

☆ ☆ ☆

This may be a little far-fetched . . . but I sometimes wonder if the marvelous things decorators are doing today with lovely, sunny, modern-looking fabrics aren't an outgrowth of the modern Gas heating units! Gas is such a *clean* fuel it actually encourages you to use light, bright colors!



Of course, what I love—is the fact that it's so automatic you never need *worry* about it. And think about after the war—when your Gas air-conditioning unit will *cool* your house as well as heat it. . . . Ah-h-h-h!

Margaret Mallaby

American Gas Association reporter

CAREER WOMAN—HOME STYLE

(Continued from Page 145)

as well as good things to be found in the markets at the height of toothsomeness, the low point of cost. Then, come winter, you may bask in your family's praise as they keep plump and healthy by means of these same fruits and vegetables; feel pardonably smug when you survey your color-laden shelves.

You'll have a right to feel proud, too, for you will have helped ease the country's economic burden by taking care of much of your own family's food supply.

Being a good cook is its own reward. After all, you get to eat your own cooking too! But not only that, it's good business. Who but you, the boss, will plan so economically for the using up of leftovers? Who but you will be so imaginative about it, exploring magazines and cookbooks to cull new ideas about this lively art? Who else will care so vitally about individual quirks and foibles, remembering that dad is subject to butterflies in the stomach, that adolescent daughters probably ought to shun starches and gooeys?

As for the aftermath of cooking, doing dishes—who but yourself will be so tender with your precious Royal Doulton? Unless, of course, you borrow another leaf from Mrs. Eck's smart book and teach your daughters, as they come along, to be intelligent, appreciative homemakers too.

Already Jane and Cecelia are mighty capable, for Mrs. Eck is frankly training them for the career of marriage. Jane says, "Cele makes the very best beds, as good as mother does." And Cecelia quickly chimes in to report that Jane is an efficient and speedy dishwasher.

(Chalk that up as a special bonus for mother on her yearly pay check—the girls are not only capable but heartwarmingly fond of one another, remarkably sweet and courteous to one another. It is easier for a mother-on-the-job twenty-four hours a day to achieve that.)

Besides taking care of their own room daily, Jane and Cele, and younger sister Lucia, too, help with general cleaning on Saturday mornings, and brother Bud pays them each a quarter for doing his room. He earns the right to this lordly luxury by having a paper route.

"He has to hang up his own clothes, though, and put things away in drawers. Mother won't let us do that for him," says Jane, looking a tiny bit concerned about this, and obviously willing to spoil her handsome twin.

But what a bonanza Bud's going to be for some home-style career girl of the 1960's or so, when she marries him and finds him already somewhat housebroken. Think of how she will bless Mrs. Eck for this wise firmness in '45.

Of course, in order to bring your "salary" up to the level of Mrs. Eck's, you must do your own washing. For if you do, it will cost you about three cents a pound, as against ten cents a pound for having it done rough-dry at a commercial laundry. Here again you'll find an extra dividend in the pleasing knowledge that linens and clothes are likely to live a less exhausting life.

There have been too many feeble jokes about lagging laundry for us to dream of adding another. (The laundries have had such a struggle, and they have done remarkably well in spite of the difficulties with which they have had to contend.) But we just must say that it is a point right now. If your laundry, like Bob Hope, never left home, you'd never have to sit in a barrel waiting for it to come back—while you could, perhaps, do with fewer clothes.

Speaking of clothes—as what woman doesn't, often and longingly?—brings up the best budget stretcher of all:

A knack with a needle. If fairy godmothers were really on their jobs, I think they'd see to it that every girl child became

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endowed at birth with the ability to sew a fine seam. Or at least to mend. But since they slip up so often, it's fortunate there are many places where one may acquire this skill practically painlessly. And it's so well worth while, for once you know how, think of what this can mean to you! Custom-made clothes, just exactly the styles and colors you choose. The certain knowledge that you have colorfast, preshrunk fabric—for, of course that's what you'll buy—seams that won't rip when you breathe deeply. If you do buy inexpensive ready-made dresses, you can fit them to your own figure's vagaries, replace machine details with hand-made touches. Nowhere will you save more than on children's clothes—by making over, "cutting down," as well as starting from scratch. You can whip up colorful draperies and slip covers at a fraction of what they'd cost to buy, and acquire a reputation for chic by keeping your wardrobe always in perfect repair and in tune with the times!

Mrs. Eck says laughingly that on the days she sews, dad and the children throw their hats in the door first to see if they dare follow! For she's intense about that, too, as she is about everything, and her aged sewing machine is capricious. But in spite of that, she makes it sing for its supper of constant oiling and good care, by turning out charming dresses, even suits and coats. She's teaching the girls to sew too—they've already reached the pinafores and summer-cottons stage.

VIEWPOINTS

The child's point of view was aptly expressed in a recent essay by a boy. "The world," he wrote, "is full of people who keep on saying 'I was a boy myself once,' but who never show any signs of it."

—JOHN A. F. WATSON: In the Spectator.

Life can only be understood backward; but it must be lived forward.

—SOREN KIERKEGAARD: Quoted in Put on Your Thinking Cap. T. Sharper Knowlson. (Thorsons, Ltd.)

The best reformers the world has ever seen are those who commence on themselves.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Busy? Of course she is, but vibrantly interested and alive—a colorful personality.

I'd like to try to bury a bogy, with Mrs. Eck's help, that often seems to frighten women who are considering leaving exciting careers in the business world. It's the fear of "stagnating"—overworked word—of becoming one of those mouse-brown "homebodies" who look bewildered when world affairs are mentioned, whose conversation consists wholly of cake recipes.

Actually, I don't think anybody has ever met an intelligent homemaker who even remotely resembled that dreary picture (unless, of course, she was mouse-brown to begin with, in which case you can't really blame it on the homemaking, now can you?).

Successfully meeting the challenge of doing such an important job well ought to perk up anybody's spirits, in the first place!

In the second place, you're free, after the family's packed off to work and school, to sit down for half an hour with the second cup of coffee and read more than just the headlines. Or, if you're weary, to rest for a bit, after lunch, and get your pink cheeks back! All of which are a little difficult for Miss or Mrs. Nine-to-Five to manage.

You're free to enjoy, in more than twilight snatches, one of the nicest things in the world to do—dig in good brown earth, and make all the flowers you love bloom for you. To say nothing of having a chance to plant a crisp salad garden for your beauty diet, and get lots of sun, breeze and exercise to keep your waistline willowy!

Yes, ma'am, it's *very* nice work if you can get it—being a career woman, home style.



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Windows with glass curtains on smooth-working Kirsch traverse (draw-cord) rods to control ***light*** . . . with draperies hung from a faultless Kirsch traverse equipment to regulate ***ventilation*** . . . and with easy draw-cord action overlapping draperies to insure snug ***privacy***.

There's new beauty coming your way some day when you can once again go shopping for Kirsch window treatments.

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Housekeeping with wax is protective housekeeping! Johnson's Wax armors window sills against weather. Parchment lamp shades, decorative accessories, leather goods, and many, many other things keep their beauty far longer when they are wax-protected!



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

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Their sweet, large-eyed angel faces belie the work that made our cocker puppies sit quietly for the camera.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

T LAST the storm windows are off. I usually begin thinking about taking them off the first nice warm day in February. But the more sane members of family point out that in New England e are blizzards even in March, and the glass in the little-paned windows may be utiful but doesn't keep out the wind well.

ast fall, when the windows went on, they been freshly painted, and all the identig numbers painted right over. Every dow in the house is a different size, but different enough for the naked eye to sure. So, on a day when it was below , one of those sudden drops to remind us inter, Bob—my husband—and George—farm neighbor—and I ran round and nd the house with windows, none of ch ever fitted anywhere. It was like one nose maddening puzzles enlarged to life-

I dare say most families don't have culties like this. Further, the windows inside as well as out, and all the inner ks are at differing levels. This involves eone's darting in and out of the house rabbiting around and back, and hooking unhooking again.

ut now it's spring again, and the storm dows are a problem of the past. I must ember this year to have them all numd. They should be stored resting upt, on boards or runners so the sash has irculation around it. They should never umped in a damp cellar with the sill on floor. Storm windows rot and warp, no ter how sturdy they may look.

igger and Esmé hate to see the screens n. They like best to go in and out through bedroom windows; and when the storm dow is on and half open, they have their entrance at night. When the screens are they must go in the door like ordinary ble. Cats are the most individual, I etimes think, of any of our friends. Esmé ys drinks water from a flower bowl, n she has a perfectly good dish of water he floor. She buries her little wedge face ie flowers after I have them all arranged rding to my best ideas, and laps daintily. flowers are rearranged by courtesy of Siamese.

ster Jill has been taking pictures of dy and Hildegarde and Silver Wings. Lively cocker youngsters present great difficulty in photography. Jill has her own technique very well in mind. She uses a plain background. You must avoid strongly patterned wallpaper or a position in which a chair leg or light cord will show. Light background is best for a dark pet and dark for a blond one. Most animals will remain quieter if they are placed on a table, and this also gives a good camera angle. The hours we spend at Stillmeadow, moving furniture, taking down pictures and tacking up sheets or old spreads!

Then there is the lighting, which involves pulling out all the lamps we have and putting in different ones and changing all the bulbs. The simplest lighting (for the pictures) is directly from the front. Two lights, one either side of the camera, are better than one. The lights should be held (by me, usually) at about the level of the animal's head to avoid deep shadow under the chin. Use as much light as possible to shorten exposure time. The fastest film available is none too fast for a cocker, and a wide-open lens is best.

And then, when the puppies are all looking like angels and the lights are right and the camera ready, Melody decides to chew Hildegarde's ear or Silver leaps blithely from the table to the sofa. Or if they sit looking large-eyed and still, the flash bulb turns out to be a dud and the thing doesn't go off. Or one of the cats pulls out the base plug and cuts off all the lights.

Photography is not a simple hobby. The only really perfect pictures are those that never even develop because the camera shutter jammed at the last instant. And cockers are the most difficult subjects because their natural tendency, if mamma is holding up the little black box, is to rush to her and jump with joy and want to play fetch with the thing.

Honey is our one good subject. She likes to have her picture taken. She gets the same widely innocent look in her eyes that I have seen in some beautiful girls' faces when there is a camera around. And no matter whose picture is being taken, she has to be posed too. Or her feelings are hurt.

We never take pictures of our animals in baby clothes or sunbonnets or top hats. I believe all animals have an innate dignity

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IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS

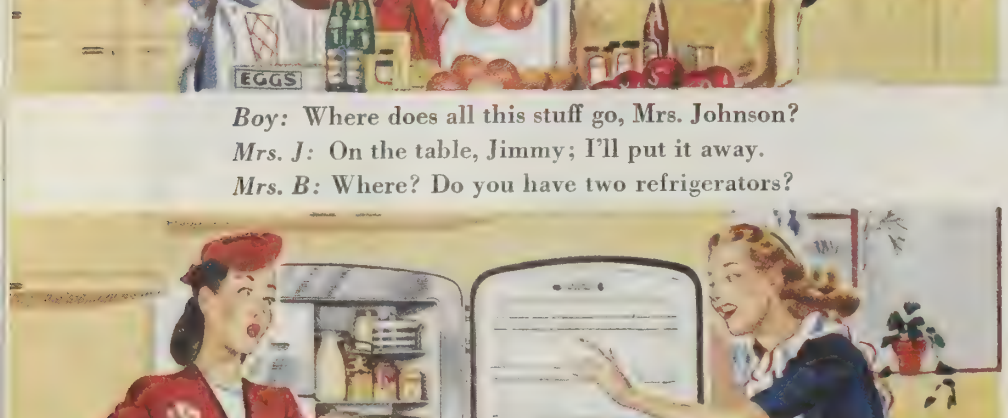
The Army-Navy "E" award received four times for high achievement in the production of essential war equipment.



Boy: Where does all this stuff go, Mrs. Johnson?

Mrs. J: On the table, Jimmy; I'll put it away.

Mrs. B: Where? Do you have two refrigerators?



Mrs. J: Not exactly! Look! Opening the Crosley Shelvador* is like opening the doors of two ordinary refrigerators.

Mrs. B: Marvelous! — all that extra shelf space built right in the door; I've never seen anything so convenient!



Mrs. J: You're right — there *isn't* anything like it. There can't be — it's patented and exclusive with Crosley.

Mrs. B: Shelvador*! Crosley! I'm going to tell Harry about this. I'll make up his mind about our new refrigerator — it will be a Crosley Shelvador* — as soon as we can get one.



YOU CAN PLAN on owning YOUR Crosley Refrigerator with the Shelvador* just as soon as materials are released. You'll be glad you did. Because the Crosley is the only refrigerator of its kind — the only one with the patented, exclusive SHELVADOR* that brings Twice-as-Much Food to the Front, Within Easy Reach.





TWICE AS MUCH
FOOD TO THE FRONT
WITHIN EASY REACH



IT BRINGS you every major improvement and development in home refrigeration PLUS the patented SHELVADOR*. No other refrigerator has this important PLUS — none is really complete without it!

* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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that their humans should respect. We take them as they are, only with their faces clean and shining and their hair well brushed.

The shelves in the fruit cellar are getting cleared out. On a sunny April day, I like to sort the empty jars and pack them in cartons, discarding any poor ones. Unsystematic as I am by nature, I have learned how it feels to have the peaches simmering in their sirup and then find half the jars have no tops! I also know enough now, after all these moons of canning, to keep one season's pack together. It is just as easy to grab the newest every time and let the oldest sit through a couple of years.

The cellar at Stillmeadow is very romantic and pleasing, and entirely impractical. But I like to look at the heavy hand-hewn beams and the great stones of the fourteen-foot-square chimney and the old rough wall stones as I work, even if I sometimes wish I had enough shelves and cupboard space to keep the place neat and tidy. We spray the stone with casein paint in the spring, if we get time, and that helps.

And maybe our cellar would never be much to look at. We do so many things. Right now it is full of Jill's mushroom bed, Bob's latest stenciling job—chest and drawers—three window boxes with pails of earth and sand and fertilizer around them, and fishing boots and the plumber's overalls and a couple of Navy caps the dogs brought in, we know not from where.

One thing I will say about home canning. We never do come out even with the various things. There is always one vegetable or fruit that we have so much more of! This year it was beets. I have taken to singing, as I mount the stairs with armloads of jars, "Beets, beets, beets again," like Kipling's Boots, but my own version.

Raising mushrooms is not too difficult when you give in to it. Jill uses a large square wooden packing case which we had for our books when we were in college. The former house for William James and Kant and Twelve Centuries of English Literature is now the happy home of mushrooms, and think it does very well.

To grow mushrooms, you must fill yo bed with horse manure, the straw beddi included. A thermometer is necessary, you turn the bed every two weeks until t temperature is 55-60° F. This takes abo six weeks. Then you plant the spawn. Wh it begins to "run"—white threads appear you "case" the bed with loam to the dep of two inches. You keep the bed damp b not wet. The first time we had ours too w The mushrooms appear in six to eight wee and last eight to ten weeks, and then you l gin over again. The spawn comes in liqu or brick form. There is really a wonder satisfaction in running down cellar and pic ing half a pound of fresh mushrooms, silve white and perfect; and like everything e in the food world, fresh ones are simp elegant.

You have to think of that while the cel smells like a stable. This odorous state d not last long, however.

We try, in April, to do the inside work the rainy days, so we can rake the yard a clear the garden on those wine-gold sunn sweet days that only April has. Cooking speeded up too. It is still cold enough in t back kitchen for the range. I try to dinner for the next day assembled befor go to bed the night before. The tough cuts war meat demand it, and it saves the gold daylight hours for a trip up the pasture see if the dogtooth violets are out.

I marinate bony, indifferent cuts of v or lamb in half red-wine vinegar and h salad oil and herbs and salt and pepper ov night, and bake them in the range all mo ing in their own marinade. Red-wine vi gar and olive oil, if you have it, make epicure marinade. For the herbs, I use own mixed garden herbs, but it is possibl buy excellent herb blends for roasts or ste I put in a little dry mustard too.

I have a friend who has never kept hou and expects to as soon as her captain g home from the war. When she visited

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I PUT SOME LIFE ON TH' SURFACE, BUT THE KIND POP WANTED IS SPELLED "KYANIZE."

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USE IT UP
WEAR IT OUT
MAKE IT DO
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BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
Everett 49, Mass.

e said, "You must teach me to cook. All I
ow so far, from watching you, is that you
ıst spread everything with mustard be-
e you cook it!"
A cooking friend—and what is closer than
e sisterhood of those who wish to feed
eir families pleasantly?—writes that she
ts a clean folded bath towel over the lid of
e pot when she has her dumplings dropped
The towel takes up the excess steam and
ves the dumplings feather-light. Mrs.
ller says she folds the corners up over the
o of the kettle. Dumplings improve any
ıp or stew, I think. Mrs. Miller has also
covered something I am glad to know. If
u invert a glass over salt shakers, the salt
l never stop up and cake in the shaker.
sure the glass touches the shelf or table
the way round.
April means the first rosy tips of the rhu-
rb, and we are so hungry for it we almost
l the plants out of the ground to get
em. Also dandelion greens, which, cooked
h salt pork, are a spring tonic supreme.
Honey and I always go up to see the dog-
oth violets and the delicate spring beau-
s. I love the violets best. The tawny gold
the flower and the delicate striping on the
g narrow leaves and the cool slender little
m are all so exquisite and so beautiful. I
k the violets and feel their coolness and
their carved pointed leaves, and I know
over again that the tramp of mailed
ots on the good earth is going to stop.
Faith is a curious thing. It must be re-
ved, it has its own spring. The dogtooth
lets have a brief span. They will soon be
e and the hillside carpeted with summer
en. But here they are now, and next
ing they will come again, and there is a
aning in this for all sick and weary folk.
had a strange wish yesterday. I wish the
n who are going to form the peace for the
rld would all have to come to this spot,
l jump across the free-running brook
ere the sand lies golden under the amber
ter, and climb this little obscure country
and just stand awhile on the violet-
covered slope. I would ask them not to sa
any fine brave words about peace and th
new world, nor to make those glitterin
promises I hear over the radio from them a
that have no real bones under the orator
None of them, for a little time, would h
politicians or dictators or world rulers.
would ask them to smell the quiet air ar
listen to the tranquil country sounds: th
dog after a rabbit, the first birds pricki
the stillness with sweet voices, the thund
of a horse in his stall at the next farm, t
bark of a fox toward Kettletown.
I would ask them to remember when th
were children and believed in life. Pov
and expansion and new territories and
tional glory would mean nothing at
They would be just a group of middle-a
men.
Maybe they would pick a few golden
lets themselves and see the wonder of w
God makes, just sort of casually and
nothing!
Then they might walk down the hil
the April dusk and begin their world
chinery by saying to one another, "H
shall we save the world for simple peop
How shall we make sure that all men n
have their hearths, and their children p
flowers in springtime?"
This suffering that we have endu
brims the cup of the world. Somehow
must be justified. It might be, if the wo
rulers will think first of love for men a
afterward of all the technical problems.
I have been rereading Kahlil Gibran, sin
the new book about him came out. I li
what he said: "How shall my heart be u
sealed unless it be broken?"
In the dusk, coming across the fields wi
Honey, carrying the yellow violets, I sa
the words aloud to myself, and felt hope f
a better world.
"How shall my heart be unsealed unle
it be broken?"

*ESPECIALLY SPANIELS, Gladys Taber's bo
on the care and feeding of dogs, will be published so
by Macrae Smith.*



Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

dding
she's
thing
eight

e bed
fine

now
etens

nt

NORTH STAR
All-wool Beautymaps
BLANKETS

Pictured: North Star "Nocturne," Rose Dust. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores everywhere. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

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Royledge
SHELVING



Boy: Where does all this stuff go, Mrs. Johnson?

Mrs. J: On the table, Jimmy; I'll put it away.

Mrs. B: Where? Do you have two refrigerators?



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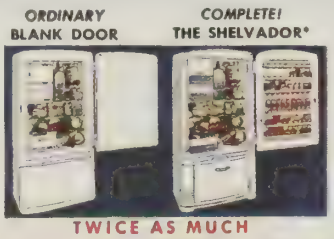
Mrs. B: Shelvador*! Crosley! I'm going to tell Harry about this. I'll make up his mind about our new refrigerator — it will be a Crosley Shelvador* — as soon as we can get one.







YOU CAN PLAN on owning YOUR Crosley Refrigerator with the Shelvador* just as soon as materials are released. You'll be glad you did. Because the Crosley is the only refrigerator of its kind — the only one with the patented, exclusive SHELVADOR* that brings Twice-as-Much Food to the Front, Within Easy Reach.



IT BRINGS you every major improvement and development in home refrigeration PLUS the patented SHELVADOR*. No other refrigerator has this important PLUS — none is really complete without it!

* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

CROSLEY

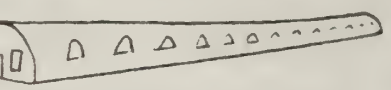
THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Radios : Radio-Phonographs : FM : Television : Short Wave : Electronics : Radar : Refrigerators : Household Appliances : The Crosley Car : Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"

OUR MARY WRITES FROM LONDON

(Continued from Page 4)

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ooks in our childhood, called Big and Little
ople of Many Lands. None of us was well
formed, but we were all thrilled about the
cap and the fiord and the fact that the
ather permits very few planes to get in
d we were going to be very, very lucky. I
n't attempt to describe it except that this
lly did look like a snowy, sparkling para-
and Toni Frissell wanted to make a great
ng resort of it after the war—Greenland's
mountains would make nice going.



A dachshund version of an igloo.

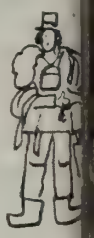
he Hotel d'Gink in Iceland was in a
nsett hut—very de luxe—furnished
ughout by R. H. Macy, complete with
ss candlesticks and candles on the
eaus; obviously inhabited entirely by
. Their need for the homey touches was
y reassuring. To get back to the housing
hese outposts, I'd better explain what
nsett and Nissen huts are, because I
d the war couldn't be fought without
em. They look like a dachshund version
an Eskimo igloo—rounded but elongated.
ey give a very strange impression when
u see them crouching in great numbers all
er the landscape. The interiors are amaz-
gly roomy and comfortable.
We were scheduled to arrive in Prestwick,
otland, that night, spend the night and
me on to London.
All this has been coming rather skittishly
f the top of the mind as a prelude to the
ain event, which was England, of course.
he only bad weather we ran into was in
otland. Prestwick had been closed in by
g and Cornwall was finally decided upon.
was about midnight when we set foot on
nglish soil, and very happy to have the
ot encased in sheepskin-lined boot—as the
ght had a penetrating, dank chill. The for-
alities of passports were waived until morn-
g. We were all loaded into a U. S. Army
uck—the kind with benches along the
le—and jogged into the town thirty miles
ay. The truck was pitch dark, the roads
tch dark, so we saw little of England.
The hotel had been taken over by the U. S.
my and was used to billet U. S. Army offi-
rs. When Beatrice and I finally climbed to
r room, we were very cold and very
ankful for the chemical-heat pads we had
ought along. It was about 3 A.M., but we
cided we would sleep much better if
rmed by some hot broth. I must confess
r curiosity to experiment with heat tabs
d dehydrated beef soup stimulated us. So
whipped out my aluminum saucepan, beef
llet and heat tab, only to discover to my
may that we had no matches. We con-
red on this crisis, but decided not to
ndon the project. We knew two male
mbers of our party were next door and
uld have matches. So I rapped on the
r, never dreaming they would both al-
dy be in bed. Instead of telling me to go
ay, my knocking had the effect of an air-
d siren. They apparently both leaped out
bed at once, forgot they were sleeping in
g woolen underwear with sweaters on top,



d, to my great confusion, opened the door
d looked at me rather wild-eyed. I grabbed
me matches and fled, not even inviting the
or dears to join us in some hot soup. Our
heating gadget worked beautifully, a
Beatrice and I went cozily to sleep about

It seemed only fifteen minutes later wh
we heard a loud and hortatory voice a
nouncing that we had just fifteen minutes
get to breakfast. A loud-speaker system
piped into every room to convey such cor
mands. As it was nine o'clock, Beatrice a
I rolled out of bed in great haste, pulled
our slacks and shirts, and I didn't discov
until I arrived in the dining room that I
forgotten to put on my shoes, but was wea
ing jeweled felt slippers with my G.I. slack

The run up to London was only a couple
hours. We were told that we are V. I. P.
(Very Important People) because we we
brought in only twenty miles
from London. We were met and
photographed by the Army, all
of us hung from head to foot
with musette bags, flashlights,
extra coats and all our paraphernalia. An Army truck brought us into London. I was really very excited.



This was my first trip to England, and my nose was pressed to the window all the way in. One of th
first things that strikes you is the way thing
are tidied up around demolished buildings
areas. The first night we spent in Londo
eleven V-2 rockets landed in the city. U
less they are close, the sound is like a cla
of thunder and a long rumble. It isn
frightening unless the windows rattle and t
building shakes. Every day since we ha
been here some V-2's have come over, b
everybody says what we're getting is notl
ing compared with what the city we
through from June to September.

It seems as if you can't go a block witho
seeing a gaping hole where a building ha
been wiped out. Many of the walls le
standing have patterns showing where th
stair went up to a third story, patches
pink or red or figured wallpaper, the outlin
of a fireplace. The effect is rather weird—lik
old-fashioned theatrical scenery.

The spunkiness and defiance of the peop
are simply marvelous. If they can go
living in their homes they do, even if all th
windows have been blown out and there a



Rent reduced to nine shillings.

holes in the ceilings. Usually the gover
ment tries to replace the windows in one
two rooms, but sometimes even that muc
repair takes months. Families continue
pay rent after they are bombed. O
woman's rent was reduced from thirte
shillings to nine shillings after the usabl
rooms in her house had been cut down fro
six to two. But I didn't hear one perso
utter a word of self-pity. The attitude w
"We didn't get hit so bad—there was lots
others got it worse'n us."

The day we were visiting the bombe
East End families I was amazed to s
oranges and lemons in every house. I ha
been led to believe that no one in England w
able to get citrus fruits. Seems that the fir
allotment in six months had come in, a
each family was allowed four oranges a
four lemons. That evening I had tea at th
fashionable home of one of the "upp
classes" and saw four oranges and fo
lemons proudly displayed. They were sha
ing and sharing alike.

(Continued on Page 178)



Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

oday she caught the bride's bouquet. Tonight she dreams on wedding ke. Tomorrow it will be her turn to plan her wedding day. And when she's cking fragrant linens, fluffy blankets away in her hope chest . . . there's nothing e'll be happier to welcome than a pair of Nocturnes . . . lovely, light-weight rth Star blankets, soft and gentle as sleep itself.

Brides treasure Nocturnes because they're so versatile . . . they're on the bed varying numbers the whole year round! And like *all* North Stars, they're fine ece wool to the last fluff.

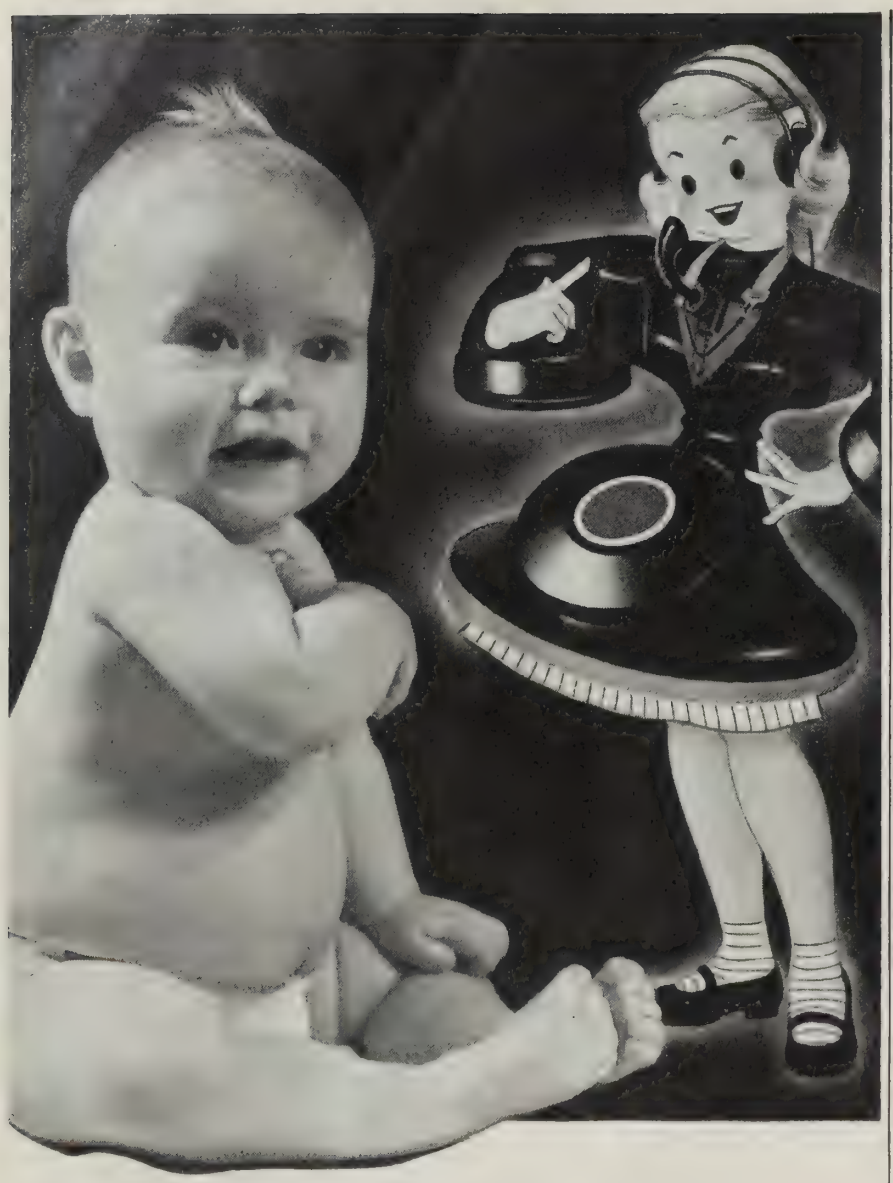
Know a girl who's about to be married? Why not gladden her heart right now h a pair of feathery-light, love-for-life Nocturnes? Every North Star sweetens ep . . . and

sleep is your best beauty treatment

NORTH STAR
All wool Beautymaps
BLANKETS

Pictured: North Star "Nocturne," Rose Dust. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores everywhere. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

"North Star" is also your guide to fine baby blankets . . . superb all-wool fabrics . . . hand-woven "Means Weave" throws.



Bet I know that girl!

Sure you do, Junie . . . even though you never see her. She's the telephone operator . . . the weaver of speech who links people across the miles.

It's nice to hear the "Voice with a Smile"

I'm glad you think so, too. Everybody appreciates a friendly manner, I know. They like the way she handles things . . . calmly, capably . . . even when switchboards are crowded with war calls.

Courtesy means a lot these days!

Indeed it does. And it's especially praiseworthy now that things are so often in a rush.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 176)

So far as I can see, the food situation is being handled beautifully. The children get priority, and the school lunches, at a cost of 6d for hot soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables and a sweet, put ours to shame. Each child gets a glass of milk at school for three farthings. The food is distributed fairly and seems to be pretty sustaining. It is monotonous. I have never eaten so many Brussels sprouts in my life. The women look better dressed than I had expected, but very drab. You see so little color. Everything is either brown or black. Their hats are particularly dull. Many of them simply twist scarfs around their heads like turbans.

I am amazed at how uninhibited and chatty the English are. I have yet to ride on a railroad or a bus without being drawn into a most animated discussion. Our American boys are supposed to have softened them up! I think the English "babes" have softened up our American boys, if you ask me, at the rate they're marrying them.

The town does seem to be seething with American uniforms. The officers' mess, better known as Willow Run, feeds 3000 hunks of American male per day. Of course, it's the best food in London. For one shilling and sixpence we had hamburgers, asparagus, potatoes, apple-and-raisin salad, apple pie, a glass of milk, cheese and bread and butter. At Claridge's you simply couldn't order anything on that menu except the potatoes and bread and butter. You could get pheasant, pigeon, kidneys, lamb and an assortment of ragouts and creamed things.



A Christmas card at every turn in the road.

I have seen a good bit of England within a radius of a hundred miles of London in my search for How England Lives families. The most dramatic evidence of the devastation of war was in Dover, where we will do a family. The most enchanting countryside I found in Kent and Hampshire, where the thatched-roofed cottages made every turn in the snowy roads look like a Christmas card.

I had the thrill of being in the House of Commons the day Eden and Churchill were there and a vote of confidence was called for on the Greek situation. Eden had said there had been no issue since the war that had aroused such bitterness and on which the public was more misguided. Neither he nor Churchill was too convincing in defense of their policy, but I was glad they had such an overwhelming vote of confidence at this



A vote of confidence in the House of Commons.

time. What a dogfight those parliamentarians put on when they have a debate! They call one another names and heckle in a most rowdy manner.

This is our last week in London. We're off to Paris one week from today. I don't expect to write a Paris letter as long as my London letter, because I don't expect to be laid up in bed with a cold for twenty-four hours, as I am now. We expect to go to the front, and to explore many towns in France for a How France Lives family. (If Berlin falls before then I'm promoting our riding in with the conquering armies. Russo-American relations could be well served, no?) You can imagine how keen our anticipation is for that assignment.

Best love to you all,
MARY COOKMAN.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

two ounces meat or fish or one egg, one cup vegetables or fruit, one or more slices of enriched bread, two teaspoons butter or fortified oleomargarine. Although the price charged the children was only ten cents, the Federal subsidy of nine cents per lunch made the program self-sustaining.

Two hundred students patronized the hot lunch at first, and the average soon rose to 306—half the enrollment of the building. Silverware was a real problem. "Do you have a spare fork or spoon you would be willing to give the school lunch program?" This appeal went to the homes of our elementary children and a tide of silverware flowed back.

It is quite probable that the period of rest and quiet following the lunch contributed to the results attained. In addition, the data seem to indicate that the school-lunch program can be made more than just a stomach-filling device, that it can and should become an integral part of the curriculum.

Sincerely yours,
RUSSELL B. SMITH,
Superintendent.

Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Page 142



1541. One-piece dress. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25c.
1291. Evening Dress. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25c.
1530. Blouse and Skirt. "Sew-Simple" design. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 15c.
1566. One-piece dress. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25
1483. One-piece dress. 12 to 18; 30 to 36. 25
1590. One-piece dress. "Sew-Simple" design 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25c.

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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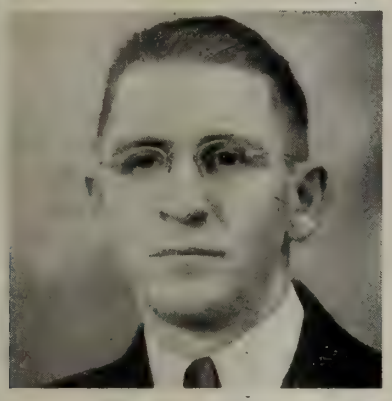
JOURNAL

...BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

The Farmer's Daughter — COMPLETE NOVEL — By Nelia Gardner White



ELIZABETH MATHER YOUNG, author of *She's the Boss*, writes, "I first broke into print at the mature age of ten, when I wrote a gripping mystery story concerning a jade Buddha. The Chicago Evening Post published this in their children's section, and the effect must have taken more out of me than I realized, for I didn't 'appear' again until years later, after I had graduated from Bryn Mawr College, married a medical student and was clerking in a department store. I wrote articles about How to Hold a Husband, and How to Keep House Efficiently—and all the time I was living in a one-room apartment and eating meals out of cans."



ERNEST BUCKLER, author of *A Sort of Sign*, writes, "I was one of those precocious brats who go about confounding their elders with the quantum theory. Our old horse, Pedro, stood it as long as he could and then he kicked me in the head. He saved me in the nick of time from the slow death of actuarial science. I work a small farm at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, and find it hard to think of myself as an author. And you can see that I don't look like an author. We're stern folk here. When you have your picture taken in my neck of the woods you put on your double-breasted blue serge and look straight at the birdie and no darn foofin'."



ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE, author of *The Gingerbread Man*, says, "I've found that homemaking and writing are the perfect combination. When the dishes don't get washed, I blame it on the writing. When ideas fail to flower, I blame it on the dishes. I always have an excuse, too, in the poltergeists who haunt our house in Westfield, New Jersey. Manifestations include disappearing manuscripts, unfurled typewriter ribbons, jammed typewriter keys, and kittens in my files. Our sons, aged four and two, and our Siamese cat disclaim any responsibility—so naturally I am helpless to combat the situation."

JOURNAL

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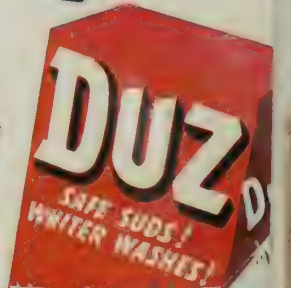


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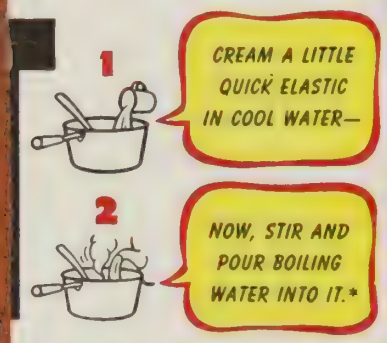




O-O-OTH
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et of freshly washed things with Quick
ifference it makes in your starching and
smo-o-th hot starch—all cooked and
nds. (Follow directions here.) 2. Each
r cottons, curtains, dresses, shirts . . .
resh-smelling body and finish. 3. Spe-
mixed in *powdered* Quick Elastic end
your iron fairly glide along.

l kind any longer? For smo-o-th iron-
—join the thousands changing to this
ure. Get Quick Elastic—*that quick*
n the yellow box. Instantly prepared
. . . wonderful for ironing. Get your

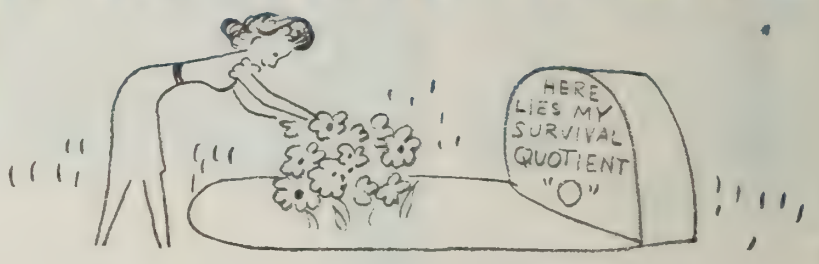


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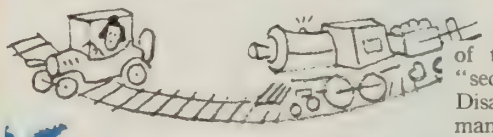
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE



BY HUBBARD HOOVER

In time of war it is natural to think of survival simply as avoiding extinction, escaping from an untimely death. But in times of peace—and for civilians even during war—survival has a larger meaning. It means surviving as a whole person. It means triumphing over circumstances which tend to restrict your activities and to prevent a satisfying expression of your complete personality. Many a good man has died by inches because, under changing conditions, he was not able to make a decent living.

Intelligence undoubtedly plays an important part in survivability—but only a part. There are other important parts that we are just beginning to recognize and evaluate. So far the savants have not worked out tests for measuring your "S.Q.," or your survival quotient, but if you are curious about where you stand, you can get a rough idea by asking yourself some searching questions and giving honest answers.



Are you ingenious and resourceful in finding a way out of danger?

Danger, unexpected and unfamiliar, calls for quick thinking, and there are no rules to guide you. You need the sort of mind that is capable in a crisis of improvising an escape. When Jay Allen, distinguished foreign correspondent, was picked up by the German military police while he was attempting to pass from unoccupied to occupied France, he thought at once of an incriminating notebook in his inside pocket. While things were still on a polite basis and searching had not yet begun, he asked to go to the lavatory. When he returned, the incriminating notes were down the drain. A mind that snaps into focus, sees the danger clearly and improvises an escape is a mind that contributes much to its owner's survival.



Do you wear yourself out over what doesn't concern you?

Some people give attention to everything. They don't mind their own business because they don't know what their own business is. Other people know at once that what you are saying doesn't concern them and they tune you out; they go on smiling and nodding, but they have stopped listening. These people are not more selfish than others. They are quite capable of sacrificing their personal interest for a larger social good, but when they do, they always know that they are doing it. They are blessed with mental antennae which are highly sensitive and selective.



Can you adapt yourself to changing conditions?

One biologist says that animals with "adaptability or capacity for favorable change of habit or structure will tend to survive." Another says quite flatly that "a fixed or nonadaptable type means extinction." If these learned gentlemen are right, the future of the bridge player who *always* plays "second hand low" looks pretty bleak. Disaster awaits the businessman or statesman who can't imagine a good world except under conditions that prevailed a decade or two ago. The fatal weakness here is rigidity, inability to *sway*. Hardening of the mental habits is probably a good deal more dangerous than hardening of the arteries.



Are you in danger of overspecialization?

One thing that makes for rigidity is our modern tendency to overspecialization. On second thought, this tendency is not very modern, nor is it especially ours. A good many years ago the Irish deer began to specialize on his antlers. After a while he developed an elaborate set that weighed as much as sixty pounds, but the bodily nutrition which such antlers required was out of proportion to their usefulness. Today the Irish deer survives only as a mass of bones buried deep in the peat bogs.

This matter of specializing without overdoing it is one of the toughest problems that ambitious men and women have to solve. In order to make a good living you must become expert at something. To become expert takes all your time; there is none left for the allied subjects, let alone your general culture—or so it seems. But without these allied subjects your one specialty suffers. The life-insurance agent who knows nothing about corporation finance or commercial law is not a first-rate life-insurance agent.

And without these auxiliary subjects and a sustaining general culture, you are in bad shape when economic change or old age puts an end to your one expertness. As a matter of fact, you are helpless and in danger of perishing. Was it Mark Twain who said that chastity is an excellent thing if not pushed too far? Specialization is like that.

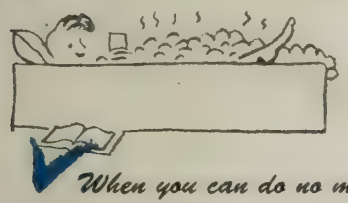


Do you have a good second line of defense?

When Thomas Hardy was fifty-five he wrote a novel that outraged his public, but

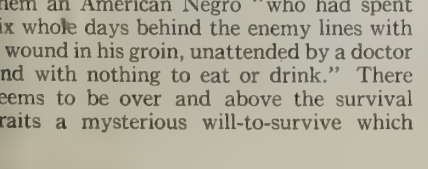
e was able to emerge almost at once as a oet and to make of poetry a sustaining ctivity. Richard Garrison, brilliant young hotographer now an officer of the N.A.T.S. the South Pacific, began his New York areer as an architect. After the great de-ression, when architecture went into an clipse, many of his more highly specialized rchitectural friends went into eclipse too. uite a few moved in with Garrison because e had a pleasant avocation—photography—hich he was able to turn into a vocation iat paid the rent.

Everyone needs a good second line of de-nse. For you the answer may be a few rtile acres that you know how to farm, Belgian hares, or dietetics, or needle-ork. In picking out your hobbies, there in be no harm in asking yourself whether ey have a potential cash value for finan-al emergencies.



When you can do no more bout it, are you able to relax?

an you rest and refresh yourself at the end the day's work? If the time has passed hen you can really do something about it, ie time has come to lay it aside. Some eople find it hard to do this. All through din-er, all through the evening their minds chew vay on the old sour cud—resenting this, gretting that. They go to bed seething with tterness, anxiety and self-pity. Such peo-e will not be good animals when tomor-ow comes.



Are you inclined to be a perfectionist?

re you a housewife who agonizes over the sorderly ways of her family? Are you the nglish teacher who storms at her pupils nd tells them that sentences ending with a reposition are something that she "up with an no longer put"? Are you the man in ublic life who is stricken and incapaci-ated because the world will not listen but sists on going in a direction that you know eans needless misery and needless deaths? you are any of these, you have much to arn from Montaigne, who told his fellow tizens when they made him mayor, "I am illing to take your affairs in hand, but not to my liver and lungs." Anyone who aves anything a little better than he found has done a great deal.

Some people overcome their tense perfec-onism by prayer or its equivalent. Some y a brisk walk, or soaking the feet in hot ater, or a cold pack on the back of the eck. Everybody must find some way that orks for him. Survival may depend upon it.



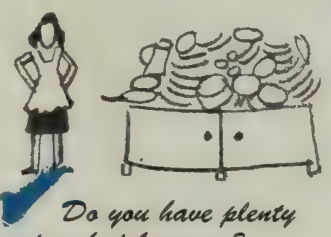
How strong is your combativeness?

Villiam H. Stoneman, foreign correspondent ith the U. S. Fifth Army, attributes the sur-ival of many American wounded to "a good hysique and overwhelming determination o live." He gives many examples; among hem an American Negro "who had spent ix whole days behind the enemy lines with wound in his groin, unattended by a doctor nd with nothing to eat or drink." There eems to be over and above the survival raits a mysterious will-to-survive which drives some men on to surmount the insur-mountable when every rule of reason says they must fail and perish.

Sigmund Freud, in one of his most bril-liant essays, suggests that right alongside of the will-to-survive there is a will-to-die, a wish to stop struggling and to be at rest, a compelling desire to return to the inert matter from which we sprang. Two men are wrecked three miles from shore. Both are equally strong; both are equally expert at swimming. Halfway to shore, one says to himself, "Well, that is that," and sinks. The will-to-die has won. The other says, "I have one last kick in me," and keeps on swimming. The will-to-survive has won.

One thing that makes the difference is combativeness, or the "old fighting spirit." Some people are aroused to superhuman efforts by interference, opposition or danger. It was that way with little Mary Sarmiento—height five feet, weight ninety pounds. A thug put his knee in her back and wrenched her handbag from her. This rude attack transformed a usually timid girl into a whirlwind of flailing fists and feet. When the police captured her husky assailant, his first words as he rubbed his bruises were "Don't let her near me."

The classic example of combativeness is, of course, Babe Ruth in a World Series game at Chicago. With two strikes on the great man, the fans were jeering and the Cubs were sneering. But the jeers and the sneers, which might have ruined a lesser man, stung the Babe into top form. He pointed to the precise spot where he intended to place a home run, and then placed it there.



Do you have plenty of unfinished business?

Another thing that enters into the will-to-survive is unfinished business, especially unfinished business with a high happiness potential. Men who have laid out large plans for themselves, plans which they are eagerly looking forward to carrying through, are men who are acutely aware of many valid reasons why they should go on living. When danger comes, there is a tremendous inner compulsion to put forth that last agonizing effort.

The instinct which leads men to get them-selves a wife or a sweetheart before going overseas is a sound survival instinct. Hav-ing something worth coming back to in-creases the chances of coming back. Many a Minnesota farm boy will keep afloat in the North Sea for a few more hours because of the happiness he has planned with his Mollie.

According to Nietzsche, "Men do not aspire to happiness; only Englishmen do that." If there is any truth in this gibe, that truth may have something to do with the amazing durability of the English. It may be that the English—and their spiritual de-scendants—are a people who always have unfinished business, much of it with a high happiness potential.

You have now completed your examina-tion. If you are not satisfied with your grade, there are two encouraging thoughts that you are entitled to take into your mind. One is that understanding survival traits better tends automatically to improve survivability. The other is that man is just about the only animal that is able to change his environment if it doesn't suit him. All the other animals have to adapt themselves or perish. But you, because of your superior cerebral cortex, are able to shift a thermo-stat or get out a vitamin bottle and thus make your environment adapt itself to your well-being and pleasure. A few small changes in environment, all within your power, may make your present stock of sur-vival traits all you need for getting your full quota of the vigorous, happy years.

Tom sure gets his work clothes dirty—



but DUZ does 'em easy!

DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WASH!



1 JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THESE TOWELS—NO SOAP MADE GETS 'EM WHITER!

2 CAN'T BEAT DUZ FOR GETTING OVERALLS REALLY CLEAN!



DUZ does MORE!

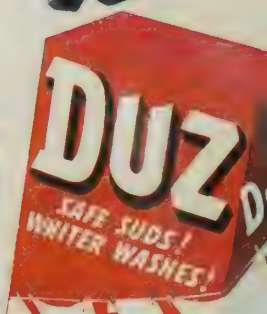
What's in *your* wash these days? Plenty of everything? Then better get to know DUZ—Procter & Gamble's new kind of soap that can't be beat for getting clothes clean and white.

But DUZ does more! It's safer for colors than any other leading washday soap—safer even for rayon undies. Put DUZ to work for you today. *DUZ does everything!*

A little DUZ a lot. Don't waste it—DUZ contains vital war materials.



3 YEP! DUZ DOES EVERYTHING. IT'S SAFER FOR RAYON UNDIES, TOO!



LADIES' HOME
Journal

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TELL THE MEN

By Struthers Burt

HERE is a recent story out of the Pacific which has to do with a carrier, another one of our "Fighting Ladies," and the captain of the carrier, and four of the crew down in the bowels of the ship. And it seems to me one of the most memorable stories I have ever heard, and one that should be repeated everywhere. Not for its heroism, although that is sufficient, but for its far wider implications.

The more you think about them, the wider they become, spreading out like dissolving clouds on the horizon until you see into the clear blue beyond. And the clear blue beyond is the ultimate reason for democracy, and why, admitting all the difficulty of exact definition, so many men and women know passionately, and to the very bottom of their souls, that democracy is man's greatest discovery. His surest hold on individual dignity. His straightest road to an eventual something better. His finest retort to the stupid pessimism which would question his value.

This is the story:

There was a moonlit night, immensely large and clear as moonlit nights are in the Pacific, and overhead were some fifty Japanese dive bombers, this particular "Fighting Lady" warding them off. But one had got through with an aerial torpedo which had struck the ship in such a way that her rudder had been twisted, leaving the stricken carrier unable to do anything but steer slowly in circles, her ack-ack guns blazing, until her auxiliary apparatus, also damaged, had been fixed. Down in the auxiliary-apparatus steering compartment four men were at work, water coming in and the air foul with the gases of explosions. For three hours they worked, and then they sent word to the bridge they could stand it no longer. The captain jumped to the speaking tube. "Tell them," he said, "that if they are positive they can't stand it, to leave. But before they leave, ask them to inform me."

The emphasis is on the word "positive." The important phrase is "if they are positive." The ultimate decision, therefore, rested with the men. The result was, the four men remained. They remained four hours longer, and they fixed the auxiliary steering apparatus, and this particular "Fighting Lady" got under way again at better than twenty-three knots. Meanwhile, the four judges of their own fate had become so weak they were unable to leave the compartment by themselves, let alone open the heavy doors. Other men had to blast through to them.

This story could not happen save in the armed services of a democracy; the exact wording of the command, the exact response. Both take for granted a high degree of personal responsibility, a subtle knowledge of what you are doing, and why. Democracy is steel, and malleable, and can bend, but it does not break. Tyranny is a base dull metal like unrefined iron.

(Continued on Page 127)

OBITUARY FOR GERMANY

By Dorothy Thompson

WHEN the President went to Yalta and Sevastopol he saw, for the first time, what war in the twentieth century is. If everyone in the world could see it, and the sight be transmitted through the social memory as part of inheritable consciousness, this would be the last war.

Individuals and organizations who are concerned with the postwar punishment of our enemies would, were they persons of more imagination, realize that the decision of Germany's leaders not to surrender themselves or their nation is a punishment beyond anything that the spirit of revenge could devise in the most hate-haunted dreams. Germany, by unleashing total war in the century of science and technology, wrote her own sentence if the terrible gamble failed. The war that Hitler took progressively to Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, the Balkans, England and Russia, comes back wholesale, in geometric progression, converging from all the world upon the wellspring of its origin. The agony sown to the wind returns with the whirlwind. The final cyclonic fury of total war, breaking over an area the size of Germany, is a sentence of death for a nation, a civilization and a culture.

"Germany" is finished.

The process of the destruction of a nation began before the war. Germany under Hitler cracked through the inhibitions whose shallow crust is all there is of civilization and culture anywhere. The spirit of destruction, whose name is Lust for Power, began breaking down the institutions of civilization while their walls were still intact. Churches, dedicated to the God of Love; courts devoted to impartial Justice; universities, housing the human spirit in its noble search for truth; medicine, with its Hippocratic oath of ministration to all; industry, with its infinite capacities for promoting human well-being and progress, were all invaded by the anticivilization lust for power. As they entered its service, they surrendered to doom. Now doom comes, in forms as terrible as the visions of the Apocalypse.

The end of a high civilization is a spectacle of the most solemn awe. That jagged cliff, horrid as a decayed tooth, once sang a soaring hymn of Gothic faith. That death's-head face, with gaping holes for eyes, once smiled a welcome to the needy sick; that grotesque ruin housed the rule of law; those shambled caves were swept and polished homes.

There once stood—only yesterday—a great civilization and culture. We shall not learn its lesson well by holding it posthumously in contempt. Its cities were green with linden, plane and elm; its houses twinkled bright eyes above necklaces of geranium and petunia. There stood gray cathedrals with jeweled windows, lacy with sculpture, and rosy guild halls, in whose vaulted rooms generations of burghers had conducted their honest mundane affairs. There stood galleries from whose walls gazed the faces of men, civilized three hundred years ago. There was displayed, from the hands of the princes of art, the civilization of the High Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Baroque, the Rococo, the Bourgeois, the Modern.

There stood temples of music—the elegant operas: the carefully acousticked halls, where at Easter throngs assembled, listening with inspired hearts to the great passions of Bach and the masses of Beethoven.

There were spread the homesteads of the countryside: deep-roofed houses, with carved balconies, and painted over their doorways primitive testaments to God. There were the hedges of braided beech or swaying poplar, the gray fences cunningly shaped to stand against the wind, the rotated fields turning the landscape into the parti-colored pattern of careful husbandry. There were the forests, straight, clean and tall, policed by watchful rangers, holding the land against erosion for all the generations yet unborn.

There were the industries with their gleaming machinery, their walls of glass, their neat and skillful workers, turning out products that went on swift ships to the markets of the world: cameras, none better made anywhere; plastics; beautiful porcelains; Diesel engines; ingenious machines; famous drugs.

There it was—a millenial treasure of stored and transmitted industry and art, an often-interrupted but never-broken tradition and inheritance, all taken for granted.

Taken for granted that even the humble housewife, thriftily budgeting her husband's wage, should set the steaming supper on a clean cloth, draw down the lamp over the children at their books, or seat the daughter at the piano while the son took up his fiddle. Taken for granted that the clean white sheets would be stretched smoothly and sleep fall upon the family in snug security.

There had been wars, disasters all, but when they were over civilization was still there: the cathedrals, the monuments, the galleries, the schools, the record, reminder and inheritance of the centuries.

But no longer in Germany after this war.

Now the people crouch in caves and the caves fall in upon them. They for whom cleanliness and domestic order were rated next to God are too weary and hopeless to wash if there were water, to scrub if there were soap. The pasty, bloating food is eaten amid dirty dishes; the children squat on gray haunches,

(Continued on Page 127)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY MORE WAR BONDS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





"My *grandmother's silverware had these*  *too!*"

"How well I remember my grandmother's silverware. I have a few spoons and forks today. They were Sterling Inlaid by Holmes & Edwards and have stayed bright and beautiful through the years.



"Now, I will have my own silverware. And like grandma's, it will be Sterling Inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks with two blocks of sterling silver. Just as soon as it comes back on sale, I'm choosing the Danish Princess pattern, to me the loveliest, most charming design I've ever seen.

"Wouldn't it be funny if some day my own granddaughter stood here saying these very same words?"

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE



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It's Sterling Inlaid

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Ladies are Lovely

★ It's all know-how. Knowing when to do what, and how. Knowing what to say, and how much. There's no reason why you should be stumped by a stickler when the answers are all there for the reading in the Sub-Deb booklets. Just send a card, asking for List No. 1695, to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Sub-Deb booklets, filled with know-how, on every subject from dates to new hair-do's, manners to parties. The list is yours for the asking!

CROOKED pinkies, courtly bows from the waist, dropped cards and "Sir, may I have your permission to call upon your daughter?" are lovely legends which have little to do with our case. We are concerned with manners, to be sure, but not as decoration. More as a pleasant, smooth, poised way of behaving. We learned early not to sneeze in anyone's face, or slam doors, or pull away the chair from somebody's sit down. That's plain common decency. What we're concerned with is the polishing of the rough stone. For we're convinced that ladies are lovely. And we want to be ladies.

Apology is cold comfort. It's easier to avoid the sharp crack, the bit of malicious gossip, the wounding of feelings, than to make amends. There's nothing lovely about a girl who willfully tries to hurt. Unintentional blights can be forgiven. But only when you ask for same. If you must apologize, be gracious about it, sincerely interested in making things right. Don't wait. Make it brief—go the whole way.

Words do hurt. Censor the things you say in public. Personal remarks will turn strange heads your way—not in approval. Your companion may cringe at being seen in your all-too-audible company. Gossip in public may find your victim in the audience—and you breaking out into a rash of swallowed words. Even in private, say only nice things about people. Keep your criticism and caustic comments to yourself—then you'll never hear "Oh, what you said!"

Don't hog limelight. Don't try to impress everybody all the time. Relinquish center stage in others' favor. Let Mary's story stand without trying to top it with a better one of yours. Keep your voice down instead of dominating the chorus by sheer weight of volume. A lady doesn't turn somersaults on the highway, play leapfrog in a bus or teasing tricks at the table. She behaves in public. She's among those present. Not The One decked out in giddy neon lights.

Frankness is futile. Nobody wants to hear your frank opinion. It's bound to be brutal. Even when asked, temper it with all the tact you can muster. Sue's dress? It's smooth, of course. If it doesn't suit your taste, why give her a complex about her own? Jean's beau? Find something nice to say if you have to make it up. He's not your property, to be knifed till his sawdust runs out. Besides, your opinion is only your opinion. Tact is a lubricant that makes getting along with people easy and frictionless. Bludgeon your way along ruthlessly, and you're no lady!

Lend a willing ear. Conversation isn't all talking. It takes a little silence on your part too. And a lot of eager listening. Constant interruptions show your impatience and a wagging tongue straining at the leash. Sit on the edge of your chair, waiting to pounce with your bit. Talk to your lap or the feather on her hat. Let your eyes wander around the room and snap back with frequent "What were you saying?" Spout facts and conclusions, make statements, give answers—leave no strings hanging to tie up other words, toss no questions into the ring, be curious about nothing. That is no conversation. It's talking into a telephone with cut wires.

Tote no chips. You can carry a basket of chips on your shoulder and fourteen people will knock them off—because you're asking for it. Flaunt your peeves and your temper, your grouches and your sulks, your hurt feelings and your envies, get furious mad. You haven't a secret in the world. You're displaying your inner emotions for all to see. Which is not quite modest!

A deal's a deal. You'd be there at five sharp, you said. So be there. And be considerate enough to give advance warning if you're going to be late, or find you can't make it at all. Who are you to upset another's applecart by blithely skipping out of your obligations? Don't stand up dates without sound reason. Don't ditch the girls for a boy and expect them ever to count on you. Don't accept favors, or gifts, or hospitality without fitting and enthusiastic thanks. Don't stand with outstretched hands for compliments without bestowing a few yourself. Be unreliable and unappreciative—lady, that's being a lightweight.

No wolf in she clothes. A special deck of manners for the boys, eh? Entirely different from manners with the girls? Too often the entry of one lad on the scene changes the girls into clawing animals. How one man can make such nasty magic! Such scratching at one another's eyes, such vying for his attention, such stepping on toes in the mad scramble. Where went the ladies?

Give what's asked. Jo-Ellen wants sympathy and appreciative cluckings from you. Tina is atwit with excitement and wants you excited too. Jim is being quietly proud and would love you for an audible pat on the head. Come through with the mood that's asked of you, instead of throwing cold water just to be contrary.

Fingers or forks? Table manners have been solved for you. Everything's designed to make the transfer of food from your plate to your mouth easy and foolproof. The tools are there; use them deftly. As with any other tools, careless, slipshod use defeats their purpose. Take your time, hold them firmly, and guide your selection by your hostess. Keep your mind on your work and the food will stay out of your lap!

This is the beginning. Here's a stranger being presented to you. Memorize a set of rules for what to say first, then next and then after, and you'll bog down. 'Cause you can't count on what he'll say. "How do you do?" covers a lot of ground and leaves the way open for a batch of interested questions and answers aimed at bringing him a bit closer into your life. He'll be doing more of same, so relax and play along. If you're doing the introducing, give as many clues as possible that will make it easy for your two strangers to get together. An introduction is not a barrier—it's a gateway. A poised lady lifts the latch and sails right through.

The recipe. Tired jeans, a calico shirt, bare legs and scuffed moccasins are rough-and-tumble stuff. They may not look the lady. But they are only decoration. Beautiful clothes, money in the bank and ancestors dating back to Charlemagne may give you a lift—or make you a snob. It takes something more, deep in the heart of you. The real thing is a deep-rooted courtesy, a consideration that avoids offense, and majors in things that please. With this recipe you'll be a lady—and lovely!



The "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

Don't let Infectious Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically. Don't disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have infectious dandruff which *can* and *does* often play hob with your scalp.

It's Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of trouble get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many . . . and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of infectious dandruff before it can get started, and even if the infection has gotten a head start, this simple treatment may overcome it.

As a precaution against this troublesome condition make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your usual hair-washing. And, if you've been troubled for some time, apply Listerine Antiseptic once a day. If you do not note rapid improvement repeat the treatment morning and night.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage. That's all there is to it!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus", (Pityrosporum ovale), regarded by many a noted dermatologist, as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Listerine Antiseptic *the Tested Treatment*



IF THERE'S *Romance*

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Crystal for the bride should be chosen with care. It being something she will have for years, ageless beauty is one requisite. Long continued availability is another, so she can match and add wherever she may be. Both are assured when you choose lovely Fostoria handmade crystal. You will find Fostoria at the better stores everywhere.

Romance
a charming Fostoria Master-Etching that looks to the future



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Our Readers Write Us

To report to JOURNAL readers how people in England, France, Italy are surviving the war as families, Mrs. Gould and Mary Cookman flew overseas, members of a group of writers with the Army Air Forces as hosts. Stories of how they found life in these war-torn countries will appear in later issues. ED.

Likes the French

Paris.

Dear Bruce: It is amazing to see a town like this—a network of Army occupation imposed upon the life of a city. Curiously enough, I like Paris and France and the French people now better than I ever did before. Better because I feel sympathy with them—they are so cold and hungry, yet civil and courteous and quite gay. But how much a bar of chocolate, a little coffee, a few cigarettes mean to them. But also because I have talked more to them. I have been into a number of homes, talked with people who joined resistance—some out of pride and intellectual idea, others simply because they didn't want to be pushed around by the Germans. In their homes they have great courtesy and utterly no heat. The working people are extremely intelligent and one understands why France has prided itself on its intellect when one talks to them.

Living conditions, of course, are very bad. A meal is potato soup and potatoes. For breakfast, farina and bread. No coffee, no butter, no jam. For lunch, potatoes. For supper, if they are lucky, vegetable soup and plenty of bread. Once a week, half a pound of meat, often unavailable even with points. Occasionally an apple. One liter of wine a week for a family. I dined at the house of a champagne manufacturer in Reims. It was a beautiful and dignified house, the meal served with formality and elegance and written menus on the table. We had (each item a separate course) potato soup, farina croquettes with tomato sauce, mashed potatoes, beet salad, cheese and applesauce, good coffee.

Of course, those who can afford it buy on black market. There you can pay $8 for a pound of butter. It creates, of course, a great cleavage between the poor and rich, and great bitterness. It is curious that in England war has actually drawn the classes together, but parted them here. Sonia Tamara says you lose all real sense of money. You pay $8 a pound for butter and then 50 cents for an excellent dinner in your own Army mess. It is true. I inquired today the price of a pretty handblocked, yellow scarf for Sesaly. It was 3000 francs—$60. It might have been $12 at home—at the most.

Madame Plevin, wife of the finance minister, called me today and asked me to lunch—said, "Do you want to see what real French people eat? It will be potatoes and apples." (I think this was a little stressed—*pour l'opinion publique américaine* but, even so, veracious.)

Vegetables are at a premium. Even at the Ritz mess, where food is excellent, an admirable blend of American rations and French skill, we had for lunch today potato soup, hash, potatoes and bread-and-butter pudding!

These few days since we have been here, the weather has been much better. During the extremely cold spell, many babies and old people died of cold.

The Ritz is fairly well heated and, thanks to Harlan's advice, we brought with us two small electric heaters, which make life more bearable.

There is so much to tell. I have so little time. It is late at night. But did I tell you about the last days in England? We went to a recent incident—very recent—and watched people digging about for their belongings and saying, "Yes, I lived there for thirty-three years. This was my home." I saw a father-in-law before a shattered house where a woman and three children were killed—the husband a soldier in Italy.

I am glad I didn't see it until just before I left. It made each explosion harder to bear.

We were constantly amazed at the people's spunk and cheerfulness, and Lady Reading, who took us, told us this story:

She was talking to a group of cockney women who had just lost their homes, and to divert them she was telling them about a recent trip to India. There she had seen



Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Cookman with Lady Reading at an "incident" shortly after a V-2 bomb fell in London. Despite the general destruction, the old lady is dusting off her rescued chairs. How can such people ever be beaten?

some boys who were able to get eggs for the first time.

"And imagine," she told them, "one boy ate thirty-four eggs."

"Eggs," said one of the old cockney women, screwing up her face. "I think eggs is old-fashioned."

Love,
BEATRICE.

Florence, Italy.

Dear Bruce: Mary and I returned to Florence on Tuesday to do our story. Toni is taking the photographs and Herbert Matthews is writing the story. We have taken a teacher with six beautiful little boys. The father had to join the Fascist Party to keep his teaching job and is now suspended while being investigated for having been a Fascist. However, since 98 per cent of Italians were members of the Fascist Party, he will probably get his job back again, as 98 per cent of the people can hardly be permanently unemployed.

Florence is an incredibly fascinating medieval city. Each narrow street offers glimpses of Scotch hats, South African black berets (South African men *are* cocky), jeep caravans and barefoot children.

The AMG is installed in the Palazzo Vecchio, built in 1298, once occupied by the Medici, each office a gem, statues by Michelangelo, murals by Vasari. This is a jewel of a city.

We have met all kinds of people—an English marchesa who spent nine months in prison for helping Allied fliers escape, and of course lots of wonderful American boys. Fliers on leave; boys just going back to the front.

We have run into Captain Butcher, "Chris" Butcher's husband. Last night he took us to dinner and then on dancing to a place called "The Fountain of Beatrice"—a cellar—and then we ended at a dance given by the Twelfth Air Force. We think Keen Butcher is one of the nicest men we have met anywhere—"Chris" is very lucky.

There is a ten-o'clock curfew, so all places close early. There has been some trouble between Italians and Americans (the Italians don't like the Americans going out with their girls), so all soldiers must be off the streets early.

Herbert Matthews has just spent the day with the family we have chosen to show how the Italians survived the war as families. He thinks we have used great judgment and are still very lucky to find one so typical.

I hope we shall come back to Florence someday when the statues aren't bricked

(Continued on Page 13)



YOU made our choice. Out of all Gorham famous sterling designs, these are the patterns of many of America's distinguished hostesses. These are the designs that are available in limited items while we major in war production.

Choose yours. Order now. Place-settings comprise luncheon knife and fork, cream soup spoon, teaspoon, butter spreader, salad fork.

Average cost, including Federal Tax, about $23.

Send 10 cents for booklet

"Entertaining the Sterling Way."

Gorham

STERLING

PROVIDENCE 7, RHODE ISLAND

America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831



The Purple Heart Medal —awarded to Army personnel wounded in action

The wounded are waiting for your answer!

Urgent! more nurses needed now-All women can help!

Must the wounded suffer more? As the casualty lists mount—as the call of "nurse" is heard more often—can you ignore that call?

The wounded are waiting for your answer!

Shall brave men lack for any want? When the touch of a woman's hand may mean the difference between life and death—can you say you're too busy?

The wounded are waiting for your answer!

★ ★ ★

This is it! Here is the chance you've wanted—the opportunity to *do* something to help the war effort.

For behind the glad announcements of our armies' triumphs, there is sickness and suffering. Row on row the hospital cots are filled. Brave men—tens of thousands more each month—are in need of care, attention and devotion.

ALL women can help. Young and old—trained and untrained—there is a place for each of them.

What can *you* do? How can *you* help?

★ ★ ★

If you are a registered nurse join the Army Nurse Corps. 10,000 more nurses are needed now—at once. Our wounded overseas can have adequate nursing only if you help release experienced Army Nurses by taking their place in Military Hospitals in this country. Your minimum pay as an Army Nurse will be the equivalent of $216 per month—counting food and quarters. You will be eligible for all Veterans' benefits.

Contact your local Red Cross Chapter. Or wire for information, *Government rate collect:* The Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

★ ★ ★

If you are not a registered nurse— but are between the ages of 20 and 49—join a Wac Hospital Unit. Previous technical experience helps—but is not essential. You will be given valuable technical and on-the-job training. Upon successful completion of training, you will become a Technician Fifth Grade. You will be eligible for further promotions and entitled to all Veterans' benefits.

Wacs for Army General Hospitals must be U. S. citizens, in good health, with no dependents under 14, and have had at least two years of high school (or equivalent schooling).

If you are eligible, apply at once at any U. S. Army Recruiting Office. Or write to the Adjutant General, Munitions Building, Washington, D. C.

★ ★ ★

If you are untrained—and want to help on a part-time basis—volunteer as a Nurse's Aide in your local hospital. More nurses are leaving for service in Army Hospitals every day. You can help. Enroll in a Nurse's Aide course. Your local Red Cross Chapter or Hospital will be glad to give you full information.

★ ★ ★

Will you help? The wounded are waiting for your answer!

THIS MESSAGE IS PUBLISHED IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST BY

Ford Motor Company

(Continued from Page 10)

up, and there is light in the town, and life is lovely again. Love,

BEATRICE.

How Italy Lives

Somewhere in Italy.

Miei Cari: If anybody had told me that the most fascinating chapter of our grand tour would be Italy, I wouldn't have believed it. Imagine, if you can, the narrow, twisting streets of a medieval city thronged with the soldiers' uniforms of a dozen different countries and choked with the Frankenstein monsters of modern war—convoys of munitions trucks, command cars, jeeps and armored tanks. Imagine a river hardly wider than a canal, lined along its banks by palaces and churches of varying shades of pink, blue and terra cotta, with every ancient bridge crossing blown to smithereens and a good many houses reduced to chalky, dusty rubble. This, in a few inadequate words, is the symbol of art and beauty in the year of our Lord 1945. And what a commentary on what we are pleased to call a civilization. Curiously, one is hardly conscious of the civilians at first. The intoxicating beauty of the city and the grotesque contrast of the Army engulf you. The poor people are so poor that they seem to live in the cracks of the ruins and antiquities. The not-so-poor and better-off are extraordinarily good-looking.

The town is a seething black market. No goods—lots of money brought in by the G.I.'s. Anything can be sold at ten times its value. The cost of living has gone up 1000 per cent. Beautiful handmade pure silk underwear can be bought—but at prices that exceed the most expensive shops on Fifth Avenue. For a simple slip the lowest price is equivalent to $35; for a lace-trimmed, hand-embroidered nightgown, $75. The "new poor"—former aristocrats and upper middle classes—are selling their personal possessions, furniture, silver, paintings, jewelry, at fantastic prices to support themselves.

We have been to Naples, Pisa, Rome. The weather has been sublime; and everywhere, in the midst of the human sordidness and poverty and devastation of war, the monuments of man's creative genius and love of beauty rise above the cataclysm to defy the evil will to destroy.

As Beatrice and I lingered beneath the great dome of St. Peter's in Rome and viewed for the first time the stupendous achievement of centuries of dedicated men, we became pretty philosophical. The modern world has had little time or place for the Italian genius. Their civilization represents a worship of beauty that has found expression even in the most humble aspects of living. Since the world has found so little time to cultivate and support this way of life, the Italians have been floundering and unhappy, trying to compete with the rest of the world industrially and politically, and have got themselves into this sorry mess. I wish that we could help Italy to be satisfied to be the artistic treasure house of the world, continuing to create and to give inspiration to the rest of the world. We need to return to those values so desperately.

Of course, this is daydreaming. Our own Army men and the British army men with whom I have talked do not share my views. They have little patience with what to them is lack of moral standards and convictions, laziness, treachery and inefficiency. I don't suppose you can expect them to love the men they have been fighting against. But somehow I can't bring myself to feel that the Italian people had any stomach for it—that they were anything but driven cattle in the whole enterprise.

We spent two days at the front with the Fifth Army. I'm afraid the true story of the job the infantry has been doing on this front has been overshadowed by the more sensational news from the western front. It seems to be conceded by military men that this is the toughest and most rugged terrain of the war theater on this side of the ocean. We followed the route of the German retreat by open jeep, and the only thing I can compare it to is trying to scale the Rockies on a motor scooter. I still don't know how our men did the job.

On our way from Marseille to Naples we flew over Anzio, and the pattern of battle is written for miles over that battleground in the shape of foxholes and tank dugouts. We also had a bird's-eye view of Cassino, and I can understand now why the Germans thought that we couldn't get any farther.

Recent weeks have had their lighter moments too. We have been lavishly entertained by generals, both American and British. It is the fashion for generals to take over villas for entertaining, and so on, but to live in auto trailers in the yard where they can enjoy the creature comforts that the more Spartan Italian noblemen spurned, such as electric heaters, hot water, inner-spring mattresses and rug-covered floors. "Blood and guts" Patton started the fashion. Incidentally, he is the most admired and popular general among the soldiers at all fronts.

I don't know whether you will approve of our unconventional attitudes about pickups when we get home. Introductions aren't necessary over here, just our common language—English. We're reasonably discreet, you understand, and we don't do too much walking on the Ponte Vecchio by moonlight with strange officers. Now and then we get scribbled notes carried over by waiters or left in our box. We are usually called upon to pass judgment on presents—soldiers occupy 90 per cent of their time off shopping—and we always say the presents are wonderful, knowing the boys could send home a saw-tooth dagger and their women would love it.

We're going to take a run over to Athens for a couple of days before we head for Casablanca and home. This flight is being laid on by a British chief air marshal who decided we American journalists needed some briefing on the situation. You will have to get used to the term "laid on," as we've adopted it as a part of our working vocabulary. One doesn't hire a person, one "lays on a body," or "several bodies," as the case may be. The term originated with the English, who refer to the modern plumbing as "water laid on"—don't ask me why the term has acquired such extensions. It just has, and we love it.

So with *saluti affetuosi*, I conclude with most fervent Latin love and kisses.

MARY.

Canada Has Butter Trouble Too

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Dear Editors: In If You Ask Me, by Eleanor Roosevelt, in the March JOURNAL, there is a misleading statement which was only half corrected in the answer.

The question states that U. S. Lend-Lease butter is being sold in Canada at 38 cents a pound, all you want and no points. Mrs. Roosevelt did not say that butter is rationed in Canada, and we are allowed only six ounces per week per person. In Vancouver the price is 40 cents a pound. If anyone is buying all they want at 38 cents a pound, as mentioned, then they must be in the black market.

Yours very truly,

I. R. A.

After Death, What?

Scranton, Iowa.

Dear Editors: My husband was killed in an accident last April, our first child born in August. Thousands of lives are being lost in the war—yet so little is said about what takes place after life is gone. An idea ever present with me is that someday I shall be with my husband when this life is over. I should like to read what others think. Truly yours,

(Name withheld by request.)

Dorothy Goes to Newcastle

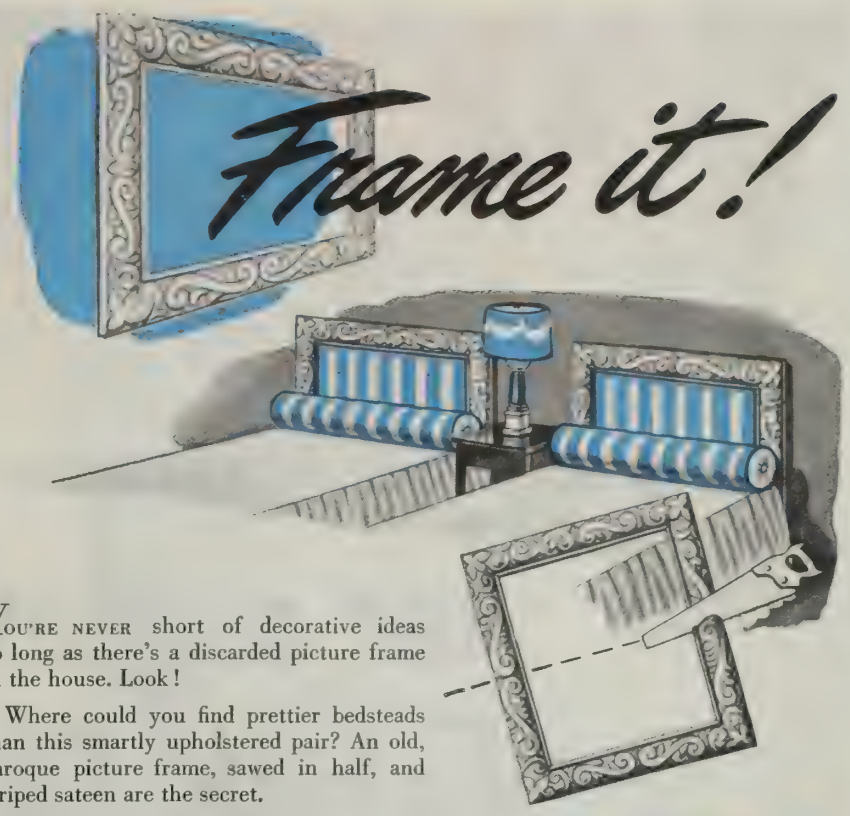
The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

Dear Bruce: Now all the balloons are down and the sky looks awfully empty. They say people got very attached to their balloons and gave them pet names, and are now desolate. I still can't quite believe we have got to the end of some of the wartime restrictions.

Do send grateful thanks to all the kind people who sent me sour-cream recipes. Not only sauces, but many other engaging things. It looks as if I might have lots of sour cream to work on before long: my refrigerator bust with a colossal wham, in the middle of the night. No one took any notice. We just thought it was a bomb!

You can't possibly realize the sinister meaning of that word "bust." There is no one to mend anything. The service people say they will get around "when they can." After anything up to six months, they come, look, murmur something and go again. Then they remove the engine. After that anything can happen.

(Continued on Page 122)



YOU'RE NEVER short of decorative ideas so long as there's a discarded picture frame in the house. Look!

Where could you find prettier bedsteads than this smartly upholstered pair? An old, baroque picture frame, sawed in half, and striped sateen are the secret.

A family bulletin board can be just as decorative as it is handy. Paint the frame to match the woodwork of the room. Pin up maps, clippings and other items of family interest.

Coffee tables, too, by the picture frame method. This one was antiqued white with some of the design picked out in dull gold—a mirrored surface was fitted to it and stretcher legs attached. Smart? Very!

And a wonderful addition to your coffee table (or to any other table) is a Whitman's Sampler. Pleasant conversation becomes even pleasanter with these luscious chocolates to nibble on. The chocolate is so rich and so creamy smooth—the centers so tempting. And everyone's favorites are here—crunchy nuts, satiny caramels, tempting fruits and cooling mints. But taste them for yourself and see!



If you can't get Whitman's Chocolates today—try again. Your dealer gets an allotment regularly (shipped after the orders from the fighting forces are filled).

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

Copr. 1945, Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia



USE WHICHEVER KINDS YOU CAN GET

for a glorious Family Dinner



LOOK FOR THIS NAME . . .

Swift's Premium Table Ready Meats

YOUR SUREST GUIDE TO MEATS THAT ARE TEMPTING, DELICIOUS, EASY-TO-SERVE!

CHOOSE THE MAKINGS for delectable dinners from whatever Swift's Premium cold cuts your dealer is able to supply you. Try for variety in size and shape (the better to arrange pretty platters *like this* partified with cucumber-slice lilies) . . . and *variety* in seasoning, too! No two Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats are alike . . . each has *its own distinctive flavor!*

BUY BY NAME—Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats whenever you can. They're flavorful meats prepared with home-kitchen goodness from choice fresh meat cuts *seasoned to perfection* . . . inspiration for a party-like *dinner* for the family. These days the supply is scarce with war demands heavy. But now, as always, quality is strictly maintained on all Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats produced.

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT . . . Never a bite wasted with Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats —they're that delicious! And any extra or leftover slices can be used like this—



IN SANDWICHES. Cold meat sandwiches help provide good nutrition for the lunchbox. Get Swift's Table-Ready Meats whenever you can for their fine quality and delicious flavor. They're economical, too!



FOR MEAT SHORTCAKE. Chopped bits of Table-Ready Meats in creamy white sauce add high quality protein, exciting flavor to a man-size main dish. Any of the *Swift's Premium* cold cuts are extra good *served hot.*

Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



THE sensations of May, 1895, were the Oscar Wilde trial in London, and the Supreme Court's decision that the new income-tax law was entirely null and void. Stephen Crane's The Red Badge of Courage and Kipling's Second Jungle Book appeared, and at a time when Hollywood was a fig-and-citrus ranch near Los Angeles, the first projected motion picture was shown in America, the Griffo-Barnett prize fight.

"I never expect to see the teaching force of a male college made up of women," says the Rev. Charles Parkhurst in the May, 1895, JOURNAL. "Why, then, is so much of the instruction of female colleges in the hands of men? Is it not pretty clear that a thoroughly womanly woman can do more toward helping a college girl become a woman than a thoroughly manly man can?"

"*Doubtful: If you love the girl as you say you do, it would be all right to ask her to be your wife, even if you are only two months her senior.*"

"Helvetia: Try bathing your hands in very hot water to draw the redness from them."

"I have told my girls very plainly," writes Ruth Ashmore crisply, "that I do not approve of a young woman giving her picture to any man except the one she expects to marry."

"*Juliet: An upright piano is considered a more ornamental piece of furniture than a grand.*"

"Turquoises of great beauty are becoming rarer and rarer," says Aletha Lowbar Craig. "It is believed that this stone turns pale if the owner falls ill; and it loses its splendor altogether if worn by a lady with a cloudy complexion."

"In appearance Mrs. Thomas Hardy is striking; she is dignified and very graceful and looks as though she might be the wife of some ecclesiastical dignitary."

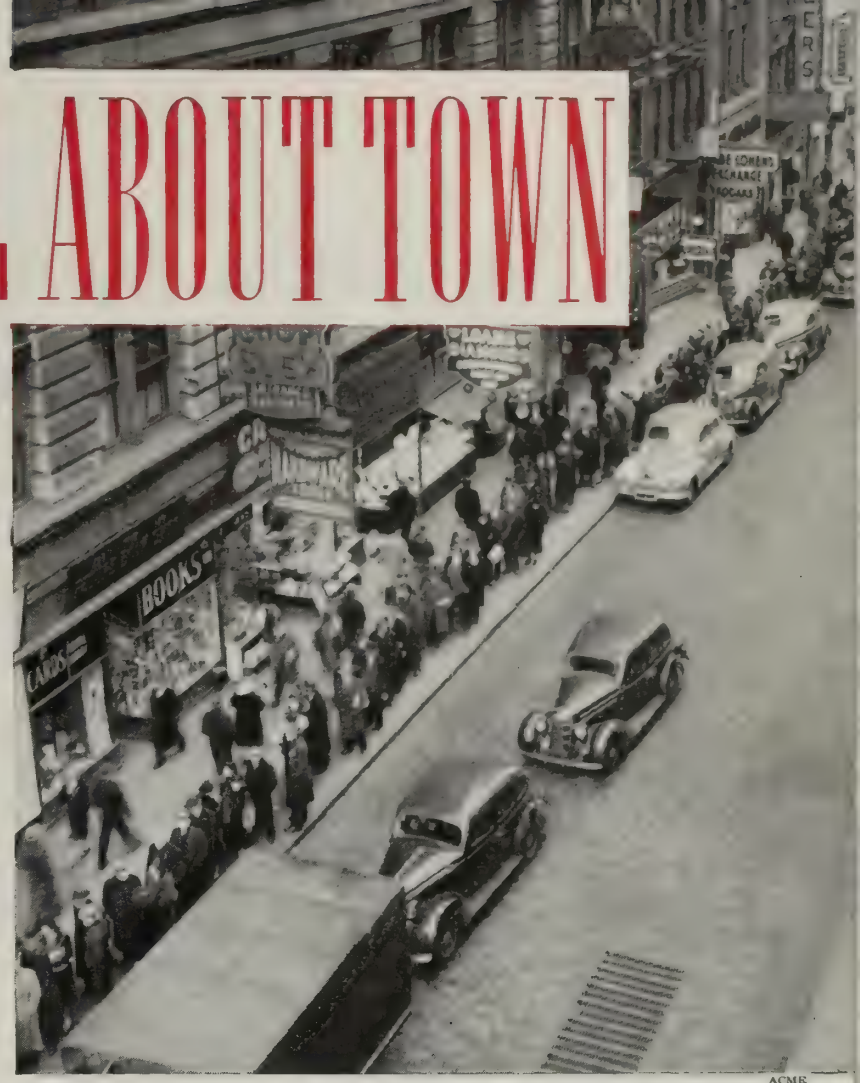
"*What quality in a man does a woman dislike the most?*" *a worried male reader asks Editor Edward Bok, who replies in one word:* "*Cowardice.*"

"Gertrude: No matter what may be the language of flowers, I do not think you were quite wise in refusing those offered you by the gentleman. He may have been ignorant as to their meaning."



JOURNAL ABOUT TOWN

★***Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.***



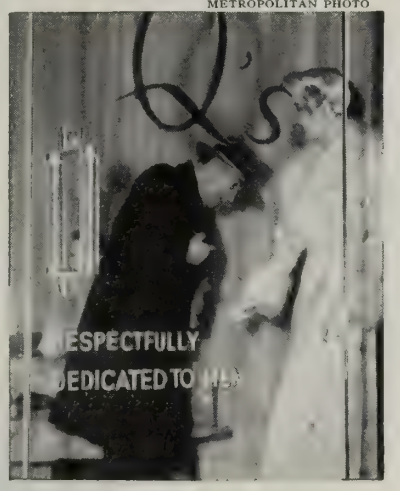
ACME

The magic words, "Cigarettes on sale," cause block-long queues to form.

TO anyone here in the Workshop, on top of the building that has the Radio City Music Hall down below—the biggest movie in the world—the long lines of people all over town waiting to buy cigarettes don't seem very long. For we see double lines of hopeful movie patrons down here that run right around the block, in rain, snow or blistering sun—the tail end often touching the head of the line at the box office. Whereas the longest cigarette line we've seen has hardly been more than a block in length, and we remember coffee lines as long as that, when coffee was hard to get. As to how long the bread lines were back in 1930, we've tried our best to forget.

Speaking of queues calls to mind a new kind of shop that opened recently, across on Madison Avenue, called Q's—for men only. But the catch, according to ***Wilhela Cushman,*** who was able to get in as fashion editor, is that the

METROPOLITAN PHOTO



Here men shop unembarrassed.

merchandise is all for women. The shop is run by ***Antoinette Quilleret***—"Q's"; get it?—who got the idea after hearing so many men describe their embarrassment at having to buy negligees, or what used to be called unmentionables, for their wives and girls at the regular places. Here no chance of running into women who make them feel foolish, only understanding clerks, and Q herself—who can outride and outgolf most men, and was tennis champion of Morocco, where she used to manufacture marmalade.

On May 10, 1933, the Nazis burned the books, and in judgment upon them Religious Book Week will be observed in this country May 6–13. . . . Religious reading is definitely "up," THE ROBE having been an outstanding best seller for two years, and 7,000,000 Bibles sent to our armed forces in the past four years. . . . Among the non-religious books this month are AMERICAN GUERILLA, by *Ira Wolfert,* the true story of an American naval lieutenant who, after his ship went down, joined the Philippine guerrilla army on Leyte—a haphazard, heroic Robinson Crusoe-type army which helped greatly toward smoothing the path for General MacArthur's return; and THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES, by *Letitia Preston Osborne,* a Grand Hotel in miniature, taking place in a pension in Honduras.

*If you want a little behind-the-scenes on this month's cover, the girl in **Sally Victor's** original flower hat is **Bettina Bolegard,** who has probably worn more hats from world-famous milliners than any other model we can think of—literally thousands; and when **Wilhela Cushman** was in Hollywood recently, after doing the cover, the first person she saw was **Joan Fontaine**—with the very same hat on her head.*

Budding authors should hear the story of ***Letitia Preston Osborne***. Among the 40,000 manuscripts a year which come in from authors unknown to us (the known ones comprise another category), came Mrs. O.'s ms. of her first novel, THEY CHANGE THEIR SKIES. Read by ***Noël Butcher,*** who thought it good, though not a serial, she passed it on to fiction editor ***Hugh Kahler,*** who liked it so much he showed it to several book publishers, resulting in its being grabbed by Lippincotts for publication in May and becoming the Canadian book of the month for May.

One of the promptest editors on the staff, the same Mr. K. came in a little late the other day, to everyone's surprise—but with the first excuse of its kind. Seems his train ran down a deer, and the crew held things up until they'd loaded all that unrationed venison onto the baggage car.

After telling you last month about launchings, we had a letter from ***Eleanor Kunitz,*** chief of the shipnaming section in the U. S. Maritime Commission—which is something of a job, having had to name well over 4000 ships since January, 1942. We'd asked her if they always used champagne, and she said almost always—even when the ships were named for famous drys, like ***Billy Sunday*** and ***Frances E. Willard.*** (It splashes so wonderfully.) But the ***Louis Pasteur*** was christened with a bottle of pasteurized milk; and small bottles of water were used a while back when five identical vessels at Superior, Wisconsin, were launched simultaneously, and christened simultaneously, by five identical young ladies named Dionne.

Birthdays this month are: ***Orson Welles*** *(whose first name is George) on the 6th;* ***Harry Emerson Fosdick*** *on the 24th;* ***Beatrice Lillie*** *(who probably holds the record for war entertaining), the 29th, and* ***Benny Goodman,*** *the 30th.*

BAUMAN



Morale-builder Lillie.

"The continuance and assurance of a living peace must, in the long run, be the work of the people themselves."

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

BIG SISTER SAID: "My complexion needs help!"





I SAID: "Better get that Ivory Look!"



SHE DID—AND HE SAID:

"Mm-mmh..pretty smooth"...

Here's how your skin can be softer, prettier, too!

Wouldn't you like to have that Ivory Look . . . to see your skin become clearer, smoother, lovelier? All you have to do is stop being careless about your complexion. Follow baby's Ivory Soap routine!

Change to regular, gentle cleansing with that pure, mild cake of Ivory. You can't buy a purer soap no matter how much you pay.

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate. More doctors advise it than all other brands put together! 99 44/100% Pure



More doctors advise Ivory — THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

P. S. TO PATRIOTS: You help save vital war materials when you make Ivory go as far as possible. Avoid soap waste, and prevent war waste.



The FARMER'S DAUGHTER

By Nelia Gardner White

"Oh, I'll marry sometime," she said. "I'm not in any hurry."

THOMAS PELLETIER sat at his desk in the office on the second floor at the Academy. The high school in West Ulster was still called the Academy, as it had been in the days of Pelletier's grandfather. There had often been talk of erecting a new building. Why not, with all these grants and the trend toward centralized schooling? But somehow the Academy remained, a tall, three-storied building with narrow stairs whose treads were worn in the middle, high, not-too-well-lighted classrooms, and over all the faint haze of chalk and dust. The building was on a hill, as so often schoolhouses used to be in the old days, whether from some instinct that said learning should stand above the routine comings and goings of town life, or from some other instinct that said it did youngsters good to have to climb a hill for their education. The town never grew in that direction, though there was a straggling row of houses that climbed the hill of School Street, and halfway up the hill was St. Paul's and the rectory. It was quiet in the office. It was four-thirty of an October afternoon and the children were gone, and most of the teachers.

Miss Scott was still in her room. She taught algebra and geometry, was sixty-four years old and something of an institution in West Ulster. She had a tongue like a razor and yet was respected and even liked. She seemed never to have heard that everything one learned should have some practical application to life. She probably knew that her pupils would not go through life working out their destinies in terms of *x* and *y*, but she taught with a vigor and discipline that would seem to imply that she expected just that. As a matter of fact, she considered

They thought Tom was mad to fall for the girl — and, at times, so did Tom!

new ways foolish and was convinced that the only thing that mattered was to see that her students worked, and worked hard. It didn't matter at what. She offered nothing on a silver platter and made no attempt to have mathematics interesting or pleasant. She should have been, by tenure and experience, the principal of the Academy, and she knew it, but she bore no resentment that Thomas Pelletier had the job instead. By custom, a man was always the principal.

There was a pile of essays on the desk in front of Pelletier, but he seemed unaware of them. It was his custom to take papers home and mark them at the dining-room table, within sight of his mother's door. The position of principal at West Ulster was not an administrative job entirely, or even for the most part. Pelletier taught third and fourth year English and ancient history. It would seem that mathematics should have been his subject, but he was quite content to leave equations and tangents to Miss Scott. He sat now, looking, not at the papers, but beyond to the hills across the valley. They were startlingly golden and red now in the clear late afternoon. The sky was a brilliant blue, and closer at hand leaves fell without effort, slowly, steadily; the small yellow leaf of the beeches in the schoolyard, the crimson-and-gold leaf of the maples by the old well, no longer used. Pelletier's eyes behind their glasses were bleak and still, as if they did not see the familiar hills, the loved colors.

Miss Scott came to the doorway, hesitated. She wore a plain gray suit, her usual uniform for teaching. Her gray hair was curly and there was a little friz of curls above her forehead, but in the back it was pulled up without compromise to a knob on the top of her head. She wore her watch pinned to her lapel with a big fleur-de-lis-shaped gold pin. The watch and the hair-do gave her an odd effect of dignity and style, though she had worn them the same way for twenty-five years and more and there had been times when they seemed old-fashioned and ridiculous.

"You shouldn't have tried to come back this week, Mr. Pelletier," she said, and her sharp voice had a touch of kindness and anxiety.

His glance left the window and came slowly to Miss Scott, but as if it were still concerned elsewhere and couldn't quite take her in. "Oh, I'd rather be at work," he said dully. He was a slight, studious-looking man, with a fair mustache and thick glasses. He was forty-one years old, but he still retained a look of boyishness that was very appealing. At the moment he did not look boyish at all, however, but old and very tired.

"Death is always more of a shock than we anticipate," Miss Scott said somewhat bluntly. "You've looked after your mother for a long time, and you ought to have a rest."

"Rest?" Pelletier said vaguely.

"Why don't you go away somewhere for a week? We'd get along. Things always go on just the same, you know, whether we think we're indispensable or not."

He tried to smile, but it was plain it was an effort. "I've never thought I was indispensable, Miss Scott," he said. "But I don't want to go away."

Miss Scott looked as troubled as it was in her nature to look. "Well, you ought to!" she said briskly. "And don't tell me you aren't tired, because I know different. Maybe you're wound up and can't stop, but you're tired. I looked after my father for ten years after he had his first stroke, and I know all about it. The only difference was that I didn't have much, if any, affection for my father. He was pretty much of a tyrant, as all West Ulster knows. But when it was all over I was so used to it that I couldn't seem to stop. Well, I know now I should have. And so should you. You need to *stop*." Miss Scott believed in minding her own business, and it was plainly an effort for her to be saying this, and also plainly a mark of her liking for her principal and her real concern for him.

"I'd rather be at work," he said in that same dull voice, but with a certain finality now. Then he took off his thick glasses absently and swung them by the bow, and Miss Scott saw with a kind of shock that his eyes were a deep, clear, penetrating blue. She had never, in all these years under him, seen him without those thick glasses. He was suddenly a person she had never known at all, and she could not go on in her usual brisk way, respectfully but a little browbeatingly as well.

"But you ought to," she said, but with bewilderment this time. She turned and went out. She was a past mistress of finality in speech herself, and knew when she had met it in another. But she went away more troubled than she had come.

After her sensible, firm steps had faded down the steep stairway, Pelletier sat on there for a long time. The Academy was very still now. He was alone in the building. Once he drew a paper toward him from the pile of essays, sat looking down at it as if he were about to correct it. In round childish writing the essay began, "It is very important to understand the British right now. In Burke's Speech on Conciliation ——" He saw the words, but it was clear that only his eyes saw them, not his mind.

Presently he put the essay back with the others, lifted the pile and put them in an old brief case that lay on a radiator close by. He took his hat from a hook by the door, put it on, walked out of the room and toward the stairs. Halfway down he remembered that he had not brought the brief case, but he did not go after it. He went on down the two flights and out the old front door, not locking it behind him. Old Jonas, who had been janitor for longer than Pelletier had been principal, would take care of that.

Jonas was raking leaves, slowly, deliberately. Leaves in a high pile were burning near the roadway, their smoke going straight up toward the clear sky in a thin line. Unfailingly, as Pelletier left the schoolhouse, he said, "Good night, Jonas." Tonight he walked past the old man without looking at him.

Jonas paused an instant, his gnarled hands drawing the rake upright and clinging to it. *Et up with grief*, he excused him after a moment. *Well, she was a wonderful woman, prof's mother was.* But he was a little hurt, because Prof Pelletier had always seemed to confide in him. Once he'd said to him, "You know, Jonas, it's really you and Miss Scott who run the Academy." Quite a few times when he'd been detained at the school for something or other he'd sent Jonas down to the house to see if his mother was all right. Jonas went on raking now, but he still felt hurt, as if something had changed in the good routine of his life.

Thomas Pelletier walked down the hill. He had a graceful if somewhat slouching way of walking, with coat unbuttoned, hands thrust in his pockets like a college boy. Halfway down, just outside the rectory, he met the Reverend Doctor Deem, the rector.

No one could have looked less like a rector. Deem was almost grossly fat and had a small head with small eyes. He seemed to have almost no neck for the ministerial collar to embrace, and his face was as red as if he were a drinking man. But his appearance belied him, for he was one of the kindest and wisest of men, and his small eyes were enormously shrewd and intelligent. Though it was clear enough that Pelletier was going by with only a nod, Deem blocked his way and said:

"Glad I met you, Pelletier. My wife told me to go up and bring you down to supper, but I was evading it because I haven't the figure for climbing hills any longer, but come in, come in—my wife's made angel food in your honor."

"Thanks," Thomas Pelletier said. "Some other time, if you don't mind."

"But I do. I do mind! . . . Look here, my boy, I know you want to crawl into a hole somewhere, but it doesn't do, you know. Kindness is often an intrusion and a bore, but I assure you we won't talk about what a good son you were or anything of the kind. I want to have a strictly academic discussion with someone, on literature as affected by war. You're the only man in town I can have it with—don't let me down."

"Some other time," Pelletier said again without rudeness, just with finality. He went on down the hill. *(Continued on Page 74)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER



irst he thought he was dreaming. Then he felt the hand under his cheek and saw her face on the pillow, still and young in sleep.



"You can dissipate your talents rig here, William," said Liz. "I've be howling for an assistant for weeks.

She's the Boss

BY ELIZABETH MATHER YOUNG

HE had known her since the days when girls wore nylons, young men planned careers and steaks were two inches thick. He had never dated her, but they had traveled in the same crowd and sat in on the same night course at the Art Center. Once, at a Christmas party, he had kissed her—briefly, under the mistletoe. In view of these facts, he opened the office door without knocking.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, sticking his head inside. "Does the Number Six bus stop here?"

Liz Jordan looked up from her desk, did a double take and then came toward him with outstretched hands. "Bill!" she marveled. "Bill Douglas!"

"Give the lady ten silver dollars," he grinned, clasping her hands warmly. "How are you, Liz?"

"Bill Douglas," she repeated, her voice still filled with amazement.

"Let me know when you're back on the fairway." He pulled off his topcoat. "Mind if I sit down?"

Sprawling in the nearest chair, he watched her cross the room and perch on a corner of the desk. Her dark hair was smoothly upswept. She was wearing a gray wool dress with a vivid Ascot that matched her lipstick. If she had gained any weight during the past two years, it was certainly in the right places.

"You're looking mighty sharp, Miss J."

"Thanks," she said. "If I'd known you were coming, I'd have worn a rose in my teeth." Her blue eyes were frankly appraising. "You look pretty good yourself, William. But where's the sailor suit—at the cleaner's?"

He shook his head. "All gone. I got careless one day and walked into a piece of shrapnel. So they fired me." Seeing the expression on her face, he elaborated hastily: "Oh, they were nice about it. Built me a brand-new chest and pinned a medal on it before they gave me my discharge. But no more uniforms."

Liz's fingers curled around the edge of the desk. Her eyes were wide and suddenly bright. "Why, Bill," she began, and then stopped and swallowed.

Bill shifted nervously in his chair. He hoped she wasn't going to pull a Marianne on him. He'd been more or less prepared for Marianne's reaction. She was the emotional type anyway. But for Liz Jordan to play it heavy ——

She didn't. Her mouth twisted in a funny, lopsided little smile. "Why, Bill, I do believe you're something of a hero. Tell Eliza, dear. Why did they give you a medal?"

"For being a brave boy and not yelling when they pulled out the stitches." He changed the subject quickly. "I'm looking for a job, Liz. You're head of the art department here. I thought you might be able to fix me up."

"Ha-ha," Liz said. "Now tell the one about Pat and Mike."

"No, I'm serious." Bill lighted a cigarette. "How's about it?"

She leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees and eying him quizzically. "In the name of Peter Arno," she said, "why should a cartoonist want a job—and in a department store, of all places?"

"I don't *want* a job. What I want is to marry a quick trick, name of Marianne Marsh, and go off on an extended honeymoon—maybe six months; maybe a year. I want to relax and have some fun for a change. But the lady of my heart says that a marriage begun so frivolously couldn't possibly last. Furthermore, she won't marry me until I have a steady job. In her estimation, free-lance cartooning ranks with playing the slot machines as a way to earn a living. Ergo, I seek employment."



"I didn't realize you'd be working for a lady," said Marianne. "You're too kind," Liz murmured.

"She must be quite a gal. Do you think she'll let you smoke after you're married?"

"Oh, now wait a minute," Bill protested. "I don't want you to get the wrong impression. There's nothing domineering about Marianne. She's the kind of girl you want to take care of—young and sweet, and oh, so lovely to look at. It's just that she feels marriage is a very solemn business and I have to humor her for the time being. Naturally, I'll be the one who makes the decisions once we're married."

"Naturally," Liz said. She slid to her feet and stood looking down at him. "I think you're a king-size dope, William, but if you're determined to become a wage slave you can dissipate your talents right here. I've been howling for an assistant for weeks, and all Personnel has produced so far are characters who think art gum is something you chew."

Bill jumped up, grinning broadly. "Sold to the gentleman in the red tie. I knew I could count on you, Liz. When do I start?"

"Tomorrow morning at nine. I'll call Personnel now and tell them to begin doing whatever it is they do to put people on the pay roll."

"Assistant to the head of the art department at F. L. Kinsler and Sons." Bill was shrugging on his coat. "A title like that ought to impress anyone—even Marianne." His brown eyes clouded momentarily. "You understand, don't you, that I probably won't keep the job very long? It just depends on how soon I can persuade Marianne to go off on that honeymoon. If you'd rather wait until you can find someone who ——"

"I understand." Liz smiled. "It will be nice having you around even for a short time, Bill." She gave him a small push in the direction of the door. "Scram," she commanded. "I'm a busy woman, even though I don't look same."

Going down in the elevator, Bill whistled softly to himself. Outside, the sky was gray, promising snow. Bill hailed a cab and gave the driver the Marshes' address. Marianne, he reflected placidly, was going to be overwhelmed when she heard the news.

As recently as last night he had attempted for the dozenth time to convince her that they had nothing to lose by giving his plan a try. "If you're not completely happy, we'll come back and I'll get the steadiest, most respectable job in town," he had promised.

But Marianne was adamant and he had finally decided, after a restless night, to concede temporarily for the sake of future gains.

The Marshes' apartment was on the eighteenth floor, overlooking the park. Hattie, the second maid, ushered Bill into the living room with the assurance that Miss Marianne would join him as soon as she finished dressing.

Bill glanced around the room, taking in the royal-blue rug, the chalk-white walls and the starkly modern furniture. It was still a minor miracle to him that a girl raised in such sophisticated surroundings could be as sweet and unspoiled as Marianne. Sitting down at the piano, he strummed out a four-finger version of Come Out, Wherever You Are.

Marianne appeared in the middle of the second chorus. She was a tiny girl, with wide gray eyes and shining golden-brown hair that hung to her shoulders. There was an appealing daintiness about her, a delicate beauty that had captured Bill's heart the moment he met her.

"Billy," she cried in a soft little voice. "I'm so sorry. I didn't expect you so early."

"Hi, baby," Bill said, abandoning the keyboard. "Did the other guy leave peaceably?" He took her in his arms and kissed her, but carefully, because he knew she didn't like to have her hair mussed. "I am a bearer of glad tidings—practically exuberant tidings, as a matter of fact." He pulled her down on the piano bench beside him. "I have a job."

(Continued on Page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART, FROM THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, IRWIN COLLECTION

THE PICNIC—George Wesley Bellows (1882-1925) *is widely known for his paintings of prize fights and for his hard-boiled treatment of contemporary life in the New York of his day. But he had softer moments in which he painted such imaginative, dreamy scenes as The Picnic—painted in 1924: a never-never land of marked lyric beauty, representing a romantic escape from twentieth-century industrial civilization.*



What Flower are You like?

Have you ever wondered what kind of flower you were like? Not the hothouse exotic blooms, but the everyday varieties of blossoms that are native to almost every state. Perhaps you are like the rose or the daisy. Or mayhap you more closely resemble the primrose or the poppy. It all depends on your traits and characteristics, on what type of person you are. ★ **BY MARGUERITE BARZE**

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS

This little test will tell you which flower you—and you—represent. Just answer the three groups of questions, YES or NO. Then follow the later instructions.

Group 1

	YES	NO
1. Do you always screw the cap back on the tooth paste?	☑	☐
2. Is it hard for you to stand disorder and clutter?	☑	☐
3. Are you fastidious about your clothes and grooming?	☑	☐
4. Can you live according to a budget and not feel irked and hampered?	☐	☑
5. Are you punctual about dates, appointments, and so on?	☑	☐
6. Is your mind good at facts and figures?	☑	☐
7. Do you prefer to do one thing and finish it, before starting another?	☑	☑
8. Is it hard for you not to worry and feel anxious?	☑	☐

Group 2

	YES	NO
1. Do you like to belong to clubs and organizations?	☐	☑
2. Are marriage vows sacred to you?	☐	☑
3. Do you enjoy talking to the milkman, groceryman, and so on?	☑	☐
4. Is it easy for you to give expression to your affections?	☐	☑
5. Do you find people in general a pretty fine lot?	☑	☐
6. Are you content to let the world jog along without trying to help reform it?	☑	☐
7. Do you like to pamper those you love?	☑	☐
8. Is it easy and pleasant for you to meet and mix with other people?	☑	☐

Group 3

	YES	NO
1. Are you easily moved to tears or laughter?	☐	☑
2. Do you often undertake too much and tire yourself?	☑	☐
3. Does a high wind make you nervous?	☐	☑
4. Is it hard for you not to embellish a story past the point of truth?	☐	☑
5. Are you prone to act first and reason afterward?	☑	☐
6. Do slow, meticulous persons irritate you?	☑	☐
7. Are you apt to get so keyed up you can't get to sleep?	☑	☐
8. Do you have ups and downs in mood without apparent cause?	☑	☐

★ ★ ★

Count how many Yes answers you have in each group. If you have five or more Yeses in a group, you classify in that group. If you do not have as many as five Yeses, you are not in it. Put down the numbers of the groups in which you classify, then find the reading numbered in accordance. If you do not have five Yeses in any group, you are an X.

HERE ARE THE READINGS

1

You are like the **PRIMROSE,** cool and restrained, loving harmony, beauty and order. Your blossoms are soothing in tone, yet fresh as the dewy dawn. You live close to earth and cling to things dear and familiar. Cautious yet questing by nature, you keep your emotions in hand with technique and reserve and refuse to be swayed by every passing breeze. Yet your face is ever lifted to life and love with expectancy and assurance.

1-2

You are like the **VIOLET,** the quaint little flower of the sweetheart type that is always refreshingly new yet somehow old-fashioned. There is an exactness about you, a precision of purpose, combined with a yieldingness that is like the cry of a bird to its mate in season. You are not the *femme fatale* among flowers, but the *femme coquette*. Your deep, royal color makes you pensive and shadowed with sadness, yet gaily to be desired.

1-3

You are like the **CARNATION,** that proud and stately flower which possesses a touch of glamour. There is a duality in your make-up, a quality that sets you apart. For though you are seemingly impressionable, you are fundamentally unchangeable and deep-rooted. The mystery of motion and emotion are yours in abundance, and you can invest life and love with the aura of allure and drama. To those who love you, "you are the music while the music lasts."

1-2 3

You are like the **ROSE,** and "a rose in the rain is a lovely thing," sang the poet. But a rose in the clear noonday sun, or by moonlight or twilight, has the same precious quality of appeal. Like a willow swaying to the winds of feeling with graciousness and tact, yet ever loyal, you prove to dubious souls that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The secret of your radiance is a full, rounded unity of nature that loves all creation and is so beloved.

2

You are like the **SWEET PEA,** a homey little flower that blooms in generous abandon for all mankind, the high and the lowly. Serene and languid, you exude a faint perfume and give forth lavishly with a riot of dainty color. In seemingly artless fashion you make of love an art, sincere and simple. There is nothing austere about you, and your friendly warmth makes you appealing to many tastes and ages, and reminds one of muted music.

2-3

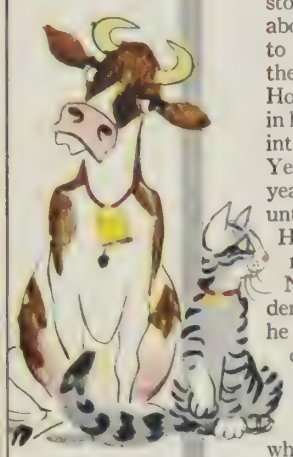
You are like the **NASTURTIUM,** those bright-hued blossoms whose sun-and-flame colors produce magic in the eyes of many. Seemingly guileless and gay, one finds on acquaintance a deeper, hidden provocativeness that claims lasting devotion. A capricious, sensitive flower, easily bruised and broken, you have honey in your heart. This makes you that ingenious creature who can turn a lover into a husband or a husband into a lover with finesse and ease.

3

You are like the **POPPY,** piquant and saucy, a complex flower whose heart is now sunny, now melancholy. There is a fluidity about you as you sway with the breezes—as if you had just alighted and might take off on wings like a butterfly. This gives you a come-hither, go-yonder air that tantalizes and intrigues. Impulsive and temperamental, your rich vibrant color reflects hidden stores of life surging within you, reaching up and out for stability and understanding.

X

You are like the **DAISY,** that abundant flower which is native to the blood of almost everyone. Your language is universal and you have a natural, common touch. There is seldom any complexity about you, but your very simplicity and artlessness may leave you longing for more of life and love. Your music is like a waltz, lacking a bit in sweet intimacy and the delicate fragrance of high emotion, but giving release and surcease to many.



THE GINGER-BREAD MAN

BY ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE



You remember the story—it was a fox who caught him: a fox with bright red hair and green eyes.

THE history of Randy Maine's love life was a saga of backpedaling. From the time when he first crowed "bye-bye," his life was one long effort to get away from women who wanted to Mother him, Uplift him, Reform him, Inspire him, and of course Marry him. Before he had time to feel anything but mild interest in a girl, she had already made up her mind that he Needed her. Sadly enough, Randy might have liked women if they had given him half a chance.

Randy was not a lady-killer to the naked eye. He was lanky and undeniably plain. He was one part Gary Cooper, one part James Stewart, and one part the high-school boy standing on the auditorium platform, hair on end, urging everyone to get out and back the team. Sensible women know enough to steer clear of a great lover. Simple girls feel ill-at-ease with a sophisticated superdreadnought. But Randy was so far from startling that every woman he met thought she was unique in discovering his charm. Therein lay his deadly danger.

Danger awaited him at every turn. He was nice enough so that little old ladies stopped him on street corners to complain about Roosevelt. He was naughty enough to remind mammas and papas fondly of the sons they'd had or might have had. Hostesses pursued him relentlessly. Guys in his outfit were always trying to drag him into double dates. The pressure was terrific. Yet never in all his perilous twenty-eight years had Randy become engaged. Not until now.

He stood on a section of New York pavement, looked into the unhelpful face of a New York apartment building, and wondered how it had ever happened and how he was going to backpedal this time without running over somebody's feelings. Randy was kindhearted through and through. He was acutely miserable at the prospect of inflicting pain on a girl who had done nothing to deserve it beyond accepting his proposal. For he had proposed. There was no doubt about that. This time he, himself, had been the aggressor, with loneliness the catalytic agent.

Randy would never forget how lonely he had been the day he had sent the wire to Hester Dealman reading, "WILT THOU BE MINE REPLY COLLECT." The fact that she had accepted prepaid just made it all the worse.

It was raining that day and Randy sat all alone in the cheerless room of a West Coast rooming house asking himself if this was what the rest of his life would be like. He had spent the night before riding a trolley with a girl who had almost signed him up before he had realized what was happening. He had escaped by the skin of his teeth and holed in, quaking at the near disaster and searching his battered soul.

His ultimate fate, he told himself mournfully, was one of two possibilities: either an opportunist, like the girl of the trolley, would get him when he was run-down, his resistance low; or he would recoil so far that he would shoot right by the girl he ought to marry, leaving her to somebody else.

It was a dreary prospect either way; and, with nothing to look at but the rain, Randy entertained the ghosts of all the girls who had wanted to marry him. His opinion, in so far as he'd had time to form it, hadn't changed about them one whit. But so pitiful was his present state that he recalled with favor a cherry pie that the mother of one young hopeful had once set before him.

There was no connection at all between cherry pie and Hester Dealman, but she suddenly shot into his mind. For one thing, she had seemed to recognize that the head on his shoulders consisted of more than a slow smile and a stubborn lock of hair. For another, she had never brought up the subject of matrimony, adroitly or otherwise. He sent the wire.

It was a foolish impulse that he spent many weeks regretting. Back on his job as a ferry pilot, up in the air where no woman could get at him, he realized that he would have to backpedal again, with more finesse than ever before. It took all the shine off the prospect of his impending leave in New York. The bogy of breaking the engagement rose between him and any plans for a good time.

And now the dreaded hour had come. He drew a deep breath and walked with a firm step into the lobby.

The girl at the switchboard lifted two pruned eyebrows in an inquiring and approving arc. Her eyes brightened in sweet discovery. "May I help you?" she asked encouragingly.

"Doctor Dealman," Randy said. How *had* it ever happened? he asked himself again. Not only getting engaged, but getting engaged to a female psychiatrist!

"Go right up," said the girl. She smiled slowly, deliciously.

A creature of habit, Randy started to smile back. Catching himself just in time, he ducked hastily into the elevator. Her melting eyes stayed with him until the door clanged shut and Randy could breathe again.

"Eight," he said, concentrating on his objective.

When the elevator delivered him, he still didn't have the faintest idea of how he was going to extricate himself from Hester. He quivered at the thought that she might rush at him and throw her arms around him. She would have every right, after that telegram. And if she did, it would be pretty hard to tell her right away that it was all off. On the other hand, should he sacrifice his leave to a cooling-off process which would give her the chance to break the engagement herself? The fact that he was to blame this time made his guilt doubly hard to bear. Blanking his mind as much as possible, he pressed the bell.

The door opened on a young woman who was about his age and a head shorter. She had a gleaming crop of red-brown hair, and a pair of narrow, cool green eyes. Even from his present detached point of view, Randy could see why she had stuck in his mind.

"Hello, Randy," she said. "Come in." She did not throw her arms around him. Check one up for his side.

She turned a green velvet shoulder to him and led him into the living room. A fire was burning cheerfully in the fireplace. A table was set with a white cloth and silver and crystal and tall white candles. Randy's heels twitched to change places with his toes. This was Setup No. 1, he knew from old experience. This was "See-how-domestic-I-am, how-comfortable-I-can-make-you."

Better tell her right off, he thought, before the spell had a chance to work. "Hester ——" he said.

"Let me have your hat," she said quickly. "Do sit down."

He found himself pressed into an easy chair beside the fire. He felt the strong jaws of the trap tightening on him. His hands gripped the arms ot the chair.

"Hester, there's something ——"

"Randy." She sat down opposite him. Her eyes dwelt on him for an inscrutable moment. Then her lips twisted. "Forgive me, Randy. Before you say anything, there's something I have to tell you."

Randy still gripped the chair arms, on guard, suspicious. Every one of the numerous devices that *(Continued on Page 114)*

HE FELT PERFECTLY SAFE WITH HER, NOW THAT SHE'D TOLD HIM ABOUT BILL. BUT HE HAD AN UNHOLY DESIRE

CHOKE HER.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

WHAT MAKES YOU SICK?

BY GRETTA PALMER

When your friends tell you it's "all in the mind"— they may be half right. Are you "thinking" or "wishing" yourself into a real physical illness?

EVERY war provides a giant laboratory in which doctors are forced to perform bold experiments under conditions that would never arise in times of peace. The war of 1914 pushed physicians into miracles of plastic surgery and taught them, through study of "shell shock," a great deal about diseases of the mind. The present war has advanced medical science through the use of penicillin and the sulpha drugs and blood plasma. It has increased our knowledge of how to deal with such ancient plagues as yellow fever and typhus, tetanus and deficiency diseases. But, according to one group of doctors, the war may bring a far more revolutionary advance in medicine than all of these: it may result in a new approach to the whole problem of disease itself!

The new viewpoint is called "psychosomatic medicine," and it studies the emotional factor present in physical disease. This approach has been used by a small band of pioneering physicians for the past ten or twelve years. But it is only since the outbreak of the war that this method of attacking disease has become familiar to the great mass of general practitioners. Necessity forced Army doctors to some knowledge of the psychosomatic viewpoint, and for a curious reason: the soldier who cracks under the strain of this war does not, very often, express his terror or strain in the old form of "shell shock." He knows about shell shock and guards against it; but he is much more apt than the 1914 soldier to fall ill with a *physical* disease: ulcers, pneumonia, asthma, colitis, high blood pressure or even one of the heart diseases which we (wrongly) associate with old age. Yet the element of fear under strain is often clearly present in these maladies when the soldier contracts them at the front.

Psychosomatic—"mind and body"—medicine is being used by the Army as one approach to the cure of such ailments. Some medical officers are sent to Columbia University, under Army orders, to take a three-month course in this approach. Medical books descriptive of the new technique are delivered to medical officers overseas on many fronts. Psychosomatic medicine is already being used, in many Army hospitals, as an aid to the physically sick soldier and veteran; and if it lives up to the bright promise predicted for it by its leaders, psychosomatic medicine will revolutionize the treatment of the major sicknesses of all civilians as well.

The theory on which this new treatment is based is a very simple one: its sponsors say that medicine, in the past century, has studied the immediate cause of disease too much, and the patient too little. As a result, medical science has learned a great many useful facts about what happens to a patient after he has been attacked by a typhoid-fever bacillus; but it has neglected the important question of why *this* patient contracted typhoid at *this* time—when half a dozen of his near neighbors, equally exposed to infection, remained well! Psychosomatists complain that we have been too slow in asking: Why did this woman, who had perfectly healthy joints ten years ago, contract arthritis, when her sister remained well? Why does this husband (who shares the same meals and habits of living as his wife) suffer from peptic ulcers, when she does not? Why does an invading disease germ find a hospitable site prepared for it in the throat of Mrs. Smith—while Mrs. Jones, after equal exposure, is able to shake it off?

The clue to this whole mystery of why we become ill is offered, according to psychosomatic specialists, by a better understanding of the human being and his emotions. Even in perfect health, an emotion causes physiological changes. If you are embarrassed, blood rushes into your cheeks, causing

a blush; this is a physical event. If you are frightened, you shiver and get goose flesh. If you become angry, a whole complex series of changes in the body may occur: there is an increase of adrenalin poured out by the glands, the heart beats faster, the sugar content of the blood is increased, and so on. Emotion—conscious emotion—brings about bodily changes we all can recognize.

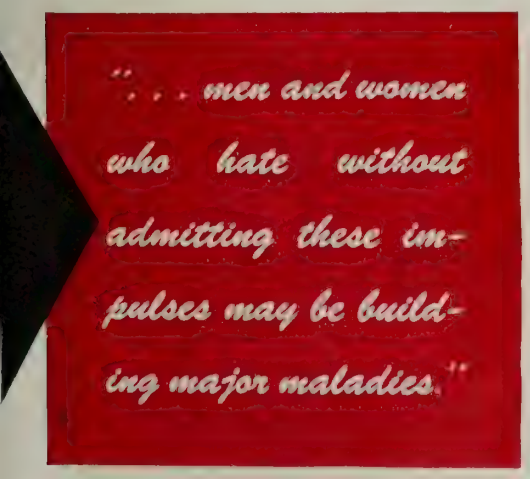
But emotion is not *always* conscious. There are buried in all of us desires and longings which we are ashamed to admit to ourselves—yet they are there, real forces and drives which must find an outlet. The man next door who seems so gentle and harmless on the surface may be hiding a violent resentment against a world which treated him harshly when he was a small child; because he does not approve of his hatred, he dams it up, not even admitting to himself that he has hostile feelings. But these feelings will out, even against his will; they often find expression in the form of heart disease.

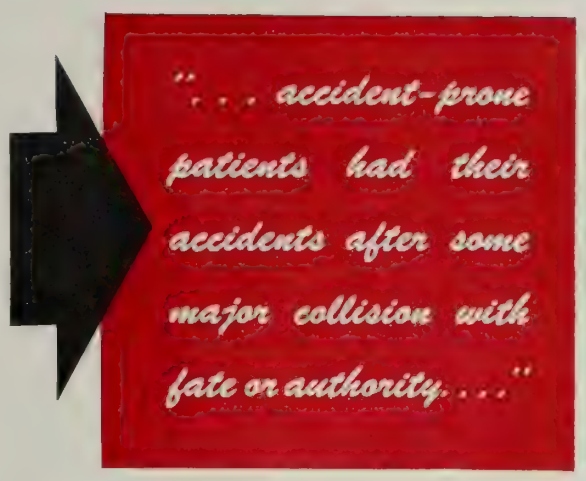
Sometimes the relationship between emotion and disease is very clear. Take a simple case of boils, as described by Dr. Karl Menninger.

The patient was a young married woman who was deeply ashamed of her inability to like her husband's relatives. She would not admit, even to herself, how much she resented her mother-in-law, and whenever a conscious hatred of the older woman crossed her mind, she pushed it down, down into her subconscious mind. This patient, who was very conscientious, had a vague feeling that she must be punished for having felt such hostility—even though, most of the time, she managed to forget that such a thing as hatred had ever crossed her mind. Well, she *was* punished. Every time her mother-in-law came to visit her, the young wife developed a virulent attack of boils, which "resisted all treatment." They always lasted, in spite of medical care, until the day of the mother-in-law's departure, when they promptly began to disappear. But the connection had never occurred to her until Doctor Menninger showed her how her resentment and need for self-punishment were finding expression in a physical malady!

Wise physicians have always had an intuitive knowledge of some such relation between emotion and disease. Contemporaries of the British statesman, Disraeli, mention his famous "diplomatic colds." These were real enough, but they always occurred when an uncongenial meeting had been arranged, and cleared up as soon as the dreaded date had passed.

The newer school of psychosomatists believe that they are able to substitute exact, scientific findings for the vague intuition of the old-fashioned doctor. They believe that such specific ailments as arthritis, diabetes, heart diseases, high blood pressure, ulcers and even fractures usually attack individuals whose life-situation is such that strong, unconscious feelings seek expression through these illnesses.





Take the very elaborate studies which have been made by Dr. Flanders Dunbar and her associates at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York over the past twelve years. In 1932 these physicians decided to make a thorough investigation of the influence played by emotional problems in two chosen maladies: heart diseases and diabetes. They arranged to study the psychological life of all patients admitted to the hospital suffering from either of these types of malady, but they wished, also, to compare the two groups with another class of patients, in whose illnesses emotion would play no part. For this third group, they decided to study patients suffering from fractures.

What did they discover, over a five-year period, in which other diseases were studied too? Of the 1600 patients examined psychologically, between 80 and 90 per cent were found to be expressing, through their illness, an emotion which was denied expression in other ways! Not only that, the fracture patients were found to have as large a psychological incentive toward the accidents that brought them there as existed in the diseases of the other groups!

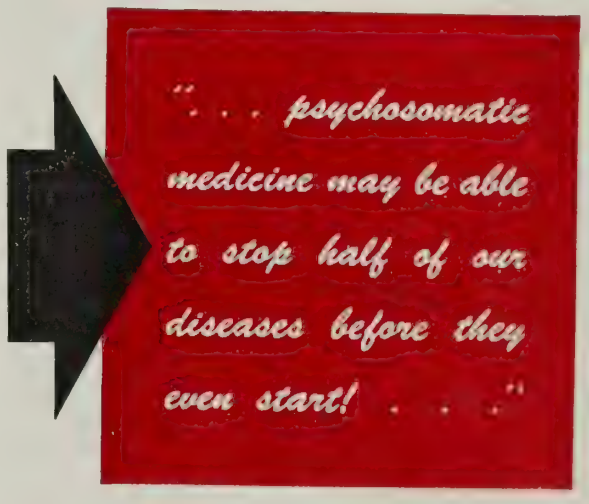
Were these patients suffering from imaginary ills? By no means. They were all sick, and in ways which could be measured under the microscope and in the laboratory. Could they have avoided illness by thinking kinder thoughts or dwelling on an ideal of perfect health? No—for the *conscious* mind played no part in their illness, or an insignificant part. For it is a curious fact that conscious wishes, no matter how hostile they may be, seem to cause no great trouble. When we have faced and admitted the fact that we would like to shake our child or attack our neighbor, this impulse can be controlled. The men and women who hate or fear or desire without consciously admitting these impulses, however, may be building major maladies out of these hidden emotions. Yet these people will appear, as the Presbyterian Hospital patients did, to be perfectly happy, normal human beings.

Consider the evidence, as reported by Doctor Dunbar in her two scientific volumes. Let's look first at the patients brought to the hospital for high blood pressure: if the psychosomatic belief is correct, we might expect to find that all the patients suffering from this ailment would have similar life problems and ways of solving them. And they have!

As children, the high-blood-pressure patients had all been secretive and "too good"; they had learned to "swallow" their emotion, instead of expressing it freely. Few of them had had a strict religious upbringing: the demands they made of themselves were self-created and very severe. They were all men and women with a "need to be perfect." As a result, they had tended to work at jobs below their abilities: *these* they could handle without fear of failure, but anything more ambitious might have brought about the failure and criticism they all dreaded. These patients bore signs of anxiety in their faces. They admitted difficulty in making decisions. Occasionally their subsurface emotions broke out, in a violent and explosive form, but for the most part they seemed to be gentle, shy, considerate. They were defined by Doctor Dunbar as "top dogs and would-be top dogs." The onset of the disease was always associated with the death or separation of a much-loved person, or with an acute financial strain.

So the psychological histories showed that the high-blood-pressure patient concealed and lived with fear. Fear of himself—fear of what might happen if he once "let the lid off." Fear of choosing wrong or making a mistake. But fear, remember, is an emotion, and if we do not express an emotion in conscious speech or action, it will find its own devious ways out of the system, often causing physical damage.

In this case, the way out is easy enough to understand. Heightened blood pressure is one of the methods by which every healthy man prepares himself to meet danger. The fear of these patients (a constant companion of their days and nights) had been warning the body that danger was near; and to a danger signal the physical response was the fast rushing of blood through the veins. This



reaction—a useful one when a man's fear comes from an outside danger, and he must prepare to fight or flee—wears out the mechanism of the body if it is constantly repeated over long periods. And that, say the psychosomatic students, is how the blood-pressure patients became ill.

Or take the interesting series of fracture patients studied at Presbyterian. These men and women had a previous-illness record far better than that of the population as a whole—but their record of previous *accidents* was fantastically high: 79 per cent of them had had at least one accident before the present case, and over half of them had suffered from three or more accidents. One patient had had twenty-seven! (In no other group studied was the previous-accident rate higher than 11 per cent.)

These fracture patients, then, had learned to express their unconscious tensions by allowing outside things to hurt them, instead of by "getting sick." They had other things in common: they seemed to share a resentment of authority, which extended far back into their childhood years; their accidents tended to occur at periods when they felt that their employers were mistreating them, or when they were under pressure from their wives to get a job after a long period of unemployment. Characteristically, they were people of an active nature who "worked off" their feelings. Many of them led wandering lives. They usually liked athletics and machinery—but almost never had accidents in connection with these activities. And, interestingly enough, the typical patients'

(Continued on Page 157)

Passing the Love of Women

She had that enchanting quality of all the truly feminine: she could get what she wanted from any man — even his bathtub from the colonel. ★ ★ ★ By Dorothy Black

THE naik lay motionless in the blue of the Italian morning, beside a little lake. He was watching, his rifle at the ready. The trees of the thicket beyond were as thick with snipers as with blossom.

All afternoon he had lain there, thinking of his friend, who had been shot through the head last night. That was one of the seven who had joined up from his village, gone. Now there were only six.

The naik was a Gurkha from Nepal. Fighting was in his blood. It was what he was born for, and it was his firm belief that only those who fell in battle got a free pass to heaven. But he preferred doing it with his native weapon, the kukri, a knife with a sinister curve to the blade of it. If the naik had a complaint to make about this particular war he was now involved in, it was that a man so seldom got a chance of drawing that trusty piece of steel.

The sun began to go down. Little white cotton-wool clouds, like fat sheep, began to meander over the sky. The naik watched them reflected in the still water of the lake, leaning his head on his rifle butt. He was a man of education, according to the standards of his own people and his own village. He could read and write, speak a little English, and he knew the way to the post office. Also, he had been to a cinema show. That wonderful adventure had overtaken him in Calcutta when they came through on their way to the ship. Captain Peter, their English officer, had taken the seven of them to see Snow White. In a way it had rung a bell in the naik's mind, that there were seven of them too. Seven men from the same village up in Nepal, all foresworn to stick together.

For a long time afterward all seven of them emitted strange harsh noises when alone, humming to themselves I'm Wishing, and Someday My Prince Will Come—but no one would ever have guessed that was what they were meant to be.

The picture often came back to the naik at odd moments. He thought, now, that the clear lake and the gnarled trees beyond it were not entirely unlike the place where Snow White's little house was seen, with the animals skylarking around it, and the Seven Dwarfs came whistling home at dark.

It was while he was thinking this that there was a movement in the tall reeds beside him.

The naik held his breath. His finger trembled on the trigger. Then he froze, for he saw her. White and wonderful, she waded out into the water and began to wash. The naik's mouth went dry. His eyeballs felt hot and his heart began to thump inside his khaki shirt.

"Snow White!" he said to himself, and he gulped. With the Indian's difficulty in pronouncing the European *s*, he turned it to "Ishnow White!"

He lay there, hidden in the reeds. The rumble of artillery fire shook the afternoon, but in some strange way it did not seem to have anything to do with the naik. Battles and snipers were far from his mind as he lay there watching her, consumed with one thought only: how to get her and make her his own.

He eeled his lithe body noiselessly into the water. Cold and clean, it seeped through his khaki shirt and oozed into his boots. He did not flinch. Now he was so close to her that he could see the rise and fall of her soft white breast as she stood there. He could see her reflection, white and lovely, making another as wonderful as herself in the water of the lake.

He put out a sturdy brown leg and seized her, and hauled her toward him. Sitting in the water, he began to unwind his puttee, intending to gag her if she cried out. She did not cry out. Soft and white and wonderful, she lay in his arms, looking up into his face. For all the world, thought the naik, as if she knew him. She settled herself comfortably against his shoulder.

Then he began to remember where he was, and why. To sit in the water embracing a large white bird made one an easy mark, if there was a sniper around. He crawled with her into the shadow and shelter of the wood.

What she was he hadn't the least idea. All he knew was that she was soft and white. And as friendly and tame as a myna bird he had kept in a box, as a boy, and taught to say his name. As tame as that, she was. But, of course, a great deal larger.

The English sentry outside the camp saw him coming. He grounded his rifle, and cocked his helmet to the back of his head, and greeted the naik friendliwise. They had done considerable campaigning together.

"Hey, whatever you got there? Coo! Where you find that one?"

The naik regarded her with fond eyes. "Can you tell it me, what is it, this one?"

"Coo, that's a goose, that is. And you thank your stars we're this side of Christmas, or Nobby'd 'a' been after it in a brace of shakes." Nobby was regimental head cook.

"This bird is not for purposes of eating," said the naik. "Very tame bird. I take him with me. This bird very good friend. Look, sahib." He made clicking noises with his tongue. The goose hissed softly and laid her long neck across his shoulder. "You see?" said the naik, delighted. "I think I teach her to talk."

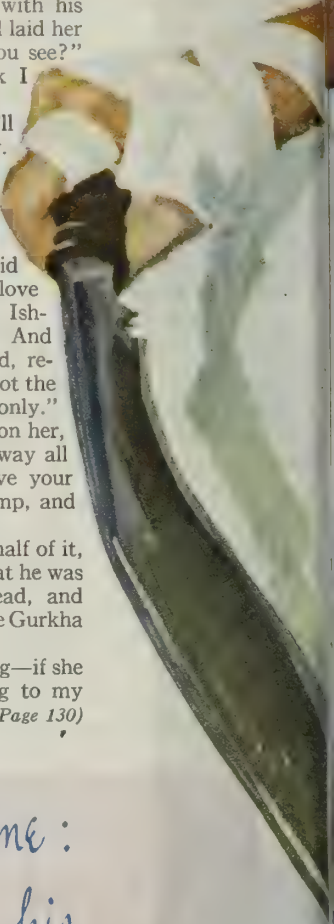
"Well, if you manage that, you'll 'a' done something," said the sentry. "Pass, friend, and goose. And if you're wise, don't let the orficers see it. Powerful down on pets, they are."

"You know what I call her?" said the naik, his brown face aglow with love and pride. "Ishnow White! Now! Ishnow White, and seven Gurkhas." And then his face clouded, and he said, remembering the one the sniper had got the night before, "No—ishix Gurkhas only."

"That's right. You keep an eye on her, if you don't want her to find her way all untimely into the pâté. Coo, leave your boots for half a second in this camp, and Nobby's making ragout of 'em."

The naik didn't understand the half of it, but he knew by the sentry's face that he was sympathetic. He waggled his head, and picked the goose up and made for the Gurkha lines.

The sentry called, "Gimme an egg—if she lays one. Powerful partial for egg to my breakfast, I am." *(Continued on Page 130)*



ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE



"Feathers will come back, you think?" Snow White did look slightly nude and battle-scarred.

He dreamed of her as a thirsty man
dreams of water from a deep well

FATHERS MAKE

BETTER SOLDIERS

BY WILLIAMS FORREST

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

THEY didn't think he was shy, because he didn't have that look about him. They thought he was quiet; which, in relation to them, he was. No one knew the seething activity in his mind, because it was thought and feeling that must be kept selfishly from the world. There is no nakedness like that of the man who parades his love, and the secret beauty of it that adds pain and joy to his flesh and soul.

Saturday nights when the other officers went to the closest town, twenty miles from the replacement depot, he went with them; but his thoughts were five hundred miles away. As he and his roommate of the officers' barracks sat together with drinks before them, he saw the clear, warm eyes of his wife, and tried to picture the son who had been born to him even while the lurching, musty train was crossing the prairies. Fate had decreed that ten hours alone stand between him and the face of his son; but nothing in him could belabor fate. Happiness, with its attendant pain, was a tree in his heart, growing tall and full, the wind-whisper of enchantment in its branches.

Around him as he sat, the sights and sounds of the world passed, like a pageant of shadows. The bar was the same as in all kindred towns. Glow of dimness on the walls, a smoky cavern of youth: soldiers at tables with girls, soldiers with lonely eyes roaming the room; the confident laughter of young women, cigarettes poised, their soft dresses hinting their bodies with dim-lit promise.

Some of them looked at him, the strong, ruddy composure of his face, shining as if life came into his flesh and burned there. But when they met his eyes, they saw no invitation, only a warm and strange remoteness, encountering them vaguely, then passing on.

He stared down at his drink. The music opened the curtain of another hour. He felt that she was sitting beside him. *Everything lies still; there is no world,* he thought, *until I come back to you and my son.*

He was alone in his barracks room. It was one of the last nights he would spend there. The alert had come from the port commander. It was not a room in full detail. At the rear was one crude sliding window; two sides were boarded three quarters of the way toward the ceiling; the front of the cubicle looked on the rough boards of the barracks hall. Lying on his bed, he could see the rusty stove sitting on its bed of bricks. Hanging on nails was the equipment of his job—helmet, gas mask, pistol belt, musette bag. He was alone because the others had an evening to capture, an evening that might have to last for a long time. He also had an evening to capture, but it was one that had taken place a year before. He glanced at his watch. Five-thirty. It was time to begin. He jumped up from his bunk, put on his tie and cap.

It was a dim, restless dusk into which he stepped, the wind of fall swirling over the ground. Still visible across the plain of wooden shacks were the low hills. Smoke made quick ascent from the mess halls. It was five-forty when he got to the telegraph office. He took a telegraph blank and began to write: "At eight o'clock, my darling, you became mine forever. I want to thank you for loving me and for giving me a son. You and he are always in my heart."

Slowly he walked southeast, the dark curtaining down around him. Lights were pale behind the barracks windows, and the figures he passed seemed lonely wanderers from another world. But to him it was a magic hour. She had worn a suit when they married, and a single orchid over her heart. A simple wedding, with only ten people there besides themselves. Her eyes had suddenly changed when she looked at him, kindling with an emotion mysterious and yet familiar, as if it had belonged to him since his beginning day, although he had not known or understood.

When they were alone, she had drawn him to her. Then he had understood the meaning of those eyes, the mystery. There were passion and tenderness, and pride and faith. "I will always love you," she said. "I am very happy."

He walked until a quarter to eight, when he went to the bar of the officers' club. First he had two glasses of beer put before him. Then he put ten cents in the record player. There was a song that had meant much to them. It would play twice.

He was smiling as he sat at the bar. How frightened he had been last year at this time. When they left her house, he had led her directly to the bar in the hotel. Time went swiftly on to eight, but she could not get him to go.

"Please," he had said, "darling, just one more. Please?"

"One more," she said.

"And you finish yours."

The music was over. The drinks were gone. He walked out into the night. *My wife,* he thought. *And my son. She tells me he looks like me, and that it makes her happy. "Someday," she wrote, "he will make a girl as happy as you have made me."*

It was dark in his room. There was silence all around. He dreamed that he held her in his arms. Memory made it very real. "Would you like to have a son?" she whispered in his ear. His arms grew tight around her.

There was little to do on the ship. Little card games grew up and mushroomed into endless, high-staked games that held the interest of everyone. Men would stand behind the players for hours. In secluded places, dice were rolled along a blanket, against a bulkhead. Pocket editions of popular novels were rescued from musette bags stuffed with linens, socks, toilet articles. Inevitably, many men grew pale and then deadly green as the ship plunged toward England.

The sky was very high and cool. A few men stood by the rail and were awed by the empty sweep of sea, that made them small and unimportant and somehow at peace. Occasionally, gray phantoms to the left and right gave them the knowledge of security. Once, on the second day, a great splotch of oil bubbled up from the sea, and silently the men left their books and games to watch. For the first time you could see realization in their faces. Then the blue-green sea was stainless again, with perfect ruffles of clear, white foam; and you heard laughter on the deck. Here was the unconscious heroism of children; and nowhere did you hear words that clarified the job they were on. Helmets and rifles were casual items, unmasked by signs of death.

Yet, perhaps at night, in the dark, alone with the pound of engines and their own thoughts, they remembered their mission and tried to look into the future—to death and pain, and skies ringing with invisible streams of steel.

He heard restlessness about him in the night. His own heart seemed part of the pounding, living creature beneath him, and his thoughts rocked and swayed in the strange rhythm of the ship. Once when he had fallen into a deep sleep, the sharp sound of a man's voice wakened him. Suddenly cold and waiting, he listened, his eyes straining into the darkness of the room. It was odd to understand finally that he himself had made the outcry he had heard. *(Continued on Page 111)*

It was a delicious secret—warm, funny, glowing, alive. How could she think of such things?



Cool grège linen by Adele Simpson has new cap shoulders, no sleeves, gold kid belt; John Frederics' straw-cloth hat, with gold lace edging and a wreath of leaves and pearls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CUSHMAN O'LEARY



Printed suit with the long shirt sleeves; matching gloves, satin bandeau with a veil—fashions to love, worn by Miss Mary Howard.



Flower of fashion: printed dress by Rose Barrack; flower hat and bag by John Frederics. Glamour girl—Miss Rosemary Sankey.

In Love Again . . .

WITH SUMMER CLOTHES

Summer clothes are pretty pictures, full of enchantment and romance. Flowers are so profuse that a flower-printed dress can be worn with a flower hat and a flower bag. Result: new heights of glamour. Big rough-straw hats are wreathed with jeweled leaves, edged with gold lace and worn with a cool grège linen dress. Sleeves rise to shoulder height to leave arms cool and bare, or fall softly to the wrist with a shirt-sleeve cuff. A town suit may be vivid pink, or beige cotton; a simple two-piece shantung dress is worn with a bright silk sash; the last word in accessories is the elegant matching glove. Women (and men) will lose their hearts to these lovely summer fashions, but women, being practical creatures, will look for down-to-earth qualities when they buy. The grège linen dress may be worn with the big hat to a special luncheon, but goes to an office with a tailored cloche. The crisp cotton suit is perfect for commuting and business. The short-short sleeve calls for pretty arms, whereas the matching glove is everybody's fashion. The polka-dot dress is cool and right for any midsummer day; the dark-brown sheer a steppingstone to fall.

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



risp suit of Mexican cotton in orange-beige, a nine-to-five summer shion by Adele Simpson; John Frederics' big Milan sombrero.



Dark-brown sheer with beige roses, designed by Rose Barrack; lovely afternoon dress for any season; worn in June, with John Frederics' flower hat, by Miss Selene Mahri.



g little dress of navy polka dot; matching gloves, at with high crown, white jewelry—all notable.



For women who adore a brilliant color: South American pink suit, to wear with a shiny black straw sailor.



Practical magic: two-piece black shantung by Joset Walker, to change with jewelry, hats, gloves, sashes.



COOL AND TAILORED: *two-piece business dress of green cotton and rayon gabardine, stitched in black. Hollywood Pattern 1583. 12 to 20.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLICER



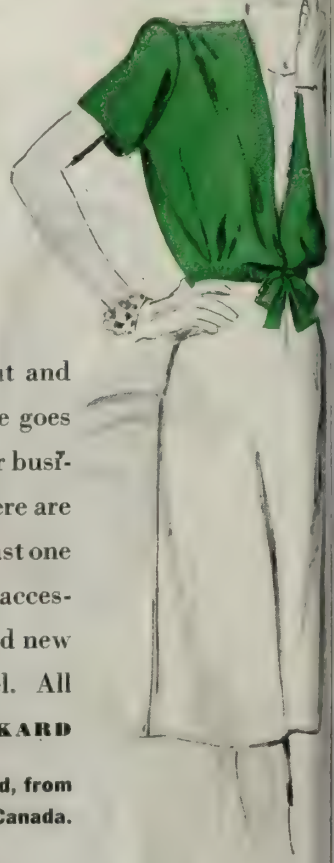
LINEN STREAMLINER: *black polka dots on yellow; pattern includes waist-length jacket sketched below. 1587, 12 to 20.*



I KNOW A GIRL WHO . . .

. . . MAKES ALL HER CLOTHES. When she has a very special date, she goes out and buys the prettiest piece of material she can find and makes a new dress. When she goes away for a week end, she adds a gay vest or shirt to a good skirt or pair of slacks. Her business clothes always look fresh and right, and they fit like a dream. This summer, there are lovely linens and rayons to make cool sleeveless dresses—little yardage needed. At least one dress will have a jacket, and each will have its matching gloves, most important accessory fashion of the year. For holidays: a bare-back dress, young, quick and easy, and new knee-high slacks; for cool summer evenings, a short straight jacket in bright flannel. All these fashions are made from Hollywood Patterns. ★ ★ ★ **BY RUTH MARY PACKARD**

Buy Hollywood Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, postage prepaid, from Hollywood Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., or 2 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



APRON DRESS *for afternoon, made of white-ground sombrero print. 1589, 12 to 20. Matching gloves.**



NEW KNEE-HIGH *slacks in black rayon faille with chalk-white shirtwaist of the same fabric. Hollywood Pattern 1559, 12 to 20. Long slacks, if you prefer, and weskit included in pattern.*

LITTLE JACKET, *short and straight, to wear anywhere, with everything. 1586, 12 to 20.*



THE BOW DRESS, *for luncheons and for afternoon parties; a two-piece style to make in your favorite color. 1588, 12 to 20.*



THE BARE-BACK—*at least one in every young wardrobe; white rayon faille, polka-dot trimming. 1580, 10 to 18.*

*You can make gloves to match any dress, from JOURNAL GLOVE PATTERN No. 2166, 5 cents, from the JOURNAL Reference Library, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

* * *

For back and other views, and prices of Hollywood Patterns, see page 104.

A Sort of Sign



★ *Story complete on this page* ★

HE KEPT A SECRET FROM HER, A SECRET LOVE THAT WENT WITH HIM ALWAYS

★ ★

BY ERNEST BUCKLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

ANNA could not sleep. She would close her eyes and try to make a darkness in her mind; but then she would only see the ocean clearer as it looked from her bedroom window, the small pocks of the waves moving against one another with that maddening patience in the bright ribbon of moonlight, and the dark mound of David's ship floating on it, like a dead thing. This was his last night with her, and the sea was out there waiting for him with that patience so still and so sure it made her want to scream.

She looked at her husband's face beside her—startlingly pale in sleep beneath the heavy black hair, but the firm features relaxed, almost like a child's. He looked as if he might be dreaming, lightly, as if some familiar thing might be running through his mind like the soft tread of a tune that is hummed unconsciously.

I wonder if he is dreaming of me, she thought. *Or if he is dreaming the stern bright dreams of the sea, and the soft way between us is already gone from him before tomorrow is yet come.*

Perhaps that was why the sea was so patient, because David was already there. It seemed suddenly as if the sea was laughing at her. And looking at her husband's face, Anna hated the sea from the bottom of her heart, jealously, as she would have hated another woman.

The sickness came over her, lying there, that maybe she had never had David at all. There had been the times, the wonderful times, when they laughed together about the things no one else would find funny at all, and the times they had been quiet together, with just the nearness of each other in the room drowsing in them cleanly and sufficiently. But when they mentioned the sea, it would seem sometimes as if he left her altogether, the way a child does when something brighter than his toys beckons and he leaves them standing in their places on the floor. It would seem as if he forgot her immediately, the cruel way a child forgets. Perhaps that was why David loved the sea. The sea was patient and not watching and possessed him without fretting, the only way a child can be possessed. Perhaps that was why all sailors were a little like children. Perhaps it was the little childishness in them that put them beyond the possession of any one woman.

She knew there had never been any other woman with David, in any serious way; but it would give her a funny safe sort of pleasure to pretend there had been sometimes. Not coyly, because with David that sort of thing would have made them both feel silly. "What the heck?" he would have said, in his frank, puzzled way.

But one night she said, "Yeh, I know. Sailors never have any other girls!"

"Aw, nuts," he said. "Girls are wacky."

"Am I wacky?"

He smiled a little. "Oh, well," he said, "I guess maybe *you're* not so wacky." Never committing himself more than that. But that sounded lovely to her.

He never made any pretty speeches at all, but sometimes he would squeeze her a little around the waist or pat her hair very gently and say, "Ha, *ha*," and that would be the most wonderful thing she had ever heard.

When he had asked her to marry him, it had been that same way.

He had been tossing a dime up and catching it, as people do sometimes when something is on their mind. "I'll bet you can't guess the date," he said.

"Nineteen forty-one?"

"No," he said, "forty-three." Just like that. No fooling around with a second guess or anything.

She laughed. "You're wonderful," she said.

"Look," he said suddenly, and she knew this time he was coming to what he wanted to say all along. "Look, I'll bet you this dime if I asked you something you'd say 'yes.'"

"Okay."

"Okay," he said; "marry me?"

"Darling," she said, mocking the face of a loser, "and I haven't got a dime with me!"

"Ha, *ha*," he said. But there was no long, dizzy kiss. He made a shooing movement with his hands. "Well," he said, "go get one."

She brought back a dime and passed it to him. She waited for him to say something a little dreamy then, but he just stood there, a little shyly, and what he said was, "Want to guess the date on this one?" like a kid.

A funny lump came into her throat. "You're wonderful," she said again. "You haven't any idea why—but you are. . . . Nineteen twenty-two."

"Aw," he said, "you looked. You sure dug up an old-timer, didn't you?"

And then he kissed her, with one arm really tight about her waist and one hand on her hair. "Ha, *ha*," he said again, ever so softly. It sounded so much more wonderful to her than if he had tried to say something silly, but looking at his steady face with the easy child way in the eyes, she felt such a frightening love for every bit of his funny way that it was almost pain.

She had not been really jealous of the sea until that day she laughed at him, when she should not have laughed. It was the day after they were married, not so long ago, when he had been showing her his money belt. Eagerly, as he always did with new things. She began to explore the compartments, and the first thing her fingers drew out was a tiny glass ball. It seemed to be filled with some sort of colorless liquid.

"Whatever!" she said. "What's *in* it?"

He looked embarrassed. "Water," he said, "just water."

"Water?"

"Yeh," he said. "It's supposed to be from the deepest part of the ocean—way out some darn place. I don't suppose it is, but—I picked it up in New York. Good luck or something."

"And you carry the crazy thing around in *there*," she said, laughing. "Darling, you're wonderful."

He laughed too; but when she looked at his face his smile seemed to be broken on it and quavering a little, the way a boy might look sharing a laugh on himself at the discovery of his muscle tensors or something, but as if the joke had a secret little hurt in it. "I wonder how they got the darn stuff in there," he said awkwardly. He took the belt away from her quickly before she could explore the contents further, and put it away.

But she did not forget the way his face had looked. And whenever he would speak of the sea after that she would see the strange quickening in his eyes, she would remember that tiny globe of water he carried with him in the safest place he had. It was not for good luck, she knew; it was, without his awareness almost, a sort of bond between him and the sea. A sort of sign. And there was no sign between him and her like that. She would try to remember some word of his, some definite assurance she could not doubt, but because of David's way there had never been any. There was no little thing like that between them at all. The space with the window over it in his billfold did not even carry her snapshot. Maybe, she would think sickly, it was *not* just David's way—maybe, for him, there had *been* nothing.

And suddenly tonight, lying beside her husband this last time and not knowing of which he was dreaming, herself or the sea, and the question never to be answered now because the time had all gone by, she knew what she must do. It was an ugly thing to do, this last night, but the passion to destroy this sign between him and the sea when there was none of her own to match it possessed her beyond resistance in the beating stillness of the moonlit room. She crept from her side of the bed and felt for the money belt beneath his clothes on the chair. Her fingers trembled as they searched the compartment where the glass ball had been.

The cobblestones, she thought; *in a thousand pieces on the cobblestones beneath the open window.* But just as her fingers closed about its hateful smoothness, her knuckles touched another object. She drew it out with the glass ball.

And then for a minute she never moved. She could see David putting it there beside the glass ball, secretly, feeling a little sheepish, like a child, but not wanting anyone else to laugh just the same; and suddenly tears sang in her throat and the whole night seemed to lighten about her.

She held the two objects together in the palm of her hand for a minute, the one as tenderly as the other now—for now the sound of the sea seemed to change. There seemed to be a strange bond between her and the sea, too, now—warm and fierce, like the bond between the only two people who are both loved by a lonely child in the same funny way.

For Anna knew without taking it to the moonlight at the window what the date on the coin she held would be. It would be 1922.

his last night home he slept like a child, and dreamed of her rival the night through

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

★ ***What is the difference between Russia grabbing a slice of Poland and Germany doing it? How can we condone one, and condemn the other?***

It is against the conscience of the American people to take any land from a sovereign state, but I think there are some differences in the situation which you state.

We must remember that Poland for two hundred years in the past invaded parts of Russia, that her boundaries have been changed over and over again, and that when Germany invaded Poland she knew that Great Britain had concluded an alliance with Poland which bound her to come to Poland's aid.

In the course of the war Russia's alliances have changed. She first had a defensive alliance with Germany, hoping to prevent the invasion of her own country until she was ready to defend herself. When the invasion by Germany came, Russia had already gone into a part of Poland where a great many of the people were Slavs. Her great objective in the future is not the acquisition of more territory, since she has as much land as anyone could want, but she does want to make her boundaries as secure as possible. If she can achieve this even by taking some land from the conquered and giving it to a country like Poland, from which she is taking some land, but with whom she hopes to establish friendly relationships, we may not condone it, but we cannot look upon it in the same light as we would the outright conquest of a nation by a power that planned to make the people completely subservient to their wishes, as Germany did.

★ ***People are always talking about the intriguing things they would do if they only had the time. Do you have a special thwarted ambition which circumstance has not allowed you to carry out?***

My ambitions are all of a rather modest variety. Someday, if I ever feel I have the capacity, I should like to write some short stories, but I shall not feel thwarted if I never get around to it. It is more in the category of the things one would like to do but that one is not sure one should take the time to find out whether one is capable of doing.

★ ***Don't you and your husband realize that failure on your part to refute the many vicious charges made against you by certain columnists makes many people believe these attacks?***

Don't you think deeds speak louder than words? Don't you think it is far more sensible not to bother about foolish criticism, but to live one's life and let the people finally draw their own conclusions?

I am a great believer in letting time bring out the truth and not being overconcerned about what other people say when you know they are motivated by considerations which you can do nothing to change.

★ ***I am going with a man eight years younger than myself. We get along splendidly, but my friends are opposed to our marrying because of my age. What do you think?***

Eight years do not seem to be an insurmountable barrier, though as you grow older it will grow more difficult to bridge the gap. If you and the young man, however, face the fact that women age more quickly than men and that you will not be able to do many of the things he will perhaps want to do in the future, you may find that your love is great enough to surmount all difficulties.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the Ladies' Home Journal. *No letters for this page sent to the White House will be answered. It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions either of the Administration or of the Editors of the* Journal.

★ ***Are the families of boys in the Merchant Marine entitled to display service flags?***

Yes. The flags can be obtained from retail outlets. The flag has a blue background, gold cord, a white silhouette of a boat at the top, and below white stars for those in service and gold stars for those who have been killed.

★ ***I would like to correspond with wounded boys in Army or Navy hospitals who have no relatives to write them. How can I get their addresses?***

Lists of boys' names are not given out as it is considered a dangerous practice. You could make personal contact through mutual friends, or you could work for the Red Cross in hospitals and get to know special cases.



"It's from a George who says he's coming home. I've got three Georges and I'm trying to match up the handwriting."

REPRINTED COURTESY COLLIER'S

★ ***Are G.I. Joe's wife and child actually supposed to live on $80 a month? How can this be done?***

Allotments are fixed by Congress, not by the Army. If a soldier's wife has no other source of income but her allotment, she, I suppose, must either try to find a way to live on $80 a month, or she must find a way of increasing her income. One can either work or live with one's relatives.

★ ***My husband is a prisoner of the Germans. When he is liberated, will he have to fight Japan if we are still at war with the Japs?***

I am afraid nobody knows the answer to this question. In the first place, when one has been a prisoner in Germany, it will take some time to get him back into condition, and by that time the war with Japan may be over; or it may be decided that men who have been through such hardships can be used to better advantage in this country. I doubt if the military authorities are as yet prepared to answer this question categorically. There are always exceptions, and if a man has special qualifications for something that is badly needed, so that he wanted to go on serving against the Japanese, it might be a great hardship to keep him out of military service.

★ ***Would you call me unpatriotic or selfish in wanting my husband home after the European war is over for the following reasons: he will be thirty-eight in July and I am over thirty-five and we want children very badly. Because of financial reasons, we couldn't marry until May, 1941. Would there be a chance for men over thirty-eight to be let out after this war in Europe ends?***

I have no idea, of course, whether the men who are over thirty-eight will be sent home when the European war is over and used again in the Pacific or not. That is a question which only the military authorities can decide. I am sure the men in the services will be given an opportunity to state their cases to their superior officers, however.

I do not think it is either unpatriotic or selfish for a couple situated as you are to ask for consideration. If a man is indispensable for any reason, individual considerations would have to go by the board; but short of that, I think consideration should be given to individuals as far as it is humanly possible to do so.

★ ***Why can't department stores secure good cotton materials such as gingham, chambray and ordinary cotton prints? You can purchase a nice cotton dress of these materials—but at such a price! If dress manufacturers can secure such materials, why can't they be bought by the yard in department stores?***

At the present time, due to the decrease in total production, shortage of manpower in the mills and increased military demand, we are getting for civilian use only about 50 per cent of the former supply of cotton goods. There is about the same drop in the supply of piece goods as there is in the supply of dresses made out of the same materials. The jobbers and retailers get the same kind of priority treatment as manufacturers of essential garments.

It is not wholly true that dresses can be bought and materials cannot. There is just as much shortage on dresses throughout the country as a whole as there is on piece goods, and both situations are rapidly getting worse. In order to step up the production of children's clothes, the WPB had to withdraw priorities for making adult clothes out of cotton materials, as they felt rayons could be substituted for those better than for children's clothes. In order to take care of the rural trade, which has been particularly hard hit in the piece-goods situation, the WPB made a special allocation of ten million yards this last quarter, which was distributed through jobbers for sale as yard goods. That was limited to small communities, so that it didn't go into the big cities where there was more to choose from. For the coming quarter there is another program like this, but this time they expect to allocate about fifteen million yards.

★ ***Over the radio I heard that some official has proposed giving the families of servicemen in the Pacific the opportunity to live on Pacific isles in order to be with the servicemen occasionally. This might seem a crackpot plan to some, but not to most families of these servicemen. Could you get this plan through the proper channels to be up for consideration—or at least give it your support?***

I did not know that any official made this suggestion. I am afraid it is wishful thinking. No family could live anywhere where the Army was not already living, since there would be no quarters for them, and I doubt very much if this plan is feasible at all except in places where families have been before, such as Hawaii, the Philippines, Midway and Guam, which, of course, at the end of the war, will be open to wives and families as they were before, as well as any other places where our troops may be stationed; but I doubt very much if anywhere this will be allowed before the Pacific war ends.



The WHITE Dress

XV

NOTHING moved on the balcony. The light, stealthy footsteps did not resume. Nothing moved anywhere, except suddenly Marny had a fantastic notion that the horrible thing, sagging there in the darkness within reach of her hand, might sway nearer. There was a sound, though, hard and heavy and fast, pulsing in her ears and her throat: the frantic thudding of her heart. And she must run, escape, put distance between her and the balcony. Before the footsteps turned and came down that winding stairway. Before the thing so near her swayed and moved again!

The darkness was bewildering; her pulses beat hard and heavy in her ears, in her throat, all over her body. She was running, pushing herself through the hot blackness; her outflung hands grazed shrubbery at the corner of the house, she avoided the front steps, gravel spattered sharply in the still night.

An area of light suddenly turned the driveway white and outlined the hibiscus sharply black against it. She whirled around a curve and saw the gatehouse ahead. A policeman was sitting on a bench, directly under the light, smoking; he heard her and jerked upward to listen and then came pounding along the driveway.

She must have told him the thing she had found. His bulky figure was running back toward the house; he had shouted toward the gate; other figures—two policemen and Edward—came, too, thumping heavily through the night and then becoming part of it as they passed her. But there were flashlights, cutting fine, sharp fingers through the blackness; she reached the front steps and the policemen and the glancing rays of flashlights disappeared around the corner of the house. She'd better follow. She did, and they were standing together, in a queer disjointed group below the balcony.

Bill was there too. A ray of light fell on his face; he was staring at that heavy, hanging shadow, his face strangely white. Light streamed out all at once from the balcony, and Tim Wales shouted down:

"What's going on down there?"

Bill was saying, "But there was somebody. When I was going toward the garage to put the car up. He was in the shrubs there. He ducked out of sight just as my lights swung around. I started after him but he got away and I came around the other side of the house and—it's André Durant!"

A flat, yellow ray of light was full upon the face of the thing that hung so heavily from the balcony railing, just beside the iron stairway. The dark hair had

(Continued on Page 44)

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER


MENU
Madrilene Cocktail
Baked Fish Mousse
Sour-Cream Sauce
New Potatoes, Mustard Butter
Mixed Vegetables
Nutmeg Rolls
Cucumber-and-Water-Cress Salad
Fresh Pineapple Upside-Down Cakes—Strawberry Sauce
Coffee



Call Me early!

NOW, don't take this too literally or too personally. If I had my way, any living soul who routed me out prior to eleven A.M., even on a May morning, would hear words that no lady should make vocal or even *know*. I am no early bird. I don't crave the early worm. Let the early birds have the unsuspecting and put-upon worm. But give me some good sound wheat cakes and country sausage and I'll settle for a pot of coffee as black as a church hymnal and as bitter as the gossip on the parish-house steps. That's me. (Or is it I?) Make up your own grammar, as I always say. After all, these grammars that were born only to plague us are only one man's opinion.

Well, Tennyson said it.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

Dear, sentimental (but good-looking) old Tennyson. Do you know, I've got a cape exactly like the one you see him wearing as he strolls among the Brussels sprouts and primroses in a happier and more serene English garden than we can picture now. I don't know what color his was—mine is red. You can spot me a mile off. I wear it—or fancy I do—with an air half grenadier and half Wilhela Cushman. And I hope nothing comes of this. But I fancy Tennyson—brooding over his little Queen o' the May, in his lovely English springtime—wore a sort of *gray* cape. Like the mists that rise at sunset—like the silvery thyme at his feet.

How I digress. It is certainly nice to digress. Keeps one from getting on the beam—as the boys say—too soon. But I must about the business of life. Outside the windows in our picture, you are seeing all the flowers and trees and shrubs that ought to be blooming outside *my* windows this minute—but aren't. True, there are a few anemic lilacs trying to get over winter and come through, like smiles on the cracked and creased faces of ladies who have not ceased to be expectant.

However, this simple, elegant and springtime repast starts out modestly—as so many *things* in spring do—modestly. In the beginning, let us agree on modesty, at least. So this beginning is all tangled up with vegetable juices and tomatoes and beets. Seeing them all set up in a first-course cocktail, you might think that tomatoes and beets weren't vegetables but belonged to the branch of the family from the other side of the tracks.

MADRILENE COCKTAIL

To 2¼ cups of a combination of vegetable juices containing tomato, add ¾ cup beet juice drained from canned beets. The garden beets aren't ready yet, but we must have color in a cocktail for spring. Season with 2 teaspoons of grated horse-radish and the juice of 1 lemon. Add pepper and salt to taste. Mix well and chill thoroughly.

Tempted but resisting. It's a terrible temptation to stop right here and go fishing. At least I should think I might *write* about it, but isn't that the editor looking at me? It is indeed. I believe he has the X-ray eye. *(Continued on Page 154)*

By Ann Batchelder

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER



Line a Day

BY ANN BATCHELDER

1 Some of us read horror and who-dunnit stories, and the best minds admit it. They're fun to read, but they are only stories after all. But a real story of terror and horror beyond anything I've ever read is Mary Berg's diary—Warsaw Ghetto. This one *needs* to be read—it ought to be and I hope it *will* be. And this one is true.

2 Something as old as the hills, and almost as satisfactory, is a steamed cherry pudding. Make a plain biscuit dough. Roll out and spread with black (or red) cherries. Roll *up* now and steam it. Use the cherry juice in your sauce with cream.

3 Bet you wish you'd done more about oysters. But they will return with the first scarlet leaves of fall, so cheer up.

4 Spread the everyday frankfurter with mustard, roll it in fine cracker crumbs and brown under the broiler. Surprise!

5 Ever cover pears—fresh or canned—with waffle batter, bake and serve up with honey or maple sirup? Don't all speak at the same time. I'm a little hard of hearing.

6 There's a beautiful spaghetti sauce with mushrooms all ready for you; and instead of spaghetti, try it on a plain omelet. Or with a dish of baked rice and cheese.

7 An artichoke-heart cocktail for a first course is an idea to conjure with. They come in oil or plain. Be sure the sauce is high with seasoning.

8 For tea or to go with gelatin desserts, the lemon-butter tartlets grandma used to make are just uncommon enough to be cocky as Susie in her Easter bonnet. Add a few chopped nuts—or not, as you will!

9 *From an old cookbook:* "Lemonade is now made to carry in the pocket." It turns out to be a powder—and this 'way back in 1802. I love to read the story.

10 To bake croquettes when frying is out—which I hope it won't be—brush them with fat and bake until brown in a very hot oven—475° F.

11 *Picked up from Stuart (photographer):* Chopped nuts instead of croutons in the soup. "Soup to nuts" is his slogan.

12 The garden clubs are coming to life. This is the time when fishermen go fishing and ladies look to their tulips. Let me tell you about a garden-club punch. (I'll be showing off *my* garden next month—if all the little bulblets do their stuff.)

13 Take equal parts of cold tea and carbonated water, and allow to each quart a cup of sliced strawberries, a cup of diced pineapple, a lemon or two, sliced, lemon juice and sugar to taste. Ice well—don't dilute too much. Add a few sprigs of mint.

14 I may as well do it now as later. Has to come. A glass of punch without a sandwich is like a sandal without a strap. Gets nowhere. Try toasted pecans chopped fine, mixed to a paste with lemon juice and mayonnaise. On thin white bread.

15 Asparagus will be a-cumin in. It's the queen of the crop, and all too short-lived. Don't overcook it; and if in a salad, French dressing is your best bet. A green pepper, minced, a few leaves of—*must* I say it?—parsley and a chopped pickle in the dressing make a vinaigrette.

16 *For future reference—cucumber division.* Peel a cucumber and cut into cubes. Braise in a little butter or margarine until quite soft. Add a can of condensed chicken broth, half a cup of cream and a quarter of a cup of browned slivered almonds. Serve hot with chicken. Hear dem wedding bells?

17 Fish will not swim out of water. I once had a goldfish that tried it. The cat got there first.

18 Macaroni or spaghetti au gratin, liberally sprinkled with finely chopped peanuts, has just been served up to me, and it's *good*. Funny I didn't know about this.

19 *More and better news:* Honey peanut butter, and isn't *that* something! It's a lunch-box special, an after-school must.

20 Fried hominy and bread sauce are equally good with guinea chicken. Only the breasts are best to serve.

SUMMER RETURNS

Summer returns this way,
Fulfills the eternal vow.
The agitated breast
Is quiet now.

The bird in her transient home
Regards the fountain's play.
Unfolds the budding rose—
Summer returns this way.

21 Cut thick slices of bread and scoop out a deep well in the center of each. Dip in melted butter or margarine and brown to a crisp in the oven. Drop an egg in each well. Dust with salt and pepper, put in the oven to set the eggs and serve with a Welsh rarebit poured over. This is first-rate.

22 *Herb note:* Sweet fennel, or finochio, boiled as a vegetable, is as delicate as old lace and, as an appetizer, served raw, has a flavor as haunting as flutes.

23 Cut bananas in half lengthwise. Brush with butter and lemon juice, roll in shredded coconut and bake until tender. Serve with lemon sauce.

24 When the cook comes home with a late timetable, look out. Something's stirring, and it isn't waffles. It *might* be a chaise longue in the kitchen, you know.

25 When oysters go out, trout come in. Fried or broiled, and with bacon—maybe. Lemon is the best dressing, with water cress. Don't go fancy with trout.

26 *Department of utter despair:* Soybean pie! Hitch up the mare, Miranda, and let's go find a squash or something.

27 Chicken baked in rich milk or cream is of the best. Have it cut up as for fricassee, brown it in salad oil. Now put it in a shallow casserole and season with salt, pepper and a little thyme. Cover with milk or cream and bake until very tender and milk or cream is about gone.

28 Second chapter: Cook two minced onions in oil. When soft, add a tablespoon of curry mixed with two tablespoons of flour. Salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne. Mix well. Add two cups of milk or cream and serve poured over the chicken.

29 Little new potatoes and onions not too ancient make a summer salad that will bring luster to the eye. But don't forget that it's the cucumbers that turn the trick. Alternate slices of potatoes and cucumbers with little green onions, dressed up with sour cream, vinegar, salt and pepper.

30 As inseparable as griddlecakes and sirup are eggs Benedict and hollandaise sauce. But have you tried that sauce on spinach or on little fish balls?

31 There will be an eclipse of the sun in July. The way I have it figured out, you can see it if you are on your toes. And never say I didn't tell you. I am seldom wrong, astronomically speaking, so I'm told.

DRAWING BY R. G. ATHERTON

'MOST EVERY DAY'S A GOOD DAY FOR SOUP

How to avoid a "Blue Monday" lunch...

Indulge yourself with a cheerful meal built round bright bowls of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes grown under the summer sun and filled with healthful vitamins, make this soup one to put zest in your appetite and warmth in your heart. Indeed, it's so good it is the soup most folks like best.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP



Look for the Red-and-White Label

How to fix a hearty Thursday supper...

When the larder's low and you won't be shopping till tomorrow, how nice to take a can of Campbell's Beef Soup off the shelf! You know you've something substantial to build a meal around. The family will welcome this tasty soup so appetizingly hearty with tender pieces of beef, garden vegetables and barley—all in a stock well-simmered from lean beef.

Campbell's BEEF SOUP



And if it's "Meals at all hours" on Saturday

You have a problem on your hands—or not. NOT if you have Campbell's Vegetable Soup on the back of the stove and some sandwiches ready. For then lunch can be on a "help yourself" basis, and the family will like nothing better! Fifteen different vegetables and a rich beef stock give this soup its delicious taste and its wholesome nourishment. That's why so many mothers say, "It's almost a meal in itself".

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP



To market, yes to market
We dearly love to go, sir—
There to buy good Campbell's Soup
Because we love it so, sir!



This illustration is taken from Metropolitan's Sound Film Strip, "Jimmy Beats Rheumatic Fever." If you would like to show this feature at your P.T.A., Woman's Club, Red Cross, or other Group Meeting, just write and let us know.

"Look what the doctor ordered for my Rheumatic Fever!"

That may seem like peculiar medicine piled up on Jimmy's bed.

But those books and games and crayons have been carefully selected to keep him contentedly occupied, until all signs of the disease have cleared up. He still faces long weeks in bed.

Bed rest is a tough assignment for any youngster who no longer feels sick, and wants to be up and at play. But if rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease are to be fought successfully, it is the best medicine he can get.

Doctors think it is the treatment that will do most to lessen the menace of rheumatic fever—*the cause of more deaths among children of school age than any other disease!*

Rheumatic fever in its early stages is very difficult to recognize—all the more reason why parents should be alert to its tell-tale symptoms. The most striking is pain and swelling in joints and muscles. The pain often travels from joint to joint and is frequently preceded by a sore throat or tonsillitis.

Other signs such as continued loss of weight or appetite, or fleeting muscular aches, call for medical checkup. They may or may not mean rheumatic fever.

Unfortunately the disease has a tendency to recur, so it is vitally important that the first attack be recognized and treated promptly.

Generally the sufferer must stay in bed under a doctor's care until all signs, including laboratory tests, show that the inflammation has disappeared. He may stay at home, if circumstances permit—or possibly in a convalescent home.

Equally important, thereafter, he should be protected as far as possible from contact with people who have colds, since recurrence often appears to be brought on by mild illnesses like colds, grippe, sore throat, and respiratory trouble.

Three quarters of those attacked by rheumatic fever are between the ages of 5 and 30—and of these the great majority are between 10 and 15.

Experiments now being made with small regular doses of certain drugs show promise of preventing recurrence. But even if these prove effective there will be continued need to maintain susceptible children in the best possible health by regular medical supervision.

To learn more about this disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 55J—"Rheumatic Fever."

Remember—May is Child Welfare Month . . . a fine time to check up on the general health of your children. Make sure your boy or girl has been immunized against childhood diseases for which protection is available.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 55J, entitled, "Rheumatic Fever."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

THE WHITE DRESS

(Continued from Page 39)

fallen forward. She had to get away; the night was too full of chaos and of something that surged too loud, now, and heavily in her ears.

There were more lights from the balcony.

One of the policemen swung around toward her. "Was he like this when you found him, miss?"

"*You found him* ——" began Bill. Then he was at Marny's side, his arm was tight and warm around her. "*I* found him," he said to the policeman. "I came around that corner of the house. I found him just as you ——"

The policeman said, "She found him. At least she said she did. *She* came running down to the gate. That's how we got here."

Edward mumbled something incoherent and disappeared. The two policemen stared at the thing, brightly, eerily illuminated. Bill turned Marny so she couldn't see; he pressed her face down against his shoulder.

He said, "See here, we had just left the car. It hasn't been five minutes. You know that, you saw us come in."

The drawing room and then the porch sprang into such bright light that the flashlights paled. Tim Wales, in a dressing gown, came charging across the porch and stopped. And stared, as if mesmerized horribly by that forever-silent thing. Then all at once everybody was talking.

Bill Cameron held Marny tighter and said in her ear, "You've got to get away from this. Come on." Bill's arm seemed to move her, without any volition on her part; he took her into the drawing room, he slid her down onto the sofa and stuffed a pillow under her feet so they stuck up absurdly in their white pumps. There was a sharp black mark across one toe; she'd got that dancing.

"Bill ——" she cried, and turned so she was wholly in his arms, clinging to him, hiding her face as if to shut out everything the night had held.

He held her warmly for a moment, his face against her own as he had done, not meaning to, dancing. This time it was deliberate and strong and indescribably comforting.

"Marny, Marny. Don't tremble like that. Don't—Marny. I promise you I'll fix things. I don't know how, God knows, but I—well, I promise you. Somehow I'll make them come right. Understand?"

SHE clung more tightly; her arms were around his neck and she decided quite simply that she wouldn't let go; she'd just hold on, like that, to something that was real and sane and strong. If she did so, nothing could happen.

He said, "*Marny, listen.* You've got to pull yourself together. Quick. This is going to be messier. Listen. You're not paying attention to me." He took her arms from around him and gave her a queer, hard shake and made her look at him. "Now answer me. I left you on the steps when I put the car in the garage. Did you see anybody?"

"No—no ——"

"What did you do?"

What had she done? She thought back past an infinite, terrible gulf. "I got tired of waiting. The door was locked. I went to the garage. You weren't there. I came back and thought of that door"—she pointed toward it—"so I came around the house. And—it was there."

She thought he was going to take her in his arms again and she wanted him to, but he held her tighter and said, "What did you do?"

"I ran back to find the police. There was somebody on the balcony ——"

"*What did you say?*"

"There was somebody on the balcony. Just—just light footsteps. It—whoever it was—stopped. Just like that. Stopped. And I ran down to the police and it was dark and they came and ——"

"*Who was on the balcony?*"

"I don't know—I couldn't see. I only heard somebody and then it stopped."

"All right. That is safe to tell. That much. But no matter what you think or remember or anything, don't add a word to it. Understand? Tell them only that."

JUDITH said from the doorway, "What has happened?" She saw the lights and the men outside and swept across the drawing room in her trailing dressing gown. Bill ran after her. At the door of the porch they saw her stop; they saw her hands flung upward to her eyes; they saw her whirl around, stumbling, running back toward them.

Bill caught her. "Here—where are you going? Wait ——"

Her face was chalk-white; she dropped her hands and stared at him.

He said, "The police are there. Tim is there. They'll question us."

"What have I done?" said Judith. "Oh, what have I done!"

Bill said, "What do you mean? Sit down. Here." He shoved a chair toward her and she sat down mechanically, her great dark eyes staring up at him, her hands locked between her knees, the silk flowing around her. "What do you mean?" said Bill again, but she shook her head, numbly, staring at him. Bill looked at her for an instant. "Marny—remember what I told you," he said. "Hold everything."

He was, incredibly, gone; through the brightly lighted porch, back to that muttering, gesticulating group with the flashlights and the eerie white faces and Tim Wales shouting above them:

"Where's Laideau? He did it! Search the place. Don't let him get away."

Winnie came running into the room, blue dressing gown clutched around her.

Judith lifted her head and cried, "Winnie, don't look. Don't go. Your father ——"

Winnie stopped dead. "Judith, why are those men out there?"

Judith knew exactly what was happening. She said, "André"—and stopped and seemed to select words, and then in a sudden rush—"André has killed himself."

Winnie looked at her and then at Marny and went to the porch. She stopped in the doorway and after a long moment came back. Her face was so white that the thick eyebrows stood out; then suddenly she sat down in a straight chair and stared at Judith.

And the men searched the house. They searched the island; they sent for Manson and for the medical examiner and automobiles began to make a swift, speeding line along the causeway. It was like and yet horribly unlike the night before when Cecily had been found; that had been bad enough, this was different. Worse, owing to a few salient and very important differences.

Winnie hinted at those differences first. For as they sat there, aware and trying not to be aware of everything that happened, Winnie said suddenly:

"They had the island under guard. Policemen were at the gate."

(Continued on Page 46)

SO THEY SAY

If you hope for pleasant things to turn up, keep the corners of your mouth that way. —ANON.

I think the acid test of a woman's character is to be found at the breakfast table. It is easy to be nice at noon, and easy to be jolly at night, but a woman with a well-balanced sense of humor at the breakfast table is evidence of a healthy mind in a healthy body.
—CANON PATON-WILLIAMS.

If a woman tells a man "You are handsome," he seldom believes it; but if she says "You are clever," he always believes it. —Excelsior, Paris.

War would end if the dead could return. —PREMIER BALDWIN.



RMING HELEN RANDALL—has distinctive Southern loveliness. Her complexion is cameo-mooth. "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.



HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—*of Philadelphia's Main Line*
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—*of the Spreckels of California*
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—*internationally famous beauty*
MISS CONSTANCE McCORMICK—*of the Chicago McCormicks*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—*of the great Wilmington family*

Her fiancé in the Navy

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William Clement Shreve of San Diego. Another Pond's Bride-to-Be, she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family

She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front!

She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—*very* feminine, *very* lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" *Pond's* complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the *grandest* cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off. "This extra creaming gets my face extra clean and extra soft," she says.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!



AT THE BLOOD DONOR CENTER—Helen assists in making hemoglobin tests. Ever since the war began she has worked loyally as a Nurse's Aide. There are many Nurse's Aide duties needing volunteer workers. Ask your local chapter how *you* can best serve.



BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big *luxury-size* jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get *your* big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at beauty counters everywhere.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



Treet a la King

"Treet . . . biscuits and cream gravy! Real man's food!" said J. C. Hemmerle, one of the husbands who selected this meal. Your family will like it, too!

1 can Armour's Treet
4 Cloverbloom Eggs, hard-cooked and sliced
3 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower Margarine
½ cup celery, diced
4 tbsps. flour
2 cups milk
Pepper
¼ cup chopped green pepper
Hot baking powder biscuits

Use prepared biscuit mix and follow directions on package to make biscuits. Cut rather large and bake in 450° F. oven. Meantime, melt butter or margarine, add chopped celery and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Blend in flour, stir in milk and cook until thick. Add chopped green pepper, pepper, diced Treet, sliced eggs. Serve between halves of split biscuits. Serve with cold sliced tomatoes, cantaloupe a la mode, tea or coffee for quick dinner menu. 4 to 6 servings.

More delicious

than the same fine meat cooked at home!



"The Jury of Husbands" chose these meals for June. Every Treet recipe is "man-tested". Watch for them each month! Save them all!

Treet is the meat

Extra flavorful . . . extra tender . . . extra high in vitamins and food value . . . that's Treet! For the choice pork shoulder is chopped, seasoned, blended and vacuum-sealed in the tin *before* cooking right in its own rich, natural meat juices! None of the goodness "cooks away." Try Treet! Your family will love it!



Treet and Eggs

"My wife can give me Treet and Eggs for breakfast, lunch or dinner any time!" said R. D. Hulse, another member of the Jury of Husbands. And this is one of the best of all quick and easy meals!

1 can Armour's Treet
4 Cloverbloom eggs
6 slices bread

Slice Treet into 8 slices. Brown lightly for 1½ minutes to the side in a very little fat. Meanwhile, poach the eggs and place them on buttered rounds of toast. To poach eggs have shallow pan of water boiling vigorously. Break egg into sauce dish and slip it carefully into the water, turning the heat low so that the water no longer boils. When the white is set, the egg is done. Remove with spoon, draining off the water. Cut 2 slices of bread cornerwise and butter, and serve with eggs and Treet.

ARMOUR
and Company

Listen to Hedda Hopper's Hollywood, every Monday night over CBS. See local papers for time.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

(Continued from Page 44)

Judith gave her a sharp look. "Someone could have come by boat."

"Then he didn't kill himself. You don't really think so either."

"He was hanged," said Judith. "I saw that. I don't know what happened."

Winnie seemed to make a motion to go out on the porch again.

Judith said, "You'd better not. It's—horrible." She shivered. And looked herself out toward the porch. "I wish Tim would come in."

But it was Manson who crossed the porch, the screened door banging behind him, and called back to someone, "Tell Doctor Meade to come in here, when he's finished." He crossed the drawing room without apparently looking at any of the three women. He put his head into the hall and snapped, apparently to another policeman, "Bring them all in here. Everybody. Servants too. Keep the reporters out; tell them I'll give them the story in half an hour. They can have all the pictures they want as soon as Doctor Meade has finished." He turned around, looked at Marny, Judith and Winnie as if they were not there at all and, as Tim Wales and Bill came in from the porch, he said, "Now then. That man didn't hang himself. Who did it?"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Tim Wales. He pulled his bathrobe around his paunchy middle; his fat, shiny hands were shaking. He didn't look at Judith.

Captain Manson said, "Answer my question. Do you know who did it?"

"If anybody killed him it was Laideau," said Tim Wales and selected and lighted a cigarette.

"When did you see Durant last?"

"Me, personally?" said Tim, his little eyes hard and obstinate. "I'll be glad to tell you. Dinner was sent to his room on a tray. He and Laideau had it together. I wouldn't have them at my table, and I couldn't get rid of them just yet on account of the newspapers. But I wouldn't eat with them. I haven't seen Durant since about seven o'clock, when I saw him come in from the swimming pool and go up the stairs to the balcony. From there, as you know, he could walk around to his room. I never saw him again. I don't know anything about this. Except if ever a man deserved hanging, he did."

"Tim ——" began Judith in a stifled way.

XVI

THE detective's face jerked toward Judith. "How about you, Mrs. Wales?"

"You mean—you mean ——" Judith's face had no beauty then; it was strained and white with terror.

"I mean when did you last talk to André Durant?"

Judith's hands were locked so tight that they looked bony and hard. "After dinner. I went to his room; it adjoins the room Laideau is using. I talked a minute ——"

"What about?"

"I said"—Judith swallowed—"I said that I thought if there was anything he knew of Cecily's past that might possibly explain her murder, I thought he ought to tell it. That it would help us all and couldn't hurt Cecily now. Or—or anyone."

The detective looked at her. "And what did he say?"

Judith touched her lips with her tongue. "He said he didn't know anything. I went away. It was then, I suppose, about eight."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to my room. I was tired. My husband and Winnie were down here on the porch. I went to bed. I read and then I took a sleeping pill; about ten, that was."

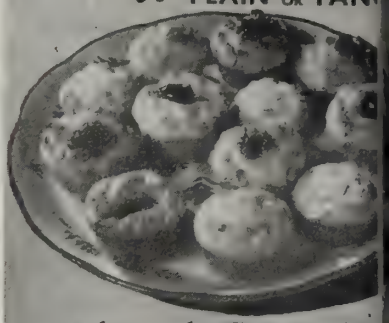
"And that's the last time you saw André Durant?"

"Yes."

There was no way of knowing what or how much the detective accepted as true. He turned to Winnie. "And you?"

"I saw him at the pool," said Winnie. "Marny was with me. It was, I think, between five and six o'clock. Then Marny and Commander Cameron went to the Beach and they took Charlie home. Judith told me

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Savory Ham: Rub a paste of two ta spoons Colman's (dry) Mustard two tablespoons water into both si of a slice of tenderized ham about inches thick (wt. about 2 lbs.). P ham slice in shallow baking dish, cover with 1 cup milk and bake 45 minutes at 425° F. or until ham is tender and top is nicely browned.



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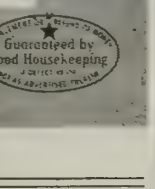




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that it would be better to have dinner sent up to André and to his friend, so I did."

Rilly and his wife and the smart little colored maid were in the doorway. Something was going on in the hall behind them; but the only thing that seemed to matter just then was the frightened nod Rilly gave as Winnie looked at him for confirmation. His wife nodded too, her large eyes fastened on the detective. The smart little maid turned to stare curiously into the hall.

Captain Manson said to Winnie, "Then what?"

"Then what happened, you mean? Why—nothing exactly. We had dinner, father and Judith and I. Judith went upstairs; she said she was tired. Father and I talked awhile on the porch. I went to bed about ten-thirty, I think. I didn't see André again."

"How about you, Mr. Wales?"

"I've told you," snapped Tim. "I sat out there after Winnie'd gone to bed and smoked, and had a nightcap. I don't know just when I went to bed, but it was shortly after Winnie'd gone. I didn't see André again; I didn't hear anything. I took a couple of pills and slept until all the hullabaloo waked me. Then I came down."

"What about you, Miss Sanderson?"

Bill Cameron said quietly, "I told you about that, Captain Manson."

"Go on, Miss Sanderson."

Marny heard herself talking as if it were Judith or Winnie or anybody except herself. She had waited on the steps; she had gone to the garage; she had returned; she had remembered the door from the porch; she had found ——

Captain Manson said, "Go on, please. You found Durant?"

"Yes," Marny whispered, her throat tight and stiff.

"How did you know it was Durant? Could you see?"

"Not—exactly."

"How did you know, then?"

"There was something—a sort of—outline. I knew who it was."

"What did you do then?"

"I remembered the police at the gate. I ran to tell them."

"How long a time elapsed between your being left at the step by Commander Cameron and your notifying the police?"

"I don't know. A few minutes."

Captain Manson turned to a policeman; it was the man who had followed her and Bill Cameron on a motorcycle.

The policeman said, "It was about twelve minutes, sir. I was listening to the chauffeur's radio, and the commercial had just come on at the end of a fifteen-minute program. It's one of my favorite programs and I was hoping we'd get back in time to hear it. Twelve minutes is my guess."

Laideau appeared in the doorway and Rilly and his wife and the maid moved aside, glancing sideways at Laideau and the two policemen holding his arms. Manson did not even look at him, although Laideau's tiny, ugly dark eyes fastened themselves on the detective as if drawn by a magnet. And in the same moment the medical examiner and another policeman came across the porch.

The doctor was short, fat, round and hot. He wiped his hands with a handkerchief. "You were right, captain," he said. "Fellow

WELL WED

If a marriage is not to prove a visible disaster, or a mere cantankerous compromise, two people will have to show tireless, vigilant courtesy; and when it is broken, as broken it must be over and over again, they will have to show tireless inspiration in whatever gesture is required to start off once more.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

A married woman's as old as her husband makes her feel.

—PINERO: Pinero Calendar. (Frank Palmer)

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These brand new easy recipes have been specially perfected for Crisco. Pure, snowy Crisco is fresh and sweet as new-churned butter. It brings out the full, rich flavor of your cakes. And Crisco has developed a special baking secret. It gives you lighter, more tender cakes. Yes, even *lighter* than cakes made with the most expensive shortening!

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Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before. Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with Crisco can we promise you a better cake on every count!

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sift before measuring)
1⅓ cups sugar
½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt
⅔ cup milk

Beat vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now quickly stir in (yes, all by itself):

3 tsps. baking powder*
Add: **2 eggs (unbeaten)**
⅓ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. The batter will be smooth and thin. Pour into 2 shallow 9" or deep 8" layer pans which have been rubbed with Crisco and dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes, or until baked. Frost with your favorite boiled icing and decorate with candy flowers. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, etc.) With tartrate type (Royal, etc.) use 4 tsps.*

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was killed before he was hung. Skull fracture just behind the ear. Some heavy, hard instrument. Don't know what."

"You mean," said Captain Manson, "that it's possible that somebody hit him, fracturing his skull, and then tied that rope around his neck and pulled him up over the balcony railing?"

Doctor Meade nodded. "Looks like it."

"Could a woman have done it?" asked Captain Manson.

"I don't see why not," he said and walked briskly across the room and into the hall.

Manson said, "Let him go. I'll see to him." He meant Laideau. The two policemen dropped their hands; Laideau gave a kind of shiver and rubbed one arm as if it had been bruised. The detective said to the policemen, "And take Miss Sanderson to her room. Don't let anybody see her or talk to her."

"*You can't*——" began Bill Cameron and started toward her, and Captain Manson shot out a thin, arresting arm.

"I can," he said.

The policemen were at Marny's side. She went out through the hall, she went up the stairs; the policemen were directly behind her. If anyone in the drawing room spoke or moved, she did not hear it.

She ought to have known: Bill had told her; Manson had told her; she had reasoned it out for herself. André had been their principal suspect. And, in a queer way, he had protected her. But now André was murdered. So they would charge her with murder. Cecily had come to her with a gun, and the police knew the whole story.

She went into her room with her head high; which was queer, because she had no knowledge of walking, of moving, of, even, touching the switch—she only knew that the room leaped into light.

One of the policemen went outside and stood on the balcony, just outside the door, which he closed. The other said, rather uncomfortably, "I'll—well, I'll stay in the hall, just outside the door, miss. Captain didn't say—well, anyway, I'll stay right here."

She stood for a long moment in the brilliantly lighted room. She had changed places with André! André was dead, so he was no longer the main suspect of the police. Now she had taken that place.

The bed was turned down. Her night things were laid out. It was sharply normal, extraordinary simply because it was so unextraordinary, so out of pace with a world that had become fantastic. She looked down.

It was then that she realized that quite recently someone had been in her room. The tangible small things that give rise to subconscious knowledge began to emerge and make themselves clear. Someone had sat on the bed; there were a few wrinkles and the shallow but definite indentation on the otherwise smooth linen and silk. Someone had dropped a cigarette in the ash tray. It was a cigarette like those Tim Wales smoked—but they were everywhere in the house, probably in every ash tray, along with other brands. It was the same brand that someone listening from behind the vines on the balcony had dropped.

She looked around then and saw it. Between the door and the bed was an odd, long smear. It was a kind of reddish brown, showing not deeply but on the surface of the

HOW WOULD YOU SAY IT?

The quest of the correct plural of the word "mongoose" was solved by a gentleman who wanted a pair of these interesting and affectionate creatures. He wrote to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongeese." He did not like the look of this, tore up the paper and began again: "Sir, please send me two mongooses." This version did not satisfy him any better than the first, so he wrote: "Sir, please send me a mongoose—and, by the way, send me another."

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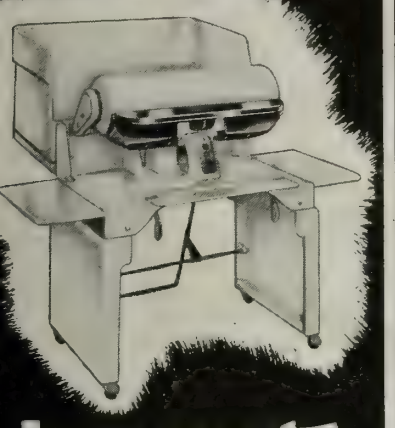


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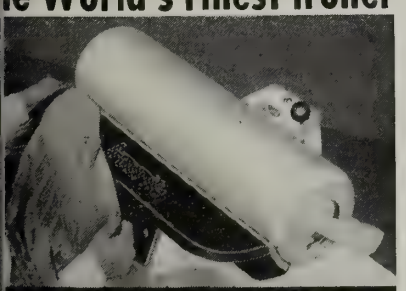
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deep-piled rug. As if someone had dragged something along, over the rug, so it touched for a few brief inches. Something that was newly painted. Something that made a short, small red smear. She moved across the room and knelt down on the carpet. And thought, *Cold water takes it out.* Not cleaning fluid; not hot water. Only cold water.

André's skull had been fractured, and the doctor had said he believed it had happened before André was—somehow—hung there from the balcony. She had heard footsteps on the balcony and they had stopped. Because whoever was there had entered the room? And had dragged something over the rug, not knowing, because it was dark, that that smear had been made?

She got up and went into the bathroom. Someone had been there, too; had washed his hands and used two towels and thrust them, wet and crumpled, back upon the rack. There was water splashed around the basin and a little puddle under the soap. Suddenly and with a kind of cold horror she looked for red smears there, too, reddish brown, diluted with water. There was nothing.

She must hurry. *Get the smear off the rug first. Before the police see it.* She took a fresh towel, held it under the cold-water faucet and went back to the rug. She knelt, trying to force herself to the ugly task, and someone knocked and called to her:

"Marny—Marny, can I come in?" It was Bill Cameron. She got up. He opened the door, came quickly across to her, taking her wrist in his hand, staring at the dripping towel. "*What are you doing?*"

"There ——" she said.

He looked and knelt too. Finally he got up. "I'll get Manson."

"No, no ——"

His eyes blazed down into her own. "Don't be a fool. It's a plant. Deliberate. Like fixing it so you would find André. It wasn't any coincidence. It was part of a plan; it had to be."

"Someone was here. Someone sat on the bed and smoked and washed his hands in the bathroom ——"

He said, "Listen, Marny. It's a safe bet that whoever killed Cecily killed André. And I think I know why too. And whoever did is trying to implicate you." He went to the door and spoke to the policeman outside. "Get Manson. Quick." He came back to her. "Now then. I got Manson to let me see you about a lawyer. I think that he's got to consider you a suspect because of the evidence, but I think he doesn't—well, *want* to. I think his instinct is against it. Therefore, let's give him every chance to get at the truth, put everything on the table." He paused, frowning. "I may not be right. My opinion may be governed by my own feeling about you. There is a certain"—he paused and, rather curiously, used the words that had entered her own thoughts—"there is a certain deceiving security in the knowledge of innocence. That's the way I feel about you. You didn't murder Cecily or André, so I keep thinking that they can't seriously accuse you of it. Yet—oh, maybe I'm wrong. But are you willing to put yourself in my hands and do as I tell you? Knowing," said Bill Cameron, looking straight into her eyes, "knowing that I may be wrong."

Bill Cameron's face, clear and intent, his gray shoulders solid and broad. Suddenly everything about him seemed right. It was the only word that came clearly into her mind—*right.* She looked back up into his face and said, "All right, Bill."

Manson knocked at the door and entered. "Well?" he said. "If it is a confession, I'd better have the stenographer take it down."

XVII

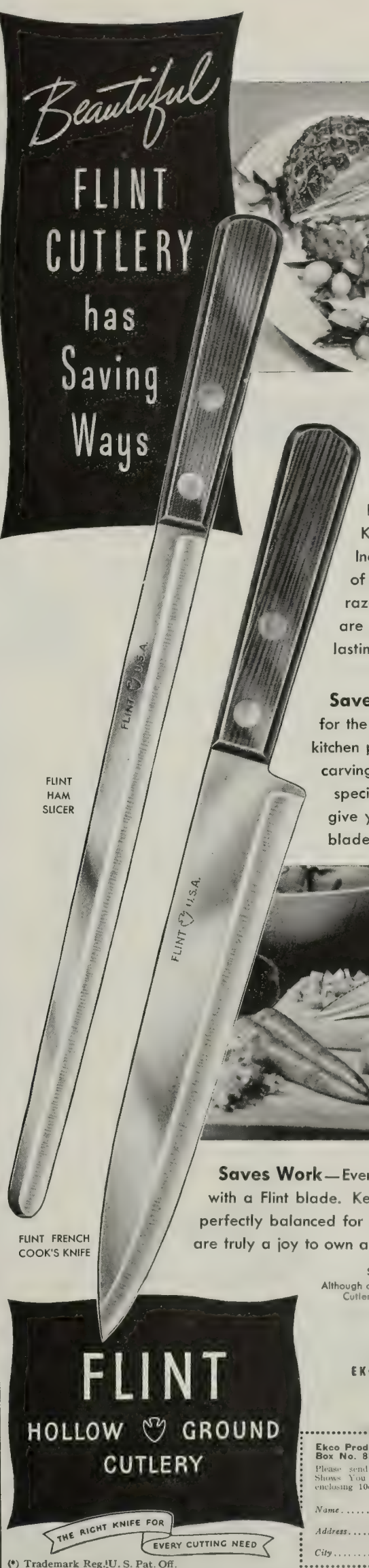
BILL CAMERON seemed to square his shoulders. "It is not a confession. Look here, captain, I want to make a bargain with you."

Manson's intensely concentrated look seemed to grow more marked. "I don't think you are talking about bribes, commander. I've had such offers in my time, but not for a long time."

"No, I'm not talking about bribes." Bill had moved, so he stood squarely between Manson and the smear on the rug. "I mean

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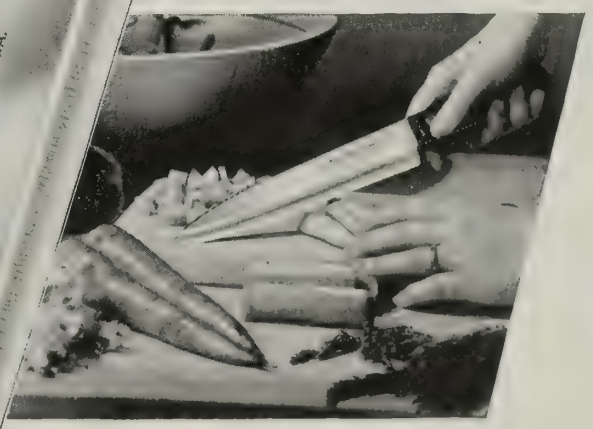


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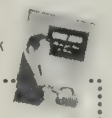
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Strawberry Chiffon Pie

4 egg yolks
½ cup light corn sirup
Dash of salt
Juice of 1 lemon
Grated rind of ½ lemon
1 tablespoon gelatin (softened in ¼ cup water)
4 egg whites
½ cup sugar
1 cup strawberries, cut in half
1 baked Spry Pie Shell

Combine first 5 ingredients; blend well. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly with rotary beater until thick and foamy—about 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add gelatin mixture. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add sugar gradually beating each time until stiff. Fold carefully into gelatin mixture. Fold in strawberries. Pile lightly into baked pie shell. Decorate with more berries if desired. Chill several hours or until set.

Spry Pie Shell: Mix 1¼ cups ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR and ½ teaspoon SALT. Measure 7 tablespoons SPRY and divide into two equal parts. *Step 1—for Tenderness:* Cut in first half of Spry until as fine as meal. Creamy Spry cuts in so easily! *Step 2—for Flakiness:* Cut in remaining Spry until size of large peas. Add 3 tablespoons cold WATER, mixing thoroughly into a dough. Roll thin; prick. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.





Sugarless Strawberry Short Cake

Spry's Short Cut: In your regular biscuit recipe which calls for 2 cups flour, use ½ cup Spry. Roll dough into 8x8-inch square about ½ inch thick. Prick dough with fork. Cut into 8 triangles. Bake on baking sheet in very hot oven (450° F.) 12–15 minutes. So tender thanks to Spry! So rich-tasting you don't miss sugar. Sweeten one quart sliced strawberries with corn sirup or honey. Split hot biscuits (so flaky they *lift* apart) and put berries between and on top!

this: Apparently Miss Sanderson is on the spot. There is evidence against her. You had to go through a form of arresting her ——"

"I didn't arrest her."

"You sent her up here, with a guard. It also seemed to me that if you were convinced in your own mind that she had killed either of them you'd have actually arrested her."

Manson said, "What is your bargain?"

"I have to say all this first," said Bill Cameron. "I don't think you believe she murdered either Cecily or Durant. But I do think that you cannot discount the evidence as it stands. Right?"

"Go on."

"Her discovery of Cecily's body was accident. But her discovery of Durant's body was a deliberate plant, and I think whoever murdered Durant has planted another piece of evidence. Intended to cast suspicion upon her. So—well, it proves she didn't do it."

There was no way to tell what Manson was thinking. His face conveyed nothing but hard concentration. "What?" he said.

Bill Cameron gave Marny a glance and then, with something like a shrug, moved aside. "There," he said, and pointed.

It was blood.

Men from police headquarters, expert technicians with equipment to identify a bloodstain as such, were in the house then. Marny and Bill Cameron watched, Captain Manson watched. And then told them to take a specimen away with them and label it.

Captain Manson, standing in the open door, spoke rapidly to another policeman. "Search this room," he said. "Quickly."

"Yes, sir. What for, captain?"

"Something heavy and hard," Captain Manson said. "A—hammer would do it. An ax. Even, I suppose, a baseball bat."

Marny hadn't thought of that; suppose whoever killed André had hidden the weapon that had been used somewhere in her room. She glanced at Bill Cameron and he was afraid of it, too; she could tell by the stiff, hard look in his face.

They found nothing. They opened the wardrobe and looked among Marny's clothes—things that seemed so familiar and everyday. In the bathroom, in drawers and under the mattress of the bed, and along the draperies at the windows. They found nothing and Manson sent the other man away.

And Bill Cameron said, his mouth very tight and Scotch-looking, "You see, Captain Manson? Miss Sanderson wouldn't have done that deliberately. She wouldn't have told you ——"

"I'm not saying what anybody would do," said Manson. He sat down; his clothes looked damp and limp, his face withered.

AND Marny said suddenly, leaning forward, "I heard footsteps. While I was outside. Just after I'd found him. Somebody walked along the balcony; I heard it clearly and then the footsteps just stopped."

Bill Cameron said, "That's right. You told me. Did it sound as if whoever it was came into this room?"

"I couldn't tell. It was so dark, and I had just found him, you see."

Bill said, "You couldn't possibly have seen anyone from where you must have stood. But probably whoever it was came into your room, waited and smoked—listening, I imagine, to know just what would happen and what you would do. And then purposely, I think, left that smear on the rug."

Manson said, "Will you tell me your story again, Miss Sanderson? In detail."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If Pretty

BY MARY POOLE

I would be
to you the moon
that rules your sea . . .
a shepherd's tune
calling you close to me . . .
the shade at noon
of a lone wide antlered prairie
tree . . .
I'd be chameleon
night and day . . .
wind, with you run . . .
one perfect May . . .
You tire of sun?
My rain's hands, gray,
would solace you till you were
won.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

She did, rapidly and slowly, by jerk
When she'd finished he turned to
"How about you, commander?"

So Bill told his story again; it coin with her own, naturally, up to the time he had left her on the step. And, puttin car away, had seen someone move q out of the beam of lights from the ca had tried to find him.

"Who was this person you say yo and tried to find?"

"I don't know. I just saw a motion black figure. But I didn't see enou know who it was."

"Man or woman?"

"I don't know. Except—well, I thin have known if it had been a woman."

"But you can't be sure?"

"Well," said Bill and paused, and f said, "no."

"Why did you try to find out who it w

"Why? Because of the murder, of co Because—well, because the fellow c want to be seen."

"Then what did you do?"

"As I told you. I put the car in and the door a shove as I went out. I ran toward the hedge; I thought whoever i had gone in the direction of the swim pool, on the opposite side of the house.

"I know," said tain Manson re tersely. "I'm fairly acquainted with layout, by now."

Bill flushed a "Well, at any ra went down there hunted around whoever it was got completely a At least I couldn't anything. I tho Marny had come into the house; I r thought of the door being locked, since it was near came around the c end, the back entr of the house couldn't find my it was so dark, a had my cigar lighter, so I got it I saw something near the railing, had got to Dur body just as the p came from the c side of the house. look here, Captain Manson, there *was* s body in the shrubbery, and he got ou there as fast as he could."

"If you saw somebody, what about footsteps Miss Sanderson claims to heard? What about the blood on the Your mysterious intruder couldn't have in two places at once."

"I think there'd have been time for hi run round the house instead of toward swimming pool, as I'd thought, and up balcony stairs. Where I suppose he c have stopped and listened to be sure whe or not I was following him. Then he c have heard Marny, and tiptoed into room and waited a minute to see—at to listen to what was going to happen. deliberately place these false clues. Ju I think the door was locked on purpos Marny and I *would* come back from Beach and find the door locked—think al the side door, come around that way find Durant's body. I simply don't bel that the fact that it was Marny who fo Cecily, and Marny who found Durant, c be coincidence. It was planned."

"Then, to carry it further, you think so body in this house locked the front door murdering André, went down to the h and was seen by you, levitated himself so how through the darkness and in what n have been a very short space of time to balcony, and waited for Miss Sanderso find Durant; then left ashes and a bloods deliberately in her room; washed his ha

(Continued on Page 53)

Get a new kick out of cakemaking! try these Swans Down "Mix-Easy" recipes

YOU NEVER DREAMED you could make cake so quickly—and so beautifully—as you can with Swans Down and Swans Down's new "Mix-Easy" recipes!

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Kate Smith says—
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"Keeps fresh longer!"



NEW SWANS DOWN TWINS "Mix-Easy" Silver Cake

Preparations: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, and grease again. Use two deep 8-inch layer pans or a 10x10x2-inch pan. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar

Measure into bowl:
½ cup vegetable shortening

Measure into cup:
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Have ready:
3 egg whites, beaten to meringue* with
¼ cup sugar

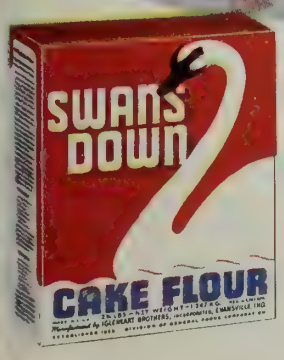
*For meringue, beat egg whites with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer) until foamy, add ¼ cup sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will hold up in soft peaks.

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part! (Mix by hand or with electric mixer at low speed.) Stir or mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients, add liquid, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes*. Add meringue mixture and *beat 1 minute* longer. (Count only *actual* beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking: Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes for layers, or about 30 minutes for square cake. Spread with seven-minute frosting, using Lady Baltimore filling between layers.

"Mix-Easy" Gold Cake

Follow above recipe, substituting 3 unbeaten egg yolks for egg whites. Measure 1¼ cups sugar into sifter with flour, and increase milk to 1 cup. In mixing, sift dry ingredients over shortening, add ½ of liquid and the egg yolks, and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 1 minute*. Add remaining liquid, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. Bake in two 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread orange filling between layers and seven-minute frosting, tinted a delicate yellow, on top and sides.



TUNE IN: Kate Smith Speaks—CBS Network

Guarantee—Double the cost of all ingredients back, if you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour!...Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years. And today more women choose Swans Down than all other packaged cake flours put together.

Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!

New "Mix-Easy" recipes...developed and tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods...are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

Bake a better cake with Swans Down



...chine
...under advisement...

They made a 50-gallon tub from native teakwood, set a 30-gallon cooking kettle inside, fitted the kettle with rotating paddles. They took the fan belt from a battered bulldozer, the one lung engine from a portable generator, the transmission and differential from a bomb-wrecked jeep and hooked 'em up together.

Then they filled the outer tub with ice, the kettle with ice-cream mix, cranked the one-lunger, put the jeep in high and let her whirl. In half an hour, they had to shift into low. In 40 minutes more, the mixture was so stiff it stopped the engine. And there in the steaming jungle, they enjoyed 30 gallons of the smoothest, coldest ice cream you ever saw.

Said the car...
...it:

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True to their motto, "Can Do," Seabees in the South Pacific have often built ingenious ice cream machines from salvage materials. The clipping and picture* above show you how one such job was done.

Many another American outfit has invented strange freezers in far places — adapting old oil drums to new duties—bending pipe around palm stumps for cooling coils. Sailors have patiently scraped frost off ship refrigeration lines to make ice cream.

Why? Because ice cream is a symbol of home and a tonic to morale. Because it's not only good to eat, but good *for* the men who eat it. Ice cream is a valuable food, rich in vitamins and calcium, like the creamy milk from which it's made.

We're glad we've been able to ship so many tons of ice cream ingredients to boys like these overseas. We're grateful for your patient acceptance and understanding of the limited supply left at home.

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NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

**The Navy had no official photos, so we built this careful reproduction.*

(Continued from Page 50)

nd cleaned off whatever instrument of murder was used, in that bathroom; walked out nto the hall and to his own room and pretended later on to be awakened."

Bill said, looking very white, "I didn't say hat. There's only Mr. and Mrs. Wales and Winnie in the house. Except, of course, Laideau."

"Why would Laideau kill his best friend?"

"Laideau would slit his own grandmother's throat for a dime."

"That's not the point. They worked together, Laideau and Durant. Laideau profited by Durant's brains. He wouldn't have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. No; Miss Sanderson, by your own testimony, hey were trying to blackmail you. Laideau ould not have done so without Durant's upport. You see for yourself it provides a notive for your murdering him."

"But I told you about Cecily," said Marny. "They couldn't have blackmailed ne."

"They could still have made it bad for you f Durant had come to trial." Captain Manon paused, his eyes bright and hard.

Bill said suddenly, "Captain, we got a general idea from what the doctor said, but vill you tell us exactly how Durant was killed?"

"He was hit on the head, behind the ear, wice. Hard. One of the blows apparently killed him. Then a slipknot was neatly put round his neck. The other end was looped around the balcony railing—or, rather, the pointed iron post that projects just at the top of the stairs. He was hauled up to a sufficient height to get his feet off the ground. Then the knot was fastened. It was not a Herculean feat, by any means; the leverage was such that"—he gave a slight shrug—"even I could do it. I tried. It was not too hard a pull for a woman. It only required three things—a weapon, Durant's presence near enough that spot at near enough the right time, and a rope."

"You haven't had time to trace the rope?"

"Not yet. It may mean nothing when we do. It might have been merely a rope from the garage, pier, anywhere."

"Are you limiting your suspects to people on the island?"

"I'm not limiting the suspects," said Captain Manson rather wearily, "to anybody. But there are certain probabilities. One is that Cecily Durant and André Durant were killed by the same person; this is because murder is an unusual and desperate act. The law of averages and probabilities suggests one murderer rather than two. But if there was one murderer—as I believe—there is an extraordinary conflict of motives. For instance, who wished to do away with Cecily Durant if it was not her husband? The answer to that could be a woman who wanted to marry André Durant. But would that woman murder Cecily to get Durant, and then murder Durant? You see?"

"If CECILY had not been murdered ——"

"Then I'd have believed that the motive in the case of André Durant's murder was almost certainly fear or revenge."

Both words seemed strange and melodramatic and yet convincing, uttered in that quiet, businesslike voice.

"Fear?" said Bill.

"Fear of blackmail."

"Revenge?"

"The revenge of some—husband, father, brother?" Manson shrugged. "Any man who had a right to resent André Durant's treatment of a woman. And did so."

Bill Cameron said suddenly and violently, "I'd have liked to do it myself."

"Frankly," said Captain Manson, "so would I. But the law requires me to deliver that murderer into the hands of justice. And in this case that murderer is almost certain to have murdered Cecily Durant first. But I don't know why."

"Captain Manson, who told Charlie Ingram that Cecily had seen Marny?"

The detective replied to that, too, simply and directly. "He said he had heard it, and had seen Cecily leave, with Miss Sanderson following her."

"That's a lie," said Bill. "I was on the porch. I'd have seen him. Where was Charlie Ingram tonight when we went to his house? He wasn't at home."

"Are you suggesting that actually he did not overhear anything, but that Cecily told him of her meeting with Miss Sanderson? Are you suggesting he was the person you claim to have followed tonight and who got away from you?"

"Somebody was there near the garage," said Bill stubbornly. "Ingram could have rowed over from Silver Point. So the police at the gate wouldn't have seen him."

"I've questioned Ingram and Ingram's record—for another reason. So far as I can discover, he had no previous knowledge of either Cecily Durant or André. Why do you think he murdered Durant?"

Bill shrugged. "Fear. Or—revenge."

Unexpectedly Captain Manson went to the door. "Get hold of Charlie Ingram and tell him to meet us at the police station. In Miami Beach. In half an hour."

Bill had been sitting on the arm of a chair; he got up slowly.

Captain Manson said, "Come just as you are, Miss Sanderson. You can have someone pack a bag for you later, if you—need it."

Bill Cameron looked white and rigid. He said quickly, "I'm coming too."

XVIII

THE stairway, hall and drawing room were empty; there was no sign of Tim or Winnie or Judith except ashes from Tim's cigarettes in the many trays. The police car was drawn up at the door.

Laideau went with them, huddled in a corner of the back seat, his thick, black hair and ugly pale face dimly visible, his great hands clasped together. He did not speak.

The night was still and quiet, with no faint suggestion of a storm. As they went along the causeway and turned on Collins Avenue, the policeman driving the car turned the radio to a news broadcast and got the latest hurricane warning; the storm was still headed that way.

"It'll hit tomorrow night," said the policeman and turned the radio dial. "I'm going to take my wife to a hotel. We're too near the ocean." He paused, his shoulders a black, bulky shadow ahead, and added, "May hit before then. They can't always get it right on the nose. But it'll hit."

Charlie Ingram arrived in another police car shortly after Marny and Bill Cameron were ushered into Captain Manson's office, leaving Laideau, smoking uneasily, in another room. Charlie looked sleepy and annoyed. And admitted almost at once that he had not seen Cecily leave the Wales house on the night she was murdered.

It was hot in the high-ceilinged, clean office. The windows were open, but no breath of air stirred. Charlie, sitting with his legs crossed, glanced rather nervously at Marny and at Bill Cameron and looked back at Manson, who sat at the desk.

"Thought you ought to know the girl was there," said Charlie. "But I didn't want to tell you who told me. Matter of fact, she asked me not to tell you at all. But I"—he shrugged—"I thought you ought to know. So I just said *I* had seen the girl leave."

HUBBY'S NIGHT OUT

More than one fine marriage has gone up in a cloud of smoke owing to the wife's inability to understand that an occasional night out with the boys is what every husband needs to preserve his reason. In the life of every man above the rank of moron there are times when the urge to go mildly gay in exclusively masculine company becomes too strong to be withstood; and it is by her behavior at such times that the young wife proves herself. If, when her spouse timidly applies for the necessary leave, she at once assumes that his love is dead and scampers weeping to her mother, she may be held to have failed at her job.

—K. R. G. BROWNE.



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SORRY! KRAFT MAYONNAISE *is still in limited supply, because of government restrictions. That's why at times you may not find it at your dealer's.*

Manson leaned forward and put his elbows on the desk. "You do realize that this is a murder inquiry, don't you, Mr. Ingram?"

Charlie blinked. "Why, certainly, old chap. It's why I thought I'd better not bring Judith into it."

"Judith ——" said Marny and stopped.

Captain Manson said, "You mean that Mrs. Wales told you that Cecily Durant had seen Miss Sanderson?"

Charlie hesitated, swung his monocle on its ribbon, cleared his throat and said finally, "Well—yes. Said she had seen the girl, or overheard her talking to Marny or something. Said—well, I don't think she really meant to tell me. Asked me not to tell anyone. But it seemed to me you ought to know that the girl—Durant's wife, I mean—actually had a gun." He turned to Marny. "I just thought the police ought to know the girl was running around with a gun. Shows she had some thought of suicide." He swung his monocle with a righteous air.

Manson said slowly, "A little thing like perjury wouldn't bother you?"

Charlie's eyes popped open. "Perjury! My dear fellow! I was only doing my duty."

"Didn't it occur to you that your story was likely to make the police suspect Marny?" demanded Bill Cameron hotly. "Do you think you are doing your duty when in order to protect Mrs. Wales you deliberately turn suspicion toward Marny?"

Charlie Ingram gave an uneasy wriggle in his chair. "Now, now, old chap," he said protestingly. "No need to get upset. I didn't intend to do anything of the kind. I only thought they ought to know Cecily Durant had been there and had had a gun. I didn't think Marny had shot her. Not for a minute. But I couldn't tell about the girl without telling that it was Marny she had come to see, could I? There was no need to drag Judith into it." He turned appealingly to Captain Manson. "Seems perfectly clear to me."

PROBABLY, thought Marny rather wearily, nothing had ever been quite clear in Charlie's mind except how to shoot and how to play tennis and how to tell a pleasant and innocuous story at a dinner table. He was devoted to Judith; the muddled reasoning arising from that devotion was perfectly comprehensible.

Even Captain Manson seemed to see that. "False witness is not a pleasant thing, Mr. Ingram, no matter how much you disguise it. Is there anything else you've told me that was not true?"

"Now, now, see here!" Charlie was ruffled and worried. "I'm no liar. I only—well, one must protect one's friends. It didn't seem to me to matter whether *I* had seen the Durant girl, or *Judith* had seen her! Merely a gesture on my part."

Bill Cameron said, "A very unpleasant gesture!"

Charlie Ingram jumped up. "I don't like your tone, commander ——"

Captain Manson interrupted crisply: "Will you sit down, please, commander. You, too, Mr. Ingram. If you want to fight you can do it outside, but I'm too busy just now to bother with you. . . . Now then, when did Mrs. Wales tell you that she had seen Cecily Durant with Miss Sanderson?"

Charlie settled back into his chair and looked at Captain Manson. "I think it was early the morning after the murder. After Cecily Durant's murder. Judith said that she thought the Durant girl had killed herself because she knew that she had a gun. I said—one can't remember exactly—but I think I said, 'How do you know?' Or words to that effect."

Bill thrust his hands into his pockets with a gesture of strongly withheld violence, seemed to remember he was in uniform and jerked them out again as violently. Charlie glanced nervously toward him.

The detective said, "Go on."

"Yes. Well—I'm doing the best I can, you know. One can't always remember these things exactly. However, I do remember that Judith said, 'Never mind how I know,' or something like that. And added that I'd better not tell the police because it might

Leftovers

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ZESTY MEAT SAUCE—Blend 1 tablesp. melted butter or margarine with 2 tablesp. flour. Add 1 cup boiling water and 2 bouillon cubes. Cook until thick. Add 3 tablsp. French's Mustard and 1 tablesp. French's Worcestershire Sauce. Pour over sliced or cubed leftover meat and heat to serve.

you taste just



delicious!

CHEF'S CASSEROLE—Combine 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup cooked fish, ½ cup milk, 1 egg beaten, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine and 1 tablespoon French's Mustard. Pour into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serves 3-4.

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sound as if Marny had been having an affair with Durant. I said 'Why?' And she told me then that the girl had threatened Marny with the revolver and had said that Marny couldn't take André away from her, that she—I mean the Durant girl—wouldn't let her. I told you, captain," said Charlie with suddenly assumed dignity, putting his monocle carefully in his eye, "I told you that I myself had heard the Durant girl and Marny talking. I told you what Judith had heard them say. The only difference was that I told you that I had been on the porch and they had been on the balcony and I had heard it all. The actual fact is, of course, that Judith must have been there."

"She was not on the porch," said Bill Cameron, biting out the words.

"Was she on the balcony?" asked Captain Manson, turning to Marny.

"Not when Cecily ran out of my room and I followed her. I saw no one. Except Commander Cameron, on the porch below."

"Was the door open? The door from your room to the balcony?"

"Yes."

"Then could Mrs. Wales have overheard without your knowing it? If, say, she happened onto the balcony?"

"Yes. Yes, I suppose so. But I didn't think ——" A fleeting, odd memory checked her. Sometime after her swim with André someone had passed along the balcony. She had not heard anyone; she had caught only a glimpse of a shadow passing briefly across the bed and vanishing. As if someone had been there. But it hadn't been Judith; she remembered the exact time: Judith had just gone into the hall. And it was before she had emerged from the bathroom to find Cecily Durant, pale and thin and young, standing there with the gun hidden in her hands.

"What is it, Miss Sanderson? What have you remembered? Tell me."

She told him slowly, trying to recapture what was at best an elusive impression.

The detective said, "But then it couldn't have been Judith Wales."

"Couldn't it have been Cecily?" asked Bill Cameron.

Captain Manson looked at him slowly. And said pointedly, "Will you please sit down, commander, and permit me to question in my own way."

"Sorry." Bill Cameron was plainly not sorry. He went over to a chair and sat down, looking remarkably solid, as if he'd be very hard to move.

Captain Manson rubbed his wrinkled brown hands across his eyes. He said, "Now then, I'd like you to go back, please, to the time of your arrival in Miami, Miss Sanderson. Tell me exactly what happened. As if you were making a timetable. Up to the time you found Mrs. Durant murdered." He pressed a bell on his desk and a policeman came in. "Will you take this?" said Captain Manson, and the policeman went to another small desk and came back with a pad and a pencil.

He looked at Manson. "Fellow called Laideau says he wants to see you."

"He'll see me all right," said the detective, looking grim and tired. "Now then, Miss Sanderson. You arrived at the airport at about six. Who met you? Start from there."

She did. Their ride home to Shadow Island, her swim, Bill Cameron's arrival.

RECIPE FOR LOVE

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love potion. This mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her forever.

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"I remember the day my grandmother taught me to make butterscotch pudding by her own special recipe. I was proud, for my pudding tasted wonderful—but oh, how *long* it took!

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"Try my three suggestions for nourishing, made-with-milk Jell-O Puddings. There'll be other new ideas in magazines—and on the air in the Kate Smith Hour."

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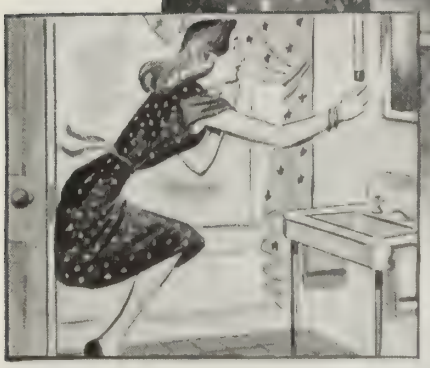
Left to right:
Jell-O Vanilla Pudding with cherry sauce or preserves
Jell-O Butterscotch Pudding with chopped dates and broken walnut meats
Jell-O Chocolate Pudding with cream—a tablespoon or two—between layers of pudding

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Time out for 30 seconds—to keep you from dancing your charm away!



Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but *you* knew the reason why?



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On with the dance—you're near and you're dear to the one you love! And you're taking no chances with happiness like *that.* Not while there's Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encores the whole evening long!

MUM'S QUICK—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even *after* you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

MUM'S SAFE—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

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For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*



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MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Captain Manson interrupted there and said to Bill, "About what time was that?"

"I don't know exactly. I should say around six-thirty. At any rate, there was time for me to go to the house, present my letter to Miss Wales, and drive back to my hotel, after she asked me to dinner, change into whites and return to Shadow Island. In all it must have taken me a little less than an hour. It was about, I think, seven-thirty when I saw Cecily run down the stairs from the balcony."

"Will you go on, Miss Sanderson?"

André Durant had come while she was still talking to Commander Cameron; Commander Cameron had left the swimming pool, she had not known that he'd gone to the house; she and André Durant had remained in the pool for perhaps ten to fifteen minutes. While they were swimming, Charlie Ingram had stopped to speak to them. Again the detective verified it.

Charlie Ingram said, yes, that was right. "I'd been down at the tennis court. Winnie had had a racket restrung for me and I walked over from Silver Point to pick it up. Thought I'd just stroll around past the pool to see if anybody was there, and there was. Marny and this Durant chap."

"Did you go to the Wales house at all?"

"No. Never went near. Knew my own racket, and Winnie'd been trying it; said she'd leave it there for me. No, I didn't go to the house."

"Did you see anyone besides Miss Sanderson and Durant? Commander Cameron, for instance?"

Charlie shook his head. "Didn't see anyone. No, wait a minute." He paused, swinging his monocle, frowning absently. "I didn't *see* anybody, but I got a sort of impression that somebody was walking along the driveway as I came through the hedge from the pool and—well, as if whoever it was ducked into the shrubbery. Now understand, I didn't see anybody. I just had a—a notion."

The detective said, "What gave you that notion? A sound—footsteps on the gravel? Someone talking?"

Charlie, still sulky, gave himself a little more time to think than was absolutely necessary. He said, "I really don't know, captain. I only remember that the thought crossed my mind—well, it's just as I tell you. I thought someone was around somewhere, but I didn't see anybody."

And Marny said suddenly, "I thought that too. I thought someone was at the opening of the hedge, there near the driveway. I looked twice. But no one was there."

There was, she thought, something a little too sharp and shrewd in the detective's eyes. He said, "So you didn't actually see this mysterious presence either?"

She said, feeling her face grow hot, "No. I only remember it because I looked twice; I don't know why. I thought, as a matter of fact, that it was Commander Cameron."

"Did you linger at the hedge or did you go straight to the house, commander?"

"I told you," said Bill Cameron. "I went straight to the house. The houseman answered the bell and let me into the hall. I waited for a minute while he gave my card to Miss Wales, who was, I think, in the dining room; at any rate, she came from there. If you mean, did I see anyone along the drive, I didn't. But I couldn't have seen anyone, the way the driveway curves and through all that heavy shrubbery. That doesn't mean that nobody was there."

Captain Manson said rather dryly, "Can you swear that somebody was there, Miss Sanderson? Did you actually hear or see anyone after Mr. Ingram left?"

"No. Except as I told you, I thought someone went along the balcony ——"

"But that was just as Mrs. Wales was leaving your room and before Cecily Durant came to you," reminded the detective.

Bill Cameron stirred restively and said, "Captain—if you don't mind—suppose that was Cecily Durant on her way to Durant—or someone else?"

"Who?" said the detective again.

Bill Cameron shrugged. "Anybody."

Charlie Ingram appeared to catch some hidden meaning in his voice and turned to look at him sharply and antagonistically. "Do you mean that Cecily herself went to see Judith? She didn't. For one thing, Judith's room is at the front of the house."

"If Cecily had never visited the Wales house, she couldn't know that."

"Judith would have told me if Cecily had come to her. Judith never keeps anything a secret."

"Except from the police," said Captain Manson, again rather dryly. And turned to Marny. "After Mr. Ingram left, you and Durant swam for a while?"

"Yes."

"It was as you left the pool and were approaching the house that you had your—that is—interview with him?"

"Yes," said Marny. *Interview!* How unreal that moment with André seemed, as if it had never touched her life at all. She said "Yes," and went on. They had come to the house; they had gone up the winding stairway to the balcony, she had gone into her room and there had talked for a few moments to Mrs. Wales. Later Cecily had come.

Bill had heard it all before, and so had Captain Manson. He made no comment at all, but turned to Charlie.

"Will you give me your story again? Begin when you left the swimming pool."

"But you know—oh, all right, all right. I've no objections, I'm sure. Question me all night if you like," said Charlie with wounded sarcasm, and began.

It was very short. He walked along the causeway to Silver Point, went to his house, changed and returned. He saw no one along the way either time, except Edward, the chauffeur. He reached the house after Judith, André and Cameron were already in the drawing room; Winnie met him in the hall, so they entered the room together and Tim Wales came from somewhere ——

"Somewhere?" queried Captain Manson.

Charlie shrugged. "I don't know where," he said testily. "Maybe the study. Maybe the dining room. Anyway, there he was and I was shaking hands and Judith was introducing Commander Cameron and Winnie said something about dinner and all at once *he*"—he shot a sulky glance at Bill Cameron—"hared off through the porch. Disappeared. Marny wasn't down. Judith told me to go after Cameron and tell him dinner was about



"How did you know we're roommates?"



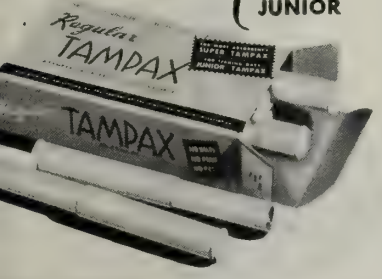
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to be served. So I did. There they were by the bamboos. Girl was dead. That's all."

"How about tonight?"

"Tonight? I don't know a thing about it! If you think I killed Durant ——"

"Where were you tonight? About eleven?"

Charlie turned bright purple and exploded. "It's none of your business! I didn't murder Durant and I didn't know a thing about it till one of your men phoned me and rousted me out to come down here. Durant deserved murder, but I didn't do it. And I'll raise Cain with you for false arrest if you don't let me out of here."

Captain Manson looked singularly unimpressed, and a policeman opened the door and stuck his head in. "Captain, this guy Laideau out here wants you to arrest him. Says he had nothing to do with the murder, but if he goes back to Shadow Island he'll be murdered himself!"

XIX

"BRING him in here," said Captain Manson. Laideau came in, sallow, his great shoulders hunched, looking at no one. And he was either genuinely afraid or he achieved a remarkably convincing pretense of fear. The detective questioned Laideau at length, as the minutes of the hot night ticked away. Marny concluded it was for the same reason that he had asked her to repeat her own story: in the hope of finding some previously overlooked loophole for inquiry, and because the murder of André Durant had given a different slant to the inquiry.

Laideau had taken Cecily in a rowboat to the island because she had insisted on going.

"She knew her husband had returned from New York?"

"I told you that. He told me he was coming and I made the mistake of telling her. She insisted on going to see him. She'd been nervous and hysterical all week. I couldn't do a thing with her. She threatened to come by taxi and make a scene, so I thought it better to take her myself."

"Why did you row across?"

Laideau's little eyes shot a quick, ugly look at the detective and lowered swiftly again. "No reason. I thought it was a good idea, that's all."

"You didn't do it because you didn't want anyone to know you and she were on the island?"

"I didn't want a public scene. Maybe I thought the row would—calm her down. Anyway, that's what I did. I let her off at the pier and I stayed in the boat."

"You didn't come on the island at all?"

"No. I've told you ——"

"Go on."

It was brief. He had waited for Cecily, but he didn't know how long—he had no watch; it seemed a long time, but probably wasn't. She came at last, running down to the pier; she wouldn't answer any of his questions. She got into the boat and they started off away from the island and all at once she said she had to go back. Again she was hysterical and determined, so he took her back. She got out on the pier, and this time, instead of waiting near the pier, he rowed out into the bay, toward Miami Beach.

"Why?" said Captain Manson, and Laideau shrugged.

"I didn't want to be in on anything. I was ready to wash my hands of her. I thought I'd done enough for Durant to keep her quiet for the last month or so."

Captain Manson leaned forward. "Why should you keep her quiet for the last month or so?"

But Laideau's eyes were small, ugly and stubborn and impenetrable. "No special reason, except she'd been hard to manage ever since they separated. I stayed at the Villa Nova to be near her. André went to another hotel and then was invited to the Wales island. It seemed a good idea for him to go. We—he was short of money."

"You say you rowed out into the bay?"

"Yes. I told you that at least twenty times. I didn't hear any sound of a shot. I didn't know she had a gun—I suppose it was my gun, for it's gone, as I told you. I did

(Continued on Page 59)

Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco

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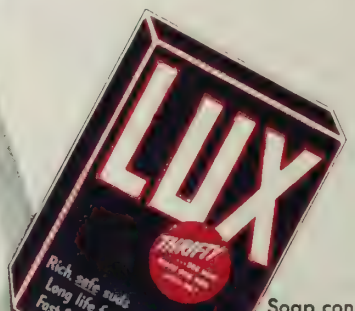
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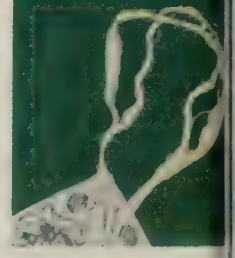
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What wrong washing can do

← Two halves of the same sweater. The right half, washed the gentle Lux way, retained its shape. The left half was shrunken by hot water and cake-soap rubbing.

Lingerie needs Lux care! Hot → water, strong soap, rough handling frayed straps (far right) faded color. Lux care kept identical undies lovely 3 times longer.





(Continued from Page 57)

hear an airplane go overhead and it seemed very low and may have been the Navy plane, but I didn't look up. There were several motorboats—I remember that. After a while it was getting dark and I thought she'd gone to the house to see André and he could see to her. I rowed back to the Beach and had a bite to eat and had just got back to the Villa Nova when you phoned."

Captain Manson said suddenly, "I understand you wish to be arrested. Why?"

Laideau got up with the sinuous, slow ease of a feral animal. His little eyes shone in the light. "Because whoever got him is going to get me next. I don't care what charge you arrest me on. But if you've got any decency you'll put me where I'm safe. I'm—afraid of Shadow Island."

Charlie sat forward. Captain Manson said, "Why?"

"I told you."

"Why was Durant killed?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I was asleep."

"Did he know who murdered his wife?"

There was a slight pause; then Laideau said, "No." And stuck to it. He knew of no motive for either murder, but he was afraid. He turned ugly and mean; he refused to return to Shadow Island. Eventually Captain Manson sent him away with a policeman.

"But he did it," cried Charlie. "He did it! He's lying! He thinks if he pretends to be afraid it'll go to clear him. He murdered both of them."

"Why?" said Captain Manson. "There's no motive for Laideau to have murdered either of them."

"He's a thug and a cutthroat."

"That's your opinion, Mr. Ingram," said Captain Manson. "Can you prove it? . . . Now will you all come with me, please."

They followed him into another room. The policeman with the notebook went with them; another policeman in the hall unlocked the door of the room into which they were led and turned on the lights. It was a small bare room with extraordinarily bright lights. Marny was suddenly aware that both policemen had placed their hands in a businesslike way upon the revolvers at their belts. And then she saw why.

Charlie Ingram gave a kind of squeal. Bill Cameron stopped dead still and stared. On the table, brightly lighted, lay a curious small assortment of objects. One was a revolver. Another was André Durant's cigarette case. On a plate was a little hoard of half-smoked cigarettes. On another plate lay three brown and withered flowers, hibiscus, broken off short. There was a small, plain gold earring; there was a narrow black ribbon which looked as if it had been twisted and broken.

CHARLIE recognized the ribbon. He clutched at his monocle and cried, "That's mine. That's like—*how did it get there?*" It matched the ribbon on his monocle.

Captain Manson said, "Exhibits. The revolver was found tonight; not in the bay, but hidden under some sand along the sandy strip there by the pier. The revolver belongs to Laideau; we've checked it."

"*My ribbon* ——"

"Wait, please. The cigarettes are the brand smoked constantly by Mr. Wales. They are in every room in the house at Shadow Island; but we managed to get one—rather smudged, but identifiable—fingerprint which checks with the middle finger of Mr. Wales' right hand. These cigarette ends—three of them, you will note—were found down by the pier, not far from the bamboo hedge. Mr. Wales had already told me that he had not gone to the pier until after Cecily Durant was murdered. The gold earring is one of a pair belonging to Winnie Wales; the other was in her jewel case in her dressing room—it was unlocked, in a drawer. But that earring was found only a few inches from the body of Cecily Durant, under the bamboos. Miss Wales has admitted owning it, but says she had not worn the earrings in several days and does not know how it got there. Those withered flowers are hibiscus blossoms and Miss Sanderson is the only one in the household who has admitted to being at the pool and near the hibiscus hedge that night."

"I didn't break off a flower. I never thought of it ——"

BILL CAMERON interrupted; he said, "I'm the only person not represented here. I—and unless I'm wrong, Judith Wales."

Captain Manson did not reply.

And they were wrong; there was Judith's bloodstained handkerchief, thought Marny. Only Winnie had found that instead of the police, and had destroyed it.

Bill said, "False clues? All of them? Planted?"

"I don't know," said the detective.

Charlie turned to Captain Manson. "But I tell you my ribbon ——" he began.

The detective said, "It, too, was found not far from the place where the body lay."

"But I wasn't there till after she was murdered!" Charlie told him. "I swear it! I don't know—I can't imagine—I often break ribbons—I keep a supply of them. They seem to break so easily." He was twirling his monocle madly.

Bill said, "You work them too hard."

"Did you break one anywhere near the pier recently?" asked Captain Manson.

Charlie was again a deep, angry purple. "No! I've not been near—well, anyway, I can't remember. I don't know. But I didn't murder the girl!"

Bill Cameron said quietly, "Which is the true clue, captain?"

The detective looked at him quickly; it was a brief, oddly communicative glance.

Bill added, "Or perhaps there is no true clue. Perhaps it's the absence of a clue. Nothing there leads to Mrs. Wales."

Charlie, slower on the uptake, stared, spluttered and cried, "You can't mean that you suspect that Judith did this on purpose! Planted clues to everybody except herself on purpose! Why, it's impossible! It's mad. It's"—he stuttered and searched for a word and cried—"it's fiendish!"

"But there was a clue to Judith," said Marny. "A handkerchief with her initial on it." She told them; quickly, the bright lights beating down upon her face and in her eyes. And told it again, slowly, while the policeman with notebook and pencil took it down.

Captain Manson questioned her. "Where did Miss Wales find it?"

"She wouldn't say."

"You are sure it was a handkerchief belonging to Mrs. Wales?"

"No. But it was initialed with a *J*."

"Are you sure the stains were blood?"

"Yes. Well, no. I thought it was blood. It could have been anything reddish brown. It looked like bloodstains."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?"

She explained swiftly: "I didn't think you'd believe me; I had no proof. And it would have sounded as if I had invented it to try to clear myself by implicating Judith. Besides, I—I don't think she did it."

"It's hard to believe that anybody could murder," said the detective quietly. "Murder

A Matter of Direction

Billy Sunday said that once he was to conduct a service in a town in which he had never been before. On alighting from the train he found in his pocket a letter he had forgotten to mail. He hailed a newsboy and asked, "Son, can you tell me the way to the post office?"

"Sure," said the boy, and he gave the preacher directions for reaching the office.

Sunday thanked him, and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," answered the lad.

"Well, I'm Billy Sunday, and I'm going to preach here tonight. You come up to the service and I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Ah, gwan!" said the kid. "You didn't even know the way to the post office!"

—CHAS. N. LURIE: Make 'Em Laugh Again. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)



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Two stockings—exactly the same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Now—Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so beautifully "sheer-gauge"!

itself is almost incomprehensible. But it happened."

Charlie blustered, "It's all nonsense. Judith didn't kill her. Or Durant. Somebody's trying to implicate everybody but himself." He glared at Bill Cameron, who grinned a little unexpectedly and said:

"Do you think that makes me the prime suspect, Ingram?"

Captain Manson coughed. "But there *is* a clue. Will you come over here, please."

Another table stood against the wall. The policeman snapped on a bright droplight above it, disclosing an array of gray, white, irregular shapes.

"Casts," said the detective. "We made a *moulage* of footprints and marks around Cecily Durant's body. As it lay on the grass, just beyond the strip of sand, we did not get anything satisfactory. However, we did get this, commander." He touched a cast lightly. An irregular, rough-looking surface, with marks made upon it. "If you look closely," said Captain Manson, "you'll find that these marks make a *C* and an *A* in capitals, and this wavering line following them could be a broken attempt to draw an *M*. They were obviously made with someone's finger, hurriedly. We measured the distance from Cecily's hand to the strip of sand and she could have reached it. Trying to tell us, before she died, who killed her."

"*C—A—M*," said Charlie, staring. "*Cameron!*"

"Fortunately," said the detective dryly, "the marks on the sand were not disturbed by the various footprints made around the body before the police arrived. . . . You'll find marks that fit your shoes there, Mr. Ingram. And yours, Miss Sanderson. And your own, commander," he added.

"And part of my name," said Bill, studying the *moulage* showing the traced letters. "I've already told you I only saw Cecily when she came down the balcony stairway."

"You did, commander," Manson said.

Charlie was beginning to look pleased. "Seems very odd to me that two strangers—Cecily Durant and Commander Cameron—turn up at exactly the same time. Are you sure you didn't know her, somewhere, commander? In Jamaica, for instance."

"Very sure," said Bill imperturbably. "For one reason, I've never been in Jamaica and can prove it by the State Department passport record and by my Navy record. . . . I didn't follow that girl to the pier and murder her, captain."

"Neither did I," snapped Charlie.

And Captain Manson sighed. "Durant's name was Charles André ——" he said and left the sentence unfinished and snapped out the light.

Twenty minutes later they were taken back to Shadow Island. Charlie took Laideau's place in the back seat of the car. Laideau, however, was not arrested.

Captain Manson told them, "He had no motive. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain. Good night," said Captain Manson politely and a policeman escorted them to the car.

So she was not to be arrested either, thought Marny wearily. Not then, at least. But if anything had occurred during those two hours which tended to exonerate her, she did not know what it was.

It was by then nearly three o'clock. They stopped to let Charlie out at the entrance to Silver Point. Charlie mumbled something which could be taken as a good night and started along the driveway toward his house.

They passed the lights at the entrance to Shadow Island, and policemen again, and this time the front door was open and lighted. The hall was lighted, and the drawing room, and two policemen appeared in the drawing-room doorway as Bill and Marny came into the hall.

Bill glanced at them. "Any news?"

One said, "Captain Manson just telephoned. He said to tell Miss Sanderson to"—his voice lowered to a hoarse whisper—"to be sure to bolt the doors to her bedroom. Both of them. The one leading onto the balcony and the one from the hall."

Bill Cameron's face tightened. "Why?"

The policeman shrugged, but eyed Marny with curiosity. "He didn't say. Told us to stay here tonight. Or what's left of it."

Bill put his arm around Marny suddenly, and turned toward the stairway. They reached the upper hallway, and it was empty, although lights were shining brilliantly. He opened the door to her room, glanced around, and then drew her inside the room. He glanced into the glittering, gay-colored bathroom. He crossed to the balcony, closed the door and bolted it, testing it to be sure it held.

He came back to her. "Nobody here."

She was so tired that everything seemed to whirl in a kind of impressionistic chaos around her. Only then did she realize the meaning of his search. "But nobody—there's no reason—I'm not in danger," she said jerkily. And looked up at Bill Cameron. "Am I?" she whispered.

His eyes held her own for a moment. Then he put both arms around her and held her close against him. Perhaps she turned her head, perhaps he turned it. His mouth met her own and held it and everything else in the world fell away and there was nothing that mattered outside the circle of his arms and the warm, hard pressure of his mouth.

He kissed her and lifted his head and looked down at her; it was a strangely clear and uncomplicated look, as if the problems of earth and the path she had yet to journey upon it were solved and settled forever. Then, his eyes very bright, he bent and kissed her again; it was queer how warm and sweet and tender that tight, Scottish mouth could be. She was bewildered, swept by a tide of an emotion that was new and strange—yet deeply familiar, as if she had known it for a long time. She wanted only to remain where she was forever.

Bill Cameron lifted his head, looked down into her eyes again and grinned. He put her down in the chair and went to the gaily paneled doors of the wardrobe and opened them, whistling very softly. He came back to her with a nightdress in one hand and her white robe in the other.

"Take these," he said. "Go in the bathroom and get into them. This may shock the whole household, but I can't help it. Go on. Hurry. It's practically morning and you

I Smooth a Blanket

BY MAY CARLETON LORD

Another woman's child is in my care
Tonight. My hand it is that tucks
him in,
Rosy and warm, with blankets to his
chin;
I fold his blouse and socks upon a
chair,
Set stubby shoes beneath; hear his
brief prayer.
And suddenly far echoes now
begin . . .
My own is calling in a voice more
thin
Than far, since he is here and
everywhere.
What if he dreams a half a world
away?
What if swift bomber planes fly
overhead?
There are no distances, nor sea, nor
land,
A mother may not traverse night and
day.
I smooth the blanket on his foreign
bed . . .
*Good night, my son, God keep you in
His hand.*

"I see many admirers at your feet!"



THE LOIRE

The fortuneteller must have pictured you in a pair of smart Miracle-Tread Shoes! For Miracle-Tread—with the flattering smartness of higher priced footwear *plus* special features that encourage poise and lovely ankle lines—will do much to attract admiring glances to your feet.



THE TAMARA
In Turftan Kip or White Caracul

$5.00

A FEW STYLES $5.50
Distant Points Slightly Higher



THE TULSIE
In White, Army Russet or Black Brogandi

Miracle-Tread
SMART SHOES FOR DISTINCTIVE POISE

Remember the men overseas. Write to them — often!

WOMENS DIVISION
CRADDOCK-TERRY SHOE CORPORATION
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

look as if you hadn't had any sleep for six months."

"What are you going to do?"

He was pulling the chaise longue so it stood between the bed and the door, whistling very softly. He said, "Stay here, of course."

"But I ——"

He lifted her out of the chair. "Hurry up. I'm dead tired."

When she came out he was established on the chaise longue and was already—or pretended to be—asleep. She sat on the edge of the bed for a moment. His eyes were firmly closed and he looked very comfortable leaning back against the beige cushions. There was still a suggestion of a grin lurking at the corners of his mouth and she regarded it suspiciously, but he did not move.

She reached up and turned off the bed light. She closed her eyes, thought suddenly and clearly, *Forever? But I've only known him since yesterday*—and sleep caught at her as if it had comforting arms.

When she awoke he was gone. It was noon and the light outside was full and strong and from somewhere came the sound of pounding. It came, in fact, from everywhere, as if a number of people were pounding very constantly and very hard.

She sat up and looked around; a white folded paper lay on the rug by the hall door, and it was a note from Bill. She'd have known it from something very definite and vigorous about his handwriting, she thought, sitting on the bed and reading the note. It was very short:

At four-thirty exactly will you put on a dress of Judith's or Winnie's—long skirt, but *not* one of your dresses—and go down to the pier? Be sure nobody sees you. This sounds silly; I don't want to scare you to death, but I don't want you to take any chances either. If you are seen, give it up and get back to the house as fast as you can. BILL.

Below was a hasty triple postscript:

Judith says she did not tell Charlie about Cecily and you. Don't go wandering off alone with *anybody*. I don't think I was seen coming from your room this morning. But if so, I might consider making an honest woman of you.

A shadow fell across the rug and pounding began sharply on the balcony immediately outside her room. She realized then what was happening: the windows and all the French doors were being boarded up. Yet the sky remained light and extraordinarily still; there was nothing anywhere to suggest that a hurricane was headed that way.

WHERE had Bill gone? What was his plan? And if Judith hadn't told Charlie about Cecily coming to her with a revolver in her hand, how did Charlie know it?

Someone knocked very softly on the door and it was again Winnie. This time, however, she brought no coffee; her face was flushed and angry. She said, "Are you awake at last? It's almost time for lunch. They're getting the windows boarded up. Marny"—she sat down heavily; she wore a neat blue chambray dress and every line of her stocky figure suggested the first Mrs. Wales, but her eyes were exactly like Tim's when he was in a seething rage—"why did you tell the police about that handkerchief? You promised not to."

"I didn't promise. Besides ——"

Winnie wouldn't listen. "They've been at me about it this morning. And now they've got Judith in the study, questioning her."

"What did you tell them?"

"Tell them!" flashed Winnie. "I told them there was no handkerchief, of course. I told you I'd say that." She got up abruptly. "You'd better get up. What went on at the police station last night? Laideau has disappeared. Did they arrest him? There wasn't anything in the paper."

"I think they let him go. Winnie, that handkerchief ——"

"I don't think that was very nice of you!" snapped Winnie and went away, closing the door behind her with a bang.

Eventually Marny went down to lunch; she slipped Bill's note under the blotter on



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YES! It's a proved marvel of effectiveness —this wonderful new deodorant that's sealed in every luxurious Modess napkin!

Scientifically certified by a famous independent laboratory:

The superior effectiveness of Modess with Deodorant demonstrated itself in every one of 26 different experiments, conducted under the most exacting laboratory conditions.



"The deodorant works miracles!" Miss K.R.

So fast acting—so efficient—that thousands and thousands of women hail this new Modess with great enthusiasm.

No fuss. No bother with separate powder. No sprinkling over everything.

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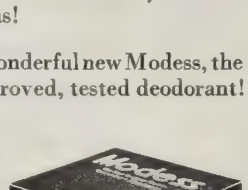
Greater softness! 3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to touch, in nationwide poll.

"Saves me the bother of using a deodorant powder. I think it's swell!" Miss O.B.J.

Greater safety! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess safer, less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins!

Ask today for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved, tested deodorant!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."





"What a perfectly streamlined improvement! It works! I don't see how a sanitary napkin could be better! Thanks! Mrs. R.D.C.

the small white writing table before she left her room. Four-thirty, and any dress which had a long skirt and did not belong to her.

She was tired and wished she could forget André. And the small queer assortment of objects that the police had, without any of them knowing it, gathered up and identified. And Tim's words; "I'd like to see him hanged," Tim had said. The next night André had been hanged. And they had talked of revenge as a motive.

By the time Marny got downstairs the police had gone and reporters had gone. Tim, again, had dealt with them.

They had lunch in the dining room, in an air of unnatural gloom from the candles and the boarded-up windows. And nothing happened. Laideau did not turn up at all and no one seemed to know what had become of him. Bill Cameron did not return. Tim glowered and smoked and read the newspapers, or pretended to, sitting on the porch that hot, queerly bright and still afternoon with the water of the bay like molten brass and the sky a pearly roof that seemed to press down rather closely upon them. Judith disappeared for, she said, a nap. About three o'clock Charlie Ingram came and borrowed a hammer, saying his own had disappeared and he was tired of trying to nail up shutters with a pair of pliers and a brick, and went away again.

There was some discussion about going to a hotel, but Tim vetoed it again.

"Well," said Winnie, "the storm may turn yet. But I'll have to let the servants go. They all live on the mainland."

"Let 'em go," snapped Tim. Winnie went away and Tim waited until her footsteps had crossed the drawing room and then looked at Marny. "Where's Bill Cameron?"

"I don't know."

"What happened last night? They took you to the police station ——"

"Nothing."

He eyed her sharply. "Okay, don't talk if you don't want to. But—look here, Marny, who do they think did it?"

"I don't know." She looked away from Tim's bright, granitelike eyes, boring into her own. *It must be nearly four-thirty.* "I want to—telephone," she said. And, passing, put her hand for a moment on Tim's shoulder.

"Thanks, Marny," he said, and cleared his throat. "Thanks."

Where was Bill? And what was he doing? Well, she'd follow his instructions.

No one was in the hall. She went upstairs and hesitated. How did one go about abstracting another woman's dress? In any case, it would have to be a dress of Winnie's, as Judith was presumably still in her own room, resting. She went to Winnie's door and knocked.

THERE was no answer, so she entered it, very quietly, feeling both guilty and frightened, because of the darkness. Yet others were within call, she told herself. It was silly to let her heart pound like that, hard in her throat. Others had been within call last night when André was killed.

She wouldn't think of that. She glanced around the shadowy room; furniture loomed up dimly. For a moment she thought of retreat and rejected it. She went instead to the closet, selected the first long-skirted dress that she discovered, put it over her arm and—opening the hall door cautiously again, and again finding no one about—hurried to her own room.

If anybody saw her going down to the pier at half past four, in a long dinner dress that didn't belong to her, with a hurricane in the all-too-immediate offing, they'd arrest on suspicion alone! It wasn't going to nearly as easy as Bill's directions had m it sound.

She got into the dress; it was the d Winnie had worn the night Cecily was m dered, all soft chiffon ruffles and much big for Marny. And something was going outside! It was something very queer. kind of stir and movement, a vibration the approach of a distant army. She star toward the door to look, and it was boar up. She glanced at the clock, and it nearly four-thirty. She'd better go.

She did not see that the blotter on writing table was a little askew. She th a raincoat around her shoulders and hitc up the long blue skirt below it, holding it with one hand so it would not show be the coat. And went into the hall, and do the stairs.

THE front door was not boarded up; let herself out cautiously and did not th that anyone saw her, although as she clo the door it seemed to her she could hea telephone ringing sharply inside.

It was still fairly bright, but there was more quiet; instead, everything about seemed to have taken on an independe restless life. A strong, hot wind pres against her like a hand and then was go the green banks al the driveway w murmuring and m ing. She hesitated, the verge of returni But there was, actua nothing very port tous about that mentary puff of wi There was actua nothing very threat ing about the way heavy tropical grow was moving.

She skirted house closely, g behind the row bamboos and pass the spot where Cec had been found, a stopped. No one there. The casuari were waving. The was another stro hot puff of wind wh rattled the bambo The sky and b seemed suddenly darker. The two sm boats tied at the pier moved up and do and outward and then back, banging agai the pier.

She could not see Miami Beach—t waving, tossing casuarina trees blocked view; she could not see the house, eith She could hear, though; suddenly and v distinctly from somewhere near came t sound of oarlocks.

She whirled around. And stared at t thick moving greens of the casuarina tr and could see nothing beyond them. S went almost to the edge of the curling, m ing gray water, and still could not s through the waving green trees.

Was Bill in a boat behind the casuari approaching the island?

Or had someone else written that note?

A hot wind came from nowhere, ca from everywhere, caught her and swirled h coat around her and her hair in her eyes a was like a giant hand, buffeting her, blindi her, confusing her. The bamboos rattl sharply. Too sharply, so she twisted aroun

Something that looked like a black cloa like the garments on a scarecrow, was stan ing there, as if it had body, flapping in t wind. There was no face; there was nothi recognizable and it was moving toward h

Wind flung itself upon her, blinding h sight, making the flapping thing invisible. snatched her breath out of her mouth a stung her face and she tripped in the lo chiffon ruffles and fell, clutching at the san pushing herself back desperately from t gray, surging water.

(To be Concluded)

LOVE'S BIRTH

When is the moment of falling in love? How deep must the look go before the answering look rises to meet it, swept upward from the heart like a bird or a current? Which is the moment of seeing, when what was known before turns strange and what was strange is strange no longer but recalled as from a dream? What sudden glance or silence, what lifted hand or piteous look, fragrance, light upon flesh, unspoken promise, knocks on the door of memory, lights the warm lamp of seeing, opens to hunger again, to the Thou-art-mine of the spirit, the I-am-thine of the heart? No one can say: there is no rule, there is no history. It comes in silence; the moment is full of doubt and wonder.—ROBERT NATHAN: The Enchanted Voyage. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)

We Follow Rainbows

BY JESSE STUART

Where is the April we shall see no more?
Where has the April of our young lives gone?
Where do the waters of young rivers pour,
Over the blue slate and the soft sandstone?
That's where the glossy green of April went
And why green twilight winds pass with a sigh;
It's for the mortal April blood we spent
Under red evening clouds and wind-blue sky.

Where is the spirit of the wind in us?
Why have we lost the fragrance of the flower?
Strong backs once hard to bend in flesh of us
Have grown more brittle in this trying hour.
Do not ask me why we love growing April
With blowing wind and floating fleecy cloud;
We follow rainbows arched across the river,
We are so young, so foolish and so proud!

From Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

SHE'S THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 21)

illy, you haven't! Why, I thought the way you acted last night ——"
nat was last night." Bill leaned back, ing his elbows on the keyboard with cordant crash. He was savoring her is astonishment to the utmost. "Today ded to act like a man who wanted a job. t worked."
ow perfectly wonderful of you. Oh, I was beginning to be afraid you n't ever settle down, even for me." nne's face was glowing. "Tell me all it," she demanded satisfyingly. "What of job is it? Where are you going to "
n assistant to the head of the art de- ent at F. L. Kinsler and Sons." He it out and waited for further words of bation. Instead there was silence. He d his head. Marianne was staring r lap. "Isn't that wonderful?" he oted.
es. Yes, of course. Only"—she looked him and he could see that she was dis- d—"only I thought you meant a real a business. I think you ought to for- l about drawing, Billy dear, for the of our future. Howard does too. He ust the other day that a feeling of se- is very important in rehabilitation, at art, even commercial art, is a risky of income."
straightened up abruptly. "Who is rd? And what ever gave him the idea need rehabilitating?"
oward Bigelow, the psychiatrist. He's analyzing mother for years. He's ter- smart," she went on earnestly, "even n he is kind of young. We've had sev- ng talks, and he says the best way for rning serviceman to make a satisfac- djustment is for him to get a steady ing worth-while work."
plowed his sandy hair with long, rest- ngers. The knowledge that Marianne iscussed him with a psychiatrist was him the first twinge of insecurity that d ever experienced.
ou tell your friend Howard that his retor should be adjusted as well as I he said. He gripped her hands firmly. , Marianne, I took this job to please and I was darned lucky to get it. tive positions don't grow on trees. you ——"
," she exclaimed, "you mean it's han just drawing pictures? You'll be cutive?"
ell—in a way," he modified hastily. the look of pleasure on her face, he d to let the "just drawing pictures" nd press home his advantage. "Now that I'm a solid citizen, respectably employed, how's about picking us a wedding day, baby?"

Marianne's lips parted slightly and a dreamy look crept into her eyes. Bill decided all over again that she was the loveliest little creature he had ever seen. Gazing at her, he thought of words like "adore" and "cherish" without embarrassment.

"—— about the middle of June," Marianne was saying. "Sissie will be home from school by then, and mother doesn't leave for the shore until after the Fourth."

"June!" Bill exploded. "Why, that's five months away. Don't be silly, baby. What are you doing next week?"

Marianne looked aggrieved. "But, dearest, I've always dreamed of being a June bride. Besides, we'll be lucky if we can find a house and have it ready to move into in five months." She moved closer and rested her head on his shoulder. "It isn't as though just any house would do for us, Billy. We'll probably have to look and *look* before we find the perfect little nest."

When Bill Douglas, foot-loose, apartment-dwelling bachelor, late of Saipan, broke surface for the third time, he managed a weak "Yes, dear." His design for living did not include anything that even remotely resembled a little nest. But this was hardly an auspicious time to break the news to Marianne. He'd wait a week or so, he decided, until he was well established at Kinsler's. Then he'd be in a position to insist that they get married right away, on the grounds that it wasn't fair to expect him to make all the concessions. This would automatically solve everything, because once married, as he had told Liz, he would naturally be the one to make the decisions.

He gave Marianne a quick hug. "Get your coat, baby. I'm going to buy you the best dinner in town to celebrate this momentous occasion."

Bill walked into Liz Jordan's office promptly at nine the next morning. Under his prewar, weather-beaten topcoat he was wearing a brown tweed suit, the best his wardrobe could offer in the way of executive apparel. He didn't own a hat, but his sandy hair bore traces of a recent, vigorous brushing. His eyebrows shot up at the sight of Liz at her desk, looking as though she had already been there for hours.

"'Morning, chief. You must be early, because I'm not late."

"Bill!" Liz threw down her pen. Her generous mouth widened in a welcoming smile that was reflected in her eyes. "Am I ever glad to see you."



Serve it... crumbled! Folks are legion who like their Nabisco Shredded Wheat this way! Try it . . . with top milk and a dab of honey. It's so *easy* to fix surprises with Nabisco Shredded Wheat—breakfast *never* need be monotonous.

or with fruit! The *eye-opening-est* breakfast ever set before a sleepy family! For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is sun-ripened whole wheat, fairly singing with *hearty nourishment . . . wholesome, natural* flavor. That's why you'll never tire of it, plain or with fruit.

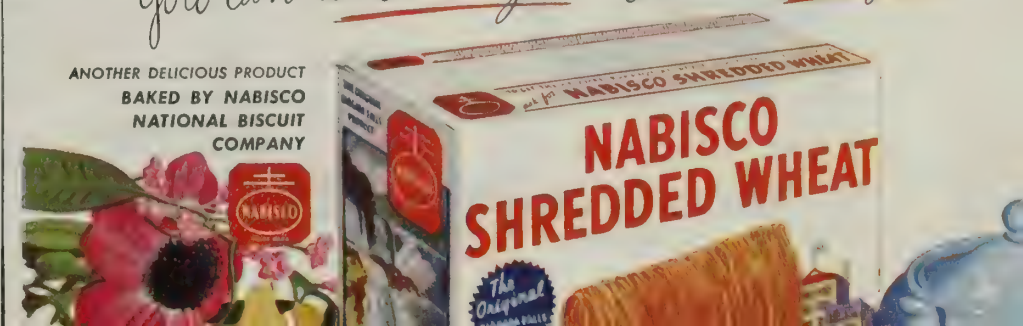


or like french toast! Cut off and crumb tops of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Dip biscuits in beaten egg and milk, roll in the crumbs, fry. Serve with syrup. Because Nabisco Shredded Wheat is *the cereal* you can serve a *different* way every morning, it's a "cereal shelf" in itself! But to get the *original* Niagara Falls product, always ask for NABISCO Shredded Wheat.



the delicious whole wheat cereal you can serve a dozen different ways!

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In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"And a Merry Christmas to you too." He advanced uncertainly to the desk. "I hope this doesn't come as a surprise to you. I'm the guy you hired yesterday, remember?"

"Remember? Darling, I spent the night praying you wouldn't change your mind. Publicity called right after you left yesterday." She leaned back and brushed a hand across her forehead, as though the mere memory were exhausting. "They were so frantic that I promised them you, and *I've* been frantic ever since for fear you'd change your mind and not show this morning."

Bill tossed his coat in a corner and pulled up a chair. "These spells of incoherence," he said gently; "do they occur often?"

"It's the War Loan drive," she explained. "We always have a special attraction to lure the customers into buying extra bonds. This time we're having celebrities in the book department—you know, an autographed volume with each and every bond. Only at the last minute two of the four scheduled authors wired that they can't be here. Publicity was calling around in a frenzy, trying to locate substitutes. So I promised them you."

"Me? But I'm no author! I've never written anything longer than a caption in my life."

"You're a cartoonist, though, with stuff in three different collections, in case you've forgotten. What's more, you're a returned hero. The combination should be irresistible."

"That," Bill said, "will always be a matter for speculation. I refuse to be drooled over by a flock of female shoppers, even for my country."

There was a moment of silence and then Liz reached for the phone. "I'd better tell them," she said quietly.

If she had put up a fight it would have been all right. This way he felt like a heel in neon. "On second thought, I'll do it," he said, "for laughs."

Her face lighted up and she pushed the phone away. "You're a good sport, William."

He shook his head. "Just a born apple polisher, chief."

At ten o'clock they went down to the book department. Liz introduced him to the head buyer; to the vice-president in charge of public relations, Paul Daniels, who called him "a real lifesaver, old man"; and to several women in uniform who looked impressed. Then she took him over to a desk facing the main aisle. It was flanked on one side by stacks of the books in which his drawings appeared, and on the other by a small table bearing a typewriter and metal cash box.

"Celebrity stall Number One," Liz said. She nodded toward one of the uniformed women. "Mrs. Barnhill will handle the bond sales. All you have to do is look famous and sign your name. I suggest that you get busy and autograph some copies before the mob scene begins, so you'll have a reserve."

Bill looked skeptically at the desk-high piles of books. "Now I know what they mean by the faith that removes mountains."

She patted his shoulder. "*En garde*, William. The shooting starts at ten-thirty, as advertised." Her slender heels beat a rhythmic tattoo down the aisle.

Bill folded his long legs under the desk and began signing his name on flyleaves without conviction. With luck, he thought, he might be able to get rid of a dozen books.

Mrs. Barnhill ensconced herself at the table beside his desk. "I'm so glad I was assigned to you, Mr. Douglas," she bubbled. "Harvey Teller's desk is hidden behind reprints and Jepson Jones is in a draft."

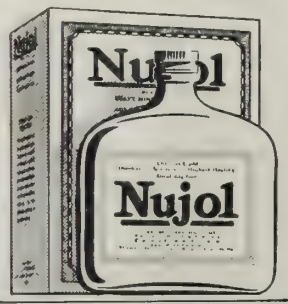
Bill gulped and quickly cut the dozen in half. Jepson Jones was the author of several best-selling novels, and Teller's book on postwar planning had been mentioned favorably by the President. He was, he thought, a soggy sandwich at this picnic.

And then the women began to appear. Bill was astonished and gratified at the number who were familiar with his work and eager for his autograph. Stimulated by the request of a plump matron who asked him to draw something under his autograph for her son overseas, he propped a scribbled notice

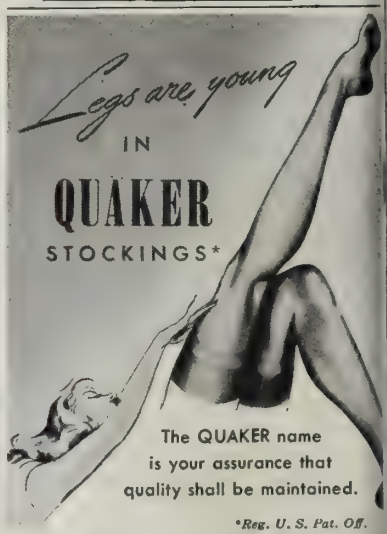
Minera oil users!

Many druggists are now offering NUJOL at only *69¢ a quart instead of 89¢.* This offer is good for limited time only. So buy this fine mineral oil—TODAY—*save 20 cents on every bottle!*

During April and May only, the minimum price on the Nujol Quart size is reduced from $.89 to $.69 in states having Fair Trade Laws.



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CORNS?

Here's Relief You've Never Known Before!

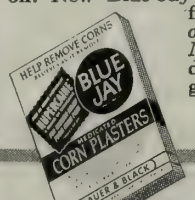
NEW BLUE-JAY



With War-Proved NUPERCAINE

Here's prompt relief from corn torture! Anesthetic Nupercaine in New Blue-Jay deadens throbbing surface pain where corn meets tender live flesh, until gentle medication lets you lift core right out. Greatest advance in years in treatment of corns!

Blue-Jay's soft Dura-felt pad gives you *instant relief* from deep-hurting shoe pressure; won't skid, won't rub off. New Blue-Jay is streamlined, flesh-color. *And only Blue-Jay has Nupercaine.* At drug and toilet goods counters.



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GOOD TO EAT and good for you! For that extra energy and the vitamins you need, enjoy VITA-SERT every day. It's a delicious chocolate bar—chock-full of vitamins—that makes a perfect midday dessert or between meal snack. Buy VITA-SERT at any food, drug or candy counter!

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A . . 4000 I. U.
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These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U.S. Gov't.



Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is **alkaline** (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

on his desk: "$50 bond—illustrated autograph; $100 bond—cartoon drawn to order."

He was looking for a stock boy to send for a sketch pad when his roving eyes encountered a pair of horrified gray ones.

"Marianne," he cried, springing to his feet. "This is a surprise."

"It certainly is to me," she replied with unaccustomed crispness, "in view of what you told me last night."

He pulled her away from the desk and into the fine-bindings section, which was deserted. "This hasn't anything to do with my job," he said earnestly. He explained about the bond sale and the authors who couldn't come at the last minute. "I'm just helping out in an emergency as a personal favor to my boss."

Marianne was regarding him uncertainly when Liz appeared.

"To what," Liz demanded, "are you up, William? Back to the mines, or it will be a piece of stale bread and forty lashes for you, my lad."

Bill introduced the two girls. "I was just telling Marianne how I happen to be impersonating a big shot. . . . Liz is my new boss," he explained.

"Oh, I see." Marianne's smile was restrained. "I didn't realize that you'd be working for a lady."

"You're too kind," Liz murmured.

Marianne looked at her. "I'm sure Billy is going to enjoy working for you, Miss Jordan. You seem to be on such cordial terms already."

"Oh, Liz and I are old friends," Bill interjected heartily. "Many's the bottle of fixative we've split in our day, eh, Liz?"

YOUTH VS. AGE

After his sixtieth year a man is more surprised to find himself right about something than he was at twenty to find he was wrong about something.

—STRICKLAND GILLILAN:
Quoted in Your Life.

"Now, sweetie," Liz chided tenderly, "let's not bore Miss Marsh with reminiscences." Her lips parted in a dazzling smile. "I'm delighted to have had this opportunity of meeting you, Miss Marsh."

Bill's appreciative contemplation of her retreating figure was quickly interrupted.

"Well, I must finish my shopping," Marianne said. "Are you still planning to have dinner with us tonight?"

"Sure," Bill grinned down at her. "Why not?"

"See you at seven, then."

Bill went back to his desk, where Mrs. Barnhill was riding herd on a group of impatiently waiting women.

Toward the latter part of the afternoon Paul Daniels came over and clapped him on the back. "Nice going, old man. Come up to my office when this is over. We've planned a little shindig for you and Jones and Teller."

The little shindig turned out to be a sizable cocktail party.

Liz took Bill under her wing as soon as he appeared. "Here," she said, handing him a Martini. "You've earned it."

"The hard way." Bill raised the glass. "To an interesting experience I wouldn't care to repeat."

"You were swell to do it, Bill. Thanks a million." She took his arm. "Now come and let some of these people meet you."

The gathering, it developed, was composed of store executives and officials connected with the bond drive. They plied Bill indiscriminately with canapés, cocktails and compliments. It was all very pleasant, and somehow Bill forgot to look at his watch until it was seven-thirty.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed. "I was due at the Marshes' for dinner a half hour ago. Where's a phone?"

"In there." Liz pointed to a door. "Relax, William. They'll put a plate in the oven for you." *(Continued on Page 69)*

"It's the prettiest, springiest, youngest shade"—



JMW

Tuesday

Dearest Ginny,

I've just bought some wonderful new make-up that made me think of that luscious pink that we saw. It's Dorothy Gray "Portrait Pink"... and, darling, it's the prettiest, springiest, youngest shade...

"PORTRAIT PINK"

● To wear with new pinks and navy blues, this spring's premier fashion. Look starry-eyed and young in this gay, enchanting Dorothy Gray *Portrait Pink* Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick. Complete, $2.50, plus tax.

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Dorothy Gray

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

Frigidaire Again Gives This Wartime Help:

HOW TO FIGHT FOOD WASTE WITH YOUR REFRIGERATOR



Share and Play Square with Food!

Here's one answer to food shortages! Keep these "Refrigerator Rules" faithfully, and you'll find that today's hard-to-get foods will go further—because none need be wasted through incorrect storage. Guard your family's food supply—for proper nourishment, and to help food fight for freedom. Here's how—

Some important rules appear on this page. See others in "101 Refrigerator Helps"*—a valuable booklet *offered free* by Frigidaire to users of all makes of refrigerators. It's also filled with recipes, hints on meal preparation, tips on how to give vital refrigeration equipment the best of care.

First thing to remember—most foods contain a lot of moisture. If this is lost, they get tough and tasteless; vitamins are destroyed. Unless your refrigerator is a high-humidity type, be sure to *cover foods*. Then they'll keep their moisture—and their goodness.

Give perishables prompt attention! Never let exposure to room temperatures rob foods of nutritive values, appearance, flavor. Always put perishable foods into your refrigerator as soon as possible.



Fresh Meat may be kept uncovered in meat compartment or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If it is not to be used soon, wrap and freeze immediately. Wash *poultry* thoroughly, pat dry, wrap in waxed paper, store in meat compartment. Always wrap *fish*. Freeze fish that is to be kept longer than 24 hours. For more information on meat-keeping see "101 Refrigerator Helps."*



Vegetables and Fruits require moist storage. Wash, trim and drain leafy vegetables immediately. Pile them loosely in a covered container to prevent bruising, and put them into your refrigerator. *Soft, fresh fruits and berries* should be sorted, spread out in a shallow pan, refrigerated. Do not cover. Never wash berries before you store them. Other tips in "101 Refrigerator Helps."*

These foods get high priority in your refrigerator:

Milk Cream Butter Cheese
Meat Fish Poultry Eggs
Frozen Foods Fresh Green Vegetables
Fresh "ripe" fruits; berries, peaches, grapes
Leftover meats and vegetables
Unused portions of canned fruits, vegetables and juices

Do's!

Do be sure your refrigerator keeps Safety Zone Temperatures—from 32° to 45° or 50°.

Do remove food from store wrappings or packages.

Do wrap and freeze ground meats immediately if they are not to be used within 24 hours. This also applies to "variety" meats like liver and sweetbreads.

Do separate ground meats into usable portions before freezing. Place waxed paper between portions.

Do refer to "101 Refrigerator Helps"* for more hints.

Don'ts!

Don't crowd perishable foods out of your refrigerator by overloading with bottled goods, jellies, relishes, etc.

Don't let milk stand at room temperatures—nor pour unused portions back into bottle.

Don't leave odorous foods uncovered.

Don't freeze more ice cubes than you need. Use the space for storing frozen foods.

Don't guess about food storage. When in doubt, refrigerate.

VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS!



Dairy Products are highly perishable. Refrigerate milk and cream immediately, continuously. *Butter* needs a tight cover to protect flavor. *Eggs* need refrigeration, too. At room temperature they lose freshness far faster than in a refrigerator. "101 Refrigerator Helps"* will give you many more helpful suggestions.



Leftovers should be stored immediately, used promptly. Put cooked meats in meat compartment, or covered containers in coldest part of food compartment. Keep leftover vegetables covered. See ways to use leftovers in "101 Refrigerator Helps."*

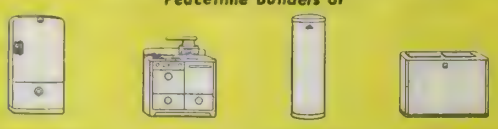


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"101 Refrigerator Helps!" For all refrigerator users. New tips on care and use of your refrigerator. Find Frigidaire Dealer in Classified Directory or write Frigidaire, 119 Amelia St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, address 219 Commercial Rd., Leaside 12, Ontario.

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FRIGIDAIRE
Division of
GENERAL MOTORS
Peacetime Builders of



Refrigerators Ranges Water Heaters Home Freezers

(Continued from Page 6)

Marianne answered on the first ring. He
d her about the party, explaining that he
d to put in an appearance because it was
rtly in his honor.
"You might have called me before this,"
e said in a hurt voice.
"I'm sorry, baby. I was having such a
od time I didn't think about it until now.
n leaving right away though. See you in
ew minutes."
"Please don't tear yourself away on my
ount," she said stiffly.
Her attitude, Bill felt, was unreasonable.
e didn't seem to realize that being a
ebrity entailed certain obligations. He
d, "O.K., then. I won't. See you tomor-
." He cradled the phone with a bang
d strode back to the main office. "Get
ur coat," he instructed Liz. "I'm taking
u to dinner."
She took one look at his face and went off
ediently.
They went to the Kinkajou, down on the
uth Side. It was Bill's favorite restaurant,
he hadn't been there since his discharge.
rianne preferred places with soft lights
d music.
Liz looked around at the checked table-
ths, the bare floors and the shirt-sleeved
iters. "I'll bet the food here is dreamy,"
e said. "Make mine a steak—rare."
Bill sighed appreciatively. He might've
own she wasn't a creamed-chicken gal.
Bill told Liz about his conversation with
rianne. Carried away on the tide of his
n prose, he told her about the June wed-
g, the little nest—even about Howard,
e off-stage noise.
"I know how she feels," he wound up,
ut I think she might have been more un-
standing this evening. After all, it
uldn't have happened if she hadn't in-
ed that I get a job."
"You forget that she's young, Bill," Liz
d gently. "She probably spoke without
nking and will be filled with remorse by
morrow. I'm sorry, for you, that you
n't having dinner with your darling. But
not sorry for me." She watched the
iter deposit two sizzling platters on the
ble. "Obviously," she added, smiling.
The food lived up to Liz's prophecy and
l's expectations. As they ate, a feeling of
ll-being stole over him. Between mouth-
s, Liz brought him up to date on the
ivities of the crowd they used to run
und with, and they indulged in some
gleeful reminiscing. By the time the Cam-
embert and coffee arrived he had forgotten,
temporarily, about Marianne.
"Would you like to ride back uptown and
smoke out a good band?" he asked as he
paid the check. "The night is young and
tomorrow's Sunday."
Liz studied for a moment. "I'd like to ride
back uptown," she said slowly. "Then I'd
like to get out and walk across the bridge
and up the avenue for a while. Or is that a
touch too quaint for your blood, William?"
She looked up quickly, the corners of her
mouth curved, ready to join him if he
laughed.
"Liz, for ideas like that you should be
paid," he said.
Halfway across the bridge they stopped to
watch a tug push belligerently through the
blocks of ice that almost covered the surface
of the river. Then, turning up their coat
collars, they went on, their footsteps crunch-
ing and creaking in the snow. They walked
for a long time, stopping occasionally to gaze
into a lighted store window and argue
genially about the articles displayed.
When they reached Oak Street, Bill
grasped her arm and steered her around the
corner. "Unless memory fails me, we'll
reach Nick's just before I freeze solid."
Liz grinned up at him. Her cheeks were
pink with cold and her blue eyes sparkled.
"Two minds and stuff," she said.
The first thing they noticed as they en-
tered was the new dining room. They agreed,
mounting stools at the bar, that Nick had
betrayed them, changing the place like this
behind their backs.
Nick greeted them warmly. They were, he
said, the first of the old crowd that he'd seen
in a long time. "Everything is different
now." He gestured disparagingly toward the
dining room. "With the war everybody is
hungry. Now we have menus. Now we have
troubles. Butter, meat, sugar. Points!" He
served them half-and-half on the house.
Later they moved down the block to
Azpell's, where the scrambled eggs were al-
most as good as they remembered.
"This has been a five-star evening, Bill,"
Liz said, when they stood finally at the door
of her apartment.
"It's been swell," he agreed. "The most
fun I've had since I've been back." Because
it seemed the natural thing to do, he bent
and kissed her. As their lips met, he remem-
bered that other kiss, under the mistletoe.
Then he stopped thinking. "I'm sorry," he

LITTLE GUY



"Now we can go on our hunger strike!"

Bran muffins light as cake cost no sugar



Muffins

NABISCO BRAN MOLASSES GEMS

1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran | 1 egg, beaten | 2½ tsp. baking powder
1 cup milk | ½ tsp. baking soda | ¾ tsp. salt
¼ cup molasses | 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour | ¼ cup melted shortening

Combine bran and milk; let stand 5 minutes. Add molasses and beaten egg. Sift together dry ingredients; add to bran mixture. Add melted shortening; quickly stir in. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., 25 minutes. Gives you 12 simply luscious gems that are really gems! Fluffy and cake-light as only bran muffins made with Nabisco Bran can be—because *fine* bran's *finer-milled* for really finer-baking! Better taste and texture! (In these delicious gems there's diet-bulk that's often needed, too!

A breakfast treat, with something new



Cereal

NABISCO BRAN WITH NUTMEG AND MILK

Oh-h-h-h! Surprise for tomorrow's breakfast! A dash of delicious Nabisco 100% Bran . . . always a *must for flavor* . . . served with something spicy and new—sweetened milk and a dash of nutmeg! You'll love it—and it's helpful, too, when constipation's due to insufficient bulk. Gentle in action, Nabisco Bran's *finer-milled* to make bran particles smaller, less likely to irritate. Of highest quality because Nabisco uses only the best grade bran produced in its own flour mills.

Eat Nabisco 100% Bran regularly. See your physician if your condition isn't helped soon.

Better for both because it's finer-milled!

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NABISCO

WHAT D'YA MEAN

Why don't I use "Scotch" Tape!





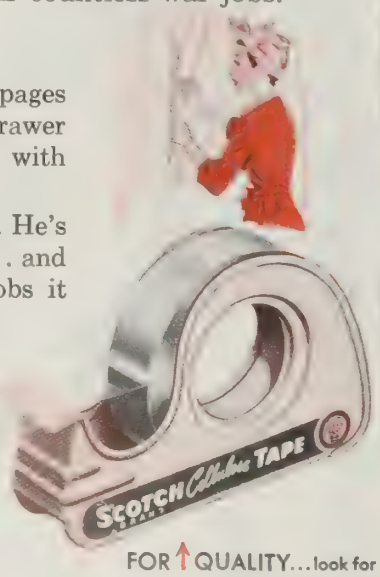
... haven't you heard? "Scotch" Brand Tapes are being used to seal and identify shell cases ... and that's *just* one of their countless war jobs.

RIPPED shower curtain ... torn book pages ... snapshots lying loose in the desk drawer ... all waiting 'til you can fix 'em with "Scotch" Tape.

But your fighting man's not waiting. He's getting "Scotch" Cellulose Tape ... and plenty of it for *all* the war-front jobs it does so well.

And listen ... war industry uses more than a hundred different kinds of tape made under the "Scotch" Brand ... to speed and simplify production.

So don't expect these "Scotch" Tapes back too soon ... but when they do get home again, expect them to be better, more convenient, more useful than ever.



FOR ↑ QUALITY... look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.
It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tape made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE
BRAND

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said unsteadily, when it was over. "I didn't mean to do that."

Her mouth twisted in a curious little smile. "I was afraid of that," she whispered, and closed the door softly in his face.

Riding uptown the next day to keep his regular Sunday-dinner date with Marianne and her mother, Bill suffered qualms about the kind of reception in store for him. But if Marianne was still angry, she gave no sign of it.

"Mother's in bed with one of her headaches," she said, leading the way into the dining room.

"That's too bad."

They discussed the state of Mrs. Marsh's health for a while, and then Marianne changed the subject abruptly.

"Will you start your regular job tomorrow?"

"Yes." Bill said. "That business yesterday was strictly extracurricular. You understand, don't you," he continued anxiously, "that I couldn't very well get out of it?"

Marianne regarded her fork gravely. "You mustn't worry so about justifying yourself, Billy. Howard says that it isn't unusual for a feeling of insecurity to manifest itself in a display of exhibitionism."

Bill managed to land his cup safely. "Exhibitionism!" He glared at her. "What do you do, give this joker a daily report on my activities?"

"I asked him to come over last night," she replied with dignity, "hoping that he could shed some light on your extraordinary behavior. After all, Billy, when the man you're going to marry tells you that he has a splendid position and the very next day you find him making a public spectacle of himself with signs and ——"

"I wasn't making a spectacle of myself," Bill shouted. "I was doing a favor for my boss."

"I suppose going to that party and not calling me until dinner was practically over was another favor." Her eyes were flashing and her voice was shrill. "You probably planned it that way so you could stay at the party with her."

"Don't be childish. As a matter of fact, we left the party right after I talked to you and went to dinner."

"You took her out to dinner?"

"She didn't take me."

There was a grim silence, broken only by muffled sounds from the kitchen.

MARIANNE was the first to speak. "Miss Jordan is quite attractive," she remarked unexpectedly.

"Quite. She's also very understanding," he said pointedly.

"Then she won't mind so much if you don't take that job, will she?"

"What do you mean? I've already taken it."

"Well—but you haven't started to work yet." Marianne propped her chin in her hand and looked at him solemnly. "I've decided to forget about a June wedding, Billy. We'll get married right away and go off on a honeymoon, like you planned. Then when we come back you can find a nice job in a bank or something. How does that sound?"

"Why, it sounds fine," Bill said, trying to get his bearings. "But I don't see—what's made you change your mind so suddenly?"

"All this quarreling. It wouldn't have happened if I hadn't made you get a job. Besides, it really isn't fair to expect you to do all the giving in, is it?"

"It's nice of you to look at it that way."

Things were breaking for him in a hurry now, and much sooner than he had dared to hope. He realized that Marianne was looking at him expectantly, so he walked around the table to kiss her.

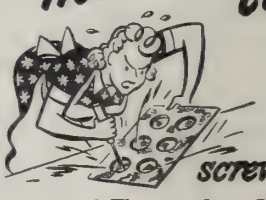
"Gee, baby, this is wonderful. I'm walking on air." He was sure he would be, too, just as soon as he recovered from his surprise.

"And you'll tell Miss Jordan the first thing tomorrow?"

"The first thing."

Liz was on the phone when he walked into her office the next morning. She waved gaily

How do you clean a muffin tin?



with a screwdriver?

No! No! That rough stuff doesn't pay! Use Brillo. Cleans off baked-on batter quickly—but safely!

with a dish rag?



The messy way—and *slow!* Brisk, efficient Brillo saves you time and elbow-grease!



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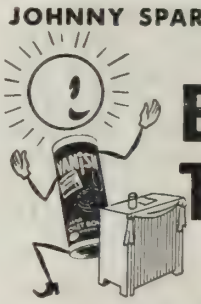
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and motioned him to a chair. She was wearing a black skirt and a white blouse that tied in a bow under her chin. From where Bill sat it looked like a very sharp costume indeed. He wished he didn't have to tell her that he wasn't going to take the job after all. He realized, to his surprise, that he had been rather looking forward to working with her. She was a swell gal and a lot of fun. The evening he had spent with her had already taken on a special aura in his memory.

"Hi, sourpuss," she said, cradling the phone. "Straighten up and smile bright. I've just perjured myself and borne false witness to get you the office next door." She came around the desk and stood before him, hands clasped behind her, eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "It's just been redecorated and they've promised to furnish it to order."

Bill rubbed his hands on his knees. "I've changed my mind, Liz. I'm not going to take the job."

"Not going to take it?" The light in her eyes faded. Then she smiled ruefully. "You've decided to stick to cartooning. Smart boy."

He shook his head. "Marianne's finally agreed to do things my way. We're going to be married next month and go south for an indefinite stay. She wasn't too keen about my working here anyway."

"Oh," Liz said. Her cheeks were suddenly pink. "First she won't marry you until you get a job. Now she'll marry you provided you don't take a job. I can hardly wait for tomorrow's communiqué."

"Waiter, a saucer of milk for the lady," Bill murmured.

"Maybe you enjoy being pushed around like a carpet sweeper, but I think you're crazy to let her get away with it."

"I want you to feel perfectly free to keep your opinions to yourself, Liz. Things have worked out exactly as I wanted them to and I'm very happy. Very happy," he repeated firmly.

Her expression softened. "Are you, William? Then I guess that's all that matters."

"I guess it is." Bill got to his feet. "Well, take care, Liz."

She held out her hand. "Good-by, Bill, and—good luck."

He wondered afterward if he should have invited her to the wedding. But he couldn't very well, because Marianne hadn't picked a definite date yet. According to her, their wedding day depended upon such things as when her dress would be ready, when the chapel would be available and how soon she could gather together a suitable trousseau.

One evening she showed him the guest-room bed piled high with towels, luncheon sets, sheets and various unidentifiable items.

"Sure they're nice," he said. "They're fine. But why spend time buying them now? Why not wait until we come back?"

"Because then we'll be busy shopping for furniture, stupid." She gave him a tender little smile. "Which reminds me; I bought the sweetest pair of end tables today. And I've ordered two precious lamps to go with them. Just think, the first pieces of our very own furniture. Isn't it thrilling?"

"Yeah," Bill said, feeling vaguely trapped. Tables and lamps reminded him of the little nest, and his forehead grew damp. He didn't want to settle down for a long time, and when he did it would not, please God, be in surroundings that could conceivably be described as a little nest. He sat on the end of the bed and drew her down beside him. "Look, baby, let's concentrate on getting married and that honeymoon and forget about lamps and washcloths. Why, there'll

WHICH ARE YOU?

Great minds discuss ideas; mediocre minds discuss things; small minds discuss people.

—WALTER WINCHELL.



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that the blossoms remind her
Of house-cleaning jobs
to be gotten behind her—



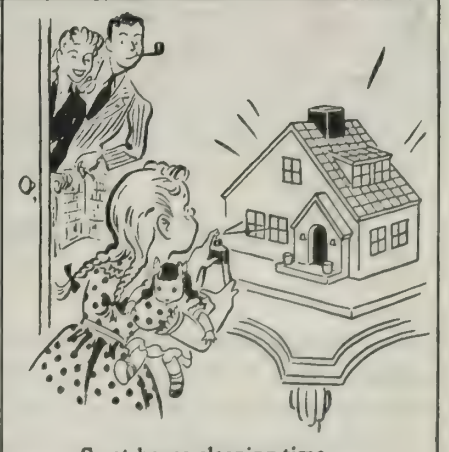
3 Like cleaning the windows.
For *some* it's a chore,
But not for Mathilda!
No, not any more!



4 For *she* uses WINDEX,
that joy and delight,
A spray and a wipe
gets the panes looking bright.



5 The cost is so little,
you never would guess—
Not even a penny
per window, *but less!*



6 So at house-cleaning time
in the Spring, don't forget . . .
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window polisher yet!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX



WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window pane. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

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Martex towels have always ranked with silver and china as highly prized wedding gifts. Today, the Bride who owns Martex towels treasures them doubly, because they are so hard to get. Stores will continue to have a few regular quality, full size Martex towels in Jacquard patterns like Floral Wreath and Criss Cross shown above. However, most Brides will have to content themselves with the new wartime Martex towels. These will be restricted in size and thread count by Government order, so that more towels will be available for all. Labelled "Maximum Quality under War Regulations," our wartime towels will still have the sturdy plied yarn underweave that's always made Martex famous for long wear.

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probably be moths in this stuff before we're ready to set up housekeeping."

Marianne smoothed her skirt and folded her hands in her lap. Her soft hair brushed her shoulders as she looked up at him. "I was going to save it for a surprise," she said, "until I'd found our house, but I guess I better tell you now. The most wonderful thing has happened, Billy. We can settle down right after we're married, because Howard has found a simply scrumptious job for you. He says that you can start early next ——"

"Just a minute," Bill said grimly, grabbing a handful of taffeta bedspread. "Let me get this straight. You say we aren't going to have a honeymoon because Howard has found me a job?"

She nodded happily. "As a lecturing guide at the Art Center. Howard says it's an ideal position for you, providing security without cutting you off entirely from your natural interests. He says that enforced daily contact with large groups will speed up the adjustment process."

Bill's jaw finally relaxed enough to let the words out. "I wish that zombi would keep his nose out of my affairs," he roared. "And I wish he'd stop filling you full of screwball ideas about me. Once and for all, I am not a rehabilitation problem. And I am not, so help me, going to let him turn me into one. A guide at the Art Center! Ye gods!"

"A *lecturing* guide," Marianne interposed. "What are you so angry about, Billy? I think it's a splendid opportunity, and I think Howard was ever so nice to take the trouble to find it."

Bill stared at her suspiciously. "Did you ask him to get me a job?"

"I most certainly did. We have to think of the future, Billy, and after that awful day at Kinsler's I could see that you wouldn't ever get a really respectable job for yourself. So I ——"

"I see," Bill said.

A great calm had overtaken him, and he saw many things. He saw that Marianne was still so young she thought a steady income was a guaranty of security. He saw that she did not have enough confidence in him to marry him without this supposed guaranty of security. She thought he was basically unstable because he was an artist, and a psychiatric problem because he ha come home with a yen to have some fu before he settled down to work again.

He was surprised, when he put his ar around her, that he could feel so fatherl "Baby," he said, "we may as well face th facts. We've stirred up a mess that obv ously isn't going to jell. I vote we dump i with no hard feelings."

Marianne stared at him for a momen and then jumped to her feet. Her fac flushed and her thin lips grew thinner. knew it," she cried. "It's that Jorda woman. I could tell the minute I saw you t gether. You're in love with her, aren't you?

Bill stood up. "I hadn't thought of it be fore," he said slowly, "but you have som thing there. Liz is certainly my kind of gal

Suddenly the fight drained out of Mar anne and her eyes filled with tears. "M linens," she whimpered, "my furniture, m wedding. What am I going to tell m friends?"

Nothing about him, Bill noted. Nothin about a broken heart or a barren futur "Why don't you talk it over with Howard? he suggested kindly. "I'm sure he'll be ab to help you. And be happy to have th chance," he added with a sudden flash o insight.

Marianne's eyes assumed a speculativ glint that shone through the tears. "I thin I will," she said.

The nearest public telephone was tw blocks away in a drugstore. Bill grinned he consulted the directory. He was prob ably the only guy in the world who didn know the telephone number of the girl h was going to marry. But he forgot abou that and everything else when he heard Liz voice.

"This is William I've-seen-the-light Dou las," he said. "How would you like to me me at Nick's in twenty minutes?"

"Would like," she said. "But would Mis Marsh?"

"Miss Marsh and I parted company as ten minutes ago when she accused me of be ing in love with you. I pleaded guilty."

"Oh, Bill." There was a short pause, an then her voice came running over the wir "Take a big table, William. We have a lo of cards to put on it."

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THOSE mothers who are cherished most are the ones who always have "time": time to listen to confidences, time to look at a drawing, time to tell a story.

They lived in a state of holy spatrimony.

There has been a turning of tables in our family; the children now recommend the movies *we* ought to see.

Living entirely in the past is as silly as spending all the time on one program reading the minutes of the last meeting.

Children never learn truth by finding one parent concealing his acts from the other.

The more independent a woman becomes, the more she tends toward himitation.

Parents are often so busy with the physical rearing of children that they miss the glory of parenthood, just as the grandeur of a tree is lost when raking leaves.

The one infallible rule in our family is that the daughters are not going into formals until they are out of play suits.

When a daughter confides that her boy friend likes her so well he has printed her name in three places on his yellow corduroys, all any mother can do is hope for the best.

Advice to young girls: Cook before you leap.

She was one of those women who win themselves up in the morning to do a day work and nothing short of an earthqua can stop them.

Taking children out to eat is the ora examination part of their education manners.

Adolescent: one who goes out like a lio and comes in like a lamb.

Old advice: "A girl should have only tho followers of whom her near relatives and h conscience approve."

Fable in English

There once was a woman who dearly lov pretty clothes. She liked them so well th whenever she was given anything new sh packed it carefully away in tissue paper moth balls. Her bureau drawers and clothe closets were a joy to behold, while she herse was a sight beyond description. This wen on for years, with the woman going farthe and farther away from her honeymoo Finally, one bright spring morning, her hu band awakened with beauty in his heart. H took one look at his wife and ran away wit another woman.

Moral: A woman should be careful tha what she "saves" isn't something she wi lose.

★ ★

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For *your* new beauty, try it now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

...it's all you need!



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 18)

Deem went his somewhat puffing way into the square, dimly yellow house that was the rectory, sat down in his own wide chintz-covered chair and scratched his Irish setter's head.

His wife came flying down the stairs, calling out, "Did you get him, Pinny?" Since the Reverend Doctor Deem's Christian name was Edward, no one knew where the name "Pinny" came from. But that was what Amy Deem always called him.

"No, Amy, I didn't get him. I set a good snare for him, too—two of them, in fact—but he escaped me."

"Oh, dear! I should have gone," Amy said. She was a very little woman, quick as a flash, with a young, provocative face which was remarkably expressive. It was impossible to imagine how she had come to marry Edward Deem, but marry him she had, and there was no doubt she loved him.

"I don't think even your charms would have sufficed," he said. "I told him there was angel food. I offered an intellectual debate. He said, 'Some other time.'"

She sat down in the window seat, but, since she was never still, she picked up her knitting and the needles began to flash. "I know. He's numb," she said. When their one son had died, she had known what it was to be numb for a time. "I wish I could forget how he looked at the cemetery. I can't get it out of my head. You were too busy with the service, but I saw him—he looked *dreadful*."

"I saw him," Deem said unexpectedly.

"Oh, you do annoy me, Pinny! You always see *everything*. I can't have even a little special *see* to myself. . . . Now don't give me a dissertation on the Oedipus complex, or anything like that, for I just don't believe it. He was devoted to her, yes, but it wasn't anything like that. It just happened that way. He ought to have married."

"Well, goodness knows you've tried hard enough to marry him off, Amy."

"That little Illings girl who taught first grade would have been perfect for him. She was terribly smart and awfully pretty."

He did not answer. He filled a pipe with great deliberation.

"Well, if you saw—he *did* look dreadful, didn't he?" she demanded suddenly.

"Yes, quite dreadful. He still does. But I don't think he intends to let us comfort him." His voice didn't tease her now. It was quite serious. "I don't mind admitting that I'm disturbed about him. I've always liked him—I suppose because he has the same turn of mind as I have, which is only evidence of my vanity. But I have liked him. He has no worldly ambitions, doesn't even want to be superintendent of schools in the county, which he certainly could be if he wanted to. No, he has the notion that to fill one respectable place well is enough of a job for a lifetime. And he has done it well, in spite of the fact that he's had to nurse his mother all these years. He's an important part of West Ulster. . . . I don't think his mother's death, which has been long expected, is enough to make him as he is. I think it's something else. I'd like to help him, but I don't think any ordinary help is going to do. It's odd, and saddening, Amy—my job is with men's souls, but I get pretty used to men's having no great depths of soul. The minute I come on one who does have such depths, I'm frightened and helpless. I don't know whether that's a sad commentary on mankind or on me. It might mean that I *will* not to see under the surface and that there are frightening depths anywhere, if I only troubled to look. But the truth is that when I looked at Pelletier standing by his mother's grave, I was frightened. He looked as if he were looking into hell itself."

"Yes, that's just the way he looked," Amy Deem said.

"If I were a man who went to confession, I should now have to confess that intellectual


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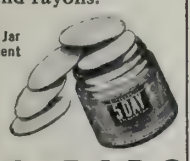
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curiosity was taking precedence over my sympathy. I feel sorry for Pelletier, but my mind goes gnawing away at his trouble like a rat. I feel as if I'd got to *know* what that hell was he was seeing."

"Well, I don't think he wants your sympathy—he's always seemed to prefer your mind," Amy said as if to comfort him.

"Are you aiding the devil in excusing me?" Deem said. "You've always said curiosity was my greatest vice."

"Oh, it is a vice too. I ought to know," Amy confessed. "But I don't see how you can help him if you don't *know*."

"That's what I tell myself. But it could be that he prefers to keep his hell private, you know. And it could be that I'm only so anxious to see what makes the wheels go round that I'm ignoring that fact."

"You argue with yourself too much," Amy murmured absently. "The angel food turned out perfectly too. I'll take half of it around and leave it at the house tonight."

"I wouldn't," Edward Deem said with a curious firmness. But the little eyes went on with their speculating.

Meanwhile, Thomas Pelletier went on down the hill. Just before the foot, a small street branched off, rounding the foot of the hill and winding back along the creek. It was known as River Street, and on it was the small white house where Thomas Pelletier had lived with his mother and where he now dwelt alone. He did not take this street now, but went on to Main Street and up it to the post office. It was not his habit to get the mail at this time. That he always did at seven-fifteen, just after he had turned on a favorite news program of his mother's. Then he took a tin pail from the pantry shelf, walked down to Main and up past the post office to Lindsey's, where he got the buttermilk that his mother had to have every day, and on the way back he picked up the mail. But now he went slowly up Main, went into the office and got the mail. There was a little packet of it: a few notes of sympathy and two educational papers and a circular or two. He stuck it all in his coat pocket.

Just outside the post office he met Mrs. Tollman. She was Lawyer Tollman's wife, a pleasant but nosy woman. She stopped and said, "How are you, Tom?"

"All right," he answered mechanically.

"You look awfully tired," she said. "And no wonder, I guess. But you've been a wonderful son, a wonderful son, Tom, and no one can say different. I'm not one to flatter, as you know, but when I see how boys and girls neglect their fathers and mothers these days —— Well, here's our own Polly—wouldn't listen to us when we warned her about these war marriages—now she's home with her baby and not a thought in the world but that it's our duty to look after her. Not that we mind, only I'm not as young as I was, Tom, and I thought I was done raising babies. I'm not really complaining, you

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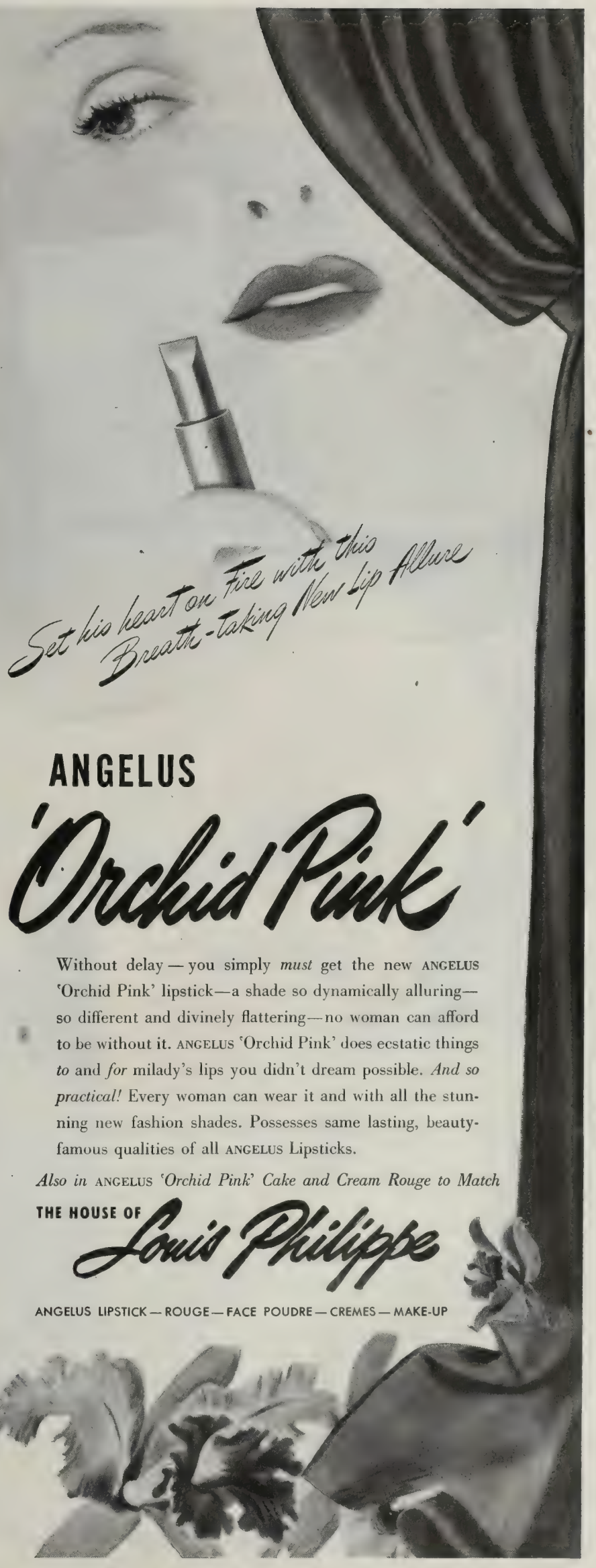
If you've got to miss something, don't let it be

Up Front

BY BILL MAULDIN

In the June Journal

Excerpts from the book soon to be published by Henry Holt & Co.



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know—I'm just trying to say you'll never have anything on your conscience, about not being thoughtful and considerate. I always thought your mother ought to have a nurse, some nice strong middle-aged woman like Ada Graham; I even talked to her about it, but she didn't want a nurse. Well, she's at rest, dear soul—and she *was* a dear soul, Tom, so gentle and patient. I've never seen anything like it—it couldn't have been easy for her. Nor for you, either, Tom. I guess you get your good disposition from her. Frank never gets done saying ——" But she was talking to nothingness, for Thomas Pelletier had just walked away from her and on down the street without answering. She stared after him, her pleasant face reddening. Then the red subsided. "Poor boy. He don't know what he's doing," she said to no one.

That was almost true, but not quite. The outside part of him scarcely did know what he was doing, but something inside his mind knew very well. He was trying not to go home. Trying not to get back to that white house on River Street, trying to prolong the process of getting there. But not even his desire for this could keep him there on the sidewalk listening to Mrs. Tollman, though he was not aware of quite how ruthlessly and wordlessly he had gone away from her.

And all the time the something his mind was evading went on working, working. It brought up the matter of Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones had come to the school that morning wanting to reproach him with having encouraged her son Will to run off and join the Navy before he had finished high school. He had not done this at all—quite the contrary—but he had not even tried to make Mrs. Jones know this. He had just listened and said, "Well, it's done, Mrs. Jones." And she had hardened her mouth and looked at him as if she hated him and thought him a liar. But he had let her go.

Now it seemed to him that he must see her and make it clear just where he stood about Will. She lived two miles out in the country and it was late in the afternoon, no time to go calling. But he left the stores and houses of Main Street and set out on the country road as if he had long planned it and it were important that he go at this moment.

HE WALKED along steadily enough, but he saw the bright trees, the leaves in the ditches, the cows in browning pastures, all in a haze. He made a faint effort to sort out words for talking to Mrs. Jones, but the haze penetrated his mind and prevented orderly thought. Still, he walked on.

It was almost suppertime when he turned into the Joneses' driveway. The farmhouse lay still in the late-afternoon light, a little lonely and remote. No smoke rose from the chimney. He went around to the back door and rapped. No one came. He rapped again, though he felt a faint relief that he might possibly not have to talk to anyone. He stood there on the steps for some time, but there was not a sound anywhere. He turned away at last, going down the steps with a curiously aimless movement. Then he saw a girl walking between the barn and the milkhouse, carrying a pail of milk in either hand. He moved toward her, not wanting to speak to her, but not wanting, either, to start homeward. He wondered vaguely who she was, for he knew Will Jones had no brothers or sisters.

"Mrs. Jones away?" he called out.

The girl paused. She was quite young—nineteen or twenty, probably. She had on a tan shirt and khaki slacks with bicycle clips around the ankles. She was as brown as a hickory nut and her arms above the shining pails were hard-looking, strong and brown. Her hair was curly, but cut short like a boy's. It was of a medium brown, too, so that she seemed all one piece of brownness, like the brown fields and the brown earth.

"Yes, she's gone to Greenfield to the Grange doings," she answered. "She's staying all night." She began to move toward the milkhouse again, done with him.

There was nothing now to do but go home. Still he stood there, pulled back, unable to go. He was still standing there when she came out and began to walk back toward the barn. She gave him a curious look, but did not speak. He began to move toward her.

"When did you say Mrs. Jones would be home?" he asked vaguely.

"TOMORROW sometime, I guess." Her voice was the plain, matter-of-fact speech of the countryside. She didn't elaborate.

"Well, I'll have to come again," he said. "I'm Mr. Pelletier, from the Academy. I saw her this morning and she was upset over Will's going off. I wanted to talk with her about that." He was aware that there was no need to tell her this. "I didn't know Will had a sister," he went blindly on.

"I live next door," she said. "I'm just doing the milking to help out."

"That's quite a job, isn't it? They've got a lot of cows, haven't they?"

"Twelve."

"Suppose I help you?"

She gave a quick, earthy sort of laugh. "You don't look like you knew how."

"Well, I do." He went over to the well, washed his hands. She had walked on toward the barn, but he caught up with her. "I mean it," he said. "I like to milk."

"Well, I could certainly do with some help," she said easily enough. "There's a pail."

He hadn't milked since he was eighteen or so, but he found the old regular gestures coming back. He leaned his head against the cow's side, hearing the steady thud of the streams of milk into the pail. He smelled the familiar barn smell of animal and hay and leather. It was curiously peaceful and comforting. He felt safe for the first time in days, and had an odd desire to have the milking go on and on for many hours. The girl was working, too, not talking except for now and then a word to a cow: "Stand over there, Bess!"—something like that.

"You new here?" he called out once.

"No."

"You've never been to the Academy, have you?"

She laughed again, that hearty, country laughter. "I never got past eighth grade," she said.

"You aren't Pres Adams' girl, are you?"

"That's right. Nell Adams," she agreed. She volunteered nothing more.

They carried their pails to the milkhouse. It was cool and pleasant in the milkhouse. They emptied the milk, went back for the last milkings. It was getting dark when they finished.

"Well, that was a big lift," she said then. "Thanks."

"That's all right. I liked it. I'll walk over with you."

She laughed. "There's no need," she said. "I'm not afraid."

He almost said, "But I am." But without words he fell into step beside her in the drive and turned when she did up the main road toward the Adams place. She must have been tired, but she walked with a quick, easy lightness.

"Why didn't you come to the Academy?" he asked at last.

"Well, my mother died and somebody had to look after pa. I didn't like school much, anyway."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just didn't. I like the farm. Pa didn't make me stay out or anything. He'd get along if I was to get

(Continued on Page 78)

CAN vs. MAY

A vain young man submitted to Franz Liszt a manuscript piece bristling with hideous dissonances. Putting his finger on one passage, Liszt said, "This cannot be done in music."

"But I have done it," smirked the young man.

With a sarcastic smile, Liszt walked over to his desk, put his quill into the ink, then spattered ink over the young man's white vest. "This, too," he said, "*can* be done, but may not be."

—Federal Music Baton, Los Angeles.

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FOR THAT YOUNG, YOUNG LOOK

(Continued from Page 76)

married or anything—there's a couple of widows that'd be glad to look after him."

"Are you going to get married?"

"Oh, sometime, probably. I don't feel in any hurry. Good thing I don't, I guess, with everybody going off to war."

"Mrs. Jones seemed to blame me for Will's going."

"Yes, she cried all day, and Sam Jones came over and said he guessed he'd take her over to her sister's to take her mind off it. He's all they've got, and he helped a lot on the farm. But I guess he wanted to go."

"I begged him to finish school first; he was doing so well. I don't like boys of seventeen going off to be killed."

"Oh, I don't think Will'll be killed. He's got nine lives. He fell off the haymow and run a pitchfork through his shoulder. He almost got drowned in the pond, and when their barn burned a while back and he tried to get the horses out, a horse kicked him and almost killed him. But he's still alive." They had come to her house now and she said, "Want to have supper with us? There's just salt pork and gravy tonight, but you're welcome."

"Thanks, I'd like to," he said.

He didn't know why he had refused Deem's invitation and accepted this. Perhaps he had unconsciously feared Deem's keen perception, his speculative little eyes. At any rate, he wanted to ride along on this matter-of-fact acceptance. The road up to the house was a long one, and suddenly he had that strange haziness overpower him again. The ridiculousness of his being here, of his having milked the cows, came home to him and frightened him. It was as if he had been living in madness for hours and now had come back to sanity, but a bewildered sanity. He wanted to run away in the darkness, run and run and never be seen again. That impulse seemed more like madness than this quiet walk and talk, but he knew it was not.

They came to the step and he hunted for words to tell her that he had changed his mind. He stood there hesitant and she turned from the kitchen door and the lighted doorway and he swayed a little, crumpled up on the low porch. He felt himself going and he heard her hearty voice calling out, "Pa! Pa!" and then he heard no more.

WHEN he opened his eyes he was lying on a cot bed in a plain, clean little room. There were ruffled curtains and a plain white bureau and wallpaper with poppies on it.

Nell Adams sat on a low stool by his bed. She looked quiet and anxious, but when she saw his eyes open she said cheerfully, "Well!"

"I don't know what happened," he said. His voice wouldn't come out with any volume. He hardly knew whether it had come out at all.

"Hush, now. Doc Besser'll be here any time. He was up at Larabee's and they haven't got any phone, so pa drove up after him. Just you be quiet."

"I don't want a doctor."

"Well, you're going to have one. You near scared the gizzards out of us!"

"But I don't want a doctor. I did it. I know I did it. I kept trying to pretend I couldn't have, but I did."

"Did what?"

"I killed my mother."

She stared at him. Then she put out a strong brown hand and laid it on his forehead, pushing his hair back with a warm, sure, comforting gesture. "Don't be silly she said. "You're out of your mind."

"No, I'm in it," he said. Then, as s moved her hand ever so little, he said, "Do take your hand away."

"I won't. But you be quiet now. Y had a fall."

"I'll tell you and you can tell the doct I don't want to tell it but once."

"All right, tell me," she said, but as if s were talking to a child that needed to humored.

THERE was such strength, such comm sense in her voice. He gave up his horror that strength. "I had this dream," he sai "I went into her room and I put her sleepi pills into a glass of water—one by one, ve slowly, and all the time I kept thinking s would wake up because I did it so slowl But I couldn't hurry. I woke up and I w all wet with sweat and I was shaking. It w awful. I went into her room and she w dead. The pill bottle was empty."

"Then she took them herself," she sa sensibly.

"No. My mother didn't want to die. . Don't take your hand away."

"I won't. But you're working yourself over nothing. You couldn't have done it

"Why couldn't I?"

"You're just not the kind of man wh could. Anybody'd know that."

"Anybody? N body knows wh kind of person an one else is. N body. . . . I w very tired of taki care of her. I' never had wh you'd call a life my own. I was tir of taking care her."

"I guess you' still tired. That natural," she sai

"Yes, I'm tired he said. "I'm tir of going to get t buttermilk an changing the b so as not to hu her and combi her hair and t food never beir quite right an looking over pape where she could a ways see me and hearing the same silly rad programs at the same time night after nigh and giving medicine. . . . You fool eve yourself. I didn't know how tired I was. was tired enough for that."

"Oh, that's silly!" she said. "I dreamed hit pa with a piece of wood off the woodpi once, but I haven't got anything again him. It doesn't mean anything, a dream.

"Some people think otherwise."

"Oh, sure—people that read dream book like my Aunt Sadie."

"No, Freud—such people."

"Who's he?"

"A doctor."

"He ought to have more sense. Anyway it's easy to see you're just not the kind man to do a thing like that," she said agai stubbornly.

He felt the haze coming between then He tried to keep it away, for he felt warme and healed by her sensible voice. Or was by her hand against his head? He grew co fused about which it was. "Don't tak your hand away—don't ever take it away, he murmured.

"I'd have a nice crick in my arm—ever's long time!" she said. But she left her han there. It was strong and hard and young an there seemed to be some virtue in its touch

"Don't ever ——" he said, and his eye closed.

There were men's voices in the room, th smell that clings to doctors.

"I don't know no more'n you, doc. heard Nell yelling and there he was. We go him in here and then Nell sent me hotfoo after you."

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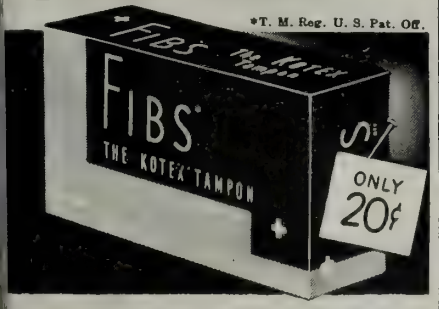
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A thermometer was stuck under his tongue and he felt fingers on his wrist.

"H'm," Doctor Besser said. "What happened, Nell?"

"Why, he stopped at Mrs. Jones' when I was there milking, and he said he'd help me—and he did. Then he walked over here and I asked him in to supper—then, just outside the door, he fell."

"He's exhausted; I think that's all," the doctor said. "He ought to rest for several days. He's been under a strain, with his mother going and all. But I'll have to get somebody to come in—maybe Edna Leslie'll come. You can't manage."

He opened his eyes and he could see their faces, far off: the dried, though lively, face of Pres Adams, the round moonface of Doctor Besser. But where was the hand?

"Don't leave me," he said.

Nell laughed, but her laugh was faintly troubled. "I'll take care of him. I guess he won't be much bother," she said.

"Looks like Nell's been doing some kicking up of her own while I've been over to the widow's," Pres Adams said with an earthy chuckle that was related to Nell's laughter. "Didn't even know she knew prof!"

"So that's the way the land lies, eh, Nell?" the doctor said genially, but surprisedly. "Thought you and Buck Peabody had it fixed up."

"Never did know what Nell was up to," Pres Adams said with another chuckle. "She's a deep one, my Nell."

Pelletier waited for a scornful, cheerful denial of him, for now it would come. But it did not come.

"What can he have to eat?" she said.

"Oh, anything. Anything he wants. Probably been cooking for himself and gone without since his mother went. Mostly, I'd say, though, he wants rest. Funerals take it out of you. . . . I'll drop in and tell Ellen Scott to take over for a few days, shall I?"

The voices faded away through the kitchen. It grew very still, and fright began to take possession of Thomas Pelletier again, a horrible and consuming fright.

THEN Nell Adams said, "Pa, you get his clothes off. He can't lie there in his clothes all night. I'll get a nightshirt."

Pres Adams laughed. "I dunno where the nightshirts are your ma made me. I've slept in my skin or my long underwear so long, I dunno what a nightshirt looks like."

"They're in the bottom bureau drawer."

"He's more the kind to go in for these fancy pajamas," Pres said.

Feet went up uncarpeted stairs somewhere and Pres Adams began to undress Thomas Pelletier. Pelletier had strength neither to resist nor to help him. He had not even strength to open his eyes.

Pres Adams chuckled. "Featherstitching and all!" he said with mock admiration. "Your ma always did like to put on dog."

Pelletier felt the cool touch of the heavy cotton on his skin, felt a quilt being pulled up under his chin. Then the hand on his head again. He smiled without opening his eyes.

"Don't you mind pa," she said gently.

"Well, if you've got your professor all tucked in, you might get my supper," Pres Adams said.

"All right, pa."

There was the smell of salt pork frying, the hiss of milk being poured into a hot iron spider, the clatter of dishes.

"Here, now, you drink this," she said. "It's good strong broth and it'll do you good. I'll hold you up."

He felt her strong arm under his shoulder. He couldn't hold the cup. She held it with her other hand and the broth was hot and strong in his throat. He dropped back against the pillow.

"You're weak as a kitten," she said.

He could hear the splash of dishwater, the sound of a pump, but it was all far off, without meaning, at the edge of the fright that possessed him and which was only eased by the touch of Nell Adams' hand, the sound of her cheerful voice.

"Well, anything more you want tonight?" she asked. "You want as pa should help you to the bathroom?"

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He had a sudden sharp memory, through the haze, of his mother's picayune delicacies about the workings of the human body. Then he heard Pres Adams' chuckle and the dry voice saying, "The commode's right there handy, *with* u-ten-siles!"

"Don't go," he whispered.

"He's all right. I'll keep an ear open," Pres said. "You get to bed, Nell."

"I'll sit here for a little while—just till he gets to sleep," Nell said.

Then there was her hand again. Presently he reached up and put the hand under his cheek and he began to feel rested, began to feel sleep flowing into him.

When he woke it was early morning. Another clear, bright October morning. At first, seeing the poppies on the wall and feeling the unaccustomed heavy muslin of the nightshirt on his body, he thought he was dreaming. Then he felt the hand under his cheek and saw Nell Adams' face on the pillow, still and young in sleep. She was still sitting on the low stool, but her head had dropped forward along her arm and she was sleeping soundly. She still had on the tan shirt and slacks.

He stirred and she sat up quite suddenly, pulling her hand from under his face, rubbing her arm briskly and saying, "Ouch! I'm all needles!"

He wanted, unexpectedly, to weep, though he had never in his conscious mind been given to self-pity or tears. "You've been here all night," he said.

"I was afraid I'd wake you up," she said, but sensibly, without tenderness.

"I've put you to a lot of bother," he said. "I'm all right now. I'll get up right away."

"You'll do no such thing! Doc Besser said you had to stay in bed for four or five days anyway. You're no bother, so don't worry. . . . Well, I'd better get over to Joneses' and get the milking done." She stood up, stretching her arms above her head in a movingly young and natural gesture.

"You sat here all night," he repeated wonderingly.

For an instant she looked bewildered, as if she were a little amazed herself that she had stayed there. Then she laughed and said, "You were out of your head. You wouldn't let go my hand."

"I wasn't out of my head," he said.

"You certainly were. Well, I've got to go. Pa's moving around up there—he'll be down in a minute. I won't be gone long. Breakfast when I get back."

He heard her at the pump. He could almost feel the shock of the cold water on her young face. He heard her whistling down the road. Twelve cows to milk. The fright of last night seemed gone now. He waited for her to come back. He knew she would come back. The Academy, though, seemed far away and unimportant.

PRES ADAMS, in overalls, came to the door and grinned at him. "How's the professor this morning? Able to sit up and take nourishment?" Pres asked.

"I'm fine," Pelletier said.

"Always thought teachin' was a de-vitalizin' business," Pres said with his dry mockery. "Nell's ma was bound to make a schoolteacher out of Nell, but I'm right relieved Nell didn't have no leaning that way. Most schoolteachers are pretty puny."

Pelletier smiled, but did not answer.

"You get out and pitch hay for a summer, you'd soon have more'n skin on your bones. . . . Well, milking time, and I ain't got Nell to help me." He winked at Pelletier good-naturedly, but as if they had a secret between them, and went off through the kitchen, slamming the screen door behind him.

The quilt over him was made up of very tiny pink and white squares, set together in a complicated pattern. His mind sorted out the pattern and dwelt on the millions of stitches involved. The quilting design ran over all, maple leaves superimposed on the pink-and-white design. He drowsed again.

"Did you do this?" he asked.

"Do what? Oh, the quilt? No, ma did that. That was the last quilt she ever did. I made a Sunburst one, though, and a Rose of Sharon."

"Let me see them."

She laughed. "You'd better have some breakfast first," she said.

She brought breakfast on a tin tray, oatmeal and coffee and eggs and bacon.

"Dig in. Can you manage it yourself?"

"Yes. I could get up, really. I've got to get back to school."

"After a while," she said.

IN THE middle of the morning she came in with the quilts over her arm.

"If you really want to see them, here they are," she said. She spread one of the quilts out in a sweeping movement before her. "That's the Sunburst," she said. "But I like the Rose of Sharon better." She dropped the Sunburst and spread out the other.

"A lot of stitches," he said.

"Oh, they go quite fast," she said. "You just do them to fill in with."

"Fill what in?"

"Time. To keep busy in between."

He wanted to go on prodding her with, "In between what?" but it was so pleasant leaning there against the pillows, with the bright quilts spread out before him and the October sun making the world so bright and gaudy outside the windows, that he could not say anything at all. She folded the quilts up and went out with them.

In the afternoon he said, "I ought to shave."

"You look all right. If you were pa, you'd be looking like a porcupine by now."

He said with a faint bitterness, "As your father says, maybe teaching is a devitalizing business."

"I could give you a straight razor," she said.

He made a grimace and said, "No. No, thanks!"

She gave, then, a quite young giggle and said, "You ought to see pa when he's fixing up to go see his widow. Or hear him, I mean! He's got a lot of ups and downs in his face and he's always cutting himself. But he thinks safety razors are for schoolboys." Then she flushed, as if perhaps she'd insulted him. "Pa's funny," she finished a little lamely.

Then almost before he knew it was another day, night had come again. But tonight Nell said good night to him cheerfully and went upstairs. He lay awake. After a long time he got slowly out of bed and found his way through the kitchen to the bathroom beyond. He had pulled on his trousers, but realized as he did so that it was a prudish gesture, here where no one would see him, here where his mother could not see him. He was surprised to find himself so weak. The moonlight was bright and he had not needed to turn on the light, but when he came out of the bathroom he was suddenly conscious that it was night and his dream came back to him. He began to shake and the sweat came out all over his body. He groped for a chair by the kitchen table, fell into it heavily and dropped his head down on the table.

Light steps ran down the stairs. He felt her hand on his shoulder, but he couldn't stop shaking.

"You ought to have called pa. You oughtn't to have got up!" she scolded him. "You've taken a chill. Come on now, get back in bed. I'll help you. Just lean on me—don't try to walk alone. Don't you know you're sick?" So, scolding him gently, she got him back to the bed, pulled the quilt over him. "I'm going to get you a hot-water bottle. You mustn't get chilled. Ma had a chill and then she got pneumonia."

She brought the bottle, slipped it under the covers, sat down beside the cot. She had

(Continued on Page 82)

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(Continued from Page 80)

on a flannel robe over her nightdress, but her feet were bare.

"Warmer?" she asked presently.

"Yes, I'm all right," he said.

"Well, then, you stay put. Don't get up again—just you call. Pa'll hear you."

But some of the fright and weakness still gripped at him and showed in his eyes.

"Look," she said, and now she hesitated, seemed shy. "Look, Professor Pelletier—it *was* a dream, honest it was. You don't want to let it get you like that. Think I'd dare sit here like this if you were somebody who could do such a thing as that? I'd be afraid—and I'm not, not a bit."

"But you aren't afraid of anything," he whispered.

"Oh, yes, I am. I'm afraid of lots of things. But I *know* you didn't do it. Don't ask me how—a girl just knows, that's all."

"It's odd," he said vaguely. "When you're here, I believe you implicitly. I know you're right. It's when you're not here ——" His voice trailed off. Then he opened his eyes and said more clearly, "You didn't tell the doctor; why didn't you tell the doctor?"

"Hush!" she said. "You're getting flighty again. There wasn't anything to tell the doctor. . . . You want me to sit here till you go to sleep?"

"Yes," he said, wanting to say, "No, no, go to bed, child," but not being able to do so.

She curled her bare feet under her inside the robe and sat there, very still.

"I'm being such a bother," he said after a long time.

"Well, I don't mind bothering," she said. "It's sort of exciting, in a way. And you've been taking care of someone a long time—it's only fair that you get taken care of for once."

So he slept and another day was gone. In the morning he found a toothbrush and a safety razor by his bed. He shaved slowly. He had two callers. Miss Scott came first.

"Here's one of your women after you," Pres Adams said. He had his chores done and had put on a clean shirt and a necktie and shaved.

Miss Scott gave a somewhat dry laugh and said, "I'm not in the running. I just wanted to know if he was really sick or just loafing I've got to do his job."

"You told me to rest," Pelletier said.

She sat down in the rocker by the window She looked just as she did on school days, in the same gray suit, with her watch pinned on the lapel. "How on earth did you get up here?" she demanded abruptly.

"This isn't *my* nightshirt," he answered irrelevantly.

"I should hope not!" she answered tartly "Or if it is, I've been mistaken in your taste all these years. How did you get up here?"

"I don't know," he answered slowly.

She gave him a quick, shrewd look "Well, I won't disturb you any more. Just get a good rest and don't worry about anything at the Academy. It'll keep going. . . . Deem's coming to see you, if he gets up the gumption. I saw him at church this morning and he said he'd get up. If you don't want to talk to him, don't."

"I don't," he said, but in that same slow voice that made Miss Scott's eyes widen a little. She got up, said good-by briskly and went out.

Nell was on the back porch hanging up dish towels.

"Has the doctor been here today?" Miss Scott asked Nell.

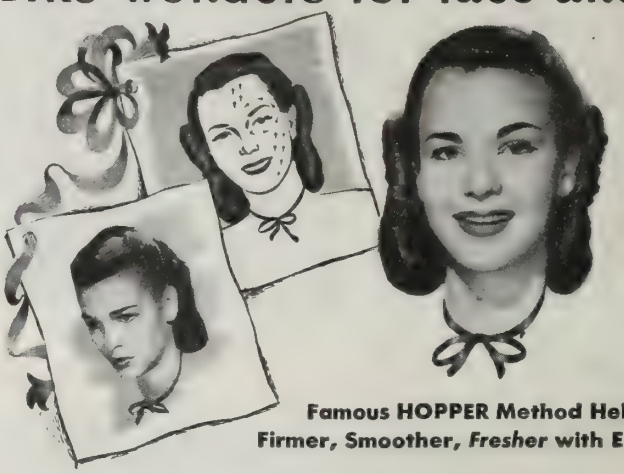
"No. He didn't say if he'd be back or not. He—Mr. Pelletier'll be all right, I guess, if he just rests."

"He looks too tired to rest," Miss Scott said, unexpectedly even to herself, it seemed "If you want anything, you can find me at the Academy. I'm Miss Scott. Or night I'm at home. Maybe he might want some clothes or something from home. And I think the doctor ought to keep an eye on him."

Nell looked at Miss Scott directly and said more firmly, "He'll be all right."

Miss Scott returned the look as directly but with an inner discomfort she did not

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uite understand. She was not used to being ut in her place by children. "Oh, Doctor Deem, from the rectory, might drive up. He's quite a talker; I wouldn't let him visit oo much with Mr. Pelletier, if I were you." There seemed no more to say or do and she vent away. She looked back from her small ar in the drive and Nell stood there on the orch, looking after her. Miss Scott had the eeling of enmity in the straight young gure, but she knew of no possible reason for , so she shook her gray head, got into the ar, backed out through a flurry of chickens nd drove home.

The Reverend Doctor Deem was a differnt matter. "Nonsense! Of course he'll see he," Mr. Deem's voice aid from the kitchen. "I ell you, I don't exert myelf over most of my pashioners as much as this, nd I won't be balked afer forgoing my afternoon ap! I tell my wife I don't ap, but I do, I do. Where the boy? . . . Oh, here ou are."

"But he's too sick to alk!" Nell said, with ore concern and determination in her oice than he had yet heard.

"*I'll* talk!" Mr. Deem said with a deep uckle. "That's my business. . . . Haven't ou got a stouter chair than this? That randfather's chair by the stove'll be fine. ine. I'm not easy on chairs."

Nell brought the high-backed old hickory air into the bedroom.

Thomas Pelletier smiled at her and said, It's all right. You sit down too."

She sat down in the rocker where Miss cott had sat. She had on a woolen skirt, laid, today, and a blue pull-over sweater.

Mr. Deem raised his brows a little, as if o indicate he'd rather be alone with elletier, but Nell sat there stiffly, saying othing, and made no movement to leave.

Let's see, what's your name?" he said.

"Nell Adams," Nell said stiffly.

"Of course! Of course! I remember you. You're the Four-H girl who won a prize with a bull calf at the county fair two years ago. Two of my parishioners had antimacassars and jelly up for exhibit and I had to go look at them—we don't go in for bull calves at St. Paul's, more's the pity. . . . She's a very stubborn child, Tom, very stubborn. She and Amy ought to get on well together—two of a kind. Wasn't going to let me in. If I'd been my diminutive copartner in the spiritual development of West Ulster, Brother Braddock, I don't doubt she'd have picked me up by my collar and dropped me off the porch, but sheer bulk is a kind of compelling force, I've found. A commanding height is better, but I make fat serve. . . . Do you mind if I smoke?" He was already filling his pipe. "Or are you one of a denomination that doesn't think it seemly in a clergyman? But nonsense; I presume you smoke yourself. All the girls do nowadays."

"No, I don't smoke," Nell said.

"Don't, eh?" His little eyes twinkled at her. "Nice room. Nice chair. Just fits me. Wouldn't sell it, would you?"

"No, it's pa's chair. It used to be great-grandpa's," Nell said.

"All right. Just thought I'd ask. I find it hard to get chairs to fit. I'm a man that likes to do a lot of sitting. Don't call on my people as much as Braddock does. Made an exception for Tom, here, because he doesn't bore me. I know my business is with the soul, but some souls are pretty picayune affairs—most souls, in fact. I get bored, which is in the way of a confession. . . . Read that thing on Savonarola I gave you, Tom?"

Thomas Pelletier shook his head.

"Read it. There's a nice Jesuitical touch to it that will intrigue you. I wonder what's

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—ANON.



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become of style in writing. I must confess to liking a well-turned sentence. Chop, chop, chop—that's the effect of most books nowadays. . . . Your mother might have liked it. You know, Tom, I've often thought that, despite all the involvements, it's a good thing to have an invalid in the family. To read to, I mean. You get a lot read that you wouldn't read otherwise, and get yourself educated in spite of yourself. I can never keep Amy still long enough even to read her my sermons. . . . You know, Tom, you're taking death too hard for a man who's no longer a child. Your mother was an old woman. She'd been ill a long time. It was natural for her to die. In fact, it was good for her to die this time of year. I hope I'll die in the fall. On a day like this, when the leaves are falling without effort, just drifting down to earth as if it were their rightful home. No sadness in it then. When a life has reached its span, fulfilled itself, then there should be no sadness. It's all part of the pattern of living, death is. You're too smart to kick against the inevitable, Tom."

He was puffing away at his pipe, but all the time his little eyes probed Thomas Pelletier, took in the girl sitting so stiffly, without rocking, in the rocking chair, took in the room, the crimson-and-yellow trees of the yard and the hillside. He talked in a casual, lazy voice, but there was a certain speculative seriousness under all he said.

Then Thomas Pelletier surprised him. He had been lying there quietly, not talking at all. But the small eyes saw Tom's glance go to the girl with a sudden strange, haunted, imploring look. It was a part of the look he remembered from the cemetery.

Nell said, "I think Mr. Pelletier is too tired to talk any more, Mr. Deem. The doctor said he must be very quiet." She stood up and Deem found himself pulling his bulk from the grandfather chair, following her out through the kitchen, out to the back porch. On the steps he chuckled, amused at her firm dispatch, at his obedience.

"I declare, you're putting me out!" he said.

"He has to be quiet," she said with only faint apology.

"It doesn't hurt anybody to listen, you know," he reproached her. "I was doing all the talking, wasn't I? I wasn't demanding anything of him. He's a pretty special person, Tom Pelletier is—got a good mind. Can't have him cracking up. You take good care of him, now. How'd he ever get up here, anyway?"

"I'll take care of him," Nell said.

At that moment Pres Adams' flivver chugged into the drive, came to a noisy stop, as if Pres had pulled on the reins too suddenly. Pres hopped out, like the little bantam he was. "Hello, Mr. Deem!" he said. "Didn't come calling on me, I don't suppose? Ministers mostly leave me alone, knowing it's no use. Comforting the sick, eh? I guess Nell's doing comforting enough, though what she sees in a man most as old as her pa—no accounting for women, though."

The small eyes came back to Nell. Nell hadn't flushed. She stood there, one hand on the post of the porch railing. She looked very young, and yet not quite like the Four-H girl who had shown the bull calf.

"Don't be silly, pa," she said, but without emphasis.

Deem got himself down the steps, said good day to them both, made his way down to his car at the roadside. He always had something of a problem at a driveway, not being able to decide which was harder, to walk up and down the drive or to back his car out if there wasn't room to turn around.

When he got back to the rectory Amy had finished the dishes and was lying flat on her stomach with a book before the fire, the dog stretched out beside her. She rolled over.

"Dignity. Dignity, Amy. Staff of life for a minister's wife."

"Fiddlesticks. Find him?"

"Yes. Yes, I found him. Why shouldn't I? I knew where he was." He had dropped into the chintz-covered chair.

"How was he?"

"I wouldn't know. Didn't get a word out of him. He's got a dragon guarding him—name of Nell Adams. Pres' girl. Something funny going on, Amy. Don't understand it."

"Then it must be very, very funny."

"Pres was implying there was something between this girl and Tom. Ridiculous! In the first place, she's nothing but a child. In the second, she's not Tom's type at all—just a healthy country girl who belonged to the Four-H's not more than two years ago, calls her father 'pa,' never been down here to the Academy, as far as I know. In the third place, he's never had any chance to know her. He hasn't been out for a night, except for school affairs or a couple of times here to dinner, in years. It doesn't make sense. And yet she acted just as if he *did* belong to her, as if she had a right to put me out of his room."

Amy's expressive face screwed itself into a grimace of delight. "Put you *out*! Pinny!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! She must be a *very* healthy country girl."

"She is," he said dryly. "Raising bull calves is what she does in her spare time."

"I must see her."

"Tom looked pretty sick to me. As if he'd just given up. Worried about him, Amy."

"Is she pretty?"

"Well, not what I'd call pretty. Healthy, tanned, curly hair, white teeth. Not as civilized as I'd fancy. . . . Perhaps Pres was just talking. He has an eye for the women, they say—courting two at the moment just to have one in reserve. But she's a child—Tom's all of forty."

"He has a young look," Amy said slowly.

"Well, he looks even younger in bed. Has his glasses off. Never saw him with his glasses off before. Remarkable blue eyes."

"Yes, I know," Amy said.

"You do? H'm!"

Amy laughed. Then she rolled over on her stomach again, propped her chin in her palms and stared down at her book. "Pinny, I'm still frightened," she said, staring at the book. "It's all so *unlike* Tom. He wouldn't come here—but went up there instead. There must be some reason he went there."

"Yes. It's strange. But strange in an interesting sort of way, Amy," he confessed.

"Don't," she said.

(Continued on Page 86)

Leave-Taking

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

They took their leave as vanquished generals do,
Viewing the battleground with heads upright,
Stony and stiff and painfully polite,
Eager to end the last cold interview.
They were impatient to take leave and go
Swiftly, accepting terms of their defeat;
Quickly, lest their averted eyes should meet,
Lest flags should fall and some emotion show.

They took their leave as vanquished generals do,
Proudly as though victorious and free,
Yet each, looking back upon the love they knew,
Wished they had shown their true humility
And wept or stormed or clung or struck a blow,
Or anything but let the other go.

No place like home . . . Have a Coke



. . . or let's have a swing session at our house

good time right in their own homes is ...ething young folks enjoy with all their ...rts. When their hobbies are welcomed, ...l their friends are made to feel "just like ... of the family"—that's about all they ...t. And refreshing Coca-Cola is a great ... part of the picture. *Have a Coke* just naturally means, *Be one of our gang*—whenever young folks meet. Keep Coca-Cola in your icebox where it will be handy when the bunch comes over. Coke is to them not only a delicious treat—but their own chosen symbol of companionship, happy hours, and congenial pals.



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(Continued from Page 84)

Up in the little room with the poppies, Nell stood in the doorway. "I didn't mean to be rude," she said. "But he was staying too long."

"I wanted him to go," Tom Pelletier said.

"Yes, I know."

"He's all right. I just didn't want to talk."

"I don't like him," Nell said a little flatly. Then she turned and said, "Pa, you know there isn't gas enough to go out again. You'll have to walk."

"Oh, I'll get there. I'll get there! Let 'er coast down the hills—she'll make it."

"You have to get up the hills coming home. We might need the car for something special."

"More special than sparkin'?" he chuckled. There was the sound of the car in the drive.

But the next day Pres Adams came into the room and sat down. He had his overalls on, and a bright blue shirt. His face was creased and furrowed and hard, but his eyes were extremely lively and shrewd.

"Always told Nell I wouldn't stand in her way when the time come," he said without preamble. "Never did hold with these folks that tried to keep their young'uns from living their own lives. I've always kept a line out just in case I should get left high and dry all of a sudden, like it looks as if I'm going to get left now. Looks like Nell's really made up her mind this time. She's had plenty after her, but Nell's choosy. Never saw her take to anyone so hard before. Well, I just wanted to say I haven't got any objections one way or another. Seems like you're too old for her—you been teaching down t' the Academy must be fifteen years, ain't you, now? Don't make you any kid. And I'd hate to see her looking after someone that's sickly, but doc says you just got tired out, that it's nothing serious. . . . Nell's a good cook. She knows how to keep a house. Seems kind of peculiar to me all around, though—you don't look like the kind of fellow would fall for Nell. Books and all that. Nell's not a great reader, more of a regular farm girl. Don't always work out, though, that you fall for the folks just like you. Here's Widow Casey, saving, pinching pennies—seems to like me all right, but I can't save a cent. Never could. . . . Well, got to get back to the barn—just thought I'd tell you how things stood and that it's all right with me, so long as Nell's suited, and it looks like she is." He grinned embarrassedly but with liveliness, and went out.

Thomas Pelletier lay there very quietly for a long time, staring at the trees, his mind rejecting the profound relief that had coursed through him as Pres Adams had made his astounding little speech. His mind knew it was all very ridiculous, but the relief stayed, wrapping him securely round.

"Nell," he said aloud, as if trying the word.

At once she was in the room. "Did you call me?" she said.

"I presume so. I don't know. Nell, did you hear your father?"

"Yes," she said. Just that.

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Miss Marguerite W. Johnson, a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan, after making detailed observation of thousands of children of all ages, has found that, without exception, it is best to tell a youngster what to do instead of what not to do.

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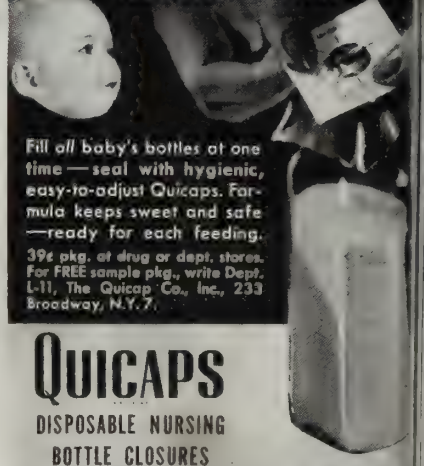
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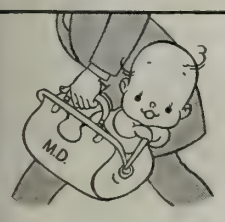
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"Sit down here beside me, Nell. Put your hand on my head."

She sat down, but she did not touch him.

"I'm forty-one years old," he said slowly.

"That's not so very old," she answered.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"I wish it were true, that you'd fallen for me, Nell. I know it isn't, but I wish it were true. I don't want to leave you—it seems as if I've known you forever. You rest me so."

"I guess I have fallen for you," Nell said, and for the first time he heard a real bewilderment, young and desolate, in her voice.

"Nell, you couldn't."

"I guess I have," Nell said stubbornly. Her hard young hands, brown and firm, were clasped tight around her knees, too tight.

"You mean you really would marry me? Forty-one years old, sick and all?"

"You're just tired. I could take care of you."

"It isn't fair," he said.

"It seems as if—as if it's meant to be this way," Nell said. "'Tisn't the way I thought it would be, but seems as if it's *meant.* Seems as if you need me to look after you." Her voice was a little desperate with earnestness and she looked at her clasped hands.

"God knows I do," he said. His voice was as lost as hers.

"Mr. Pelletier," she began, and the word hung oddly between them, then she went stumbling on: "I'm not trying to make you; it's just—it's just ——"

LITTLE VICTORIES

The mother of the most charming children I know said, "I give in to the children whenever I possibly can. I think it strengthens their characters to know that they influence me. It gives them confidence. Think how bleak the world would look to them, how despairingly immovable, if they could not win me to their way. I think it teaches them, too, that one may give in and still be charming, authoritative and unbeaten. I try to show them that in my manner."

MARGERY WILSON.

"It seems as if it's *meant,*" he said with gentle mockery.

But whether the mockery was for her or for himself, he did not rightly know. All through this incredible conversation his mind had mocked, had said this was insane, that he had no right to do this even if she were willing. He had had schoolgirls fall for him before now. He knew how to deal with that sort of thing. His mind said that never were any two so unfitted to marry. And at the same time, his weakness, his fear cried out, *Let it be! Let this happen! Let me be safe with her! Let her never leave me!* She was so preposterously young—young enough to be his daughter. And yet her hand was a woman's hand, strong, full of a woman's understanding. Just her hand on his head—but how silly, to marry a girl because her hand felt good on your head! How mad! And yet he felt this thing happening, being made sure and inevitable, and he was willing. That she had not gone beyond the eighth grade, that she didn't think much of books, that she took pride in raising bull calves for the fair—all this his mind comprehended and then blotted out.

The truth was, and he half knew it, half only felt it, that he had entrusted her with the secret horror of his heart and that he knew the secret safe with her, because she refused to believe it. For all she said she had her fears, he knew she was unafraid of anything. She would not fear even going into that house on River Street. He had to go back there—there seemed no reason not to, unless he closed it up and boarded out somewhere—but he could not go back there alone. He could never put in nights again such as those right after his mother's death.

But all this made only half thoughts in his head. He was weaker even than he knew,



Official U. S. Signal Corps Photo

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more exhausted by the long years of nursing, the infinite coddling of an old woman who only seemed placid and patient. If he had been stronger, saner, he would never have even considered this as possible, but in this curious haze that had enveloped him for a week anything was possible, and this in particular was deeply comforting and right. It was *meant*.

There was a day when he got up and put his clothes on, another when he sat outside in the sun, another when he walked about the farm and helped feed the chickens. Then he woke one morning and there were his shirt, socks and underwear, carefully washed and ironed, lying in a chair by his bed. He got up, put them on and had breakfast. And then he drove with Nell Adams in the old car—which had no more than enough, if enough, gas to get them there and back—to the county seat, got a license and was married.

The county clerk knew him and looked at him with surprise and interest. "Well, well, professor! Thought you couldn't be caught," he said genially.

He only grinned in answer.

They were married by a justice of the peace, one Samuel Hughes, who also ran a photography shop and had pretty much of a monopoly on photographs of newly married pairs. He didn't know Pelletier, but he did know Nell.

"You aren't running away, are you, Nell Adams?" he demanded. "Your father know about this?"

"Yes, he knows," Nell said. She was dressed in her best dress, which was of flowered rayon and which did not become her like slacks or even the plaid skirt and sweater. But there was a lovely earnestness about her young face, and Pelletier thought he would always remember her in the cheap, unbecoming dress, would always hear her young voice responding so steadily.

"Now you ought to have your pictures," Samuel Hughes said briskly when it was irrevocably done. "I've got a real nice size here that most folks take to. You see, I get 'em coming and going, ha-ha! Want to have a little memento of the day? Everybody does."

"No, Sam, we don't want any pictures," Nell said quickly. "Mr. Pelletier's been sick and he wants to get home right away."

"THAT so? That so? Thought he looked kind of pale, but most of 'em are pale or else red as beets. Well, no hard feelings. Good luck to you!"

They walked down the steep steps and up the street to the car, got in and Nell started the car up.

"You know," Thomas Pelletier said with a trace of the humor for which he was so liked in school and the town, "it wouldn't be out of place if you were to call me Tom, do you think?"

There had been a queer tension in Hughes' shop, but now Nell laughed and the tension was gone.

"All right, Tom," she said. "Do you want to go home right off, or do you want to go back to the farm? I brought all my things, but whatever you want. I've left pa's supper all ready—there's no need to go back unless you want to. He can walk to town and get the car tomorrow sometime."

"No, we'll go home," he said, but with difficulty. So she drove to West Ulster. "River Street," he said tightly. "The third house past the Baptist church."

And there they were, chugging to a stop beside the small white house with the green blinds and the long triangle of a yard that led in back down to the creek.

"This is it," Thomas Pelletier said. His dread had been mounting all the way to town, but suddenly it eased.

Nell had lifted the back of the car and pulled out a big, old-fashioned suitcase. "No, I'll carry it. You take it easy," she said.

He opened the front door and said, "Come in."

THERE was the very small hallway with the old walnut bureau and its oil lamps that now had electric bulbs in, and then they were at once in the living room. It was a nice room, with some of his mother's old Victorian chairs; the clock that struck sometimes twenty, sometimes not at all, but which had a skating scene on the glass and two clasped wooden hands and a dove on top; a painting of Doctor Pelletier, Thomas' father, and another of his mother when young; two etchings that Thomas had bought when he was in college; ruffled curtains and an octagonal stand and an old flowered Brussels carpet.

"Oh, it's nice," Nell said.

"We've never used it much," Thomas Pelletier answered. "I sat in the dining room more."

He opened the dining-room door. It, too, was a pleasant enough room, with a desk crowded into a corner, schoolbooks strewed around and arranged on shelves in another corner, a big round table with claw feet, another bureau something like the one in the hall to serve as a sideboard. The rug under one side of the table was worn.

"I guess you did your studying here," Nell said.

"Yes. I wanted to be where I could hear mother. That was her room." He forced himself to say it clearly.

It was Nell who walked to the door of the room, as if it had no fears for her, stood in the doorway and looked around. He didn't need to follow her—and, indeed, could not make himself do so. He knew every detail of that room. It was crowded with knickknacks, photographs, little stands for medicine and books and vases and the little bell like that on a schoolteacher's desk. The sills were filled with small plants. On the bed was a spread of crocheted lace that was taken off most of the time to show a blanket of light rose wool. Standing in front of one window was a tip table that he used to set his mother's meals on, though she did not eat from this table, but from a tray.

Nell walked across the room and, careful not to upset plants, raised a window. "It's stuffy," she said.

Yes, it was stuffy. He found he couldn't breathe easily. "I slept in a little room off the kitchen," he said, "but there are good bedrooms upstairs. . . . Somebody must have been keeping the fire going. I hadn't even thought of that. . . . Want to see the upstairs?"

"I want to see everything," Nell said. "I'll take this up." She lifted the suitcase. He wanted to take it from her, but knew he did not have the strength.

He had a woman in to clean once in a while, so all was tidy. "This is the best room," he said at the back bedroom. It was long and low and looked out toward the creek. There were a big four-poster mahogany bed with another lace spread made by Thomas Pelletier's grandmother; dormer windows; small rugs, mostly braided, on the painted floor; white-painted shelves edged in many curlicues on the wall, and bearing two vases of milk glass and an inlaid wooden box on one shelf and books on the other.

"Can we have this room for ours?" Nell asked.

"Why not?" he said.

(Continued on Page 90)

SURPRISE

A comely young Wac was walking alone on a dusty road when she espied a shimmery lake in a grove of beautiful green trees. Not a soul was in sight. On an impulse, she took off all her clothes, and had a fine swim and sun bath. Suddenly she saw an officer heading purposefully in her direction. She made a dive for her clothes, and sighed with relief when she got the last button closed before he entered the glade.

The officer walked to the edge of the lake, wheeled about and barked, "Camouflage battalion, 'tenshun! Forward march!"

Every tree around the lake marched off.

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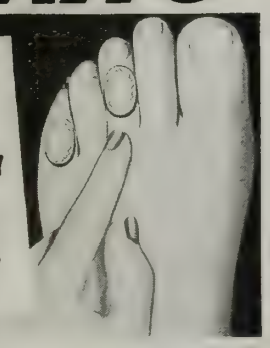
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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

tains, and Nell folded the lace spread carefully, undressed without shame and climbed into the big bed. She looked very young lying there, her curly hair against the pillow. Thomas Pelletier felt a twinge of shame that she was so young, and, hardly knowing why he did so, but impelled by the desire to make her some gift, went to the closet, took the Rose of Sharon quilt from the shelf and spread it over the blankets. Her eyes on him were suddenly warm and shy and loving.

In the night he cried out once, being suddenly alone and sucked back into his dream. Then he felt her body close to his, her cheek against his, and heard her voice saying softly, "It's all right, Tom. I'm here." And it abruptly was all right and he slept again.

In the morning, when he awoke, it was to find her standing by the bed, tray in brown hands. He had an instant of seeing her as older, grown up overnight, then she grinned at him and said:

"I couldn't find much for breakfast."

"Look here, why didn't you call me?" he said.

"You might as well get what rest you can before you go back to school," she said. "And I've got sort of used to bringing you your breakfast."

The coffee was hot and the oatmeal had salt enough in it.

She sat on the edge of the bed and said, "We ought to have some eggs and butter and things."

"Briggs' place is open today. I'll get some groceries. Where did you find the milk?"

"I borrowed it next door," she said.

He raised his brows and said, "Next door? Not from old Mrs. Tennant, I hope. She's very stingy and never gives anything away."

"Well, she was old. I didn't ask her what her name was. She measured it out pretty carefully. She—she asked me who I was. When I told her, she said, 'Jumping Jehoshaphat!'"

"Well, we won't have to put it in the paper," he said. "But she must have had a sudden softening; I tell you, she just doesn't give *anything* away, even to a neighbor."

"Oh, she was quite friendly. She said you were just like her own boy."

"Did she!"

Afterward he went to the store. Briggs seemed not to have heard the news. He asked him how he was feeling, said the kids had said he wasn't at school. As he went out the door Briggs called after him, "You ought to get married now, prof."

"And be a bigamist?" Pelletier asked, closing the door on Briggs' astonished face.

When he was back in the little white house Nell said, "Do you go to church?"

"Not often. Sometimes. I used to have to report an occasional sermon."

"Mr. Deem's?"

"Yes. I wonder why you don't like Deem."

"I don't know. I just don't. He's snoopy."

"Yes, he is. But I like him. He's got a good mind."

"That's what he said about you."

In the afternoon she went out and raked up the leaves in the back yard. She had on the plaid skirt and sweater today. He stood watching her from the low back porch. Finally she came and sat on the one low step and he said:

"Will you miss the farm?"

"No, I won't miss it," she said.

It was when they were eating supper that she said, "Do you care if I change anything in the house, furniture or anything?" She looked at him almost anxiously.

"No, it's your house," he said, but he thought of the little-used living room at the farm with its mail-order furniture, and he made a small inward grimace.

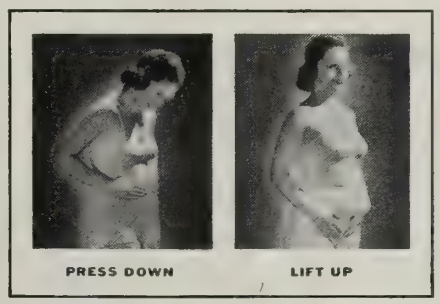
In the morning she waked him early. "Do you really feel like going to school?" she asked him. "Do you have to?"

The Academy seemed like something he had known in another life, but he said, "Yes, I suppose I have to. It's my bread and butter." But he got ready slowly, reluctant suddenly to leave this house, this safety, though it was only a safety he had somehow

To think I was Dreading his Furlough!

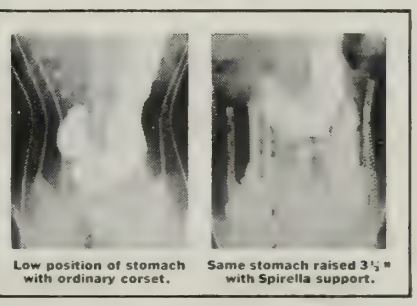


1 I love John so much. But here he was coming home on furlough and I felt so tired I actually dreaded the gay parties and fun he was looking forward to. Some wife I turned out to be! But that job of mine really takes it out of a girl. Then one of my friends told me she used to get tired in the same way until she got her Spirella. I decided to see the Spirella Corsetiere at once.



PRESS DOWN LIFT UP

2 Fortunately, she was able to give me an early appointment at my own home. She showed me the famous Spirella Press and Lift Test. I pushed down on my stomach. Wowie! That's how I felt in my old garment. When I lifted up, I felt better at once! "That's the supporting action of a Spirella," she said.



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3 Then she went on to show me the doctor-approved X-Rays that show how Spirella does give you more healthful support. And when she fitted me with the patented Spirella Modeling Garments, to get the accurate measurements insuring Spirella's perfect fit, I knew I was making no mistake!

4 "You look good enough to eat," said my John when I met him at the station. But he couldn't know that most of my new pep and energy were due to my Spirella. That natural supporting action gives me the extra support I need to get through a hard day's work—and I still have enough "go" left for an evening of fun. Are you tired all the time? Then maybe you ought to try a Spirella, too!



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The flavor of V-8* Cocktail is universally liked because it is deliciously superior. The individual flavors of the "tastier" fresh vegetables blended in V-8's own combination create that tingling, distinctive zest. So, for that delicious flavor and wealth of fresh-vegetable goodness, let children, as well as grown-ups, enjoy V-8 as fully as they wish. Remember—it's fresh vegetables—the tasty way.

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dreamed. He took her into his arms and kissed the top of her curly head. "Don't run away," he said.

"Silly!" she said. "As if I would!"

It was strange to be climbing the hill again, walking past the rectory and St. Paul's, going through the high, worn old doors and up the sagging steps. It seemed to him he had been gone for far more than a week.

Miss Scott sat at her desk on the raised platform. He stopped in her doorway and said, "Well, I'll take over now, Miss Scott."

She looked up quickly. "Oh, Mr. Pelletier!" she said. "Are you well enough?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Anything been happening around here that I ought to know about?"

"Bessie Briggs has been on something of a tear. On account of Will Jones, I guess. She'll quiet down. . . . The books came from Macmillan's. I left the bill on your desk. . . . Miss Redfield's been teaching something that sounds like Communism in American history. A couple of parents are objecting. Nothing to it, except that Miss Redfield doesn't know our ways of thinking in West Ulster. . . . That blackboard in your room won't see you through the term. It's like glass. I'd speak to the board about it, if I were you. . . . I took the fourth-year English class and Miss Redfield took the third. We've kept all the grades, which weren't too good. I haven't the knack for English. Why, they don't even know how to spell, most of 'em."

"I know. Well, thanks for helping me out, Miss Scott. I did need a rest," he told her.

"Glad to do it. I hope you're not up here too soon, that's all."

"No, I'm fine."

But he found, when he stood before his classes and looked at the young, unformed faces, that he was not quite so fine as he pretended, that a curious weakness swept over him and made his knees tremble. But he had conducted these classes so many times that words came automatically, and no one seemed to notice that anything was wrong.

"I find that your grades during my absence leave something to be desired," he said, smiling a little. His class smiled back at him, not afraid of him.

"Well, gee, Professor Pelletier, Miss Scott's tough!" Bessie Briggs protested.

"Perhaps I'd better get tough myself, if that's the sort of work you're doing," he said mildly. "Today we'll run over last week's work so I can see what's amiss."

When he went home for lunch, he found he was very tired. He went in at the side door, as he was in the habit of doing. The dining room was in great confusion. Nell had a great pile of books in her arms and she put them down on the dining-room table; it seemed to him she looked guilty.

"Whatever are you doing?" he asked.

"I wanted to change things a little," she said. "I've got lunch in the kitchen. Is that all right?"

"Yes, but what an upheaval! I'll never be able to find anything."

"Yes, you will. I'm keeping track of everything. . . . Was it hard, school?"

"Yes, a little."

But when he came home a little after four, he found greater changes yet. The desk was gone from the dining room, and all the books. It seemed much more spacious, a room to eat in but not a room to live in.

"Tom," Nell said. Her face was smudged and she looked a little anxious. "Tom, you said I could change things. It seemed as if you ought to have a study. So—so I fixed your mother's room. Pa came down for the car and I got him to help me move the desk and things. It—it's real nice." But she talked a little quickly. She walked to the door of his mother's room and he followed her, but feeling a sudden anger, a sudden wild anger against her insensitivity.

"But I don't want that room," he said tightly.

"Wait. Wait till you see it," she begged.

And there the room was, the room that had imprisoned him so long. All the fussy tables were gone, except for the tip table, which stood with chrysanthemums on it now. Most of the plants had been taken to the kitchen or dining room, and his desk stood where the light fell on it. There were all his books, on the homemade shelves that had housed them in the dining room, but somehow changed here into different books. It was an almost plain room, with all the photographs and knickknacks gone, but it was a room to work in. It was as if the very spirit of the room had been exorcised.

"It always seems to me," Nell said with that new anxiety, "that you oughtn't to hoard up old clothes or old pictures. When people die, I mean. I mean, you ought not to be bound by them, like, after they're gone. Maybe 'tisn't just like you'd like it. If you want to change anything ——" Her voice trailed off.

He took hold of her hand and put it up against his face. "No, I don't want to change anything," he said. But he wanted to weep. He knew he would have left this room forever, never entered it, and now this child had wiped it away as if it had never been. She had dared the pressure of the dead. She had turned death into life. "I don't want to change anything at all," he said.

In the morning, when he went to school, Mrs. Tennant had done her work, or Pres Adams had done his. In any case, the fact was known.

Miss Scott, flushing a little, came to him in his classroom. "Is it so that you've married the Adams girl?" she asked bluntly.

"Yes, it's so."

"Oh," she said only. Then, "Well, good luck, Mr. Pelletier."

"Thank you."

The young people in the classes eyed him with a new curiosity. They giggled a good deal and passed notes back and forth.

One of the parents who had been objecting to Miss Redfield's liberalism came to his office between classes. "I guess, with all you've been going through, you haven't noticed, Mr. Pelletier. But Jennie Redfield's filling my boy's head with *anarchy*, nothing more or less. It's all very well for us to appreciate what the Russians are doing for us—but when it comes to taking over their doctrines —— We feel something ought to be done about it, Mr. Pelletier. All of us."

"Are you sure you know just what Miss Redfield has been teaching, Mrs. Holmes? I don't believe she is teaching anarchy, or Communism, or any ism. She's just a girl who sees that there is Communism in the world and feels it doesn't hurt to have the children know it too. It doesn't hurt, Mrs. Holmes. Knowledge never hurts."

"That's plain silly, Mr. Pelletier. There's lots of knowledge that hurts, as you very well know. And this is a free country and we intend to see it stays free."

"It didn't get free through ignorance, Mrs. Holmes. I'll talk to Miss Redfield, but I've heard her teach, and I'm sure she's not trying to pervert the children's minds, only wake them up to what is going on in the world. It's a free country for her, too, you see."

"Well, there's freedom and freedom. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Pelletier, and that's a fact. I've talked with your mother many a time and I know she didn't approve of any such nonsense."

The views of my mother do not necessarily reflect the views of this paper—he almost said that, but did not. "Mrs. Holmes, how would

(Continued on Page 94)

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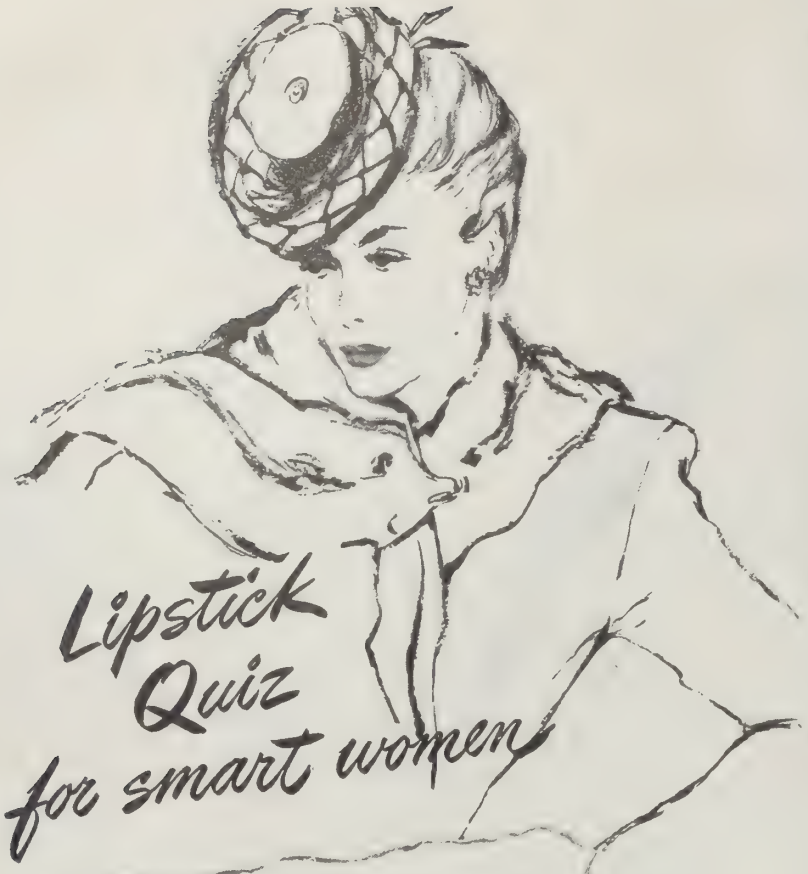


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Use TANGEE and see how beautiful you can be

(Continued from Page 92)

you like to visit Miss Redfield's class right now? Then you can see for yourself."

"Oh, she'd tone things down."

"No, I don't think she would. She's very independent. Very honest."

He sat with Mrs. Holmes in the back seats in Jennie Redfield's classroom. Jennie's cheeks reddened at the presence of her principal, but she went on with her lesson as if they weren't there. She was talking about the early Colonial days. When she said something that might be construed as criticism of the British, he saw Mrs. Holmes' lips tighten and the cords of her neck stand out in anger. Mrs. Holmes' father and mother had come from England. He could almost see her thoughts: *How dare she? Our allies!* And he had a tired knowledge of the impenetrability of a prejudiced mind. What did it matter if the Russians were allies too? There was such a tight little society of the right ones. He wondered if people ever changed, if nations ever changed, if all the struggle was worth while, people being what they were. He had almost forgotten the war this past week, but now it pressed on him again with an awful heaviness. It had been partly the war, he thought—it hadn't been only his mother—that had tired him so.

He had never had anything of the soldier in him; he was essentially a man of peace. And yet even he had had moments of feeling guilty not to be taking some more active part in the war. He had had to convince himself that he was doing his part, and an important one, in the job where he now was. He had been aware that his hatred of war and his knowledge of its ultimate futility had not prevented his having this sense of guilt. And, in this moment, in the back of Miss Redfield's classroom, sitting by Mrs. Holmes, he felt guilt again, but a new sort of guilt, one that was for his job itself. Had he done his best with it? Was he really a leader? Was he molding these young minds for their future responsibilities? Or could you mold them? Would they turn into other Mrs. Holmeses, prejudiced and deaf? Was there any hope at all? Was any job worth doing?

Then he thought of the little room, made so plain and workmanlike. Something relaxed in him. Presently he got up, nodded to Mrs. Holmes pleasantly and went on about his work. He could not see Mrs. Tennant's spare, stiff little old figure moving up the hill against the wind, turning in at the rectory.

AMY DEEM, in a belted camel's-hair coat that made her look younger than she was, cut down the path behind the church, over the footbridge and through Mrs. Evert's back yard and out into River Street. She walked along briskly, hands thrust into her pockets, for it had turned suddenly colder. Her face was its usual lively self, her eyes bright with some sort of excitement. She walked up onto the low front porch of Pelletier's house, rang the bell, then thrust her hands in her pockets again. The door opened and Nell stood there in the doorway.

Amy Deem said, "Hello!" She held out a hand and Nell took it hesitantly. "I'm Mrs. Deem," Amy said quickly. She was as startled as her husband had been, though she had been told what to expect. Nell wore slacks and had a ribbon around her hair. She looked like a schoolgirl.

"Won't you come in?" Nell said a little stiffly.

"Of course I will! I've come calling. I've just this minute heard that Tom was married and I had to come down and see his wife. 'Tisn't a parish call; I'm just Tom's friend—and curious!" Her eyes twinkled at Nell, but there was no answering twinkle in Nell's eyes, she saw with a faint bewilderment. Her usual forthright friendliness seemed to come up against a wall, and she was not used to that. She started to move toward the dining room, but Nell sat down gravely in the sitting room. Amy Deem laughed and said, "Excuse me. I've been so used to going out to Mrs. Pelletier's room. She liked people to visit in there. For all she was bedridden, she had an enormous interest in life. She was really a remarkable old woman."



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The lovely Airflow brewer, an exclusive Hall China design, is beautifully shaped, richly colored, and decorated with gleaming gold! Like all genuine Hall Teapots, it will not stain or absorb because it is made of secret process china that keeps sweet and clean. If your dealer does not have the exact shape or color you prefer please remember that the needs of our fighting forces have first call. The Hall China Company—World's Largest Manufacturer of Decorated Teapots and Cooking China.

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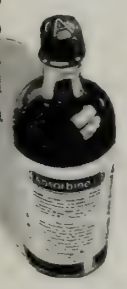
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Muscles Sore

Rub in a
few drops of
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W. F. Young, Inc.,
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You clean *thoroughly* when you use Sergeant's Disinfectant. This *pleasant-to-use* cleaner lifts off dirt, disinfects, deodorizes and kills many germs—the "unseen dirt" dangerous to health.

Sergeant's Disinfectant in warm water cleans bathroom and kitchen the sanitary way—and leaves everything sweet, doesn't irritate the hands. Use it for floors and woodwork. Brings a pine-woods freshness to closets, cupboards, all musty places. Wonderful for garbage pails, sinks, toilets, all difficult cleaning.

Make your cleaning pleasant. Get some Sergeant's Disinfectant today—at drug or department store.

With the cleaner that's fragrant of pine



Sergeant's
DISINFECTANT
the pleasant household cleaner

"Was she?" Nell said.

Amy looked at her in surprise. "Yes, indeed, she was. She even worried over what tie Tom should wear to school! This is a nice room, isn't it? I've never rightly looked at it before."

"I guess it wasn't used much," Nell said somewhat awkwardly.

Amy Deem looked down at her hands an instant, hiding the flash of amusement in her dark eyes. Why, she *was* just a farm girl, nothing else. She felt a quick, angry impatience with Tom Pelletier. Whatever could he have been thinking of?

"We're awfully fond of Tom, Mr. Deem and I," she said quickly. "We've said for a long time that he ought to marry, but he was so devoted to his mother—and I suppose it would have made it hard for any girl he married. But I'm cross at him for not telling us. You must both come to dinner—how about tonight? It's hash night, but it's good hash."

"Thank you, but I don't know. Mr. Pelletier's not very well," Nell said.

Again, at that "Mr. Pelletier" from the young lips, Amy Deem looked downward to hide her amusement. "Oh, you needn't stay late. You really must come."

"I'll ask him when he comes in," Nell said with a certain stubbornness.

"Oh, come now! You mustn't start in that way. It's a bad line to take with a man. Just say 'Yes'—it'll do Tom good. He's been cooped up so long now, he needs to get out and see people."

FALSE THRIFT

When Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman and ex-premier, visited England, a distinguished but somewhat prudish lady who collected proverbs asked him at a party if there was a Chinese equivalent to "Penny wise, pound foolish." After a moment's reflection, he replied through his interpreter that there was an exact one: "We say that the man who goes to bed to save his candle begets twins."

—Sunday Times, London.

"I'll ask him," Nell said again.

"When'd you ever meet Tom? I must say he's been secretive about you."

"I met him a week ago Friday night," Nell said.

For once Amy Deem's quick wit deserted her. She could only sit and stare at the stubborn young girl sitting there awkwardly in the fine old chair. "Why, child!" she said weakly at last.

"I'm not a child. I'm twenty," Nell said.

"I'm sorry. You startled me. I just didn't know Tom was so impulsive. It doesn't seem very long to have known him."

Nell didn't answer. There were two red spots in her tanned face.

"Well, I'm going to expect you tonight," Amy said more briskly, to end the sudden awkward silence. She stood up. "Mind if I go out the back way? I can cut down to the creek and go up the hill—it's much shorter." She walked across and into the dining room. The door into the new study was open, and she could see the desk and the windows cleared of all the knickknacks on the sills. She went over and looked in. "Why, how nice! And how sensible!" she said. "I never realized what a big room it was—there were so many *things* in it before! . . . Well, I must run. Don't dare disappoint me." She went toward the kitchen door. But at the door she turned. She hadn't seemed to make the impression she usually did, and it disturbed her. Something else disturbed her, too, though she had not had time to analyze the source of it as yet. Nell had followed her politely to the door, not seeking to detain her. "Look here," Amy said suddenly and with warmth, "let's be friends, you and I. I like you such a lot already, and I hope you'll like me."

"I like you," Nell said a little painfully, "but I don't think we ought to come to

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1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
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I'VE HAD McKEE GLASS UTENSILS FOR A LONG TIME. A LITTLE CARE MEANS YEARS OF WEAR. AND IT'S GRAND TO BE ABLE TO SEE WHAT'S COOKING.

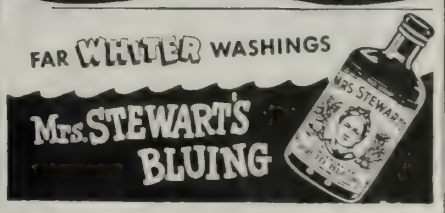




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McKEE GLASS COMPANY
JEANNETTE, PA. ESTABLISHED 1853







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Our first day—we found the loveliest honeymoon place. *"Loveliest to remember—"* you said, *"the darling softness of your hands."* (Oh, thanks for Jergens Lotion. Jergens furnishes softness-protection most hand skin needs.)

Poetry in the afternoons. *"'Your soft hand is a woman of itself',"* you read. "That's true, darling," you said—and kissed my fingers. (Oh, poor girls, who let their hands get rough—when Jergens Lotion hand care is so easy!)



Lovely New York Models use Jergens Lotion, nearly 5 to 1. Are sure of softer, adorable hands, using Jergens; wise *protection* against roughness. Like professional hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens are so right for helping even harsh skin to longed-for smoothness that many doctors prescribe them. No stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



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supper. It—Mr. Deem—he gets so tired talking to him."

Amy Deem's eyes widened, first in amazement, then in delight. She laughed aloud. "I don't doubt you! I don't doubt you at all!" she said, on a little crow of laughter. "But I'll try to hold him down."

She went off, still laughing to herself, but as she crossed the bridge her lively little face sobered and she went slowly up the hill, a frown on her forehead. Her husband sat in his usual chair, his book propped up on the chair arm. She unbuckled her belt slowly, took off her coat.

"We're having company for dinner—I think," she said a little solemnly.

"You think? Who?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Pelletier."

"*Eh?*" He turned the book face down and his small eyes squinted up at her incredulously.

"That's who," she said flatly. "He's married to Pres Adams' girl."

"Preposterous!" he said.

"Yes," she agreed. "Preposterous." She walked over to the bay window, sat down with one foot under her.

"What on earth was he thinking of?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't know, Pinny. But I think he was thinking of something, all right."

"Explain yourself. Getting rid of inhibitions?"

"I don't know," she said again. "I don't believe so. . . . You were wrong. She *is* pretty."

"I said, 'not what I'd call pretty.' Maybe she is, in a buxom sort of way. A little crude, wasn't she?"

"Yes. Very awkward, at any rate. Crude, I presume. But I see how she put you out. She thinks you talk too much." She gave him a malicious small smile which quickly faded.

"I? Why, the chit! You mean she told you so?"

"In so many words, Pinny. . . . You know, when I first went in, I was shocked. I felt sick for Tom. And then, I don't know—I suddenly felt sick for her. She's so *young*, Pinny."

"It won't last a year. I know Tom—he's got a good mind. She can be as pretty as all get out, but that won't satisfy Tom Pelletier, not if I'm any judge of men, and I think I am. Where'd she ever get hold of him?"

"I don't know where," she said slowly. "But I know when. A week ago Friday night—the night he wouldn't come to supper."

"That's indecent! I had a premonition he was headed for trouble. Lonely, I suppose, and it broke out that way."

"But why?" she went on in that considering, troubled voice. "Why that way? He must have been more terribly lonely than we knew. I thought we knew him quite well. . . . Pinny, be good to her. I'm afraid for her. I'm afraid you're right—that it won't last."

"Well, despite the tenets of the church, I doubt if it should," he said.

"I don't know. Pinny, she's an ignorant, awkward child, and yet—and yet she made me feel *incompetent*. I—I don't quite know how to express it, but all of a sudden it seemed silly to be subtle. Only—well, Tom *is* like us. He *is* subtle. He's been ill, but after a while he'll be well and then he'll see her differently. It won't work out. . . . We must give them a present. What?"

"What? How should I know? That pair of glass candlesticks that you're always trying to find a place for in the cupboard."

"No. It must be something very special. . . . I must go get the hash started. Onions?"

"Certainly. Who ever heard of hash without onions?"

They were both back to their usual quick talk, but both were troubled.

COMPLIMENTS

We should pay more compliments than we do. We live in a period of appalling ill will and need to know and hear every charming and encouraging thing that can be said about us. Paying compliments is an art that can be learned. Most of us know at least one person, usually old, who always says the warm, appreciative thing. This is not flattery. Flattery is different—the counterfeit coin that is accepted only by the undiscerning.

—ALICE HOOPER BOACK.

It was while Amy Deem was slicing onions very thin that she remembered the room off the dining room. She remembered it clearly, with a quick shock she had scarcely felt when she had seen it. *That was a queer thing to do, right off*, she said to herself. *I wonder why she did that. Or did Tom do it? It was very pleasant—Tom must have done it. Why? I don't think Tom did change it. I think she did. Why? How could she be jealous of his mother? She couldn't ever have known her. It isn't as if it were a first wife that had had the room. Sensible, though. Tom's never had a place to work in. But right off? It was odd to do it right off, as if she couldn't wait.* She stood still an instant, forgetting to slice the onion, frowning puzzledly.

She had an uncanny knack of stabbing to the heart of a problem, for recognizing the nuances in human relationships and acting accordingly, but she knew that she had not touched the heart of this problem, and the realization confused and annoyed her. It was as she had said—she found her subtlety suddenly unavailing. She was not glad Thomas Pelletier had married. For all she had fostered friendships with new teachers in town and with the girl in the jewelry store, she had, she realized, never believed he would marry any of them. *You'd think I wanted him and Pinny, too*, she thought impatiently. *And it isn't that at all!* No, it wasn't that; but, still, she had liked Tom as he was, a personable, intelligent man, free except for his attachment to his mother. What bothered her was that Tom had never once shown that he was not content. It made a kind of breach in their friendship, in her own respect for her own powers of analysis. She had more pride in those powers than she had comprehended.

"I know what I'll give her," she said suddenly.

But the Pelletiers did not go to the rectory for supper. When Tom came home Nell said to him at once, "Mrs. Deem called. She wants us to come for supper. Do you want to?"

"No. No, I don't," he said. "Do you?"

She shook her head. "Not unless you want to."

"I suppose we ought to. They've been very kind to me. I just don't feel up to it."

She went to the phone and began to hunt in the phone book.

"F-one-two-four," he said absently.

"Hello—is this Mrs. Deem? . . . I'm sorry, but I guess we can't come tonight. Mr. Pelletier is pretty tired. Thank you just the same, and I hope you haven't gone to any trouble. . . . Yes, we will. Good-by."

"Thanks," he said. Then he laughed. "You don't beat around the bush any, do you?"

"I like it better here, too," she said. "I'd rather sit here and have you read."

She had already set the table. He walked over to it and absently straightened the knives and forks, which had been put on any old how. She watched him, a sudden hurt look in her eyes. He looked up and saw her watching him. He laughed a little and said, "Mother was one of these fussy persons. I've got the habit." But the look stayed in her eyes for some time.

The next day Amy Deem came again. She carried something carefully in either hand and she came to the back door, not knocking because of her burden, calling out "Yoo-hoo!" at the door. Nell came and let her in.

"I've brought you a present!" Amy said gaily. "Though I shouldn't after the way you stood us up for dinner." She held out her two hands. She was carrying, unwrapped, two delicate glass swans. "For you," she said. "They're the very best possessions I had. Pinny gave them to me for an engagement present. Venetian glass."

(Continued on Page 98)

New Cutex shade

HONOR BRIGHT

ALERT

YOUNG RED

OFF DUTY

BLACK RED

SADDLE BROWN

Schiaparelli interprets new

Honor Bright



"Honor Bright"—blue-red fire for triumphant fingertips! Schiaparelli captures the pulsing excitement of this lovely Cutex shade with a fabulous-skirted, proudly beautiful evening coat. Famous for her dramatic sense of color, France's noted designer sponsors five other sparkling Cutex shades to electrify the fashions in her latest Paris collection!





Try and find a lovelier polish at any price

More beautiful than ever... in

Velva Leg Film



So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle—slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished ... far more lovely.

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00
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Sun Beige, light • Sun Bronze, medium • Sun Copper, dark

SLEEK... the fragrant cream that removes hair and leaves the legs satin smooth, 1.00

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER... for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured finish, .50

Elizabeth Arden

prices plus taxes

(Continued from Page 96)

Nell took them. They looked more fragile yet in her brown hands. "But they're *yours*," Nell said reluctantly.

"Not any more. And I won't keep watching them to see if they get broken, either. Have you ever noticed how some people do that? They give you something and then they keep on guarding it, as if it were still their own. Pinny's mother was that way. You always had to have everything she'd ever given you out on display when she came visiting. No. I love the swans and always have—but that's why I wanted you and Tom to have them."

"They're beautiful," Nell said slowly. "I'll take good care of them." She moved into the sitting room, swans in hand, put them on the whatnot in the corner, then said, "No, they don't show there." She moved them to the octagonal table instead, where the light caught their delicate coloring, made them luminous and beautiful.

"Let's sit in the new study, shall we?" Amy said persuasively. "Tom isn't home and he can't shoo us out. I want to see what it feels like." She walked swiftly through the dining room and into that room, with Nell reluctantly following her. She sat down at the desk, leaned back, one arm over the back of the chair. "I've been in this room a thousand times," she said. "Everybody used to come here. Tom was wonderful to his mother. They always say that a man good to his mother makes a good husband—I don't know whether it follows or not. Pinny's mother used to bore him, but he's been a good enough husband. . . . Did Tom do all this? It's really very nice."

"No, I did it," Nell said.

"Did you? Whatever did you do with all the photographs? There were a million here!"

"I put them away."

"You'd need a storeroom! Yes, it's very nice. Perhaps Tom will do his textbook now. He's always been going to condense some biographies for use in his classes—though I think he might better do a biography himself. He ought not to waste his brains on somebody else's work. . . . Did you ever meet Mrs. Pelletier?"

"No."

"SHE was very little, very delicate, like a Dresden lady. She never complained, though I suppose she was in pain most of the time. I know she often couldn't sleep. Tom used to read to her in the middle of the night. In the winter, when the leaves are off the trees, you can see this house from our bedroom window, and so often late at night—Pinny and I are regular nighthawks—I'd look down and see the light burning down here and I'd know she was having one of her sleepless times. . . . But I'm glad her room is gone. I'm really glad. When my baby died I kept his clothes for a long time, and then one day I suddenly wrapped them up and sent them off to my sister to be *used*. It was better so. You can't help a certain sadness sometimes, but it's better not to mourn and mourn and mourn like the dove on the mast in the song we used to sing in school. . . . But didn't Tom mind?" She had been playing with a paper knife on the desk as she spoke and hadn't looked at Nell much, but now she gave her a straight, intensely curious look, as if all had been leading up to that question, that look.

"No. He likes it," Nell said, but Amy Deem felt a small quiver of excitement, for under the few quiet words was some intensity of feeling, something that for an instant cried out as against intolerable intrusion.

"WELL, he should. It's perfect," Amy said cheerfully. "We really were disappointed last night. But we'll try again. Tom's the only one in town that Pinny likes to talk over books with. Tom's a bookish man—as I dare say you found out, if you lugged all these in here! Oh, I must run! And I've just chattered on and haven't let you get a word in. You'll think I'm as bad as Pinny, and I probably am. I want to know all about you. All I know is that you showed a bull calf at the fair, and that isn't much, is it? But it'll keep—it's really better when you don't know *everything* right off, I think. Then there are surprises, and I love surprises—I've got a feeling that you'll give me a lot of them!" She had risen and walked to the back door.

"The swans are lovely," Nell said. "It was awfully good of you to give them to us."

"Oh, but I wanted to. Good-by now—come see me." She flashed her a smile and Nell smiled slowly back.

"You've certainly been gone a long time," Mr. Deem said to her when she came in.

"Well, you could have gone, too, if you weren't allergic to hills," she answered tartly.

"Want to know my candid opinion? You're every bit as snoopy as I am. Every bit. What did you find out?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I've never met with such reticence and I don't want to meet with it again. Though she doesn't look reticent, and when you ask her a direct question she answers with a directness that shocks you a little. . . . *She* fixed the room. I found that out."

"What room?"

"Tom's mother's room. She's made it into a study for Tom."

"You think that has significance, eh?"

"Yes—but what significance? I chatterec like a magpie too. She'll soon know all about *me*, certainly. And what do I know about her? Absolutely nothing, except that she fixed the room and that it's very nice indeed. . . . I gave her my swans."

"Your swans? Why, you traitor."

"It had to be something special—they were the most special thing I had. I can still love you for giving them to me, darling."

He filled his pipe, his eyes small dark slits before he said, "Sometimes I'm amazed at my own remarkable discrimination. In picking you out, Amy."

She grinned, came and perched for an instant on the arm of his chair, put her gaminish face down against his cheek, then jumped up and, getting a duster from the window seat, where she kept it so she could

The Glad Child's Song

BY MARK VAN DOREN

"Where are we now?"
Says thistle ball,
And so say I, and so say I.

Me and my body
Went off together,
But who cares where, but who cares where?

Nobody guesses
That here we are yet,
With people around, with people around.

What do they notice,
My body or me?
And which of us cares, and which of us cares?

One of us changed,
Yes, but he did,
Into a dancer, into a dancer,

And whirls the other one
Oh, so lightly,
Oh, so lightly, oh, so lightly,

Around and around,
And neither will ever,
And neither will ever,
Be tired any more, be tired any more.

"Problem"
HAIR
made lovely again

You can do much more with your hair, your hair can do much more for you . . .



after an Admiracion shampoo. Good-bye hair problem! Dirt, loose dandruff, soap film float away . . . leaving all your hair's natural, shining softness.

ADMIRACIÓN Shampoo



A MOTHER'S DAY GIFT THAT SINGS . . .
Give a Canary
"The Perfect Gift"
She'll be delighted with one of these little songsters. So perky and cheerful, a canary is truly the living gift that keeps on giving . . . keeps on singing to brighten her hours. So, this Mother's Day, give her a canary, the only pet that sings.
THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U.S.



LIKE STERLING SILVER
Eaton's FINE LETTER PAPERS
Stop the waste of "orphan" sheets and envelopes. Buy Eaton papers on a fill-in-as-needed basis . . . matching sheets and envelopes, together or separately, wherever fine paper is sold.
ARE SOLD IN OPEN STOCK

hurriedly slap at this or that if a visitor was seen toiling up the hill, began to dust, quickly and rather thoroughly.

The school children chipped in and gave Professor Pelletier two silver vegetable dishes. They talked about a reception, but Miss Scott squashed that notion, saying that she didn't think he'd like it, so soon after his mother's death. But in reality she wondered uncomfortably as to the suitability for another reason, having seen Nell Adams. She was still shocked at Pelletier's marriage. Her conscience, which functioned very well, told her that she ought to go down and call, but she had not been able to do so. She tried to argue herself out of her reluctance, saying the girl was presentable and competent enough, but the reluctance remained. It was just that she felt it completely unsuitable as a marriage for a high-school principal, and it spoiled something in her estimate of Thomas Pelletier, which had always been high. It was as if he had married one of the girls from his classes—he, a mature man, with a mature mind—and that would have been very distasteful to her. She had lived too long to be shocked at evidences of passion, but she would never live too long to be shocked by evidences of poor taste and judgment. And, though this she did not quite know, she still had a sense of being snubbed by the girl on that visit to the farm.

When Mrs. Tollman quizzed her one day she found herself saying, "Well, she's Pres Adams' girl. She's never had any schooling," and knew that her voice held disapproval, and was ashamed but unable to stop.

"I just can't understand it," Mrs. Tollman said. "Seems as if his mother's death must have unhinged him. He doesn't seem the same at all. And someone so utterly *different* from his mother—I don't see how he could have done it, when he adored her so. I really don't. Well, he's made his bed and I suppose he'll just have to lie in it, but it seems a pity, with all the fine girls we have here."

"She may be perfectly all right," Miss Scott managed to say stiffly. "I scarcely know her."

"Oh, I know who she is, all right. Being Pres Adams' daughter is enough to say. Everybody knows Pres Adams and his goings on!"

"She's not much like him." Miss Scott's conscience was pricking her now, but she knew she wasn't undoing any of the damage she had already done.

So Miss Scott didn't call. No one called, indeed, except Amy Deem. But the Pelletiers seemed not to mind. Once Tom asked Nell if she'd like to go to some church affair but she said no, she guessed not, and he did not insist. He seemed relieved, rather, that she'd said no. He seemed always relieved to be at home with her, reading to her, sitting at his desk working on papers or writing letters. And the little house was always clean and Nell cooked well. She even did the washing.

One day Tom came home and found the clothes blowing on the line. "Look here, you don't have to do the washing," he said. "I've always had Mrs. Nealy do it."

"I know. She came, but I told her I'd do it from now on. I don't mind. Just a few shirts and things. It's nothing."

"But you don't need to."

"I like to," she said. "Pa says I'm a good hand at ironing a shirt—I like to. You've got good tubs and everything—there's no need to spend money for it."

She seemed always busy, never unhappy. She took great pains setting the table, after that one time when Tom had straightened the silver. She used the best dishes, though somewhat gingerly. She made quince jelly. And Tom seemed happy enough too. He quite often laughed aloud in the boyish way that so pleased her. He was tender with her in the nighttimes, he sometimes teased her a little. But once in a while he would look up from his papers and look around the room in a strange way that frightened her; it was as if he were looking into another world in

(Continued on Page 101)



Evening in Paris
GLORIOUSLY, YOUTHFULLY BECOMING
Face Powder!
"Triple Color-Blended" for a Lovelier Complexion . . .

Thank your beauty stars for Evening in Paris "triple color-blended" face powder . . . thrilling result of a marvelous French blending process exclusive in America with Bourjois.

You've never *seen* such face powder shades! Clear, fresh, vibrant colors that seem to touch your skin with a delicate flower-like bloom . . . in a texture of sheer silk velvet.

Try Evening in Paris "triple color-blended" face powder, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder."

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Rouge 50c
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"There'll be shining years ahead, Darling..."

"— in that future you're fighting for. We'll greet it with confidence and pride. For we've agreed never to compromise with our ideals. . . . Remember . . . we decided we couldn't afford *not* to have sterling silver. Remember . . . how happily we selected our lovely Westmorland pattern, here among our own things at home . . . How *right* we were, dear, to choose Westmorland—because of its beauty of design—because of its quality and craftsmanship—because we know its timeless patterns will never be discontinued."

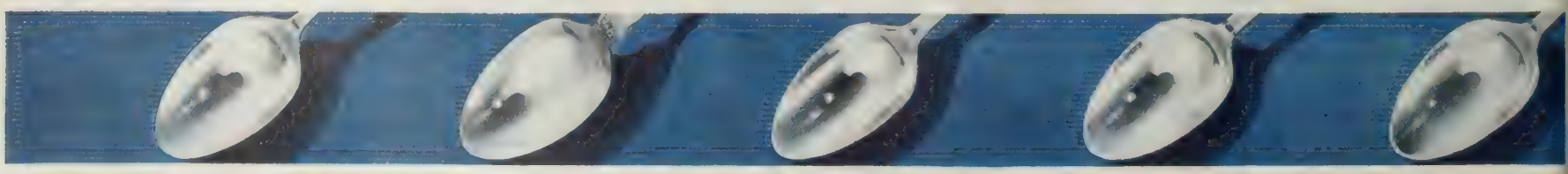
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(Continued from Page 99)

hich he had lived and had his being, and it emed to have no relation to this quiet little orld at all. It shut her out in the oddest ay and made her feel tight all over. And here were still nights when he sat up suddenly in bed, shaking and sweating, and hen he quieted only with her arms about m, her warm young body very close. He emed to depend on her deeply, completely.

They did go to the Deems' to dinner one ght. She wore her flowered dress. She lked hardly at all, though. The men talked, ostly about philosophy. Amy Deem's ick voice spurred them on and Tom emed interested and gay, but he said early at he must go home and they went down e hill in the chill autumn wind in silence. e didn't say if he'd had a good time.

But the dream broke, as all dreams do. or it was a dream that Thomas Pelletier d been living in, a precious warm dream of fety. He had been living in it ever since e night he had walked off Mrs. Jones' rch and seen Nell with the milk pails. It oke in an odd, disturbing, just fashion; ough if it hadn't ended in that way, it ould have ended in some other.

Nell decided to clean the cupboards, and among the boxes of cornstarch and spices d the like she came on a small box marked Poison" and "Arsenic."

"For rats, I guess," she said aloud. "It ghtn't to be in the closet with the food."

She climbed up on a air and was reaching ith the box to the top elf of the cupboard hen Tom came in. t once she felt appreension and realized at she didn't want to found with the poin in her hands, for e was infinitely sentive about Tom's oods and she didn't er want him to think poison again. She ied to put the box ickly back on the elf, but her hand ruck the wooden ece between the elves, knocked the x from her hand and wn to the floor. She stood on the chair, aring down at it with stricken eyes.

"What's the matter?" Tom asked. He ached over and picked up the box and en he, too, stared at it. "What's this?" asked in a voice she had not heard from m before.

"Rat poison, I guess," she said confusedly. thought I'd better not leave it in the ttom cupboard with the food."

"You thought you'd better put it where wouldn't see it, eh?"

"Oh, *no*, Tom! I didn't think anything—ly what I said."

"Afraid I might use it on you?"

"Oh, no. Tom! *No!*"

"You protest too much," he said.

UT it was done and she could not undo it. e dream was over. He was awake. He w himself, a studious, introspective man, nding here in this kitchen with a stranger, hard, brown country girl, awkward, untered. He knew he had been a sick fool, d that his sickness went past even this credible marriage to this stranger. But she s a stranger who knew his secret, and such stranger can be only an enemy. It is alost always certainly so, that we have someling like hate against those who know our epest shame, our ultimate secret. All, all t *that* we can tell. But *that* we must keep dden forever.

In that moment he saw himself as the town w him, as Miss Scott and old Jonas and e Deems and the Tollmans and Mrs. nnant saw him: a man who as an antidote grief had married the first girl he had seen. girl who said "I guess" or "It seems like if" a dozen times an evening. A girl who ed to do the washing. A girl who had taken advantage of his illness to get herself a husband. At that thought, something pricked protestingly against his new consciousness; the memory of her hand on his head, perhaps, of his own pleading voice saying, "Don't leave me!" He hardened his mind against the prick. For he was well now, physically well, and his mind was strong enough to subdue the horror of his fears, to put them aside as ridiculous. Only—only he had confessed those fears, and to this girl, this stranger. And she had, after all, believed in them.

"Tom," she said, "you ought to be ashamed." But her voice was lost.

SHE began hurriedly to get lunch on, but her hands trembled on the dishes and pans. You would have had to be in that little white house for these past weeks, to have comprehended the tragedy of this moment. For Nell Pelletier had been lent grace and beauty by her love and by his acceptance of her love. There had been a warmth there, a sweet security that had nothing to do with the outside world. And now it was too abruptly cold and there was nothing there at all any more, except an ugly enmity. The grace went out of Nell, the bright laughter, the easy, direct speech. She looked suddenly uncouth and almost homely.

"Lunch is ready," she said.

"I'll just have a glass of milk," he said. He poured the milk himself, though she had gone for a glass. He drank the milk and went out without touching anything else.

She did not eat, either. She left the food on the table, went slowly upstairs. She stared at herself in the mirror over the old bureau. She looked ugly to herself. Then she turned and threw herself down beside the bed, pressed her face against the Rose of Sharon quilt. "Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom!" she said aloud.

But she had courage, Nell Pelletier, and presently she rose from beside the bed, went down and made a beautiful cream pie for supper. She didn't finish the cupboards, though. She polished all the furniture and she put the little violet plant that had begun to bloom in the middle of the table. But when Tom came home, very late, and sat down to the good meal, he ate almost nothing. He was polite enough, but in a distant way. Nell found her cup making a clatter against the saucer, and her hands were clumsy on her knife and fork. But she tried, she tried for the old relationship, knowing it useless, but trying.

She carried the dishes out, brought in the pie. Tom sat looking at it, his hand on the handle of his coffee cup. She didn't touch the pie either. She looked up at him suddenly with pleading.

"Tom," she said, "please don't look like that. You have to believe me, Tom."

"I didn't know I looked any particular way," he said quietly enough. "It's nothing you're to blame for, Nell. You're not at fault in any way."

"But nothing's any different, Tom. Nothing at all. I—I love you just like always. Don't you know I do?"

"Do you mind if we don't talk about it, Nell?"

"Yes, I do mind," Nell said stubbornly, a little desperately. "You're spoiling everything by believing something that isn't so."

"Perhaps you're not even aware of what's going on in your subconscious," he said.

She clasped her brown hands tight together under the table to hide their trembling. "I know what I feel, if that's what you mean," she contradicted him.

"No, that isn't exactly what I mean," he answered carefully. "And if you'll forgive me for saying so, I don't think you do know what you feel. I think you're too young to

SELF-ABASEMENT

While Thomas Mann was on his first extended visit in the United States, ". . . one of Hollywood's literati, meeting Mann at a party for the first time, abased himself before the celebrated novelist, saying he was nothing, a mere hack, his writings not to be mentioned in the same breath with the works of the master. Mann listened to all of it with innate patience and courtesy. But when the party was over, Mann turned to his host, an old friend, and said, 'That man had no right to make himself so small. He is not that big.'"

—From the April 17, 1939, Life Close-up of Thomas Mann, by Marquis Childs.



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know. And I'm at fault for not realizing that. I'm sorry, Nell."

"Sorry for what? For marrying me?"

"Yes, for marrying you," he said, though quietly. "I'm afraid I was too ill to know just what I was doing."

She sat there very still for as long as a minute. Her hands were not trembling now, but they were cold. When she spoke, the passionate life had gone out of her voice. "You sound as if you thought I'd tricked you into marrying me," she said flatly.

"No, not consciously," he said in that polite voice.

"I didn't. I didn't, though," she said. "You wanted it too."

"Yes. I said you weren't to blame for anything. Let's let it go at that, Nell."

After supper he went to his desk and worked on papers for a long time. She didn't come and sit near him, as she usually did. She washed the dishes and then went into the sitting room and sat down. She didn't read. She just sat there looking at the swans sitting there in their delicate perfection under the old lamp on the octagonal table. After a long time she went out to the dining room and Tom said:

"Don't wait up for me, Nell. I've a lot to do tonight. I'll sleep down here so I won't disturb you."

She couldn't speak for the tight lump in her throat. She went upstairs, undressed and got into bed. But she did not sleep.

Maybe, in a way, I did trick him, she thought at last out of her misery. *I fussed over him so—I wanted him so. But he did want me too. He did. He did. I'm just the same. I haven't changed any. Maybe I never was good enough for him, but he did want me. I could have learned. I could have. I could have learned to talk like Mrs. Deem. Not like her, but something like her. He didn't seem to mind the way I talked before. He doesn't even like me any more. He doesn't even like me—I'm no different.*

IN THE middle of the night she got up, put on the flannel robe, went down the stairs and back to the little room with the single bed that had been his bedroom. She went directly to the bed, knelt down beside it.

"Oh, Tom!" she whispered. "You mustn't do this to me. I love you an awful lot, Tom. You've got to believe I love you a lot."

He was awake too. He said, very tiredly, "I'm not trying to be cruel, Nell. I just want to be by myself a while, to think things out."

"Think what things out? There's nothing to think out, if you love me."

He was silent. She rose rather abruptly, stood there an instant by the narrow bed. Her curly head showed in outline quite plainly against the light from the window. She turned and went out and up the stairs. It was a chill night, but she sat on the floor by the dormer window, her arms along the low sill, staring out into the night, frightened and very much alone.

"He's still sick," she whispered once. "He still needs me, only he doesn't know it any more. He used to know it, but he doesn't know it any more. His mind's sick."

But his mind had been sick before and she had eased it. She knew she had eased it, that it was not a dream that he had wanted her to stay with him. Then what had changed it all? It had been so sweet here, alone with him, doing for him, loving him, the sweetest, rightest thing that had ever happened to her. It *had* been right. It just wasn't right any more. He had believed her up on the farm when she had laughed at his bad dream about the pills; why didn't he believe her now? But, in a way, she knew why. Dimly she knew why. It had been because she had looked so stricken and guilty when she'd dropped the poison. She couldn't take back that look, she knew. But it had been only because she loved him so; because she knew how bad it had been with his mother who, everyone thought, was so wonderful, but who hadn't been wonderful at all; because she couldn't bear to have him so hurt about all that bad time, because she wanted to keep him from so much as thinking of it. Hadn't he ought to have known



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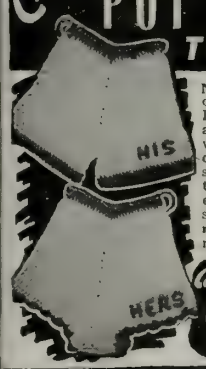
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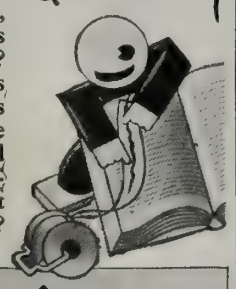
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that? She'd changed the room and that was the same thing, wasn't it? *Wasn't* it? He'd understood about that and liked it and loved her more for it. Couldn't he see that this was the same? Just exactly the same?

"He acts as if I were a child," she whispered to the chill night. "I'm not a child. I'm grown up. Some ways, I'm more grown up than he is. Some ways I am. He doesn't even like me. He acts like it's just some accident I'm here."

In the morning she dressed and went downstairs very early. Her eyes were tired with their sleepless night, but she got the breakfast ready. Tom got up and went up to the bathroom to shave. He looked as if he had not slept either. He was still very polite, but away from her. She made no reproaches. She talked hardly any. Her own speech had changed to herself, become something to keep back, lest it offend him.

He went off to school with books under his arm. She didn't wash the dishes. She went into his study and sat down at his desk. Presently she began, with a passionate sort of eagerness, to hunt among the books on the shelves. She found what she wanted, a blue book that said "English Grammar" on the cover. She sat down at the desk again and opened the blue book. But it didn't make sense to her, not much. "I don't believe I could learn to talk out of this. I'll just have to listen to him and her," she said. She shoved the book away, as if it had in some way betrayed her, just sat there, her quick young mind suddenly frozen to a numbness of despair.

She was still sitting there when Amy Deem came in, without knocking, the back way. Her quick, dark eyes took in the strange silence of Nell, the tragedy in the slumped young figure by the desk, and she thought, *It's happened already—so soon.* But she said cheerfully:

"Hi! What do you mean sitting there with your dishes not even done! You always put me to shame by having everything so sparklingly clean—and here it's past ten and your dishes on the table."

"I just hadn't got to it," Nell said.

"How would you like to go to the city with me? I feel the urge to buy a new dress—maybe you'd like to buy one too. Come on—we'll take the eleven-o'clock bus and be back before dinner."

For an instant Nell's eyes lighted with hope, as if she saw herself dressed in elegance and coming back a different, more acceptable girl, then the hope died. "I couldn't. Not today," she said.

"Oh, do! If you haven't cash enough on hand, I've got plenty."

"No, I couldn't today, Mrs. Deem."

Amy perched on the edge of the flat desk. She felt a deep compassion for the girl, but something about Nell held her sympathy back, as it always did. Pride? No, it didn't seem quite pride, though it might be a form of it. She picked up the grammar idly, just for something for her hands to do. When she saw what it was, she couldn't seem to let her frank eyes look up at Nell. Poor child. *Poor child!*

"English grammar—a subject I always hated," she said too quickly. "We used to diagram sentences and that was rather fun,

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Choose underwear for the opposite sex without embarrassment.
Obtain a special dish for a dog in a restaurant.
Remove a speck of dust from the eye.
Disturb twenty people in a movie before finding a seat.

—Adapted from Everybody's.

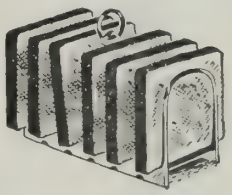
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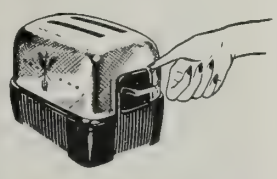
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like a puzzle, but I understand they don't even do that any more. Too bad. Do you like it?"

"I never studied it much," Nell said. "I guess it would be nice if you could talk like Mr. Burke."

"Mr. Burke?"

"The one that didn't want to let America be free."

"Oh, Conciliation Burke—I know. Well, that would take some doing. You set your goal high." The compassion was like a steady, all-encompassing ache now. She wanted to offer to help, but somehow could not. She slid off the desk. "I do wish you'd come with me," she said again. "I hate going shopping alone."

Nell shook her head. "Some other time maybe I will," she said.

"Then I'd better run. I'll come show you my new dress, if I get one." And that was all the comfort, all the help she could bring herself to give.

When she got on the bus, she found she was crying. She kept her face turned toward the bus window, to hide her tears.

Nell went out and washed the dishes, made the beds. Then she walked around the little house in which she had had such pride, such human, warm happiness. It was cold to her, it thrust her out. It was not her house any more. She had always been one to do something about a situation. But she scarcely knew what to do now. At last she went into the sitting room, walked over to the table and picked up the glass swans, held them in her hands. But she put them down.

Then she went and got her coat and little felt hat, put them on. But before she went out of the little house she went in to Tom's desk, sat down and wrote him a letter. She wrote in a round, young hand and she formed her letters with great care:

Dear Tom: I guess it's better if I don't stay here any more. It wouldn't be right, with you not loving me like you did. I guess I'm not the kind of girl you ought to have married, even if it did seem as if you needed me. I wish you'd have beleived me, for I haven't ever lied to you, Tom. I love you a lot. I'll be all right, so you don't need to worry about me any. Take care of yourself.

That was all she could say. She didn't even sign her name. She left the letter there on the desk. She went up and got the old suitcase, put her few clothes in it, but not the quilts or the silver spoons, went out of the house and took the road to the country and her father's house.

Pres Adams had already married the Widow Casey. She was a penny-pincher, as he had said, but she had a sense of fun, too, and even made light of her own parsimony.

Pres had just finished his midday meal when Nell came in at the back door and stood there with her suitcase.

"Well, what brings you up here, Nell?" he demanded in astonishment. "What's the suitcase for? You ain't left the professor, have you?"

"Yes, I have," Nell said. "Hello, Bessie."

"What's the matter? Treat you bad?"

"No. No, pa, he didn't. I don't want to talk about it, pa. I just want to stay here a few days. I'll get a job somewhere."

"Gosh, I can give you a job. Can't get help for love nor money. Only Bessie here's liable to charge you board—she'd charge me board if she thought she could get away with it!"

Bessie laughed heartily, but she didn't contradict him.

"I'll just stay a few days," Nell said.

"Well, set down, set down and eat. Guess we can spare you a potato, eh, Bessie? What does that professor think he's doing, anyway? Knew he was the wrong one for you, but you both seemed set on it. If he's mistreated you, I'll break his neck, though—even if he is a puny thing and not worth the trouble."

"He hasn't mistreated me, pa. I just ought not to have married him, that's all. I ought to have known better."

"Thinks he's better'n you, I'll bet! Young snob, that's what I set him down as, and that's what he is. Don't know enough to know a good wife when he's got one." He was trying in his rough way to comfort her.

Bessie laughed and said, "These quick matches, they never work out. You're well out of it, Nell—he was too old for you, anyway. Don't know what you saw in him. I guess he was all right, for a teacher, but a husband's something else again!"

Pres winked at Nell cockily. But Nell didn't wink back.

"I guess I'll get into some old clothes and be comfortable," she said. She went upstairs with her suitcase and came down presently, looking more familiar in slacks and khaki shirt. "I'll do the dishes, Bessie," she said.

That night Pres tried to quiz her. "I'm going down and see that high-and-mighty feller," he said. "I'm going to tell him what I think of him."

"You leave him alone, pa. It's my business."

"Well, you're my girl, aren't you?"

"Yes, pa, but it's my business. I want you to leave him alone. He didn't put me out or anything. I went of my own accord."

He scowled, but she was so final, so without hysterics or even dramatics, that he found nothing to get his teeth into.

In bed with Bessie, he said, "Can't make head nor tail of it. He was hell-bent to have her. Couldn't bear her out of his sight for a minute. Couldn't understand it then—can't now. She looks all broke up, the kid does."

"Oh, maybe it's just a quarrel. When you're young, you quarrel easy," Bessie said

(Continued on Page 106)

Back and Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Pages 34 and 35.

1559. Blouse, waistcoat, slacks. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

1580. Dress and bolero. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25c

1583. Blouse, waistcoat and skirt. (The blouse of this pattern is not illustrated.) 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

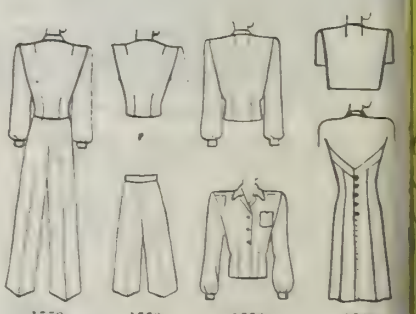
1586. Jacket and skirt. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

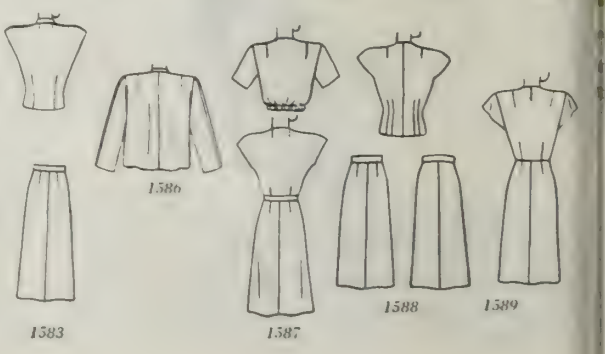
1587. Dress and jacket. (The skirt of this pattern is not illustrated.) 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

1588. Two-piece suit-dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

1589. One-piece dress. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 25c

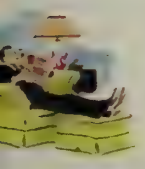
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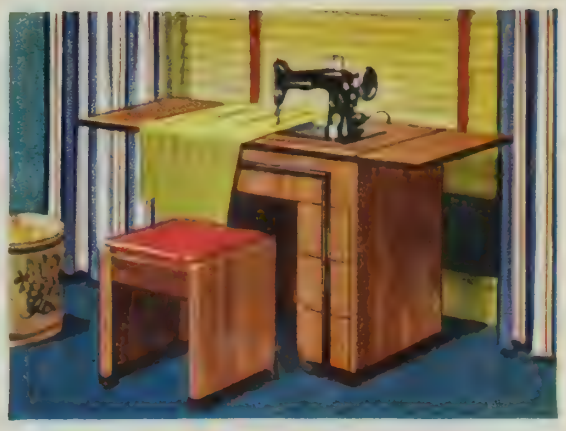




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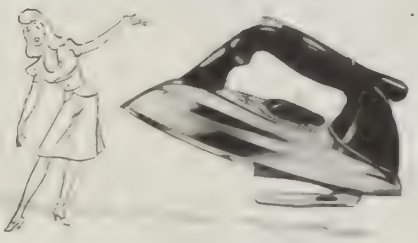
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Sad Irons to Glad Irons...

and how Proctor helped!

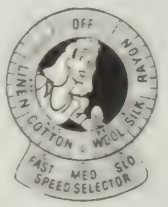


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PROCTOR ELECTRIC COMPANY, *DIVISION OF* PROCTOR & SCHWARTZ, INC., PHILA. 40, PA.

Continued from Page 104

out of the ease of long experience. "He'll be around to make it up with her tomorrow, like as not."

But Tom Pelletier didn't come the next day.

He had always had a clear, concise way of thinking, Tom Pelletier. That was why he had stayed on in West Ulster so long. His students had passed their examinations and they had had pride in so doing. He had made Rameses II as real to them as General Lee. He had never been too busy to try to understand the affairs of youth, and had straightened out many confused youngsters. Since the war began he had been troubled, but he had stated his views plainly. He hated war, but he recognized the necessity of fighting it hard now we were in it. He tried to teach his pupils that certain values did not change, war or no war, and he believed that the teaching of ancient history was as important as the arts of mechanics in the long run. He had done his best to make youth look ahead into the time when lessons would have to be learned from the war.

For a brief mad time he had stepped out of his own likeness, had thought not concisely and sanely at all, had moved with a tide he did not understand. But abruptly he had become himself again, or what he considered himself. He went through the streets and was aware again of the town's opinion, of himself as a member of the community. He had never been ridiculed, for he had a great deal of dignity, for all his boyish look. Now he saw amusement taking the place of respect. He was filled with a shame and an anger, but both centered in himself.

He went into his classroom and saw on the board one of those ridiculous cancellations that have amused school children for generations, that had amused him a thousand years ago when he had been a boy:

Inf of Thomas Pelletier hate
and
the Parmus Daughter marriage

He went to the board and erased the words, feeling more deeply the anger and shame of a man who has been a fool and laid himself open to laughter. He said nothing about it, however, and only kept seeing the silly words in his mind all morning.

HE TRIED, for he had always endeavored to be just, to see Nell's side. And that try had kept him awake last night till very late. But all that came of his thoughts was the surer conviction that she had pretended to trust him when she had not. That that was all he got out of his hours of thought should have been significant to him, but was not.

When Miss Scott came to ask him something, he found it difficult to look at her, knowing suddenly just what scorn for him she was concealing.

He went home at noon, the dull shamed circle of his thoughts unchanged, and there was Nell's note on the desk. He stood holding it in his hands, feeling at first an enormous relief, as if some kind god had with a touch wiped out all his mistakes. And then the relief passed and he felt something else. It was as if the god had laughed gently and said, "Oh, it's not so easy as all that, my little man." And he knew, looking down at the pitiful little letter, at that somehow sad "beleived," that it was not easy at all. That, even if it had been a dream to him, it had not been a dream to her.

HE HAD never avoided responsibility. He had never wanted to hurt anyone. And yet he knew that he had wanted to hurt Nell last night, he had wanted to hurt her terribly. He had lied when he said he did not want to be cruel. He had wanted just this to happen: he had wanted to drive her from him, to be alone again.

The house was very still. He had driven her away, but suddenly she was not gone at all. She was busy in the kitchen, singing over the dishpan; she was running down the stairs, quickly, like a child; she was curled up on the sofa in the sitting room, her eyes on him steadily, gravely, as he read dull books to her; she was holding him close at night; she was putting on the ugly flowered dress to go see the Deems; she was ironing his shirts; she was putting paper covers on top of quince jelly. She was there, in every room.

He tried to make his mind clearly objective, to say, "It's better so. She will get over it quickly enough. She wouldn't ever be happy with me, no matter how I tried. And I don't want even to try. There's no good in trying to fix up mistakes like this one. The whole town is laughing at me, and rightly. I have been a fool. She said she wanted to get married. That's all she wanted—she didn't want to be married to *me*." But some inner voice kept laughing at him a little scornfully and sadly.

He went back to school, came home again. The house was his again and he could brood there in peace. But, he confessed, once he had wanted something quite different. Once he had not been able to bear the house. That was what had brought the whole thing to this disastrous point. Why did he want now what he had run away from before? He went to the sideboard bureau to get some silverware and there the six spoons lay, with their thin handles marked with *W* for Walters. He stared at them, shut the drawer quickly, forgetting what he had come for.

The phone rang and he lifted the receiver. "Hello," he said dully.

"Hello, Tom. Amy Deem. Why don't you and Nell come up? Tell her I got the new dress and I want to show it to her."

"Nell isn't here just now, Amy."

"Isn't there?"

"No."

"Well, I'll run down tomorrow."

He hung up slowly. He tried to read, but found he could not. Soon he went to bed.

The next day Amy Deem came down, as she had said she would do. The back door

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Counteroffensive

BY CAROLINE HENRY

I am a sylph with languid eyes
And a dainty foot of a fairy's size;
I am a sylph with a slim, brown hand ——
Down by the rocks
On the sea-worn sand.
(Weep, pretty dishcloth, weep with my tears,
Knell, shining kettle, for no one hears!)

I am a lady, I am Elaine,
Helen and Cleo, proud and vain;
And I have a love at my slightest command ——
Down by the rocks
On the sea-worn sand.
(Taller than you, broom, warmer by far
Than the sun-soaked clothes in the back yard are!)

And I have a ring —— (Seaweed, you say?)
Turquoise and amber! (Seaweed? Nay!)
He calls me! (An echo?) —— He kneels where I stand!
Down by the rocks
On the sea-worn sand!
(Fly, feather duster! Sweep, broom, sweep!
Remember he said, "If I crash, don't weep!")

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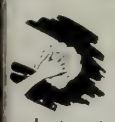
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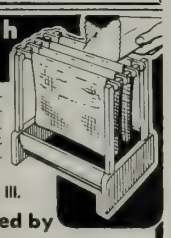
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was unlocked, as were most of the back doors in West Ulster. She went in, calling out with a cheer she did not feel, but there was no answer. She walked through the kitchen and dining room into the study. "Hi, Nell!" she called at the stairway. But there was no reply.

She was not surprised. She had somehow known from Tom's voice that something had happened. But she was surprised to realize how deeply she felt the whole thing, how she, who had liked Tom Pelletier so much, had so wanted the best for him and had felt so distressed over his unsuitable marriage, now felt this deep and personal distress for Nell. The marriage was certainly wrong, unsuitable, and yet—and yet ——

She walked through the rooms slowly, seeing the swans. Then she thought, quite by chance, of a book she had been going to borrow from Tom before his mother had died. He had been reading it to his mother and she had been waiting for him to finish. She went into the study and began absently to look for it. Her mind was not really on the search. She was still thinking of Nell, of her stubbornness, of her reticence, of the way she had fixed this room so quickly, so amazingly quickly, as if it had to be done *at once*.

She found the book, stood with it in her hands, turning the pages absently. They opened almost at once to a sheet of paper with fine Spencerian writing filling it. For all she had an insatiable curiosity, she was not one to read another's letter. That was not in Amy Deem. But she read this one, for her own name caught her eye immediately and she could not help reading:

This is the end, Tom, and I want you to know how I feel before I go. I am a useless old woman and I know it, but I do not think I have deserved a son so grudging and undutiful as you. You have thought I didn't see through you, but I am not a fool. You have grudged every mouthful I've ever eaten, you've grudged every minute you've taken care of me. You couldn't even spare a few years while you were still young to looking after your own mother, who spent a good many years bringing you up decently and in comfort, but you've had to go lusting after that Amy Deem, who has encouraged you in a way indecent to a Christian woman. Oh, I've seen her looking at you, pretending she was here to visit me! You're still a very young man and could certainly have waited for your sick mother to die. Everybody in town thinks you're so wonderful, but they don't know you. I know how you've pretended to work on a book so you wouldn't have to read to me, the only pleasure I have any more. But you've begrudged that to me too. And you haven't even cared about my chairs that were my Grandmother Everett's and that need crude oil, as you know. No, all you've ever wanted was your own way. Well, Tom, I'm not going to live any more and you'll have driven me to it because of your selfishness and I hope it will lie on your conscience, on yours and that Deem woman's.

That was the end of it. There was no signature. Amy Deem stood there staring down at the fine, delicate writing. The book was a little unsteady in her hands. "Why, she was *mad!*" she whispered. She walked out of the house at last, the book still under her arm, up the hill to the rectory. There was a cold wind and it felt like snow.

The Reverend Doctor Deem was getting ready to conduct a funeral service. "I hope I die in the fall," he said as he had often said before. Then his small eyes saw her in the mirror, standing there silent and white, no sparkle in her dark eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," she said, though there had never been evasion between them.

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"I have." Then she laughed and said, "Don't bury him too fast just because the cemetery's on a hill and gets all the wind!"

He gathered up his prayer book and hat. He gave her a sharp but loving look as he went down the stairs. "Feel all right?" he asked at the door.

"Of course."

But after he had gone, she curled up on the window seat as if she felt sick and chilled. She stayed there a long time. It had really



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begun to snow now and she stared out at the sharp small flakes, her face white. But suddenly she got up, went to the phone and called the Academy.

"Is Mr. Pelletier there?" she asked quickly.

"He's having a class right now," someone said.

"I'm sorry, but it's important. I'll only detain him a moment. Would you call him, please?"

"Yes?" Tom's voice said.

"Amy Deem," she said almost coldly. "Tom, will you come up to the rectory right after school? It's important that I see you."

"Why, yes. What's wrong?" Then, as she did not answer, "Is Nell there?"

"No. I'll see you at four, Tom."

She had lighted a fire in the grate and was trying unsuccessfully to warm herself at it when he came. She saw he looked anxious and tired.

"Sit down," she said.

But he remained standing and said, "What is it, Amy? Is it something about Nell?"

"In part. Not wholly. Nell's left you, hasn't she?"

"Yes," he said.

"Are you glad or sorry?"

"I don't know," he said slowly.

"Please sit down, Tom. I want to ask you some questions. I want you to answer me truthfully. Will you?"

"Why, yes, if I can. If you ought to be asking them," he finished a little more stubbornly. "You look awfully upset, Amy."

THE RUGGED LIFE

An acquaintance of mine, somewhat given to the bizarre, assures me that the secret of a holiday is to make it as uncomfortable as possible. He goes for a walking tour, sleeps much in the open, and denies himself all but the minimum in the way of food and drink. The result, he says, is to come back in rude health and enjoy for the remainder of the year the true pleasures of life, one of which is sheets to sleep in.

—VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE: Love, Life and Laughter. (Mellifont Press, Ltd.)

"I am. I'm frightened. I thought I knew something about people and I find I don't."

"The state of the world has made most of us feel like that."

"I don't think it's the state of the world. Or maybe it is."

"Amy, what are you trying to say?"

"Tom, was your mother's mind affected?"

"Her mind? No, I don't think so. Why?"

"You're sure?"

"Reasonably sure. She always seemed to know exactly what she was doing, and why."

"Are you stingy? That's the next question. And please be honest, Tom. I know you don't seem to be, that you've been very generous to your friends. But is it hard for you? Do you dislike being generous?"

"That's a queer question, Amy. I don't know what you're getting at—but I don't think I'm stingy. I don't *feel* stingy. I never save anything, that's sure. Do you think I might be?" He tried to smile at her, but she was more serious than he had ever seen her and he sobered at once.

"I don't know, Tom. I don't know. . . . Nell's not had any new clothes since she was married. She's done everything, even the washing."

He flushed and said, "I didn't think about clothes. It wasn't because I didn't want her to have any. That was an ugly thing to say, Amy. . . . She insisted on doing the washing."

"Yes, it was an ugly thing to say," she admitted. "And she didn't complain, you may be sure. It's just that I've got to have some things clear in my mind. I've got to know what someone's really like. Myself or *someone*. I've prided myself on being sensitive, more sensitive than most people in West Ulster, and it's something of a jolt to find I've been as blind as a bat."



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"Something's happened, Amy, that you aren't telling me. You wouldn't ask me here for a little analysis—something's happened."

"How do you keep those nice old chairs in your living room so beautiful?" she asked with a sudden irrelevance.

He frowned. "With crude oil," he answered almost angrily. "That's the only thing mother ever wanted used on them. And no skimping on the rosebuds, either!" he went on with a certain grimness. "I rubbed 'em where she could watch me."

"Oh," she said quietly. She was silent for a moment, looking at the fire. Then she looked up at him and said, "This is the hardest one. Did you ever like me, I mean like me too much—'have a passion' for me, as the saying is? Did you ever think I 'had a passion' for you?"

"Good heavens!" He stared at her, his face crimson. "Good heavens, *no*, Amy! No, to both. Are you crazy? Has some old hen been gossiping? Of course I like you—but you and Pinny—why, I always think of you as *one!*"

"We are one," she said gently, but painfully too.

"Some fool—Mrs. Tennant, probably—has upset you."

"No, I'm not upset any more," she said. "I was, but I'm not any more. I just had to hear you say certain things. . . . Where's Nell?"

"I don't know."

"Well, why don't you? Maybe you're like me, Tom, and don't know where you do stand. But you ought to know where Nell is. She knows the *way* better than we do, Tom."

"The way?" he said slowly.

"The true way. We tie ourselves up in psychological knots, but she gets there without tying any knots at all. We live by doubt; she lives by faith. We don't know how to be direct any more, you and Pinny and I. I've tried to be direct this afternoon and it's been agony, and I find I've gone all round Robin Hood's barn, after all." She got up and went to the table, picked up the book, opened it, took out the sheet of paper. She handed it to him and said, "I found that and read it. And I suddenly didn't know you or your mother or anyone any more. It was rather awful. I wasn't ever going to show it to you, but I don't believe it will hurt you to grow up a little too. I'm ashamed, but I wondered if it were true."

THE color drained away from his face as he read. He sat down suddenly, with the letter still in his hands. He didn't look up for a long time. When he did, his face was steadier but older.

"It has some truth in it," he said carefully. "It may be essentially true. I *did* care for the chairs. I *did* read to her whenever she wanted me to, I *didn't* begrudge her any food, I *didn't* lust after anyone. But it has some truth all the same. She wasn't always easy to be with, and I think I resented the way she clung to me sometimes. But I don't think I showed it on the outside. Perhaps the outside doesn't matter. It seems she saw the inside. As a matter of fact, Amy, I didn't even know what was inside, till after she'd died."

"And that's why Nell did the room over."

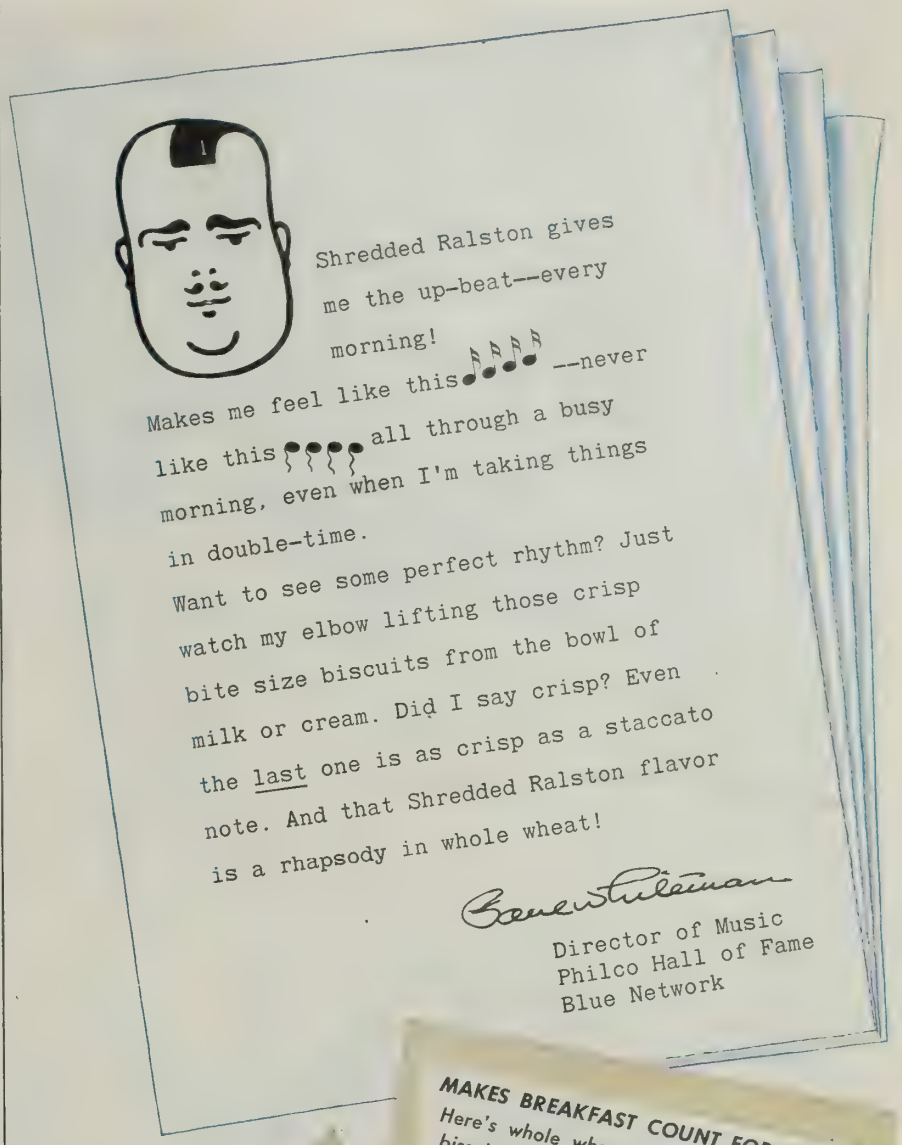
"Part of it," he said.

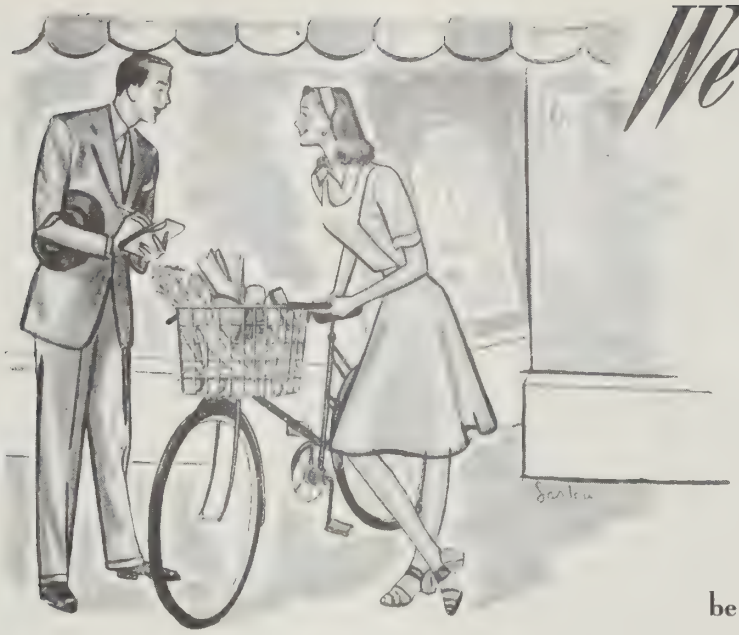
"Well, I don't want to know all of it. I really don't, Tom. I know that I would hate anybody that tried to know what my personal relationship with Pinny was. And you can take that for progress in me, because it is a little progress. I *don't want to know.* But I'm sorry I didn't know what your mother was like, for I might have made it easier for you lots of times. Pinny too. I just didn't know. All these years, and I just didn't know. But it may be just as well, because, if we had, you wouldn't have found Nell, and Nell knows all the answers. All of them."

He stared at her. Then he picked up his hat and, without a good-by, went out of the rectory.

It was suppertime again when he stood on the back porch of Pres Adams' place. Not autumn now, but early winter, and the

(Continued on Page 111)





We went looking for Kedettes

. . . and not in shop windows. The Kedettes that would have been *there* went to war.

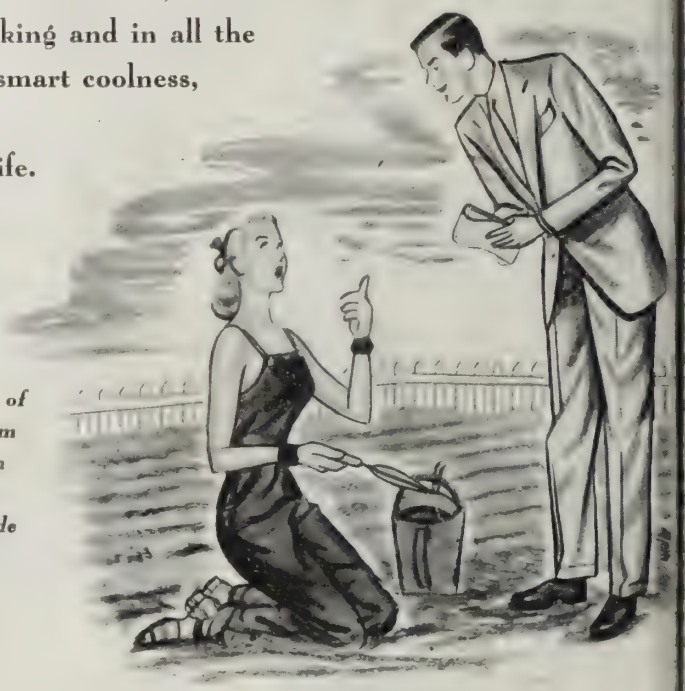
But what about the last crop, we wondered—last seen climbing in and out of station wagons, decorating terraces, and swinging over stone walls, summer of '41?

We got out and rang doorbells, asked questions and got answers . . .

Only they turned the tables on us! They asked *us* questions. The wanted to know when Kedettes would be back . . . what they'd be like when they were . . . would the soles be made of synthetic rubber?

We told them. Kedettes, after the war, will be full of surprises—in improved making and in all the qualities you liked so much: smart coolness, comfort and variety of color . . . to fit into a dozen places in your life.

Mrs. X said her Kedettes were still in active service—pedalling her own delivery service on the days she markets . . . still comfortable, a little worn perhaps, but still getting compliments in spite of their age.



Mrs. Y's Kedettes are rehabilitated—she's proud of the way she patched them herself. She wears them to complement her blue jeans when there's spade work to be done.



Mrs. Z's Kedettes are thoroughbreds turned work horse. She was her own furnace man this winter. Her version of what the well-dressed stoker wears is Kedettes and her oldest housecoat—and she dropped her reducing classes!

"U.S." Kedettes

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

America's favorite casual shoe



WHICH RUBBER FOR KEDETTES, POSTWAR? Which of these rubbers will give you the best Kedettes? Frankly we don't know which—for all can be used successfully, as demonstrated in various war products made with each kind of rubber. What we do know is that Kedettes will be made of the rubber which proves best for the job—assured by our 100 years' experience of

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(Continued from Page 109)

was spitting a sharp, bitter snow. Pres
ms came to the door. He grinned,
ugh half angrily, and scratched his head
n he saw who it was.
Is Nell here?" Tom asked.
Sure, she's here. She's here."
May I come in?"
res opened the door and let him in, but
ctantly. "I'll tell you, professor, I don't
k she wants to see you."
Will you tell her I'm here, please?" It
not a sick boy talking, but a quiet, sure
.
Okay! Okay! But it's on your own
l. Told you I thought you were too old
ner—wouldn't listen."
om didn't answer, stood there in the
hen. It was warm there and there was
smell of potatoes frying.
essie came in from the shed, took a little
vl off her head and hung it up. "Didn't
the door," she said.
es let you in?"
Yes," he said.
hen Nell came down
stairs. She came di-
y to the kitchen.
Hello, Nell. Have you
your visit out?" he
d quietly but almost
ily.
ie stood looking at
not speaking. She
not look pretty. She
ed curiously lifeless.
get my things," she
She went out and
e back with her coat
hat on, but with no
ase.
Where's your spirit,
" Pres Adams said
ly. "Jump and run just because he
so! You're still welcome home, you
, even if Bessie does think we're bound
ne poorhouse."
know, pa," she said. Then Tom opened
oor and she went out with him into the
, leaving Pres muttering angrily.
"ou don't have to come with me," Tom
at the end of the drive.
do have to," she said. "I have to be
you. I guess pa's right. I don't have
pirit any more. I know you don't need
ny more, but I want to be with you just
ame."
)o you, Nell?" His voice was oddly
)le.
es, I do. You might need me again
time. Maybe you're ashamed of me
but I can learn, Tom. I'm not stupid."

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yes."

"You ought to have a fur coat."

"Tom—you've been eating enough? You look tired."

"I'm fine. I don't think I've been eating, but I'm fine. I am right now, anyway. Now you're with me again."

"Oh, Tom!"

They walked along the road to town in a strange silence. It was not a cold silence. He had many things to say to her, but could say none of them. They came at last to River Street, to the little house. He stepped in and turned on the lights.

He walked through the rooms, turning on lights everywhere. Just why he didn't know, unless it were that he was aware that the house had seemed very dark since Nell had gone away.

He came back to the sitting room and Nell was standing looking at the swans. She had such a look of relief on her face that he had to say something to check the tears that suddenly pressed at his eyes.

"Glad to be home?" he asked.

"Yes. Oh, yes," she said. "It was all wrong, going away. Even if for a while you didn't want me, it was wrong. It seems—it seems ——"

He took her young body in his arms, held her very close. "It seems like as if it were *meant*," he said gently.

Up in the rectory Amy Deem stood in her window and saw the lights come on all over the little house. "I think Nell's home," she said.

"Home? Has she been away?" the Reverend Doctor Deem asked.

"Yes."

"Where? You didn't tell me."

"Where? I don't know. But she's home. That's what matters."

"You've been keeping something from me."

She pulled the curtains together with an odd finality, came over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"I love you, Pinny," she said without any laughter, and as if that were the final answer to everything.

(THE END)

REAL FRIENDSHIP

In Reading, Pennsylvania, Superintendent Jacobs, of the Reading Hospital, has developed the gift technique for sympathetic friends, with a guest card. This card entitles any friend of a sick person in the hospital to pay for one day of the patient's hospital bill, instead of flowers. The card delivered to the patient states: "Dear ——: This card indicates that you are my guest in the Reading Hospital for the day. I wish you a speedy recovery. Your friend ——"

—Hospital Topics and Buyer.

FATHERS MAKE BETTER SOLDIERS

(Continued from Page 31)

om the next bunk, Chuck said, "Are
ll right?"
es. I'm all right."
ou scared me."
scared myself." He laughed. It was
; and yet he had a sensation that
not leave him. He huddled down in
d. The pound of the engines was a
restlessness, and the frame of the ship
red. He felt helpless and small in the
. He wanted more than anything else
the arms of his wife around him, and
ve the world assume small size in the
privacy of his own home. It seemed
sible to him, suddenly, that he was the
of a child. And as this feeling came
im, he strove to picture its face. But
ild remained a fabrication, a small,
object seen over unconquerable dis-

agment of the dream that had made
y out came back to him. A dream that
s dead, and could never see the face of
ild.

ship rolled on the sea. The dark
d him was so deep that he could see
g. He felt buried in some far, evil
from which he would never escape.
e at home was ended. He was on a
that would allow no return.

He closed his eyes against the dark. He was so lonely that it was a cold sickness within him. After a long time, the clear light of morning came into the cabin.

The train crossed flat areas of meager desolation, and he knew he was in a foreign place. The brown earth and crude farmhouses were alien to his eyes. The train was filled with soldiers, but he felt alone. Chuck was no longer with him now.

They passed a village. The houses were broken, and looked as though they had been devastated in some ancient barbaric age.

Next to him was an artillery captain. Lean, with pinched cheeks and pale eyes. His fingers were long, brown and nervous, and drifted often to his brushlike mustache. He turned his head and said, "France doesn't look so romantic to me."

"It doesn't," he replied. "At least here."

"Going up?" asked the captain.

"Yes. A replacement in a medical unit."

"You're not a doctor?" said the captain, looking for his insigne.

"No. Medical administrative. I've got a litter-bearer unit."

"They take it hard sometimes."

"Yes, I know."

(Continued on Page 113)



NOW..try the SHAMPOO THAT CONTAINS ITS OWN Rinsing Agent

goes into action when plain rinse water is applied

A Shampoo For the whole family

NOW AVAILABLE for you . . . Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo combines mild Cocoanut Oil and vegetable oils into a perfectly blended shampoo. As recognized authorities on hair care for over 50 years, The F. W. Fitch Company ask you to try this beauty shampoo.

LEAVES HAIR SOFTER . . . NOT "DRYING" . . . Helps make your hair feel surprisingly softer . . . look silkier. After shampooing, your hair will have a lovely, soft gloss and be easy to manage.

"MOUNTAINS" OF LATHER . . . In either hard or soft water, a small amount gives huge swirls of billowy lather that loosens and floats away dirt, dust and other hair accumulations.

A TRUE BEAUTY SHAMPOO . . . Brings out the natural beauty of your hair by revealing those shy highlights that lend glamour to every hairstyle.

PATENTED RINSING AGENT . . . Makes rinsing a simple, easy job. This special agent goes into action with the rinse water to help carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required . . . hair and scalp are left sparkling, clean, refreshed.

DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT . . . You'll like the clean, fresh scent of this clear liquid shampoo. It leaves your hair with a pleasing, delicate fragrance. Try Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . Ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . . barber and beauty shops.

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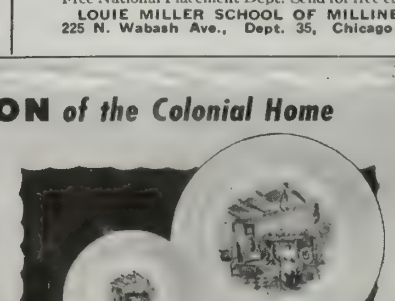
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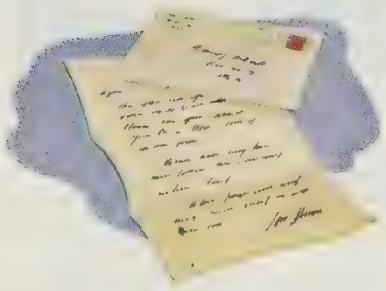


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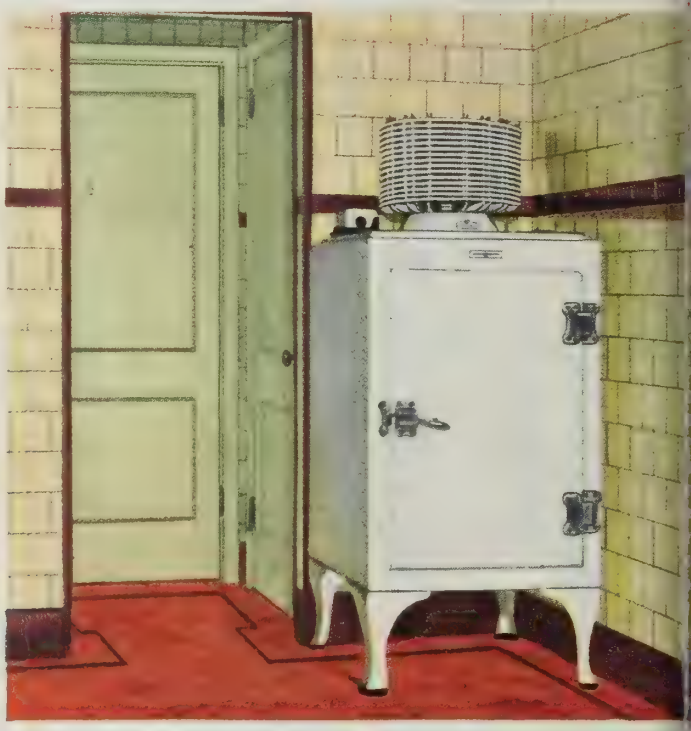
"After 15 years and no repairs, I feel as though it is an old friend!"



One of the reasons why our work keeps us happy is the host of unsolicited letters like this one from Mrs. Charles E. Cobun of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which popped up in our mail recently:

"I bought my 1929 General Electric Refrigerator 15 years ago. I never had any repairs since the day I bought it . . .

"I built a new home four years ago. I had all kinds of salesmen wanting me to buy a new refrigerator. I knew a newer model would look nicer in my kitchen, but I feel as though my General Electric is an old friend . . . and I cannot praise it too much."



This is the 1929 General Electric Refrigerator that has run witho attention for 15 years in the home of Mrs. Cobun.



Here, in a G-E All-Electric Kitchen, is the General Electric Two-Temperature Refrigerator providing relatively high humidity for day-to-day storage, *plus* a zero temperature compartment for frozen foods.

Today, more than ever, such refrigeration *service* is vital!

For food is precious in wartime. And new civilian refrigerators cannot be manufactured.

Years ago, recognizing that your refrigerator is the *hardest*-working mechanism in your home, G-E engineers pioneered the unique "sealed-in-steel" refrigerating unit. It made possible lower operating cost, increased freezing capacity, *and* reliable year-after-year refrigeration! Oil is sealed *in;* dust and dirt sealed *out*. Result: a million G-E Refrigerators have served ten years and longer in American homes!



The Refrigerator in your future.

After the war, you'll find still finer General Electric appliances for happier homes. There's the G-E Two-Temperature Refrigerator, for instance—really *two* refrigerators in *one*. The lower compartment keeps fresh meats, fruits, and vegetables in prime condition. The upper compartment maintains a zero temperature, for long-time storage of *frozen* foods. For your *own* home freezing, and for storage of many months' supply of food, G. E. will manufacture Home Freezers in a variety of sizes. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS! KEEP ON BUYING THEM!

Refrigerators

A MILLION IN SERVICE
TEN YEARS OR LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 111)

The captain paused, staring out at the own fields, barren with fall. "Are you arried?"

"That's right. You?"

The captain nodded quickly. "Eight ars. And with two kids."

"I have one," he said softly. "A boy."

"Mine are fine kids," said the captain. Both girls."

There was an almost imperceptible smile his face as he thought of this small son of in the world. "I've never seen him. But n going to."

The train click-clacked over the rails. The all smile stayed on his face, but his lips re tightly closed. He was going to make e that he saw his son.

It is easier to look upon death and pain er two months of it than it is the first two eks. It becomes impersonal, like the men lking forward into battle and the roar of nes overhead, and the ceaseless *thrum-um* of artillery. A job becomes only a job, e as quickly as possible. The wounded brought from the field, even while the rtars and machine guns of the enemy tinue to pit the ground and snap against es and stone walls of houses. Some of the er bearers return on their own stretchers; that is not an un- al sight or especially ched with meaning. s all a play of white dark against a nk background, like ickering, disordered conceived in night- re. And then, sud- ly, the head raises, passing tanks and ks assume propor- s against the tur- l, and the helmets dark green battle hes going by are n. It is to wake n numb sleep, feel- tangible danger ssing against your ves. That is the way appened to him. A k cold reality com- into focus.

happened when ead the letter from wife. Enclosed in it a snapshot of her, ding their son. The ll face, looking up is wife, and her ten- ness as she looked back down at the baby waves of emotion through him. It felt hough tears were going to come into his when he saw the tiny fingers curved nd one of hers. He hastily blinked back threatening tears.

e heard the terrible outcry of battle and afraid.

ate that day, the Germans found what thought or hoped was a weak spot in American line. Their artillery hammered sector, and then tanks, followed by in- ry, poured into the momentary breach. ir furious and concentrated assault drove Americans back. Tanks and troops ed forward from rear areas to block the st. As dusk began to settle, the enemy llery, blasted by air power, became inter- ent and then silent. But tanks and Ger- infantry were stubbornly resisting re- ry of the hard-won area.

OSE enough to need cover from enemy the litter bearers went into the field and vered the wounded. In endless relays, carried men to the medical tent, hidden defilade surrounded by trees. The bearers ed the walking wounded down natural ks in the terrain, leading to the tent. e the wounded received minor treat- t and were placed in gray-green field ulances shuttling back to larger medical llations.

hen dark came, the fighting slackened. area was still heavy with German re- sistance and would have to be cleared in the morning.

His litter bearers were staggering. They had ranged the battlefield for wounded. Now it was time to withdraw and find rest. He passed word to the section corporals to head back, maintaining interval against observation. Keeping to the shadows on the sides of the road, the platoon started for the rear.

Then a breathless voice in his ear: "Lieutenant! Lieutenant!"

He stopped, and the two staggering lines stopped too. It was the platoon sergeant. By the bluish light of the rising moon, he was able to see the strain in the sergeant's face. Hard lines drew his cheeks, and blood lines were in his eyes.

"What is it, sergeant?"

"THERE are about four or five men back there," said the sergeant, his voice wavering, tired and unsure—"under a small ridge. They were knocked out early this afternoon and have been kept pinned down by machine gunners. We couldn't get to them."

"The Germans still have the position?"

"They're there all right, and wide awake."

The sergeant waited, standing close to him, light and shadow on his face in strange marks that made it appear like a wild, distorted mask. He stared into the face of the sergeant, and it seemed as if he himself was waiting, as if the whole night stood still and listened for what he was going to say.

Surely only moments passed, seconds perhaps. But he was making his choice, and there was much involved. He looked away from the mask that was the sergeant's face, and into the shadows of the wood. He heard the rustling of the men's bodies as they waited, and the small sound of their feet moving restlessly on the sandy ground.

He saw, then, the smile on the face of his wife, as he always remembered it. The tenderness, passion and faith that had been their mystery and now belonged to him. He listened for a memory of her voice and laughter.

The picture of his son was in his pocket—only a snapshot, not really the face of his son. Ahead lay the road, sloping slowly down to safety. If he intended to see that son of his, to be happy with his wife once more—there was the road.

Far off was the hollow *thing* of enemy mortars, and, closer, the quick barking of heavy machine guns. Beside him were his men, tired and stumbling, their feet crunching the leaves. One man coughed.

He looked upward and saw the moon, calm, cool and clear. Remoteness, shining on other worlds than this.

"We'll get them out, sergeant. Find the men who want to go with me."

In a few minutes, the column turned back and headed for the enemy outposts.

Morning was breaking. Their work for the moment done, his men were sleeping in a defilade behind the tent. He was standing over them. They lay curled up like children. A great tenderness crossed his face. From his musette bag, he took pencil and paper.

My darling wife: It is early morning and soon there will be much to be done. But I shall do it all the better if I have talked to you first. It seems that I see the son you have given us very clearly this morning. I love him as I love you, better than my life.

He wrote his letter while the gray-green ambulances shuttled along the shell-pitted road, carrying the wounded to the rear.

KINDNESS THAT KILLS

We adults, in the kindness of our hearts, are too apt to interfere with children's learning. We want children to find life pleasant and easy, and so we do things for them. We pick them up when they fall down, we take away the stick or block or chair over which they may stumble, we dress and undress them, we feed them, we give them ready-made toys, we anticipate their wants and see that they have everything the heart could desire almost before they know themselves that they want it. But if we do this, there is one desire of a little child's heart which we are not granting: the desire to grow more powerful every day. Nothing gives a human being greater joy than to feel his power growing. And how does it grow? By learning. There is in every child a wish to do new and more difficult things. So let us give him a chance to fail and to succeed.

—ABIGAIL A. ELIOT:
In National Parent-Teacher.

"LOST FOR WORDS"

. . . said the master of 7 languages



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

"I CAN ORDER COFFEE IN SEVEN LANGUAGES," said the linguist, "but what does that get me? I want a *perfect* cup of coffee!" "Try this," said a friend, quickly stirring up a cup of Nescafé. The linguist tasted it . . . and shouted "Groot! Que Gusto! Eh bien! I'm—I'm lost for words!"

You'll feel the same way about it. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster . . . *then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare . . . no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no grounds. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and the strength you like best.

★ *Temporarily the Armed Forces are taking all the Nescafé we make. Soon, we hope, Nescafé will again be available at your grocer's.*

A teaspoonful — *in a cup*
Add hot water — *it's ready*



AWARDED SUNBURY NESCAFÉ PLANT

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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You, Too, Can Give Your Hair This '10-Minute Glamour-Bath' Right At Home!

Just leave it to these 'million dollar' Powers Models to find a way to make their hair look even more ravishingly beautiful. These smart Powers girls wash *their* hair with Kreml Shampoo.

Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly washes hair and scalp 'spick-and-span' clean—but it actually brings out the hair's natural sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen—it leaves hair so much softer, silkier and easier to set in a stunning hair-do.

So buy a bottle of Kreml Shampoo today at any drug counter and 'glamour-bathe' your hair like beautiful Powers Models do! Just see if you too, don't agree there's no finer shampoo than Kreml Shampoo.



Advises Beautifying Kreml Shampoo For Children's Hair

John Robert Powers, a foremost authority of feminine beauty, advises even his child Powers Models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo. This remarkably beautifying shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals—it never leaves any excess dull soapy film. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. This makes it *especially* fine for shampooing children's hair.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

(Continued from Page 24)

determined females had ever employed to outwit him flashed through his mind. "What?" he said carefully.

She turned and looked at the fire. He couldn't help noticing the delicate line of her chin and throat, but he was not in the mood to be intrigued. For a moment he scarcely heard what she was saying, his forces were mobilizing so quickly for counter-attack. Then the words sunk in.

"I'm afraid I've done an unforgivable thing to you, Randy. I haven't the slightest intention of marrying you. You see, I—I'm married."

Randy just looked at her, trying to grasp it. He felt like a fool. He felt like a general who has bombarded and encircled a town, only to move in and find it evacuated. "Well," he said. "Well."

He waited for the enormous relief he was sure should be flooding him. Instead, he realized with surprise he was more than a little bit angry. Suppose he had fallen for this girl? Suppose he had come here with a trip-hammer heart and a blue-white diamond? What a note! He looked at the table, the fire, the velvet hostess gown. So it hadn't been for him, after all. His mouth turned up with self-derision.

"Were you married all the time, then?" he said at last.

Her eyes widened. "Oh, no. Just a short time ago. Just before my husband went overseas."

"I see." Randy couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Believe me, Randy. Nobody could hate me more than I hate myself for doing this to you."

Randy managed a tight grin. "Cheer up. I don't hate you." And that was true. He didn't hate her, but somehow he had an itch to grab that lovely white throat and teach her that there were some guys who didn't like to be played fast and loose with. If his affections had been involved, he really might have done it. He rose uncertainly.

"Just between you and me and the marriage-license bureau," she said, mischief flickering across her face, "you don't care a bit, do you?"

RANDY couldn't restrain a slow smile. "No fair. A man must keep his mystery."

"But you really didn't intend to go through with it, did you?"

"Are you sure you don't want a slice of noble renunciation?"

"No, just the truth."

"Well, I did have my doubts. But how did you know?"

"I have a divining rod. It tells me when my so-called fiancé doesn't write me a single letter." Then suddenly she was laughing. Randy found himself laughing too. "The mortgage is lifted," she said. "You're free and clear." She handed him his hat.

Yes, he was free and clear. His whole leave lay before him as empty as Ration Book No. 2, and he suddenly didn't know quite what to do with it. It didn't seem sporting of her to have dangled this nice fire, this tempting table before him and then deny them to him.

He tried to look like Old Mother Hubbard's dog. "I suppose you're expecting someone else to dinner, then?"

With a slight start of surprise she glanced at the table as if it had been put out by elves. "Oh, that. I always set a place for my husband. If he should walk in today, tomorrow, the next day, he would find everything waiting for him."

Sounded pretty good, Randy thought little enviously. Her husband was a luc guy if she went to that trouble night aft night. He shifted from one foot to t other. He twirled his hat. He was conscio of an insane desire to prolong the visit.

"What's your husband's name?"

She hesitated a moment. "Bill."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, short and round and jolly. Refres ingly normal. But heavens, you don't wa to hear me rave about him." She empti an ash tray with an air of finality.

"Well ——" Randy went to the do Hester was right there, holding it open. S certainly was in a hurry to get rid of hi "I suppose," he said, casting one last ling ing look at the table, "that Bill would d approve of your doing war work for po deserving pilots?"

"I don't know"—indifferently. "I real don't."

ONLY a blind woman could fail to see th he was hungry, Randy told himself reser fully. Would it hurt this cool, self-sufficie creature to offer him a little nourishmen "Is it too late to ask you out to dinner? he said broadly.

"I'm afraid it is." There was nothi else to do but go. And then, unbelievingl he heard her say, "You wouldn't care take potluck with me?"

Randy wheeled and tossed her his h "You get *A* in hint-taking after all."

"I didn't *dream* you would want to. B stay, by all means, if you like."

This time when Randy sat down in t easy chair he stretched his long legs, let ba his head and relaxed. No need to be on ed now, to guard his tongue. This was gran If only he could spend the rest of his lea like this, in comfort, in good company an above all, in perfect safety. But it wou probably take some doing. He couldn't he being amused that ten minutes ago he h been scratching at the door and now he w scheming how to curl up on the hearthru

Filled with a sense of well-being and fe ing suddenly reminiscent, he said with grin, "How come you sent your wire?"

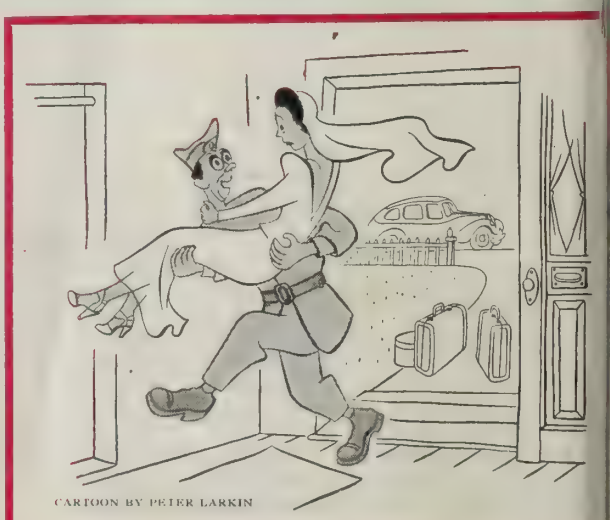
She looked at him sidelong. "How con you sent yours?"

"Ah," he said. "Ah. It's a long story He had a sudden urge to confide in her, tell her all. But she was doing enough b taking him in without listening to his tro bles.

"How did we happen to meet in the fir place?" she was saying. "It slips my mind

It had slipped his mind, too, but he w a little bit piqued that she hadn't remer bered. That was a woman's job. "Wasn't at a wedding reception?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. You were encircled by wome and in your magnificent rear-guard actio you stepped on my toe. And of course I r member our dates. There were three of ther weren't there?"



CARTOON BY PETER LARKIN

"The kitchen is in here!"

"Four," said Randy, a trifle hurt.

"Just one of those temporary wartime attractions."

"But you *were* attracted?" asked Randy cautiously.

"In a way. It seemed to me that underneath the boyish appeal you were idealistic, intelligent and capable, and just didn't have a chance to be yourself when women were around. But we really didn't know a thing about each other. It wouldn't have worked at all."

"No," said Randy thoughtfully. "No, I suppose not."

He rose to help her light the candles and put the food on the table, and they sat down to dinner. For potluck it was a much better meal than he might have expected. There were ham, macaroni and cheese and a tossed green salad. It was plain and hearty, and Randy polished up the whole big casserole.

"I might have guessed you liked unembroidered food," said Hester, smiling.

"What made you think so?"

"In my profession we learn to size people up."

"That must give you a big advantage."

Her eyes, almost lost in the shadows, seemed dark with ancient wisdom. But her voice was crisp and modern and uncommunicative. "Sometimes it does. Sometimes it doesn't."

The dishes done companionably, back in his chair by the fireplace, a haunting sadness crept over Randy. "Look," he said. "This guy Bill wouldn't be stuffy enough to object to your taking in a homeless flier now and then?"

"Of course he's not stuffy, but he'd hardly like competition."

"Aren't you going to see any men until he comes back?" asked Randy wonderingly.

"I see lots of men. I have my profession. Bill appreciates the fact that it's absolutely necessary for my patients to transfer their fixations to me."

Randy pricked up his ears. A tiny spring of hope was beginning to bubble. "Patients? Couldn't you fit me into that category?" he asked.

Her green eyes appraised him. "You interest me. From a purely professional point of view, of course."

"I never interested a girl in that way before," he said plaintively. "From a purely professional point of view you don't think I'm crazy, do you?"

"No, but it wouldn't surprise me if you had a complex or two."

"I'm all laced up in complexes," said Randy eagerly. "And dreams! You should see my bright red one with insets of Irish lace. How long would it take to be psychoanalyzed?"

A smile pulled at her lips. "You don't need that. And certainly you wouldn't want to spend your leave here with me every night. Think of all the nice, young girls——"

Randy groaned. It was a groan from the heart. "That's exactly what I am thinking of. Quick, show me the couch, let me lie on it!"

She looked undecided. "It's too short a time—but I might be able to give you a little help. It's my usual practice to charge a fee, but—well, perhaps you can be a charity case."

"Or maybe comic relief," said Randy.

"All right," she said. "We'll skip the couch. How about some coffee instead?"

Randy had no complaints about that.

"If at any time you want to discontinue the treatment, you are perfectly free to do so." She put a large cup of steaming coffee beside him and sat down.

How did she know he didn't want a demitasse, Randy wondered. He looked at her with a stirring of excitement. *Sibyl*, he asked himself, *or sorceress?*

"Why are you a flier?" she was asking. "There are other branches of the service."

"Lots of men are fliers."

"Yes, but not quite in such a large way. Weren't you with the RCAF, and then the Bomber Command and the Ferry Command? Before that, Spain? The struggle

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for liberty seems to have a personal aspect. I think you have an escape complex."

"And what can I do about it, doctor?"

"Well, I don't know yet. We'll have to examine your problem before we find a solution. We'll have to go back to your childhood." Her head fell against the chair, her hair a shining patch against the gold upholstery. She said dreamily, "It reminds me of something. Oh, I know. . . . Once upon a time a little old woman baked a Gingerbread Man for a little old man and put it on the window sill to cool. But the Gingerbread Man decided to run away. *Run, run as fast as you can. You can't catch me, I'm the Gingerbread Man.* . . . That's it! You're the Gingerbread Man. And women keep running after you because you're good enough to eat."

Randy felt a fiery blush soar straight to the roots of his hair. "*You* didn't have that reaction," he reminded her.

"We'll have to keep personalities out of this," she said coolly. "Unless you'd rather drop the whole thing right now?"

"No," Randy said. "Go ahead and stick some more pins in me. See if I care."

"Another cup?" she asked.

"If you don't mind," he said.

"Well, now"—she curled up in her chair again—"perhaps we'd better have your childhood. Your parents. . . . *I ran away from the little old woman, and the little old man, and I can run away from you, I can, I can.* . . . Or wasn't it that way at all?"

"By golly." Randy looked at her with dawning respect. "My parents *were* little old people, and I *did* run away from them. As far as I could go—Spain."

"Tell me about it," said Hester softly.

She faded out until all he could see of her was the blur of her face and the shining blob of her hair. He forgot that this was just a game to provide him with company for a week. He began to pour out things he had never poured out to anyone.

"I was an only child and they were old when I was born. I loved them, but boy, did they get in my hair! My mother wrapped me in mufflers and rubbers and kept me on a diet of cough medicine. My father wouldn't let me play football."

"How long did you stick it out?"

"All through college—and they didn't send me away to college. They picked one close to home. But when they picked out a wife for me, too, I finally ran."

"Your first escape," Hester murmured. "I don't believe you've ever told me what college you went to."

"Schoffield Tech."

"Schoffield Tech!" She leaned forward. "This is silly, but you couldn't possibly have known Weasel Wallace, could you?"

"Weasel!" he almost shouted. "Well, blow me down, do you know Weasel? Isn't that something?"

"Were you there at the time that Weasel swiped the clapper from the bell in Bingham Tower?"

"You bet I was. And did you ever hear about his swinging from the chandelier in the Senior Dining Room?"

"I'll never forget the way he told that story," Hester said. "Well. Well."

"Well. *Well,*" said Randy, "imagine your knowing Weasel."

They talked excitedly of Weasel until finally a happy, musing silence fell. The fire crackled in a pleasant obbligato to Randy's memories.

Hester said, at last, "Did you go back home eventually?"

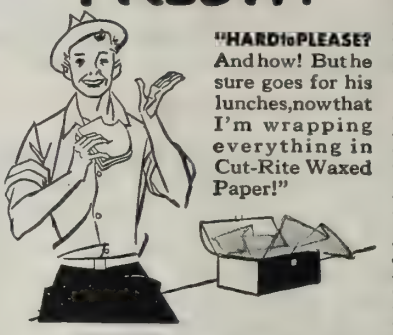
"Yes, I went back. But I never felt tied again." He added a little wistfully, "I was fond of them, but sometimes I longed for a different kind of family. A big family where the parents were too busy to smother the children. Did you have a big family?"

"Yes. Still have."

"Was it fun?"

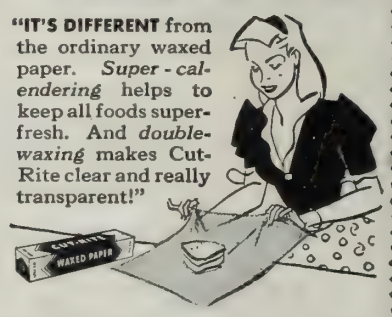
"Grand fun. A family of individualists. Everyone was allowed to go his own way. My mother and father are the kind who let boys play with dolls, if they want to, and girls with hammers and nails. And that's about what happened. Now one of my

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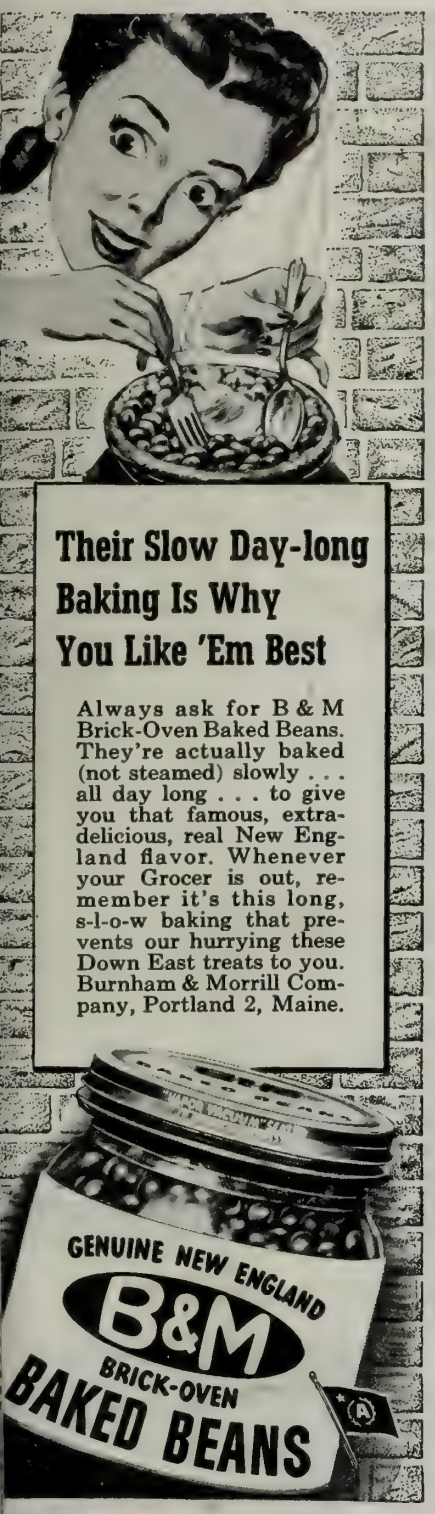
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brothers is a puppeteer. Maybe you've seen some of his puppets in department-store windows at Christmas. And my sister turned into an aeronautical engineer. My other brother is studying to be a doctor too."

"Do you ever get together?"

"All the time. They live in Connecticut."

An overwhelming desire seized Randy to see this family in action. To join, for even a short time, in their casual fun. And then he realized that perhaps it wasn't out of the question at all. Visiting a girl's family had always been Setup No. 2. When you visited a girl's family the banns were as good as published then and there. But it was different this time. Quite different.

He gave her a shy smile. "You couldn't drag me along sometime, I suppose? It would be too much work for your mother."

Hester laughed lightly. "She wouldn't even know the difference. But"—she looked at him shrewdly—"I can't imagine why you'd be interested."

"I am interested. Cross my heart."

"Maybe sometime, then." Her glance went to the clock and Randy's followed. He rose in a hurry, annoyed at his selfishness. He had a nerve keeping her up, a working-woman too!

"May I come again, tomorrow?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," she said. "But if you can't make it, don't worry."

PEOPLE PREACH

Every time you acquire a new interest—even more, a new accomplishment—you increase your power of life. No one who is deeply interested in a large variety of subjects can remain unhappy. The real pessimist is the person who has lost interest. —WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: Encyclopedia of Creative Thought. Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

The world is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition. —DWIGHT MORROW: Encyclopedia of Creative Thought. Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well, he is done for.

—BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON: Encyclopedia of Creative Thought. Edited by Martha Lupton. (Maxwell Droke.)

He was there on the dot of six. His morning had been spent browsing in the children's section of a bookstore, where he had triumphantly fallen upon a copy of The Gingerbread Man. He saw now, aided by full-color illustrations, that the Gingerbread Man had not only escaped from the old woman and old man, but from an assortment of animals who also had a yen for gingerbread. He figured that he might be able to string this racket out quite a while.

His study of the story had given him a preview of the evening's program, and he knew that the big white rabbit was next on the list. All day he had cast around in his memory for someone to double for a big white rabbit and had come up with Louise. He didn't intend to be caught napping by the astute Doctor Dealman.

She was wearing a black street-length dress this night, and he saw with interest that the table was again set before the fire. Dinner, to his immense gratification, consisted of steak and French-fried potatoes.

"And now," Hester said to him over their coffee, "the Gingerbread Man runs through a field of clover containing a big white rabbit. *Stop, stop,* says the rabbit. . . . Do you have a candidate?"

He had never discussed one girl with another. He hadn't thought it was quite the thing to do. But now he felt no such compunctions. He couldn't wait to get it off his chest. "Her name was Louise. She was pale, with pale blond hair."

"What was the matter?"



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"Her ma and pa. The first time I set foot in the door I felt that I was already pasted in the family album. Her father had a place for me in the dry-goods business. Her mother thought I needed to put on flesh. Louise never opened her mouth. She couldn't make a decision of her own. She didn't once say to me, 'Let's get out of this firetrap.' A dead weight, that was Louise. I couldn't help but think that I'd never be able to step out by myself some night. And I knew she would never do anything independently. She wouldn't even go to the movies by herself."

"Um-m-m," said Hester. "So you want a wife who can go out without you, and you want to do the same."

"Once in a while, at least." He grinned. "How am I doing, doctor?"

"Not bad, at all. I've never had such a co-operative patient."

"Is it going to take long to unravel me?" he asked anxiously.

"Not too long."

"But long enough," he pleaded.

She picked up the coffee cups and went into the kitchen. She was back in an instant, looking at the watch on her wrist. "I guess our session tonight is about over," she said. "I have to attend a meeting."

"You do?" It was absurd how disappointed he suddenly felt. Empty. Let down. "Could I—couldn't I," he said, like a four-year-old, "come with you?"

She disappeared into the bedroom and came out with the kind of hat that has ideas of its own. She quickly adjusted it by the mirror over the mantel. "You wouldn't be interested," she said. "Just shop talk. A symposium on abnormal psychology."

"I would be interested," he insisted. "You know that I am."

She smiled faintly. "Some other time, then, when it isn't so technical. You're perfectly welcome to stay here if you like. Don't bother about the dishes."

Before he knew it the door had clicked softly, and Randy was alone. The apartment still held her essence—a small white handkerchief in the chair, a pair of gloves lying on the table. Idly he picked up the gloves and matched them against his long hands. Funny how tiny they were, and sort of curved as if they remembered her fingers. He snapped them down angrily. In a rush of martyrdom he strode into the kitchen and washed and dried all the dishes. He even scrubbed the broiler.

But when he was through at last, she still wasn't home, and loneliness plucked his heartstrings. Suddenly he was filled with fright. They hadn't made a date for the next night. Perhaps this was the brush-off. He paced the floor of the apartment while the clock malignantly stood still. Finally he left, to spend a wretched night. The first thing in the morning he telephoned, but she had already left. He knew she was connected with some hospital, but for the life of him he couldn't recall which one. He cursed his stupidity.

There was nothing to do but show up at the usual time and hope for the best. He wanted to take her something. Orchids? Gardenias? No, he leaned to violets. Violets were soft and velvety and deep—like Hester. He almost couldn't believe it when he found her home. Silently, haggard with worry, he handed her the box.

"Oh, Randy," she said warmly, "violets. How awfully nice."

Her calm composure was definitely irritating. "I suppose you're all agog to hear about my adventures with the gentle brown cow," he said sharply.

Her eyes twinkled, she buried her nose in the flowers, and his irritation went up in smoke. "*I got away from the little old man and the little old woman and the big white rabbit and the gentle brown cow.* . . . Yes, the gentle brown cow is in order. Was her name Bossie?"

"Bessie." After dinner he told her about it. "Placid and bovine," he concluded.

"The maternal type," she said. "Good at wiping children's noses and running the house efficiently."



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"Everything in its place, including the sband. She was so efficient she would ver have needed me for anything but a t. A man likes to think he's a little bit im-rtant in the scheme of things, you know."

"And a man is important," Hester said ietly. "You've no idea how helpless I am thout one. Not only in the big things, but the little things as well." She laughed dep-atingly. "My accounts, for instance, are the most awful mess. Wouldn't you think voman like me could keep track of such ngs?"

'Let me look them over for you," he of-ed.

'Oh, no. I couldn't let *you* do it."

'I want to do it. Please."

'Indeed not."

'I insist. Tell you what you do. Put m out for me and tomorrow when you're he I'll look them over. Won't you?"

'Randy—well, that's awfully sweet ——"

He was filled with triumph. He felt larger in life. He settled back in his chair apped in a warm glow. Her next words ckly and horridly dispelled it.

'And now—the little bear cub," she said.

The little bear cub! had been saving it for the next ht. They were al-st at the end of story, and now was rushing it n more. A cold st of ice began to n round his heart. ldenly he didn't e two figs for the le bear cub, or for of the rest of it.

'Didn't you run ay from the little r cub too?" she sisted.

'Margie could be bear cub," he l reluctantly, and pped.

'Yes?"

He tried to think. couldn't seem to p his mind on it all. All he could nk of was the warm ve of Hester's lips, smile in her eyes. e crust of ice was ning rapidly into fty-cent cake.

'Margie never w up," he said. he wanted to play he time. Dancing ery night." A ught struck him l he leaned over and grabbed her hands. haven't yet taken you out to dinner," he l with self-reproach. "I've never taken dancing. Do you like to dance?"

I love to—not all the time, of course, now and then."

When can we go?"

Gently she drew her hands away. "Some-e."

Sometime. All at once Randy realized that re would never be a Sometime. No Some-e when he would see her family, no Some-e when he would accompany her to a posium on abnormal psychology that sn't too technical, no Sometime when y would go dancing. He felt so sick he ld hardly breathe. He wished that he n't know what was the matter with him, he was desperately afraid that he did.

'Aren't you interested," she was saying, hear my solution?"

LREADY?" he cried in dismay. Well, ybe it was better this way, he told him-. If it was going to end, it might as well l now. No use holding back the tide, iting the inevitable. "Okay—shoot."

'You won't break the habit formation of ape until you've met the fox. Remember end of the story?"

He knew it word for word. "The Ginger-ad Man comes to a stream ——"

"Yes," she said with appropriate gravity. "And along comes a fox who graciously offers to take him across. *Jump on my tail,* says the fox. Then the water gets deeper. *Jump on my back. Jump on my head. Jump on my nose* ——"

"Then snap, snap, gobble ——"

"Yes." Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She looked down at them. He looked too.

"Where's your wedding ring, Hester?" he asked.

"On a chain around my neck," she said promptly. "So you see, unless you carry the pattern to its logical conclusion, you may develop a severe psychosis."

"I don't like it," Randy said sorrowfully. "I don't like it a bit."

"When it happens," said Hester, "you won't feel any pain. And think how grand it will be to have it all over! To have only one woman to worry about instead of dozens. You can enjoy life for a change."

It was getting harder and harder to keep on with the old light touch. "It's too late," Randy managed. "One of my worst fears has materialized. I met the right girl, but I was running so fast I let her get away."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Hester softly. "That *is* too bad. Are you very sure?"

"Sadly enough, I couldn't be surer of anything. I love her. This girl has everything. She's just wonderful, that's all. And I didn't have the sense to know it while there was still time."

"The world is full of girls," said Hester. "Or perhaps you know."

"Not girls like *you.*" He couldn't help himself. His acrobatic heart was in two places at once—in his mouth and on his sleeve. "Hester, this Bill—it couldn't possibly have been a ghoulish mistake, could it?" He sat on the arm of her chair and gripped her shoulders. "Hester, tell me."

Hester turned her head away. He couldn't see her face. "You're a very interesting case, Randy," she murmured. "Suppose I wasn't married? Suppose there was no Bill? Wouldn't that old debbil flight seize you once more?"

Prayerfully his finger went to her neck, explored it, circled it. There was no chain there. No chain at all. "Hester—don't play games with me any more."

She looked directly into his eyes. "No, I'm not married," she told him. "But that needn't make the slightest bit of difference. It just happened to be easier that way to establish the essential rapport between doctor and patient."

He had never thought it would be so easy to say it. He had never dreamed that he, Randy Maine, would be falling all over himself to say it. "Darling, I love you. Do you love me?"

"Yes, but ——"

That was all he needed to hear. He kissed her quickly. Then he drew away. He gave the old panic a chance to seize him. He waited for the wings to sprout on his sandals. And there was nothing. Nothing but complete and utter happiness. His hands went to her red-brown hair. He looked into her demure green eyes.

"Now I know you," he cried. "Why, you, *you're* the fox, you vixen!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Lilacs Nod Again

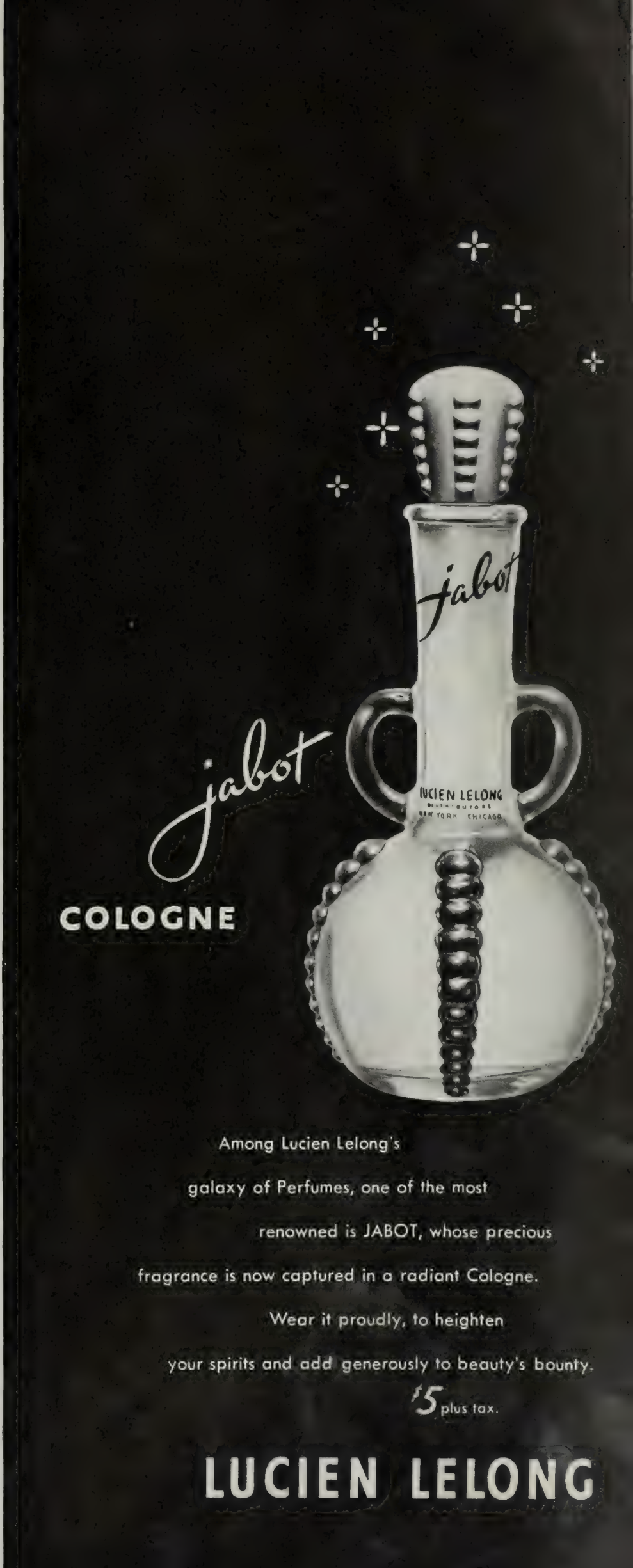
BY WARREN BASSETT

The lilacs nod again, and bridal wreath
Spills its white lace along the garden wall;
I sometimes think its snowy waterfall
Is loveliest of all spring's flower and leaf.

Again and yet again the spring returns
To lift our hearts with beauty and birds' song;
Again we feel the way is not too long,
That somewhere is the goal which each one earns.

Look well upon the magic of this hour,
Drink deep the beauty which you see today,
The golden sun upon this leaf, this flower,
For once, and only once, you pass this way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Red with terrific impact. Explosive as the new
bare back, bare midriff, bare toe fashions.
That real red-red in Nail Enamel and Lipstick you
dreamed about, knew could exist—yet never could find . . .
Here it is . . . just plain dynamite!
(And with it "Sheer Dynamite" Face Powder.)





Revlon's new color is "DYNAMITE!"





Pink parasol to match a pink afternoon dress; both with ruffles.



Full-skirted plaid trimmed with white eyelet; right—two-piece-effect eyelet peplum dress.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAUMAN-GREENE



Who will buy my violets? Sunback dress with flower-printed chintz skirt, a halter neckline.

THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL

Flowers for sale! Lemonade, five cents a glass! Buy your tickets here! Dressing for your job this summer will be just as important as dressing for your best beau! Select a plaid cotton trimmed with white eyelet ruffles because it's the prettiest dress in town—buy it because you know it will live trimly through an eight-hour working day. The face value of a chintz-and-linen sunback is as colorful as your flower stand—the basic value is that it's washable, workable, wearable. Keep a cool head while you're choosing your warm-weather fashions—your dresses should be as lightweight on your budget as they are on your back! ★ ★ ★ **BY DAWN CROWELL**



l lovely way to spend an evening: crisp piqué with



Girl in gingham: red-and-white check with



The dress that dreams are made of: off-the-shoul-



A dress for dancing on a New York roof: of silk marquisette, shadowed with Chantilly lace. An Alice Orovan original.

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

Joyce, who lives up Battle Lane, had hers removed in August last. It's not back yet.

Lots of talk about war gratuities, and decorations, and who is to get what. Personally, I feel there is no justice in this world, if someone does not decorate Spam. Far be it from me to underrate the value of munitions and tanks—but if it is true that an army marches on its stomach, I do not believe we would ever have won the war without Spam. It was the cornerstone of our A.R.P. cupboard—the last shot in the housewife's locker. Only those who have eaten it at dawn, toasted on the end of a knitting needle at a bomb fragment, amongst debris, can really know.

Love to you all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

My dear Bruce: All month I have been laboring mightily at the How England Lives article, for Beatrice and Mary Cookman. I have found it grand fun, but something quite novel. Never before have I been bounded on the north, south, east and west by hard facts. You will never know what trouble I had not to have all the English family going off and making a good plot.

The wall is finished. It is six feet high. Wm. Port is not very kind about it. He stood and looked it over and all he said was "Terrible!" You have no idea—at least I don't suppose you have—how hard it is to keep a brick wall the same width all the way up. It broadens out toward the end of its life, like the female seat. I cannot say why. Never mind. It keeps the wind out of the garden.

Later. Daughter Mary writes that she hopes to come and settle in her own cottage. I am full of hopes of being able, one day, to get hold of one of the American wooden houses I hear are coming over this way. Anyhow, I have already started making a nice little garden to put it up in.

Love to all,
DOROTHY BLACK.

Civilians Also Die

Old Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Editor: I am getting just a little tired of hearing about service wives and war widows. There are so many of us whose civilian husbands are gone, and a benign Government isn't worrying about us in the slightest degree.

I am a widow—have been for nearly a year. I have a baby, too, born a week before his daddy's death. I have no medal or citation to look at.

I cannot tell my son his daddy died a hero's death, or did anything that was patriotic. His daddy was a good man, and a genius of a kind. He was a mechanical wizard. He was minus a foot through a civilian accident.

Following the birth of my son, and the death of my husband, I tried to pick up the pieces. He was unable to get insurance, a growing business had taken all the cash we could get together, and I faced a future with a baby, no home, and about $10 in the bank.

However, the first year is over. We still continue to eat and pay the rent, but somehow I must make a surplus that will provide the down payment on a home. I do wish, though, that widows and orphans of Little People could find some source of moral support—even if it is only from knowing there are others struggling along.

Sincerely,
B.

As Joseph Mitchell said, "There are no little people" in this world. "They are just as big as you are, whoever you are." ED.

She Likes Large Families

Savanna, Illinois.

Dear Editor: Most of your correspondents who write *against* having many children seem to forget that there is a long view to this subject, as to all others.

I once knew a woman whose children came so fast that she was pitied or blamed

Postponed Honeymoon!

On the register of a New York hotel some day soon there'll be the names of "Colonel and Mrs. Little of New Jersey." It will be in celebration of the Colonel's return from active duty...and for it, Mrs. Little wants to look her loveliest.

So some new clothes are on Mrs. Little's list. And a fresh new complexion for which she's thanking DuBarry Beauty Preparations and the DuBarry Success School.

She says her skin now has a radiance it never had before she learned about DuBarry Beauty Preparations. So effective have these preparations proved that in the Success School Course alone over 190,000 women have used DuBarry Beauty Preparations exclusively.

Wouldn't you like to see what DuBarry Beauty Preparations can do for you? Then ask at your favorite cosmetic counter for your free copy of the DuBarry Success-O-Plan!

DuBarry Beauty Preparations contain no ingredients known to cause common skin allergies. Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association.



DU BARRY
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
by
Richard Hudnut



2 TO 3 TIMES
LONGER PROTECTION

WITH *LIQUID*
ODO·RO·NO

Unbiased surveys show that women who have changed to Liquid ODORONO Deodorant now get 2 to 3 times longer protection from offensive perspiration than with ordinary deodorants. Not only *longer*, but *fuller* protection.

Get a bottle of Liquid ODORONO today. Experience a new sense of confidence that all women have, who use a *direct-action* liquid deodorant that *really* stops perspiration up to five days.



Use either Regular whenever necessary, or Instant ODORONO (milder) every day. 39¢. Also 59¢ and 10¢ (plus Fed. Tax).



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BRASSIERES

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The way to be *sure* the brassiere you buy is a genuine Maiden Form is to see that it carries the Maiden Form trademark. . . always your assurance of quality, in fabrics and in workmanship!

If you can't find your style at first, try again! Dealers get supplies monthly. Send for Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

by almost everyone. After a lapse of a few years, I again visited the town in which she had lived. To my surprise, some of the wealthier people of the town now openly envied this woman. Her children, you see, had grown up used to economy and competitive family life, and they seemed to get along better than children who had been indulged from babyhood. Their mother, as envious neighbors told me, had an income now of seven hundred dollars a month, including her husband's salary and the generous amount that each of the children insisted upon her taking. She was free now, in her early forties, to enjoy the social pleasures that she had given up during her twenties and thirties. One of her sons became a famous surgeon, one of her daughters a newspaper columnist, and later seven of her grandchildren went into their country's service. From an ordinary little woman, she has blossomed into a person of importance and prestige in her community because of her children's attainments.

This is, perhaps, an extraordinary case, but I always like women with big families anyway. Not one of them has ever bored me with neurotic complaints.

Yours truly,
COLLETTE M. FISHER.

Nothing to Fear But Fear

Encinitas, California.

Dear Editor: I agree with Doctor Bundesen about The Needless Fear of Childbirth. And before a great many women get ready to jump down my throat, let me add that the birth of my first child was a frightful experience, and it took me almost four years to get up nerve enough to go through it again. Then a chance remark by a neighbor gave me hope. In my desperate state of mind, I clung to her words, and tried to "accept and relax—accept and relax." And no one could have been more surprised than I when my second baby was born without a moan from me. I hope to have a third within the next year or so, but this time I know that I have nothing to fear but fear itself.

Sincerely,
MRS. ALBERT W. THOMAS.

No Man Can Know!

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor: I don't agree with Doctor Bundesen. I had no labor pains whatsoever with my first baby. Consequently, I approached the second birth with no fears and completely relaxed. I labored almost two days with my second child and screamed, though half of the time I didn't know it. I'd call my third child an average birth. I had pains, but made not a sound—I didn't *have* to scream.

No man, doctor or not, can know what childbirth pain is. We can read about many things, but until we experience them, there's no comparison. I fully intend to have two or three more children; in fact, we're having our fourth in June. I never had any fears and I don't have now, but I'm curious as to what Nature has in store with my fourth child.

Very sincerely,
MRS. JOSEPH DUBENIC.

Dog Daze

Plainfield, New Jersey.

Dear Editor: Did you know that there are thirty-one references to cocker spaniels, including four pictures, in a recent issue of the L. H. J.? I didn't count carefully and no doubt missed a few. Cockers with goulash, cockers with sailors, cockers with marines! I picture your office as being full of dog hair, smelly with tar soap and a rubber bone under ye editorial chair.

From careful perusal of your pages, it also seems that no American family can be called typical without a horse. For the luvapete, give us a family now and then that keeps a ptarmigan, or at least a pig, for variety.

Yr. gentle reader,
M. B. D.

P. S.: Can you give me the address of that farrier who shod the Bolinvar horses that went from Virginia to New Jersey? I can throw some business his way.

Our farrier friends assure us that the Bolinvars' feat was quite possible in those days. But we are afraid a blacksmith of 1815 would not be interested in business today. ED.

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SELF-FABRIC BELT SERVICE
MADE-TO-ORDER from
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CELANESE
WRINKLE-FREE PROCESS*

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Left, Style A—1-inch Belt


ght, Style B—¾-inch Belt


Left, Style C—¾-inch Belt

OW!..A Wrinkle-Free* Self-Fabric Belt Guaranteed to nder and dry clean! Each Belt complete with: Self-vered rust-proof buckle; Embroidered self-matching eye-s; Six rows stitchings for added smartness; Choice of 3 les. . . . Marilyn Self-Fabric Belts can be washed or aned by same method as garment. . . . To order, simply ace in any envelope a strip of your dress material 2¾ hes wide and 5 inches longer than waist measurement: o include 5 x 7-inch scrap for buckle. Give waist measure-nt and style wanted. . . . Write or use coupon below. Prompt livery. Guaranteed satisfaction or one dollar refunded.

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Enclosed is material for Wrinkle-Free* Belt. My waist measurement is_____inches. Style wanted (Check): ☐ A ☐ B ☐ C. Upon receipt of belt I will pay postman $1.00, plus small C. O. D. charge.

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WASHABLE
EVERGLAZE
FINISHED COTTONS

Dresses made of "Everglaze" Finished Fabrics are a pleasure to behold. You and your children are not only pretty in them, but you enjoy the many benefits the "Everglaze" Finish provides. It imparts to cottons a crisp, lustrous finish that's durable through repeated washings . . . soil-resistant, which means fewer launderings. Look for the "Everglaze" trade mark on the dresses or yard goods you buy at your favorite store. It's your assurance of radiant, long-wearing cottons.



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"Patents make Jobs"


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bright as a rainbow

Aqua Green . . . Shocking Pink . . . Chartreuse. These are some of the bright, flattering Daniel Green colors that are new this year. They're gay. They're frivolous . . . and the slippers are unrationed.

So treat yourself to a pair or two and add new charm to your leisure moments. You will get your money's worth in relaxation, comfort and the long wear that Daniel Green Comfy slippers are famous for.

Due to wartime restrictions your dealer may ask you to select some other Daniel Green style if he doesn't happen to have your favorite.


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The look every mother knows

The look that says plain as day, "Ah, food—bring it on!" Mothers who serve Gerber's get to know that look very well. Because, Gerber's is famous for: **(1)** Extra good taste. **(2)** Cooked the Gerber way by steam to better retain precious minerals and vitamins. **(3)** Uniform, smooth texture. **(4)** Every step in the making laboratory-checked. Do as thousands of mothers do—get Gerber's, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

What's this—iron for babies?

Many babies, your doctor will tell you, need extra iron after the age of three months or more. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B_1. Serve both cereals—variety helps baby eat better. Both cereals are precooked—just add milk or formula, hot or cold, and serve.



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Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Free sample .....

My baby is now months old, please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Company, Dept. 85-5, Fremont, Michigan

Name

City and State



PHOTO BY HAROLD M. LAMBERT

Watchfulness on the part of mothers may help prevent an unsightly and unpleasant infection which attacks children's hair.

Ringworm of the Scalp

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

An epidemic form of ringworm of the scalp is spreading swiftly among school children in many American cities. Fortunately, the infection does not injure the children's general health. But ringworm is unsightly and unpleasant; and it is so persistent that the only wholly effective treatment makes loss of the hair necessary.

Plainly, mothers will want to do everything they can to prevent this ugly affliction from attacking their homes and their communities. Often the infection gains headway in spite of all that is done. But watchfulness on the part of mothers may help to prevent it, and prompt co-operation with the doctor brings best results in treatment.

Never before has ringworm appeared in the United States to such large extent. The epidemic started in our Eastern cities, and has moved steadily across the country.

Once it appears in a community, the infection spreads with such wildfire speed that it is extremely difficult to control; in some school groups, for example, as many as 80 per cent of the children are affected. Chiefly, ringworm spreads from one child to another during intimate indoor play, especially when children are wrestling or roughhousing. The infection is also carried by combs, brushes, towels, caps and other objects touching the head. Unless strict sanitary rules are enforced, barbers' scissors may carry the ringworm. Ringworm often appears on the back of the head, so it may be deposited by infected children on the backs of movie seats, then picked up when other youngsters rub their heads on the seats. Several outbreaks have been traced to this source.

The ringworm is caused by a fungous type of organism. This particular fungus is never seen except on the scalp. The fungus spreads outward in a circle from the initial point of infection, and upward along the hair shafts in the affected area. Soon each involved hair becomes dry, dull and brittle, then breaks off near the scalp, leaving a hard, ugly stump. The scalp skin becomes ashy-gray in appearance and may scale, but inflammation and swelling do not commonly occur.

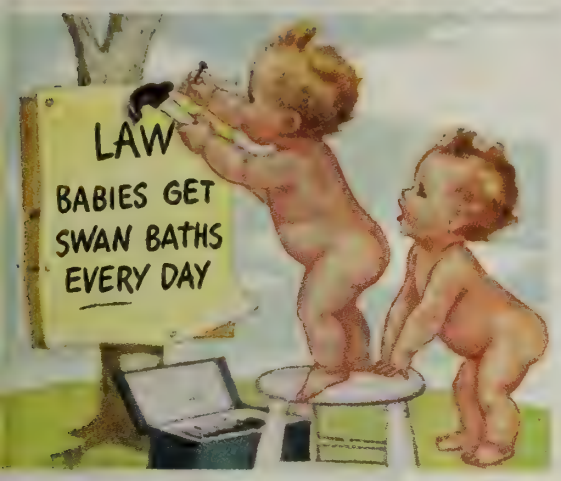
More important from the standpoint of treatment is the fact that the infection also spreads downward along the hair shafts, deep into the hair follicles under the surface of the scalp. This burrowing growth beneath the scalp's surface makes the affliction stubbornly resistant to treatment. Fungicidal applications on the scalp surface, no matter how effective, are inadequate, because they simply do not reach all the infectious organisms. Mothers must remember this fact: When ringworm appears, home remedies are not dependable.

Unchecked, the fungus may continue to grow until the whole scalp is covered with evil-looking patches. Even when he is undergoing treatment, a child so affected is a menace to his family and his schoolmates unless he is fitted with a protective skullcap

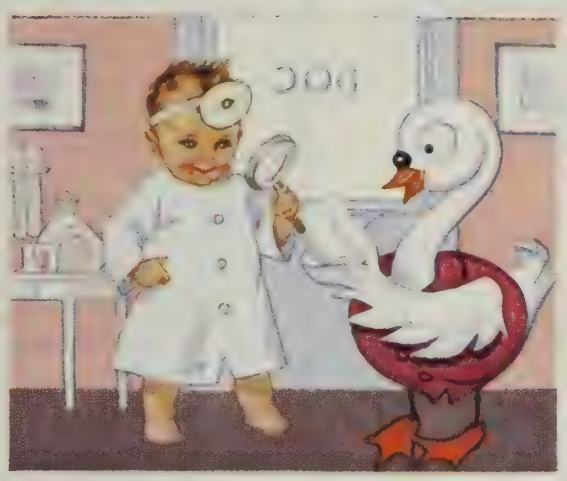
(Continued on Page 126)

Grateful young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. The booklets will be sent monthly; be sure to tell us when you want the first booklet. A complete book on the care of the baby, ***a necessary supplement*** to the monthly booklets, Our Babies, No. 1345, is 25 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A Doctor's First Duty to the Mother, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

IF BABIES RAN THE WORLD...



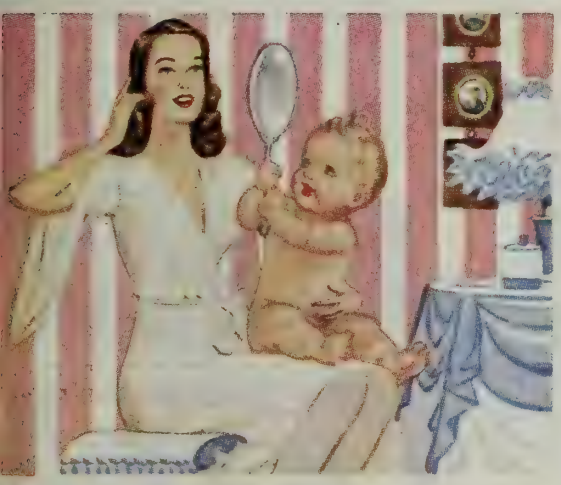
They'd pass a great big law to say
All babies get a bath a day
With gentle Swan. So pure! So mild!
(It's simply *perfect* for your child!)



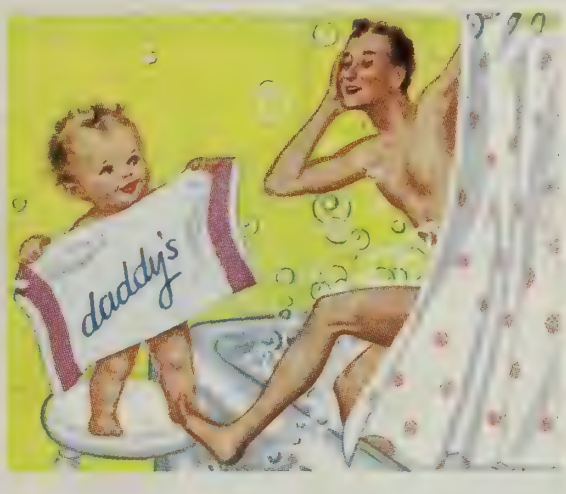
They'd tell the world what doctors know—
Swan's mild as fine castiles! And so
Its suds are safe for tender skin.
Just right to dunk a baby in!



They'd splash in tubs so happily
With snowy Swan that folks will see
That Swan's the bestest soap by far
For baths—no matter *who* you are!



Then watch the babies' mamas beam
'Cause Swan complexions are a dream.
So soft! So smooth! So very fair!
(Why don't *you* try Swan's pure, mild care?)



Then see the babies' daddies grin
'Cause Swan agrees so well with skin.
They like that lather . . . creamy! Thick!
Swan's *one* pure soap that lathers *quick!*



In kitchens and in laundries, too,
There's lots for baby's Swan to do.
Dishwashing with this grand, mild bar
Leaves soft hands lovelier by far!



While pretty duds stay fresh and bright
With Swan's pure suds to treat 'em right.
Yep, babies know what grownups should—
For *every* job, Swan's mighty good!



So doesn't it seem pretty smart
To use pure Swan right from the start?
For baby! Bath! For dishes! Duds!
Buy Swan! Get *baby-gentle* suds!



P.S. To all new babies that arrive
Sometime in 1945
We'll send a pure, *free* cake of Swan!
Just ask your dealer for coupon.

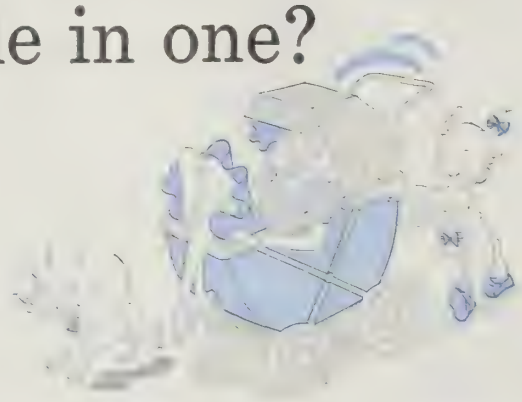
(Offer good in U. S. only. Expires Dec. 31st, 1945)

BABY-MILD FOR EVERYTHING **SWAN** IS PURE AS FINE CASTILES



TUNE IN: George Burns & Gracie Allen, CBS, Monday Nights

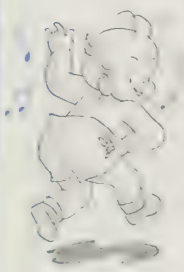
How long since you rode in one?



Once upon a time, mother, you were a bouncing baby yourself.

And we mean *bouncing*. If you could recall how you were bounced, bumped and side-swayed in an old-fashioned baby carriage, you'd really know how lucky *your* baby is — he can ride in the dreamlike smoothness of a de luxe THAYER Folding Coach!

Tiny babies are not jitterbugs.



The bumping and swaying of an ordinary carriage is distressing to tiny tummies full of milk . . . and tiny bones. So Thayer banished the bumps with a wonderful shock-absorbing chassis . . . and an ingenious Body Stabilizer which ends side-sway, too! A Thayer baby rides as smoothly as floating on a feather.



THAYER Coaches, in *gleaming aluminum* or steel, have the famous Feather-Touch 3-Position Back Rest, adjustable aluminum push handles, bicycle-type wheels with rubber tires, squeak-proof self-oiling bearings, safety brakes, luxurious upholstery, two-tone colors, and . . . well, just see for yourself at your favorite store! Baby will never forgive you if you show him off in anything less elegant!

Write to us for "PRIMER FOR PARENTS". It's amusing, helpful, and free. Thayer Company, Dept. LH-51, Gardner, Massachusetts.

Thayer

THE FOLDING CARRIAGE
WITH THE 3-POSITION BACK REST



PROTECT YOUR BABY'S FUTURE...BUY WAR BONDS

(Continued from Page 124)

and his activity is closely supervised. Otherwise, he is almost certain to leave some of the fungus where it will be picked up by others. Thus, a child may bring the ringworm home from school and infect a younger brother or sister, although—because of the number and nature of their contacts with others—the disease is seen preponderantly in school-age rather than in preschool-age children.

Even if treatment is not undertaken, the fungus disappears spontaneously when a child reaches puberty or adolescence. At this time the sebaceous glands in the scalp secrete a lubricating substance which has the ability to kill the fungus. The unaided cure of ringworm in adolescent children is due to this ability; when these glands begin to function, any fungous organisms which have survived are quickly destroyed.

This fungus glows in ultraviolet light. In a darkened room, the doctor directs ultraviolet rays from a special type of lamp onto the patient's head, and, if the ringworm is there, bright round patches shine luminously through the hair—proof that the busy fungus has found a victim! Closer inspection under the ultraviolet lamp shows each affected hair shining like a tiny incandescent wire.

For effective treatment of the disease, all these infected hairs must be removed by the roots; otherwise the hair follicles provide a refuge in which organisms may escape from medications applied to the scalp, and from which they will spread over the scalp again as soon as treatment is discontinued.

FASHION'S WHIRL

During the life of a dress it will be: Indecent 10 years before its time; shameless 5 years before its time; daring 1 year before its time; smart during its time; dowdy 1 year after its time; hideous 10 years after its time; ridiculous 20 years after its time; amusing 30 years after its time; quaint 50 years after its time; charming 70 years after its time; romantic 100 years after its time; beautiful 150 years after its time.

—JAMES LAVER.

A woman's guess is much more accurate than a man's certainty.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Detected early by an alert mother who takes her child at once to the doctor, the disease can often be treated successfully. The physician must painstakingly remove each affected hair—plucking it out whole, root and shaft. Happily, this is not painful; diseased hairs are loosened and come out effortlessly. Unless healthy hairs are accidentally plucked, too, the child will not even feel the plucking. Fungicidal medication is then applied to the infected area over a period of weeks. If the doctor's instructions are followed faithfully and continued until he is satisfied that a cure has been completed, and if the child is supervised so that reinfection does not occur, this method of treatment is often successful.

In some cases, however, even this prolonged, laborious procedure may fail. When this happens, the physician sometimes offers another method: The child's head is subjected to X-ray treatments. In this form of treatment, the child will be completely bald for about three months. While hair so removed grows in again, most mothers reject this treatment, feeling—perhaps understandably, in the case of little girls especially—that the treatment may be worse than the disease.

Usually, mothers who are informed and watchful escape the necessity of making this difficult decision. If the child's head is kept scrupulously clean and examined regularly, the fungus will be detected before it has spread over the scalp. Conservative treatment, if started promptly, is usually satisfactory. Mothers who relax their vigilance may be asking their children to pay this hard price: long-continued infection or temporary baldness.

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OBITUARY FOR GERMANY

(Continued from Page 6)

their eyes bright and fierce like those of hungry animals; the mind is degraded to fear, shivering through dull apathy and the body to hunger like a gnawing rat in the bowels. The landscape has dissolved in explosion after explosion, obliterating every familiar sign—gray rubble, obscene and melancholy like the wild volcanic mountains of Montenegro, yawning craters, a deadness like the moon is where those cities stood. The sewers spill out their filth; the rats streak through the ruins. The male youth is decimated, the pulverized stones bury hundreds of thousands of women and children. There is no escape east or west, north or south; the sun is a menace, the moon a curse. And there is only one industry, one activity, one last functioning human organization, the destroyer of human organization—war. Soon the run-down wheels, the shattered communications, the empty tanks and the great converging armies will stop that too. Then the victors will take over the wilderness, which will be Germany's peace.

Civilizations have crumbled before. There was Greece with its glories, and Rome with its grandeurs. But never before in the whole of human history has a high civilization perished within the lifetime of a child, destroying before it and taking down with it a large part of that great European civilization from which it drew its own strength, to which it has and could have given its own energy—if it had eschewed war.

Look upon its end with awe. Consider it with prayer. Learn its lesson.

Generations from now, I suppose, persons calling themselves Germans will still live in that place. But never again will that Germany, which Lust for Power staked on a wanton throw of dice, blossom on the old stalk, the ancient stem. Cities will sometime be rebuilt, no doubt, but never the cities of storied legend, carrying in their stones the record of a proud culture. Population will renew itself, but not with the previous vitality. Such as are vigorous may be carried off to work at rebuilding the lands of others they have destroyed; there, among alien corn, they will plant their seed. Those who can escape to some new world will seek to forget, nor will they remind their children of their origins.

And perhaps, turned in upon itself, in concentrated self-examination, after long and vegetative exhaustion, the German soul will seek to press out of the great fall of their world the deepest meaning of Life, the role of man, and the purposes of God.

That we cannot foresee, nor know.

Nor can we know whether all the world will learn the lesson: the terrible lesson of what happens to civilizations in the modern world when they yield to Lust for Power and unloose the dogs of war.

TELL THE MEN

(Continued from Page 6)

This story could happen in the American navy, the British navy, and the navy of any real democracy, and such stories do happen in them all the time. They could not happen in the navies of Germany and Japan.

In the dark winter of Valley Forge, back in 1778, Gen. Baron Frederick William von Steuben, having arrived from Europe to volunteer his services, became the drillmaster of the raw and restless levies of the Continental Army, with the result that he transformed them into the steadfast troops of Monmouth and Yorktown. Baron von Steuben liked America so much, its freedom, that he settled here and became an American citizen, and he said, with astonishment and admiration, "You do not order these people; you tell them the reason for a thing, and they do it."

And that is democracy; and that is something no tyrant can understand.

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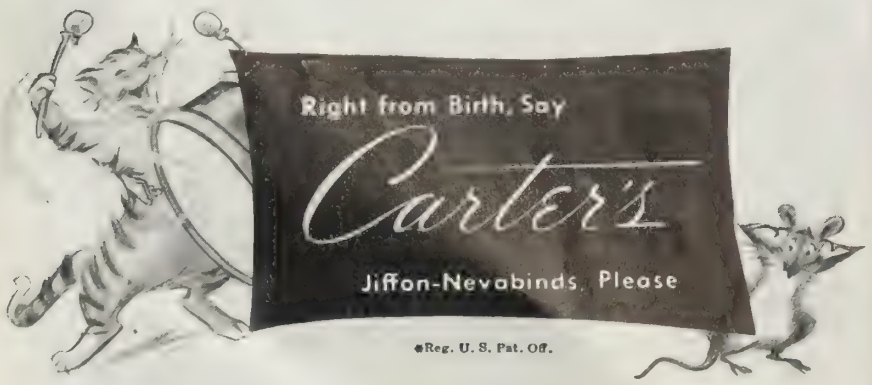
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What Would You Name It?

BY CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

IF YOU were going to have a baby, what would you name it? Every year the parents of some three million new babies in this country face that question. One thing certain is that names popular a generation ago may not be popular now. Many of the good old names for boys, like Homer and Horace or Cornelius and Ulysses, are vanishing, to be replaced by names such as Jeffrey and Craig or Gary and Leslie. Our grandmothers may have been named Prudence and Purity or Abigail and Agatha, but their great-granddaughters will be called Karen and Donna or Carol and Sandra. Many of the once sturdy names are now on their way out. So are the names carried by comic characters, especially the sissy or vapid ones.

These trends were indicated when four hundred juniors and seniors of Pennsylvania State College were asked to list the names they expect to give their children, as well as the ones they would *not* give them. Both boys and girls felt that a mother's wishes should carry more weight than a father's; however, they were agreed that a father's wishes should have a little more weight if the child was a boy. The names they most liked and disliked are shown in order of choice.



MOST LIKED BOYS' NAMES

Stephen	Craig
Richard	James
Jeffrey	Keith
Michael	Bruce
Lawrence	Kenneth
Terry	Alan
Peter	Leslie
Ronald	Paul
David	William
Robert	Douglas
John	Gregory
Mark	Clifford
	Gary



MOST DISLIKED BOYS' NAMES

	Ebenezer
Percival	Casper
Oscar	Felix
Algernon	Ethelbert
Archibald	Hiram
Horace	Francis
Oswald	Wilbur
Homer	Mortimer
Ezekiel	Clarence
Elmer	Adolph
Isadore	Ulysses
Ezra	Isaac
Aloysius	Cornelius



MOST LIKED GIRLS' NAMES

	Susan
Karen	Janet
Dianne	Ellen
Linda	Pamela
Donna	Jacqueline
Suzanne	Kathleen
Sandra	Margot
Joanne	Marianne
Lynne	Katherine
Carol	Constance
Barbara	Marcia
Gail	Marilyn
Nancy	Elizabeth



MOST DISLIKED GIRLS' NAMES

	Tillie
Hepzibah	Anastasia
Mehitabel	Olive
Zenobia	Hortense
Minerva	Purity
Matilda	Pansy
Mamie	Agatha
Abigail	Petunia
Lula	Beulah
Gussie	Alvira
Melvina	Esmeralda
Eula	Bridget
Fanny	Prudence

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PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN

(Continued from Page 28)

In the Gurkha lines they greeted her with cries of admiration. The little brown men squatted round her, now and again putting out a brown finger to touch her lily-white wing. Looking completely at home, the goose squatted down among them. She might have been born and bred in the regiment, for all she cared.

It did not appear to be difficult to feed her. She ate anything and everything; and when there was no organized meal around, she amused herself cropping the short stiff grass that grew here and there in patches.

The little brown men from Nepal put their heads together, scheming. They fixed her a box inside a lorry that was driven by one of them. A tarpaulin was rigged up that could be drawn across, if the colonel was around. One and all they decided there would be no difficulty with the captain; and the major, being dead, could no longer pry. Captain Peter was young—so young that it wasn't long since he himself had kept things in boxes. Captain Peter could be relied on never by any chance to see what it was hoped he would not see. For he remembered how his headmaster had never come round the studies without coughing. But the colonel was old and embittered with much campaigning. If he ever had kept pets, it was long ago.

In due course Ishnow White laid an egg. And the naik carried it to the sentry in his hat. "You tell Nobby sahib, leave my goose—I bring more egg," he promised.

After that, the sentry would tip them a wink if rations were scarce and the cooks marauding. Then Ishnow White would be secured in the lorry, while on the back of it, cleaning his equipment, would sit one of the six Gurkhas from the same village in Nepal. Bland, his dark face split by a white grin. His kukri beside him. The Gurkha is a friendly, childlike soul, but horrible when roused.

Life had been empty and comfortless in the unfamiliar world in which the naik had found himself. He was a hillman. He hated the flat drab plain. But now he and his five companions were happy. They had something to love and protect. They would sit in the sun—when there was any sun—polishing up their equipment, sharpening their kukris. And with them Ishnow White would squat, one of them, polishing up hers. She had a charming way of polishing the back of her head between her wings that never failed to bring cries of admiration from her companions.

It was the wettest spring in the memory of man. It rained without ceasing. Ishnow White would swim placidly about, in the shell holes that so soon filled with water, and at intervals she laid an outsized egg.

The regiment moved to Burma in the cold weather. Ishnow White went too, secreted in the back of one of the lorries. The six Gurkhas took it in turn to visit her and feed her, and squatted on deck rigging up a special kind of Mae West for her, just in case.

The rains were drying up when they landed. The paddy fields looked like sheets of corrugated cardboard. Even the rivers were beginning to shrink.

The war in Italy had been a childish game, compared with what they ran into now. The Zeros zoomed over. Guns from concealed posts opened up on them in the dark. Today there would be a fresh gun post where yesterday none had been. Japanese snipers, painted green, hung in the trees, or dropped out, picked off by some skilled shot—like caterpillars falling from the boughs.

Going round the camp after dark, at the end of an air raid, the colonel fell over something large and soft and white, that bit him.

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BACK TALK



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eter," he yelled, "come here. Bring a ch."

Captain Peter peered through the gloom. ooks like a goose, sir," he said innocently.

'A goose! How the blazes did it get here?"

'I expect it—sort of—came along, sir."

'Well, see it's removed. We don't want a myard accumulating. Send it along to e cookhouse. They'll be glad of it. We n't get many convoys through for a bit."

At the word "cookhouse," a sort of gasp sigh went round. It told Captain Peter Gurkhas were present. In the darkness could never find his men, unless they iled. He called, softly:

'Hi, naik! You there? Take your conded bird, and keep it out of my sight, erwise you heard what the colonel said."

After that Ishnow White was not allowed join the troops in the open until the onel was reported in his bath, or in bed, safe out of the way. An inveterate bather, s the colonel. He carried a small tin tub h him everywhere, and by hook or crook body servant managed to get it filled. ce in his bath, he could be relied on to re- in there for some time, though it fitted person like a glove.

Then the naik would let down the duckard of the lorry and give the familiar low sing whistle, and Ishnow White would hop wn and squat with the rest of them, round wood smoke made to keep the mosquitoes She always looked immensely engrossed d intelligent when they sang the strange stalgic chants of their own land. But try they would, they never managed to teach to say anything.

The Full Moon of Tabaung rose, like a golden tea plate among the stars. Now even what had once been a river was shrunk to a trickle of green sludge. Ishnow White became suddenly restless. The naik knew nothing at all of the habits of geese. They bred none in his country. Food was scarce, for they were sometimes cut off for weeks. Water was desperately scarce, but the Gurkhas shared their meager ration with Ishnow White, served up in a cigarette tin. When she knocked it over, they thought it meant she was not thirsty. How could they know, who did not understand geese, that she was trying in vain to sit in it? They thought her merely lavish and wasteful, and gave her rather less.

Now one afternoon the colonel came in, hot and cross. All the way back down the dusty road he had dreamed of his bath. Water, translucent, if lukewarm, awaited him in his tin tub. It had just been refilled from the radiator of a derelict lorry.

In his tent he cast off his clothing, and donned a towel. It was only then that subdued splashings told him someone was there before him. He burst into the bath tent, and stopped short. He had long suspected one of the subalterns of surreptitious bathing when his back was turned, but he was wrong. In his bath sat a large, bland, white goose.

The colonel's roars of rage brought people running, and foremost among them was Captain Peter, who had been fast asleep and dreamed someone had sat on a cobra.

"Look at this!" roared the colonel. "This is the second time. Where does this confounded bird come from? Peter, this has got something to do with you!"

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ROBERTS



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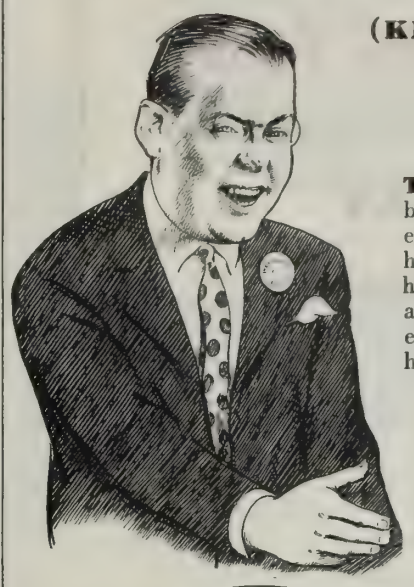
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The Greeter. He's a one-man brass band when it comes to welcoming a veteran. "Nothing's too good for Our Boys!" he always says. And that's exactly what he gives them. Nothing, except a big hello and empty words. Help? That's the Government's job. "Don't vets have bonuses?" he asks, "Pensions? Job agencies?"



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The Rock. He's nerveless. The Iron Man. War hasn't affected *him*. Can't understand why discharged veterans are allowed 90 days to relax before going back to their old jobs. Can't understand why they should need time to get over the War. *He* doesn't.

•

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



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*Actually Old Dutch went *farther* than any other cleanser in recent tests! Outperformed *all* the cleansers in the U. S. and Canada which account for over 90% of the cleanser sold! In tests on bathtubs in daily use cleaned 34 more bathtubs per can than any other cleanser tested!

And here's why. Today's Old Dutch cuts grease with a fast grease dissolver and removes dirt with famous Seismotite—does both—easily—quickly—without scratching. For tubs, washbowls, sinks, pans, tile, linoleum . . . for *all your* cleaning . . . switch to America's favorite cleanser! Get 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser today!

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GET THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid it belongs to some of my chaps, sir, but they are so attached to it I hadn't the heart ——" He coughed discreetly. "I'm sorry about your bath, sir. I'll—I'll see it's refilled."

"How?" said the colonel unkindly. "Do you think you are Moses? Here, take this bird away, and if I can't trust you to see its neck is wrung, I'll do it myself next time I see the thing about."

Captain Peter said faintly, "Yes, sir." He picked Ishnow White up. She was soft and damp, and her fluffiness touched his heart with dear memories of bygone loves of his own: his guillemot and—still longer ago—a dear little owl he had found blown down by a gale, and kept in a box. "Trouble is, sir, my chaps look on her as a kind of mascot, you know. They call her—ahem—Ishnow White. It will upset them if she is taken away."

The colonel looked at Captain Peter, who stood there looking tenderly at the goose. Maybe some memory stirred in the colonel's hirsute bosom, for his voice was less harsh. "Mistake to let them have pets. Great mistake. On active service, it's best not to get attached to anyone, or anything. Otherwise, there's an accident and you have men going to pieces."

Captain Peter said, "Yes, sir," and went miserably away. He was fond of the naik and his five friends from the same village. He knew quite well he wouldn't have the courage to tell them Ishnow White must die. He handed her over to the naik, saying, "Don't let me ever see her again. She was found in the colonel's bath. You know what that means."

After that the naik got a piece of stout rope. He got one of the mechanics to weld him a ring for Ishnow White's leg. When they went out to action, or on patrol, they felt she was tied up securely. It was the only way they could have any peace of mind. For now they were often cut off for days at a time, and food was scarce, and the mess cook nosed around.

The naik had a flat stone he carried around with him, and used to put an edge on his kukri. A razor-blade edge, which he used to test thoughtfully with his thumb. He had a respect for the white men's weapons. They were cunning, and required skill. But in a last resort it was his kukri he trusted. You shot at a man—he maybe shot back at you. But the naik had never yet known an enemy who, receiving that uppercut, with the wrist's swift flick, had ever had anything more to say at all.

On a hot April morning, when without any warning whatever all the trees in the jungle about them were covered with cloth of gold, and the scented air was almost too solid to breathe, the reconnaissance party came tumbling in to tell them the road to their base had been breached once more, and an artful gun post erected, somewhere up on a hillside in the jungle, that kept it covered. All one breathless day they sought it, in small parties, eeling themselves through the undergrowth, listening. And green snipers picked off many good men and true, and then fired on the stretchers that endeavored to bear them in.

THE naik was out from dawn to dusk with the men from his own village. The green parrots screeched their warnings—for they had located the gun post. But they could not tell the little brown men in the grass where it was. When the sky behind the tamarisks turned saffron yellow, the tired men turned for home. And a Japanese sniper got the naik in the fleshy part of his thigh.

It was nothing much of a wound. Back in his own country, he would have clapped a handful of mud onto it quite simply, and left it. But he had to go along to the dressing tent, and wait there till the worse cases had attention. The tea-plate moon had rolled up clear of the palm trees before he got back to his own lines.

Hubbub reigned there. Ishnow White had disappeared.

THE naik had been out all day, and the best part of the night. His eyes were bloodshot, his brown face fallen in, so that his teeth were exposed in a grin that had nothing friendly about it. Barefoot, without his shirt, he picked up his kukri, and arrived at the cookhouse in the British lines, running.

Tired men sat there patiently awaiting a brew-up. They were unarmed, and wearing only their shorts, when the naik burst upon them.

The English sentry who was his friend was among them. He sat there chewing grass. He said, without moving, "Hey what's bitten you?"

"My goose," crowed the naik hoarsely. "My goose—gone."

"Nobby!" called the sentry, raising his voice. "You seen this bloke's goose?"

Nobby came out, perspiring, carrying a jug of tea. He went round pouring it into the billy cans. He did not altogether like the look of the little brown man brandishing the long bright knife. He knew about Gurkhas who are friendly and kind of heart, but terrible if roused.

"You go right in and look. There's no goose there. Not as much as a feather. I'll tell you something now. I'll tell you just when it's gone. To look for water, see? A goose can live without food and without love, like the rest of us. See. But it can't live without water. I used to be a farmer once. See. I know."

The naik stood hesitating, as if not certain whether Nobby was to be believed or not. And as he stood there, faint and far off through the jungle silence there came a cry. A loud, unmistakable strident cry, of a goose *in extremis*. A goose up against it, and finding life unbearably hard.

The naik stood for a moment transfixed. Then he turned with an answering cry and disappeared, running barefoot through the night.

"Coo," said the cook, shocked. "Can you beat it! Went off without his rifle and without his boots. That's the end of him, and a real nice little fellah too. You'd 'a' best let me take her long since like I wanted. Make a good meal for us all, she would, and sour to foller."

"And you'd 'a' had six of them kukris in your inside, before you'd a chance to think again," said the sentry.

"She went looking for water, and something got her," mused the cook. "A snake, maybe, or a Jap. Coo!"

The naik heard her at intervals. She guided him in the right direction. He ran noiselessly through the night, a part of it save when the blade of his bared kukri caught the moonlight.

Some little time previously one of the Japanese snipers, dropping from his tree after watching the last of the stretchers disappear down the track, almost trod on a stout white goose that was purposefully making her way west-sou'west, as if on urgent private affairs. He would have shot her only he feared that his shot might give the position of the well-hidden gun post away. So, instead, he threw himself on her, and

(Continued on Page 134)

TALE FEATHERS

A woman went to a priest, to confess her sins.

"Father," she said, "I have spread abroad tales about my neighbors. I wish that I had never said them. What penance shall I do?"

"Go to the market," directed the priest. "Buy two fowls, and as you slowly walk home pluck the feathers and let them fly in the wind. Then come back to me."

In due course the woman returned. "I plucked the feathers," said she, "and threw them to the wind. Is there anything else I must do?"

"Yes," said the priest sadly. "Go back—and gather up all the feathers that you threw to the wind."

—SIDNEY F. WICKS: Stories for Speakers. (F. Muller, Ltd.)

"Showers and cooler"



nerican kids are like that. Comes hot weather, ey'll roll on the lawn under the hose or leap booping into ponds and pools to keep cool. And gines are just like people, that way. Keep 'em ol, and they'll be more vigorous and energetic. hat's why General Motors creates good weather them to work in, right inside them. Here's e story:

The minute an engine starts, a cooling stem must start right with it.

he temperature has to be brought to the int where the engine operates best, and kept ere.

hat's why General Motors engineers, always working to make more and better things for more people, studied and tested radiators and cooling systems for so many years.

They devised radiators, oil coolers and air coolers for all kinds of engines. Your own General Motors car benefited enormously from their research — at the same time they were finding out how to liquid-cool a 2000-horsepower airplane motor before it was even built.

Then came a war of machines — engine against engine.

And the cooling systems General Motors men had developed met the test fairly. They helped those LST's and LCI's to swarm up to the beaches on D-Day. They helped to keep subs cool and livable. They helped to keep airplane engines singing their long song. This very minute, our fighting men, earnest and intent, are bent over the gauges and indicators that tell of tip top weather inside their engines.

Here again, peacetime experience and research helped turn the tide of war. The American way of throwing open the doors of opportunity to men of enterprise once more proved its value.

And in the fertile, productive years ahead it will make, in even greater measure, its contribution to the happiness and prosperity of all.

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(Continued from Page 132)

carried her, fighting and shrieking, back to the post.

Her shrill lamentation not only reached the naik, far off. It brought several other snipers dropping out of their trees, and crowding into the post, to see what was afoot. Snow White, set down in the midst of them, flapped around, hissing horribly. They caught at her, but she broke away, leaving them with a handful of feathers. She ran between the legs of the lookout man, who fell, with the gunner on top of him. The man on the gun, hearing the hubbub, thought devils had got in, and left his post to investigate. He slashed at the goose with his rifle butt, and hit one of his pals by mistake.

That was why nobody heard or saw the naik coming. He was on them and among them before they realized there was a stranger in their midst. There were eight of them, half choked and blinded with goose feathers which Snow White, with the mad whirl of her large wings, kept moving around.

The naik gave a loud triumphant battle cry that froze the blood and numbed what wits remained. This was the sort of fighting he liked and understood! With dreadful skill he wielded his kukri. He was pleased to find he had lost none of his ancient art. He had not gone stale, through lack of practice, on that brisk uppercut of the long curved blade, that flick of the wrist that clinches the matter once and for all.

Six men fell in a flurry of blood and white feathers. The two others ran away. The naik kept his head, and turned their own machine gun on them as they reached the road they had so cunningly kept covered with it.

Then he picked up the goose. She came to him, hissing angrily, as if telling him all about it, with oaths of her own. The naik stumbled back through the empty moonlit jungle.

Captain Peter was in his own tent, fingering his chin. It had long been his ambition to grow a beard—a large ferocious coal-black beard like the colonel's. To date nothing had happened, but it suddenly struck Captain Peter there was a new stubble sprouting. Hope revived. He was examining it carefully by light of a candle and a small pocket mirror, when a noise made him turn.

The naik stood in the opening. Under his arm was a seminude goose. Captain Peter's first thought was it had been in the colonel's bath again, and the worst had happened. Then he saw that the two of them were covered with dust, and blood, and feathers.

"Salaam, sahib," said the naik politely. "Enemy gun post, sahib, all finished. Japanese all gone bust." Then he swayed and would have fallen if Captain Peter hadn't caught him.

"If he doesn't get the V.C. for this," said the colonel, "there is as little justice in this world as I have always felt." The citation read, "The naik showed exceptional courage and initiative, and singlehanded silenced a very troublesome enemy gun post that had closed the road."

The colonel was in a better temper than usual. Supplies were coming through regularly, the wounded had all been evacuated safely, and someone had filled his bath anew. So Captain Peter ventured a pleasantry he otherwise would not have risked.

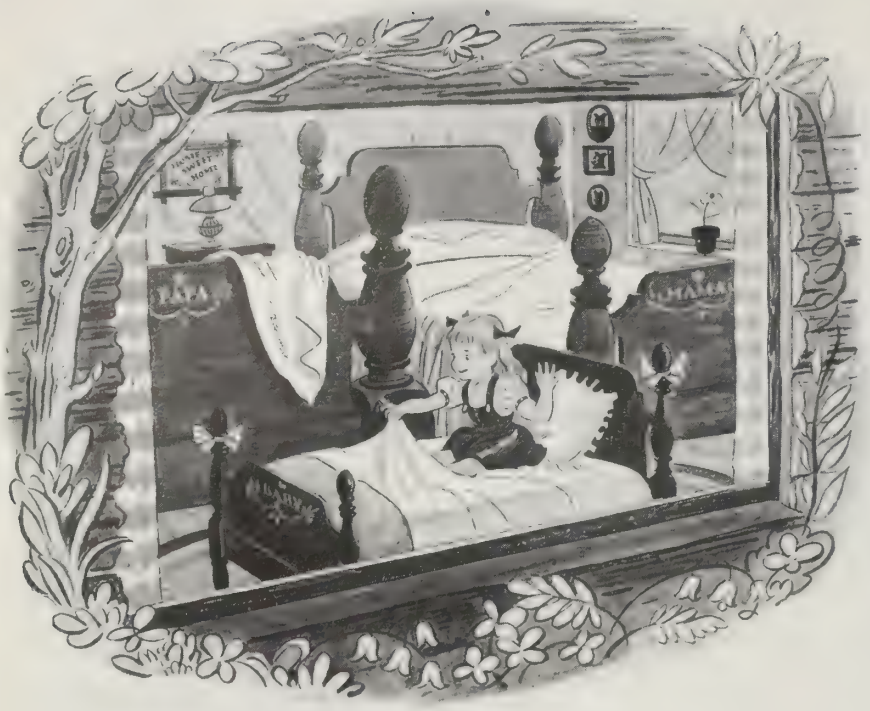
"I can't help feeling, sir, we ought to do something about that goose."

The colonel fixed him with a jaundiced eye. "Do you want me to recommend the bird for an O.B.E.?"

"Not exactly, sir. But if you could see your way to—ahem—grant her a temporary honorary commission, sir, with the Gurkhas ——"

The colonel twisted himself sideways, and regarded his captain sourly. "From the start, Peter, you have been obstinate as the devil about this bird. Again and again I ordered you to have it put down, disposed of, destroyed. Have you ever made the slightest effort to obey orders?"

Captain Peter tugged at the collar of his battle dress, and gulped. "It was very difficult, sir. I fancy they got the idea she was—sort of—a reincarnation of Snow White. They have so little out here that I thought it best not to see."



...and then Goldilocks said, "This bed is just right!"

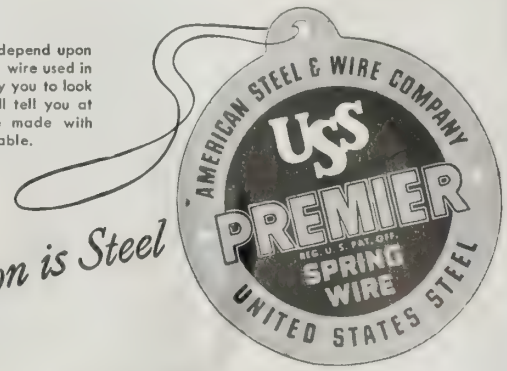


DO YOU KNOW WHY Goldilocks thought the little bear's bed was the one that was "just right" for a good night's sleep? We like to think that it must have had springs of Premier Wire and that Goldilocks, being a smart little girl, knew that "the softest thing you can sleep on is steel."

Surveys show that the majority of people prefer "inner-spring comfort." Good mattress and upholstered furniture constructions made with springs of Premier Spring Wire are the last word in comfort—lasting comfort. Six weeks—or six years—later the *right* spring construction will still be giving you comfort.

The machinery that made Premier Spring Wire is still needed for war production. But Premier will be back—better than ever. When you buy your future furniture and sleep equipment, remember to look for the famous Premier Tag. It's the key to "hidden values"—solid comfort, long life and better service.

Lasting comfort and long service depend upon good construction and the kind of wire used in the springs. That's why it will pay you to look for the U·S·S Premier Tag. It will tell you at a glance that the springs are made with the finest steel spring wire obtainable.



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UNITED STATES STEEL



"What do they know about Snow White?" aid the colonel, incredulous.

"I took some of my chaps to the pictures, r. On our way down through Calcutta."

"Do you mean to tell me we have been arting that bird round ever since Calcutta?"

"Oh, no, sir. As far as I can make out, the aik picked her up in Italy, sir. I fancy she ust have been somebody's pet. She is in-redibly tame. That was why it was so diffi-ult to—eat her, sir. After all, sir, she may e a descendant of the original Roman geese, r," Captain Peter continued hopefully.

"Those consecrated geese in orders
That to the capital were warders
And being then upon patrol
With noise alone beat off the Gaul."

Memory stirred in the colonel's mind, like stone dropped in a very deep well. Long, ng ago he had had to write out those very nes, oh—umpteen times. He could no nger remember just how many. But he membered with frightful clarity what he ot the imposition for. It was for keeping a ontraband, prolific and very smelly white ouse in a box, in the locker, in his play box. nd Lally, the headmaster's wife, had found when on the prowl. Let no one say there nothing in a classical education!

The colonel laughed suddenly. "All right, eter. This time you win. Under the cir-mstances, I have to own it is a good thing ou did not have the brute roasted and uffed. Provided you continue to choose ith such delicacy and discretion the right oment for applying your blind eye to the lescope and admiring another view, I see o reason why one day you should not be a eneral. But remember one thing. If I find at goose in my bath again, I shall shoot ." He coughed. "Otherwise—let it stay."

The naik was squatting on his cot in the ld hospital, trying to find room for eight ore nicks on the scabbard of his kukri. The ea was slightly congested. He looked up when Captain Peter entered, and grinned his pleasant white grin. Beside him, on the box that served as a table, the scanty luxuries available there had been brought by friends from the camp. A packet of chewing gum from an American airman. Two small oranges in wizened coats. A bright handkerchief covered with horses' heads, which Captain Peter knew had once belonged to one of the English sergeants. There was also, best of all, the mess phonograph, a battle-scarred contraption, standing at the ready, needle poised.

"Salaam, sahib," said the naik, politely touching his forehead with bandaged hands.

Beside him, perched in the door of the tent on a box of hay, sat Ishnow White. She, too, looked battle-scarred, and was slightly nude in parts. Loving hands had fashioned a sort of bath for her, out of an oil tin. It was full of brackish water.

Captain Peter could not say why, but seeing the two of them sitting there for some reason gave him a lump in his throat, though he wasn't at all an emotional person. There was something so childlike about the little brown man, pleased as Punch with his goose, and quite unaware he was a hero.

"Everything O.K., sahib," said the naik. "Ishnow White, too, O.K. Feathers will come back, you think? On behind, sahib?"

"I expect so," said Captain Peter. He fingered his beard. Most things grow, in time. "Where did you get the phonograph?"

"Mess cook is lending, sahib. Listen."

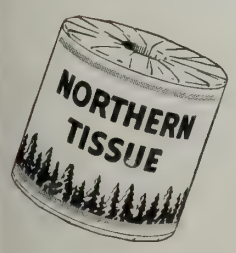
With a wheeze and a rasp the needle jerked into its groove. The thin tune crept out.

"I'm wishing, I'm wishing,
For the one I love
To find me—to find me—again."

"Ishnow White song, sahib," said the naik solemnly. He sat there happily, forgetful of the heat, the flies, the danger. Solemnly nodding in time to the tune. Captain Peter couldn't be sure if he imagined it, but Ishnow White seemed to be nodding too.



Makes it soft for Junior—
Not a thing to do;
We make Northern Tissue
Mighty soft for you!



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When junior's cardboard tank or plane
Gets bent in two or tears,
You'll find that handy Texcel Tape
Makes sturdy, neat repairs.

(Texcel mends securely—
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And when you want to leave a note
That folks can't fail to see,
Some Texcel holds it so it won't
Blow loose or wriggle free.

(Texcel holds and holds—
the "stickum's" bonded on!)

In home or office, school or store,
You'll hardly find a thing
That Texcel won't hold better than
Old-fashioned glue or string.

(Texcel means no gummy
edges—the "stickum's"
bonded on!)

Yes, Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.

Today most Texcel Tape that's made
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Texcel Tape

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Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

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Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Learn about Hair from

FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!

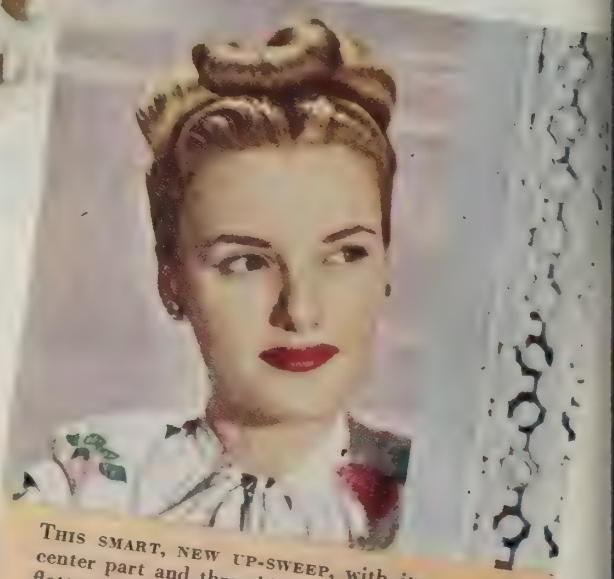
THIS IS FRANCINE COUNIHAN . . . glamorous New York fashion model . . . "Cover Girl" and "Drene Girl". Francine says she has a real hair-do problem, because her face could easily look too broad, if she didn't use tricks to narrow it. This dramatic pompadour slenderizes by adding height. To make sure her hair looks its loveliest, she always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. She knows that no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



WHEN FRANCINE wears her hair down, she avoids flat tops and width at the sides. "It takes long, narrow lines or height," says Francine, "to narrow your face." And, she adds, for shining-smooth, manageable hair, remember that there's no shampoo like Drene with Hair Conditioner!

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Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! ✔ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✔ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✔ *Complete removal of dandruff!* Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



THIS SMART, NEW UP-SWEEP, with its winged center part and three big shining puffs on top, flatters Francine's face for the same reasons her pompadour does! It's high and narrow! That smooth, lustrous beauty is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely!



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MEET A STUDENT VETERAN



PHOTO BY MUNKACSI

Army veteran Philip Gray gets a college education at Government expense—and $109.25 monthly to support himself, wife and baby.

BY C. S. FORESTER

FOR the christening of his son Gary, ex-Corp. Philip Gray splurged the last of his Army mustering-out pay on a watermelon-red wool suit for his twenty-one-year-old wife Mary. That was fifteen months ago, and she hasn't worn it since. Not because it isn't infinitely becoming to her soft dark hair and blue eyes, but because, she explains in her soft Oklahoma drawl, she "can't hardly feature an occasion to wear it."

Cotton slacks and saddle shoes are her year-round garb as a housewife in Berkeley, California, where her twenty-three-year-old veteran husband is a student at the University of California. She rarely leaves their room in the shabby yellow rooming house at 2132 Haste Street, except perhaps for an afternoon stroll with the baby down the eucalyptus-shaded paths of the campus. If the Grays should go into San Francisco for a Saturday-night movie, getting back home well after midnight, baby goes along, too, as he has been doing ever since he was five weeks old and tiny enough to sleep on the seat beside them.

His parents may look thin as a couple of underfed sparrows, but Gary is as fat and saucy as a pampered heir to millions. He has never had a day's sickness, except for a cold, in his life; he is always fed on time and sweetly clean; and he revels in *all* of his mother's attention *all* of the time. There's no other way to manage—not when three of you are living in one room on $109.25 a month.

As far as he knows, Phil Gray is the only student veteran at the University of California who has children, but at least six of the hundred and fifty veterans studying there are married. Most of them are getting a

22.7% of American families have incomes of from $1000 to $2000 a year.



One week married: Phil, 24, was a private stationed near Albuquerque. Mary, 19, worked in bank. Pair met at church picnic.

free college education under the G.I. Bill of Rights; fifty-eight of them, like Phil, are entitled to the more generous benefits of the Disabled Veterans Bill. The G.I. Bill of Rights allows a married veteran his books, tuition and $75 a month subsistence, no matter how many dependents he may have. Philip, mustered out of the Army Air Forces after two and a half years with an impaired knee and punctured eardrum, receives a base subsistence of $103.50 a month, plus $5.75 for the baby. A second child is expected in the Gray ménage this May, which will raise their income to exactly $115 a month.

No family of four can live adequately on that income, especially in a college town like Berkeley, which is bursting at the seams with a population of 103,300 people in an area less than ten square miles, an increase of over 18,000 people since 1940, with rents and food costs knocked disproportionately cockeyed. But when you are twenty-two and twenty-three, you are willing to try anything, and it doesn't take too much work on the part of a willing wife or a determined husband to raise that income above the level of extreme poverty.

Getting along on a dime is nothing new to Phil Gray—he has felt the sharp spur of poverty all his life. His father, alternately an auto mechanic, forester and logger, moved his family from Minnesota, when Philip was five, to a small community near Puget Sound. An only son surrounded by women, Phil never got along too well with his four sisters, and when he was fourteen the death of his mother broke up the family. This was in 1936—a desperate time for a child of fourteen to be thrown on the world. To get through high school, he hired out at a chicken ranch in Snohomish, Washington, where he received board and a dollar a week for gathering eggs, scraping out the coops and sawing firewood. With this money he bought all his clothes and school supplies. Forest-fire fighting and shovel work on roads took up the idle summer months, when he joined up with a CCC camp near Seattle.

Whatever way you look at it, Phil had a miserably lonely and hard childhood, one which might have started a kid with less gumption on the road to delinquency. But he dismisses these years simply and pathetically with "Friendship is one thing I never did take much part in." Since his mother died, his father has remarried and moved to Long Beach, California, where he now drives a cab. The two older sisters are married; the third girl, Pat, now fifteen, is already married and divorced; and the youngest child is in boarding school near her father.

It was character as well as ability that carried Phil through high-school graduation at Snohomish, where he even found time, aside from cleaning chicken coops and studying, to sing a fine tenor in the glee club, play the trumpet in the school band and learn how to take a radio apart and put it together again. But he never had a girl.

After high-school graduation, Phil signed up with the CCC again, for lack of anything better to do, but soon left



Mustered out of the Army, Phil entered U. of Cal. Grays lived off campus in beehive rooming house with 36 other adults and 16 kids.



One bedroom in Berkeley rooming house cost Grays $42 monthly. The seven-o'clock scholar tries to shave at the corner sink without waking the baby.



"You can't hardly feature it," says Mary (holding coffeepot). "Nineteen families rushin' down to fix breakfast at just one kitchen stove and one sink!"

What price college? Is it worth struggling through with a wife, child and $109 a month subsistence? This Army veteran says, "Yes!"

lp out at his brother-in-law's filling station at Barstow, hern California. For $12 a week Phil worked close to ours a day, seven days a week, until, fed up with this, pplied for maritime radio training with the National h Administration. Three months later, immediately the first draft law of October, 1940, he voluntarily en- in the Army, hoping to make it his career.

e two and a half years that followed were a dreary d; dreary as far as I know—Gray would not admit that. twenty-four months he remained a buck private, an nificant unit in the vast organization of the Army, the ble servant of the incalculable whims of the powers e, shifted in the seemingly motiveless fashion that char- izes the Army—any army. First six months in radio ol, then eight months in Albuquerque, New Mexico, ing his soldier's trade while living the drab life of a dless young soldier in a new camp outside a strange .

e day while attending a Methodist church service in querque, he heard the minister inquire if any of the regation would like to step up and be baptized. Phil, thought it was a friendly kind of church, and less formal- than the Presbyterian service he was accustomed to, ptly walked up to the altar. He didn't notice nineteen- old Mary Baker, sitting in a pew with her family, and hing him with all her eyes. She had noticed him often wandered aimlessly around Albuquerque, and yearned introduced. But no one knew the name of the serious- young soldier. Months later they were introduced at rch picnic—it is refreshing to find that future husbands wives still meet at church parties in the way past gen- ons did—and two months after that they were married e same church where he was baptized. He had his Army f $50 a month; she had her secretary's salary of $100—wait?

ary's mother had always made all her clothes, but a ing dress, Mrs. Baker announced firmly, must be the iest one they could buy. It was, too—a teal-blue teen that fitted Mary's slight five-foot-two figure beau- y, with matching hat and black accessories.

was a very grown-up thing to do, being married at een, in wartime, to a soldier of twenty-one. It made feel so solemn and shaky that a blowing-off of energy regular bobby-socks shivaree seemed very much in . The young folks of the church gave them a formal tion at the Wesley Clubhouse—"real nice" says —with fruit punch and cookies and a three-tier wedding provided by Mrs. Baker. Then the wedding pair piled an old Ford roadster with four friends and drove wildly t the streets of Albuquerque, yelling and blowing the The best man stood them all to refreshments at a -in; Phil and Mary each had the biggest sundae on the , then followed it up with hamburgers and vanilla milk es. Then on to the furnished three-and-a-half-room

PHOTOS BY MUNKACSI



ooming-house kitchen had no ice box, only three mall tables. "We wives mostly stood," says Mary, while the men fed their sixteen hungry babies."



Mary tries to keep Gary quiet as Phil struggles with college math in their one crowded room. He will graduate a research chemist, "If we live through seven more semesters," says Mary. Another baby is expected in May, which will add $5.75 a month to Phil's income.

Of the million and a half discharged veterans of this war, only 26,600 are back at school at Government expense. Main reason: high-paying war jobs.





PHOTOS BY COLOR PRODUCTIONS

With Army veteran Jack Hawley (also married) Phil picks up spare cash working in campus radio shop.

"When we step out," says Mary, "baby goes too." He saw his first movie when he was five weeks old.



Grays now live in five-room bungalow with two other families, pay $35 monthly for one room.



Phil and Mary borrowed $100 from bank to pay for Gary, don't know how to pay for next one.

apartment Phil had rented, where eight of the wedding couple's high-spirited friends remained until five the following morning, playing the radio and consuming quantities of sandwiches and ginger ale.

After seven months of marriage, during which Phil was transferred from Albuquerque to Oklahoma City to Kansas, and back to Oklahoma City again, came the unexpected. Phil had been having trouble with one knee he had twisted while fighting a forest fire in the CCC, and one of his eardrums was bad. He has always been deaf in his left ear for as long as he can remember—baby pictures show him with his head cocked anxiously to one side—now the ear was draining. Doctors looked him over, medical boards discussed his case, and he suddenly found himself honorably discharged from the Army, for medical reasons, with a new life to make, a new civilian life, a new civilian married life.

There were more aptitude tests; this time not to find out what kind of soldier he would make. Do aptitude tests really find things out? I'm old-fashioned enough, and enough of a believer in free will, to have doubts about it. The tests showed Phil would be good at teaching science, or at production management—a strangely ill-assorted pair of aptitudes, in my opinion. If he had been an ancient Greek he might as well have consulted the Oracle at Delphi and obtained as much satisfaction.

And at the moment there could be no question of managing production or teaching science, and there was a very urgent reason, a reason which would grow more urgent as the months went by, why he should work. For Gary Newton Gray was making his approach to this vale of tears, prompting Mary to give up the job she had taken as a swing-shift typist in a shipyard in Long Beach, where they had moved to be near Phil's grandparents. Phil had a job here and there, doing overhauling at the Alameda Air Station and in a radio factory. It began to look as if the new and undeclared ambition that was growing in his mind would never be gratified and as if, as in many similar tragedies, his early marriage and early fatherhood would keep him down in the ranks of day laborers.

That mechanical ability of his which had started him tinkering with radios in high school was the mainspring of the new ambition. Gray wanted to be a research scientist and he had already explored the possibilities of working his way through the University of California, taking a degree in science; but it seemed a hopeless dream. He might have a little time to spare away from his studies, but not long enough to earn a living for three people, not even in war work. The dream, it seemed, must remain a dream.

It was at this moment that Gray discovered that Uncle Sam was prepared to make the dream a reality; that any veteran of promise could claim the right to complete his education at the expense of the Federal Government. There was considerable delay at the start; for two months after he matriculated at the University of California, Phil received no allowance. To tide them over, he borrowed the considerable sum of $250 from the bank; they will be paying this off at the rate of $22 a month until next September.

The only place that Phil could find for his wife and baby to live in Berkeley was at an incredible beehive rooming house, an old-fashioned white clapboard house that fairly sagged under the weight of nineteen families, sixteen of which were young couples with a child each. One bedroom there, with kitchen privileges, cost $10 a week plus a $2 utility fee monthly. "Kitchen privileges" were exercised (and still are) in a long grubby-looking galley that could be reached, rain or shine, only from out-of-doors. There was no refrigerator or icebox, so that the baby's milk had to be wrapped in wet cloths in summer, perishable foods bought sketchily from day to day. Young service brides and war-workers' wives from Massachusetts and Utah and Louisiana rubbed their knuckles raw washing sheets and towels in a common tub; the back yard was continually camouflaged with madly crisscrossing lines of drying laundry. Two sailor buddies moved in next door to each other; their wives were instant enemies, and their two infant sons had to be forcibly pulled apart before they scratched each other's eyes out. Otherwise, the beehive was astonishingly congenial: mothers looked after other babies indiscriminately with their own; or stood stoically in line to use the one sink or stove, while nineteen husbands tried to keep sixteen infants from becoming too restive under the spur of appetite.

About two months ago, Phil found a cheaper and quieter place to live, still within a mile of his college classes. Only seven people, including two babies, live in this two-bedroom bungalow next to a service station and a dog-and-cat hospital in downtown Berkeley. A young marine sergeant back from Guadalcanal occupies the front downstairs living room with his Alabama wife and four-year-old daughter. The Grays live in the front bedroom above them, which contains a big double brass bed, a cot, the baby's play pen and crib, and which will soon contain a bassinet for the fourth member of the family. The landlady lives in the other upstairs bedroom. There is one bathroom, one sink and stove, and a perfectly good dining room which nobody uses, so it is not inconceivable that an additional family of two or three might move in there any day.

For their one bedroom, and kitchen privileges, the Grays pay $25 a month rent plus about $10 for utilities, including a telephone. They are paying off their bank loan at the rate of $22 a month, and they are also paying $12.50 a month on a bedroom suite purchased a year ago when they lived briefly *(Continued on Page 163)*

HOW THE GRAYS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Rent ($25 a month)	**$300.00**
Utilities	**120.00**
Food ($10 a week)	**520.00**
Bank loan	**264.00**
Payments on furniture	**150.00**
Clothes	**60.00**
Baby doctor	**40.00**
Recreation	**50.00**
Life insurance ($1000 for Phil, $500 for Gary)	**67.20**
	***$1571.20**

***The Grays' present subsistence pay from the Veterans Administration is $1311.00 yearly. Phil manages to earn about $5 a week during the school year, but will probably earn a good deal more than this during vacations.**

OU'LL TAKE YOUR EASE IN STYLE . . .



There's a Ford in your future!

Some day—when America's biggest job is done—peace will return. And th it will come a new Ford car that's g, roomy and sturdy.

. Then you'll have the kind of gentle le you've always hoped for. So smooth. packed with comfort. In front seat or ck, you'll find yourself at ease, relaxed.

. . . But that's not all! Many other refinements will be found in this new Ford. Smart, improved styling that will have a youthful air. A new richness, both inside and out. And, of course, the famous thrift and reliability that have always been traditional with Ford cars.

. . . When the time comes, we'll be ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, however, the full Ford resources are being used to help bring Victory closer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

"STARS OF THE FUTURE". Listen to the new Ford musical program on all Blue Network stations. Every Friday night—8:00 E.W.T., 7:00 C.W.T., 9:00 M.W.T., 8:30 P.W.T.

VITAMINS

Are you older than your years?

The candles on your birthday cake may add up to the sum of your years. But you can take it from science that in many cases, "birthday" age differs from "physical condition" age. Very seldom do the two ages coincide.

A good many persons unknowingly are prematurely senescent. They are physically older than their span on the calendar. Under varying conditions of diet and living, certain chemical changes occur which often render humans "older than their years."

Such conditions as these are especially prevalent among adults whose health and food routines are more often guided by "likes" than by "needs."

Mistaken identity

Many tissue changes, generally regarded as characteristics of approaching old age,



VITAMIN RESEARCH
. . . eyes reveal Vitamins A and B_2 deficiencies

are often actually indications of chronic nutritional deficiencies. Slowly developing changes, for example, in vision and in the skin . . . gradual loss of muscular strength and energy, general aches and pains.

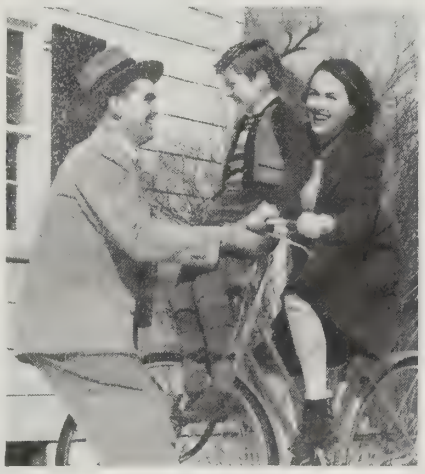
Some of these changes are so prevalent, especially in their milder forms, that they have come to be regarded as usual or normal . . . a natural part of "just growing old." But pinned down, they may be identified simply as dietary deficiencies, tending to shorten man's youth.

An "early" old age

Viewed in the light of the widespread inadequacy of the national diet, as evidenced in U. S. Government surveys and other unbiased studies, it would seem that many Americans are eating their way to an early old age. For these surveys show that literally millions of American families aren't getting enough vitamins and minerals from their meals.

Nor are dietary deficiencies confined to lower income groups only—for these surveys included rich, poor and in-between.

Thus, foresighted indeed are those who regularly take a dietary supplement that assures their getting all the vitamins known to be essential in the diet and the commonly lacking minerals as well.



YOUTH-LIKE ENERGY
. . . demands sufficient vitamins and minerals

Complete coverage

Developed to protect against nutritional deficiencies, the Vimms formula supplies all the vitamins that Government experts and doctors recognize as essential in the diet.

In addition, Vimms supply the minerals most commonly lacking . . . Iron necessary for good red blood, Calcium and Phosphorus for strong bones, teeth and body tissue. These minerals are needed not only to help in various body processes, but also to enable certain of the vitamins to play their full role.

Now, scientists found that if all the vitamins and minerals in three Vimms were made into a single tablet, it would



THREE DAILY AT BREAKFAST
. . . full benefits throughout the entire day

be too big to swallow easily. That is why Vimms come in 3 small tablets to be taken daily—preferably at breakfast. Actually, no one-per-day product gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms. Moreover, Vimms are pleasant-tasting, have no aftertaste.

Three Vimms daily will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowances, as adopted by the National Research Council.

(Advertisement)

Which Veterans Should Go to College

BY WILLARD WALLER

THE so-called G.I. Bill of Rights provides generously for the college education of younger veterans. The Government will pay for tuition and books, and will contribute $50 a month for the expenses of a single man, $75 for the veteran with dependents. It is estimated that at least 600,000, and perhaps many more, will avail themselves of the offer.

Many deserving boys will now be able to attend college who would never have had such an opportunity if there had been no war. That is excellent. No one will begrudge them the opportunity they have gained with their blood, sweat and tears. And we know that for the right man education is the finest kind of rehabilitation.

But not every boy can profit from college training, and it may be that many thousands of veterans will break their hearts trying to absorb a kind of education that was never meant for them. College has a certain glamour that attracts the fit and the unfit alike. In spite of the best efforts of the admissions officers, there are always some students on any campus who do not belong in college. Often they are pitifully in earnest and try tragically hard, wearing shabby clothes, living in somebody's basement, eating a few cents' worth of bread and milk and sometimes going hungry while they beat their brains out trying to master college algebra or English A. Others are aimless drifters with no purpose in life. They rarely graduate, and their degrees do them but little good even if they get them. All they usually get out of college is a sense of failure which haunts them throughout life.

BY and large, the veterans who should go to college are the same boys who ought to have gone if there had been no war. College education is useful only to those who have the peculiar qualities of mind and personality to profit from it. It is a long-term investment in oneself, an intellectual experience which helps one to grow and to develop his potentialities. It is more helpful in making a life than in making a living. It has economic value, but often it is a long time before one collects on the investment.

Under the G.I. Bill, it is up to the colleges to decide which veterans shall enter and which shall not. The Government will pay for a veteran's tuition in any recognized institution which will admit him. This leaves the ultimate decision in the hands of the college authorities.

It is generally agreed that college-entrance requirements may safely be relaxed for veterans. The usual college catalogue sets forth in sedate columns the number of credits the student must have in Latin, mathematics, history and English before he is considered fit for higher education. The present view of college administrators is that if veterans can show that they have the ability to do work of college grade, entrance requirements may be very flexible. There is a tendency in nearly all colleges to admit veterans without the usual high-school diploma.

It is possible that some colleges may go much farther than this legitimate relaxation of requirements. Tempted by the opportunity to collect student fees, they may admit veterans who should never attempt a college education. This will not happen in the heavily endowed private colleges, which have maintained exacting standards even in the lean years of war. These schools lose money on every student, and try to choose students who merit such an investment.

There are, however, many colleges which depend largely upon student fees for support, and some of these will be painfully short of cash in the next two years. These institutions may admit numbers of poorly qualified veterans in order to balance their budgets. State and city universities, being open to political pressures, may accept many poor risks and then flunk them out—a somewhat ruthless policy which has often been followed in the past.

The veteran and his family cannot safely leave it to college authorities to decide whether a particular veteran should enter college or not; they must decide the matter for themselves, and they can avoid future heartbreak by deciding it wisely. In making such a decision, they should consider all the factors and balance one probability against another. I suggest that they should put the following questions to themselves and answer them as frankly as possible: Does the veteran have sufficient native ability to profit from college work? Is he deeply interested in what college has to offer him? Do his circumstances permit him to go to college; that is, has he sufficient money, is he in good health, is he free from family obligations which would interfere? Finally, will the rewards of college attendance exceed its personal costs? Let us look at each of these questions in turn.

ABILITY. The simplest indication of one's ability to do college work is his previous academic record. If one was in the top fifth of his class in high school, he probably has the ability to do college work. The second fifth is doubtful and the third fifth very doubtful indeed. Excellent tests of scholastic aptitude are also available. Almost any high-school principal can supply a valid test and will be competent to advise concerning the choice of a college and a course of study. If this resource fails, the veteran should ask the regional office of the Veterans Administration to help him secure a test.

INTEREST. Interest is just as important as ability. Four years of college is a long grind with plenty of grueling work and no eight-hour day. One should not begin such a task without a store of dependable motivation. No one should ever enter college just because he has nothing else to do, or because someone else has urged him to go, or because his parents want him to be a college man, or because he wants to live in a fraternity and put cows in belfries and send freshmen out to gather an ounce of toenails. Especially should the veteran, who has lost so much time already, resist the temptation to enter college for frivolous reasons or merely in order to live at Government expense for some years.

One should go to college only because he has strong desires which can be satisfied in no other way. The best and strongest motive is intellectual interest. If a man has a craving to manipulate the mysterious symbols of mathematics, if he yearns to know who wrote the book of Ecclesiastes and how he came to be so wise, if it matters to him if time is running down and the universe is expanding, if he believes there are secrets locked up in books which will make him a better man, if he wonders about the meaning of life, then he should go to college at almost any cost. College will help him to find the good life.

ANOTHER valid, dependable sort of motivation is that supplied by a definite occupational goal. A man who knows what he is working for, what he is going to make of himself, can usually survive the grind of college years successfully. Before embarking upon such a course of study one should, naturally, make sure that he has the abilities required not merely by college work but also by the practice of his chosen profession. He should also try to find out whether there is likely to be a market for the services which he is preparing himself to give. It is worth remembering that there will probably be an oversupply of "technicians" after the war, and a dearth of scientists, teachers and social workers.

If the veteran has already completed a year or so of college work, he can safely assume that his abilities and interests are satisfactory. If, however, he was out of school

for some years before entering the service, it is doubtful that he can adjust to the academic routine.

CIRCUMSTANCES. A veteran contemplating college should also consider his circumstances; that is, his personal and financial resources, and his obligations and commitments.

First there is the matter of money. Fifty dollars a month is not enough to live on in many parts of the country, and it will help very much if one has some savings or can count on an occasional check from home. If the veteran's parents are dependent on him, college is almost impossible.

If a veteran has acquired a wife, that is also a circumstance which he ought to consider. The Government will contribute $75 a month for the veteran with dependents, which is too little for comfortable living. Furthermore, the rhythm of college life, adjusted to the tempo of the unmarried man or woman, leaves little time for the enjoyment of domestic felicity. In the college community, tradition finds no place for students' wives. The young wife, with time on her hands and without a real home, may come to resent her husband's preoccupation with his studies, or possibly the husband may choose to please his wife at the cost of displeasing his professors. Marriage, therefore, is a reason for thinking twice or perhaps thrice before entering college.

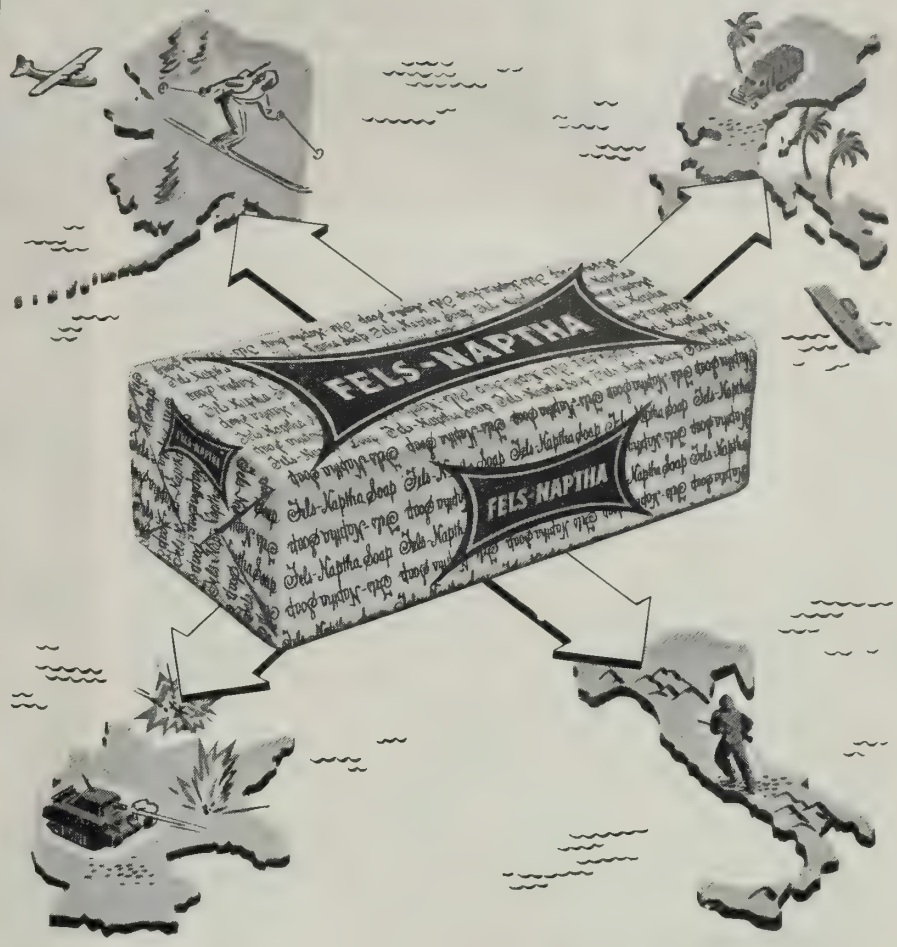
(Continued on Page 169)

Does Your G.I. Want a Free Education?

Any veteran of this war, man or woman, is entitled to free schooling at Government expense under either of these two acts of Congress *(below)* provided the veteran can meet the requirements.

For further information, or for an application blank, write to the Manager, Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

G.I. Bill of Rights (Public Law No. 346)	Disabled Veterans Bill (Public Law No. 16)
REQUIREMENTS	**REQUIREMENTS**
1. The veteran must have been in active service any time on or after Sept. 16, 1940.	1. Same.
2. And was discharged under conditions other than dishonorable.	2. Same.
3. And saw at least 90 days' active service, which would entitle him to one year's training.	3. Length of service doesn't matter.
4. And was not over 25 years old when inducted, or if over 25 must prove interruption of education. In either case the veteran may receive one year's training, plus additional training equal to time spent in active service.	4. Age at induction doesn't matter. 5. Veteran must have a disability incurred or aggravated by active service. 6. And must need vocational training to overcome the handicap of such a disability.
BENEFITS	**BENEFITS**
Tuition, books, not in excess of $500 for an ordinary school year, and $50 a month subsistence for single person, $75 for a person with a dependent.	Tuition, books, special training equipment (such as a Braille typewriter for the blind) and $92 a month for single person. A married person gets $103.50 a month, plus $5.75 for each dependent, plus $11.50 monthly for each dependent parent.
CHOICE OF TRAINING	**CHOICE OF TRAINING**
Veteran may elect his course of training and select any approved institution which will accept him.	Every course of study must be approved by the Veterans Administration.
FREE MEDICAL TREATMENT	**FREE MEDICAL TREATMENT**
Not available for non-service connected disabilities.	Available for all disabilities, whether incurred in service or not.
FUTURE BONUSES	**FUTURE BONUSES**
Money spent on veteran's training or education will be deducted from any Federal bonuses he may get.	No deduction will be made from future bonuses.
LIMIT OF TRAINING	**LIMIT OF TRAINING**
1. Total period of training cannot exceed four years. 2. Course of study must start within two years after discharge or two years after war, whichever is later. 3. All benefits of this bill terminate seven years after end of war. *Note*—A person eligible only for a refresher or retraining course is limited to one year.	1. No course of training in excess of four years can be approved. 2. No dead line on starting training. 3. All benefits of this bill terminate six years after end of war.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha preeminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Dixie Fish Fry Dinner

FRY the first Spring catch, (or boneless fish fillets), with a golden crust to break under your fork and savory tenderness inside. Serve with your own home-made, tangy Tartar sauce and French fried onion rings—piping hot, delicious.

What a dinner! Deep fried to perfection in pure Mazola. This golden oil with its delicate, delicious flavor, also makes tempting fresh salad dressings, smooth cream sauces, wonderful hot breads. Yes—Mazola makes so *many* good things! At all grocers.

FISH KENTUCKY

What a feast! Sizzlin'—golden—delicately crisped in Mazola.

Dip cleaned, *whole small fish* (or fresh fish fillets, or defrosted frozen fillets) into 1 *cup of milk* seasoned with 1½ *tsp. salt*. Roll in a mixture of ½ *cup flour* and ½ *cup corn meal*.

Start frying in ¼ inch sizzling hot Mazola; reduce heat to moderate, and fry to a golden brown, turning only once. Fish under 1 inch thick, needs 3 to 5 minutes cooking on each side.

FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS

This new, jiffy-quick recipe makes them lighter, more delicious!

3 *large onions* — 1 *cup milk*
Flour — 1 *teaspoon salt*
Mazola

Cut onions into ¼ inch slices, separate into rings. Dip rings in salted flour, then milk, again in flour. Drop several rings at a time into Mazola, three inches deep in a kettle, heated to 375°F. Keep rings separated. Fry golden brown—about 1½ to 2 minutes. Drain on paper towels or unglazed paper. Serves 4.



TANGY TARTAR SAUCE

You get a big, zesty bowlful when you make it yourself!

1 *egg yolk* — 1 *tbsp. chopped parsley*
½ *tsp. paprika* — 1 *tsp. onion juice*
1 *tsp. salt* — 2 *tbsp. India relish*
2 *tbsp. vinegar*
1¼ *cups Mazola*

Whip egg yolk, paprika, salt and half of vinegar together until light in color and thick. Continue beating and add Mazola a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Add remaining vinegar and beat again until thick. Stir in the remainder of the seasonings. Makes 1¾ cups sauce.

FRENCH DRESSING

This *fresh* dressing makes salads so much more delicious!

1 *c. Mazola* — ⅓ *c. vinegar*
1 *tsp. paprika* — 1½ *tsp. salt*
¼ *tsp. pepper* — 2 *tsps. sugar*
1½ *tsp. onion juice*
1½ *tsp. dry mustard*

Combine all ingredients in a pint jar or bottle. Cover, shake until well mixed. Chill. Makes 1½ cups of salad dressing.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

MENU

Fish Kentucky
Tangy Tartar Sauce
French Fried Onion Rings
Asparagus Spears
Scalloped Potatoes
Corn Bread
Spring Greens Salad
French Dressing

Your Food Your Face

BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

The Grapes of California are typical of today's diet-conscious young people who supplement their daily quota of bread (enriched!) with milk, fresh vegetables and fruit, for good looks.



PHOTO BY HOMER F. SNOW

Home from market—Phil, Mary and baby Gary. When it comes to buying foods, this Army veteran is just as vitamin-wise as his pretty wife.

IF EVER there was a misleading phrase, it is that old moth-eaten saying about beauty's being only skin deep. Beauty is not only skin deep, but it is tissue deep, muscle deep, and goes, finally, right back into your blood stream where it has its beginning.

A good skin is encouraged, protected and decorated by cosmetics, but it must first be built on a basis of sound health. Sound health is promoted by sane eating. Most American women understand by now that creams on the dressing table must be supplemented by milk on the dining table (and vice versa!) for complexion perfection, but there are still a lot of questions, and some fantastic notions that need settling. Here are some typical questions, with their answers:

When I was a little girl, carrots were supposed to make curly hair. I found, alas, that wasn't true. Now they are supposed to clear my skin and strengthen my teeth. Is that also a delusion?

The carrot, we can assure you, is still a vegetable in excellent standing, even though it doesn't produce permanent waves. It is important enough to have given its name to *carotene*, the yellow pigment found in many vegetable foods. Carotene is the precious "mother substance" of vitamin A, a vital element in any diet, and so important for the prevention of dry, scaly skin that it is actually sometimes called the "skin vitamin." It also affords protection against eye infection and "night blindness," so there is reason for calling carrots the "bright-eyed food." And at least one authority gives carotene credit for the violet odor of babies! Yes, teeth come into the picture, too, since the crunching of raw carrots is conceded to be just about the right kind of exercise for them. Wonderful, versatile vegetable!

Is it true that many old-fashioned beauties owed their lovely complexions to the drinking of buttermilk?

Buttermilk is a fine skin food, because it is lower in fat content than whole milk and yet remains highly charged with health-making elements. Moreover, it has a purifying effect on the intestinal tract, which is of direct benefit in clearing up a sluggish skin. Cottage cheese, which belongs to the same food family, is also a valuable item for a beauty diet.

My skin has a tendency to erupt. I have been told to keep away from fatty foods, but as I am also decidedly underweight it doesn't seem to me I ought to cut out fats entirely. What do you think?

No, you certainly don't want to cut out fats, but take them in the form of dairy products—eggs, butter, cream and cheese—rather than in fried foods and rich pastries. Drink a quart of milk a day, and be sure to include fruits, fresh vegetables or salads *with every meal.* This will help purify your blood stream and consequently your skin. Healthy flesh is not built by an unmixed diet of fatty foods and sweets, but by balanced menus.

I note that oranges, grapefruit and tomatoes nearly always play a star part in diets designed to promote fitness and demote fatness. Isn't there any limit to the number of those acid fruits one ought to eat?

Interestingly enough, the "acid" fruits to which you refer are not actually acid in their effect on the body. On the contrary, they act as alkalinizers, and help to build up the alkaline reserve so necessary to health. In addition, they are liberally spiked with vitamin C, the famous antiscurvy vitamin which favors good bone and tooth formation and sound gums. Their mild laxative properties, coupled with the fact that they are not taxing to the digestive organs, make them an excellent means of freshening the system. Except in rare instances, therefore, they should be used freely, since they are genuine "skin tonics" as well as weight fighters.

I am so embarrassed by the fact that my nose gets red so easily. External treatment doesn't seem to help. Does eating and drinking really have anything to do with this?

You don't need to feel embarrassed about your nose, and it is too bad that uninformed people so often consider a rosy nose a subject for teasing. The real source may be one of several internal *(Continued on Page 156)*

HOME FOR THE VETERAN

By Richard Pratt

Architectural Editor of the Journal



PHOTO BY PHILIP FEIN

The Grays, including Gary, look over the plan of the house they can have, with the architect, right, the landscape architect, left, and the architectural editor, center.

BEFORE I describe the novel benefits to daily living which this house will bring to the Grays when they build it, or to anyone who builds it, I shall first describe the benefits provided by the California veterans' legislation, which will make it possible for the Grays to have the house—and to hold it with a feeling of security. Setting forth the advantages of the California plan for home ownership by veterans, which has been operating successfully since shortly after World War I, inevitably suggests comparisons between the California plan and the home-owning provisions of the Federal G.I. Bill, so-called.

All these provisions can affect the future of unnumbered returning servicemen. If there are opportunities for improvement in the Federal bill, some of the opportunities may appear in this c parison.

One feature of immediate importance to h buyers right after the war—veteran and civ alike—is *when* to buy. The rush to build and buy be like an avalanche, and house prices may porarily become quite high, then recede. The fornia Veterans' Welfare Board takes this pos inflationary trend into consideration, and is enc aging veterans there to defer their home-purc applications until the real-estate market bec more stabilized. This seems to me an excellent s to take, as opposed to the two-year limit the G.I. gives the veteran to make his purchase. For it only protects the buyer as to price, but it does s thing else of equal importance. It gives the buil industry a chance to put new construction met into practice, and to get new equipment and ne terials into production, all of which will benefit buyer.

Of course, the price factor can be contro and as this is being written, Marriner S. Eccles, c man of the Federal Reserve board, is proposing rising real-estate prices be checked by taxation; otherwise "it would make a mirage of the hop millions of war veterans who are counting on b able to obtain a home . . . when they return f the front." Perhaps price ceilings should be pla as well.

As to the purchase plan, the California law quires a down payment of 5 per cent on a new h which gives the veteran a sense of having an ac cash investment in the home in partnership with state. The G.I. Bill requires no down payment, advantages of which are open to question. U the California plan, the state furnishes the funds to a $5000 home, and the veteran pays interest cording to prevailing money costs, now appr

MARIO CORBETT, ARCHITECT; GARRETT ECKBO, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT; HOUSE MODEL BY RAYMOND BARGER STU



· 3 per cent. The G.I. Bill makes it possible veteran to obtain funds from private lenders r cent. In California the state has a financial n the transaction, and therefore scrutinizes all ses with close partnerlike care, and provides possible safeguard in connection with the ; long-term value; protects the veteran's in- nt with complete fire and life insurance cov- and in the event of resale the board super- he transaction and gives the veteran the full of any possible profit.

roof of its sound principles, 19,000 California ns of World War I have enjoyed home- se financing at cost lower than rent, with no the veterans or their families, and at no cost ever to the taxpayers. This record, in itself, is enge to the G.I. Bill, a challenge which it is he G.I. Bill can accept and put through with uccess.

house itself, which has been passed upon and by the California board, offers certain living ages comparable in quality to the advantages California legislation. For instance, the bed- have been so designed as to plan and furnish- t they can function pleasantly as secondary rooms and studies for their occupants, thus ing the over-all usefulness of the house with- reasing its size and cost. In addition, this has been further expanded by the architect, boration with the landscape architect, by the pment of individual gardens, not only in con- with the bedrooms, where each member of ily can find privacy outside as well as in, but ection with both sections of the living room kitchen. In the case of each room, the fam- couraged to spread outside whenever weather s, and thus enlarge its living at the same at the house is in effect likewise enlarged.

RE BY BETTY DE MARS; SETTING AND PHOTOGRAPH BY PRATT



Note how the floor plan plays into the hands of the occupants and provides for all their various activities; how smoothly and efficiently it fits into the garden scheme—an outdoor floor plan in itself.

eather can almost be doubled by extending the floor plan out-of-doors

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



You've been in a gray fog since the day he went away—half-seeing, half-hearing, hardly daring to hope. Then the sun floods in, the sky's true blue, there's a great rushing song of thanksgiving within you . . . your heart slips back to its old familiar haven . . . your man is yours . . . you're *his* . . . for keeps.

Is it selfish to dream . . . in wartime? No! A nation's new homes are its hope for tomorrow! Here at Community, even while we speed the pace of our war work, our hearts, like yours, are winging home. Home to thoughts of the gracious and lovely Community* the brides of America have ever loved and cherished. The day is drawing nearer . . . we'll have it for you . . . when your man comes home . . . *back home for keeps.*

*TRADEMARK

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SPEED THE DAY ARMY NAVY BUY WAR BONDS!

Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

*Lady Hamilton Design

If its Community . . . its correct

FREE! *If you'd like a full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, write COMMUNITY, Dept. J-5, Oneida, N. Y.*

★ *Tomorrow's living rooms are spacious, with plenty of glass and real rainbow colorings in the furnishings.*

BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LIVING ROOMS

★ *The dining end of the living room matches the scheme, looks inviting.*

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

HERE is a typical postwar living room, fully constructed, furnished and photographed for your immediate inspection. You can see that it is altogether different from the family rooms you are used to seeing, but most of the change is in the new type of background.

Many young couples, like the Grays, will have to postpone their home building for a few years at least. But even so, now is the time to make your plans, and the way to know what you eventually want is to get acquainted with all the new things as they come along.

If you have been living in tight little rooms, those floor-to-ceiling windows will be the first thing to catch your eye. They are the kind of luxurious feature we have been seeing only in very expensive modern houses up to now. After the war, even small houses can have them; and if you aren't sure you like so much glass, just look at the picture long and carefully and compare the whole effect with your present closed-in surroundings.

You may call the furnishings modern if you like. In reality, they are little different from the simple styles we have been seeing for some time. The arrangement and color scheme make them look modern. Here are the interesting details of the room's furnishings.

The Furniture. The sofa and chairs are painted willow, upholstered in clear, bright colors. The library table is carpenter-made from our own sketch and has a suggestion of Chinese in its design. You will find it easy to copy, in case you are interested. The finish is white paint, partly rubbed off before it dries, to make it match the willow.

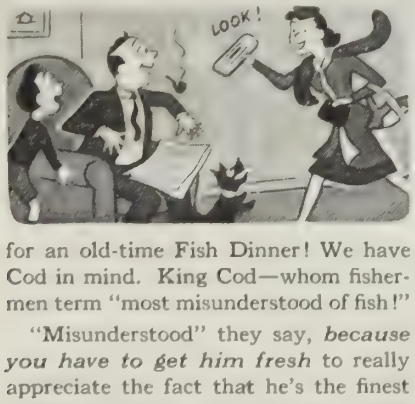
(Continued on Page 170



"Roll-ing home! Roll-ing home!"

LADIES, give a cheer! For those delicious, those zesty, those wonderful Birds Eye Fish are heading home again. Home to the place you like 'em best—smack on your dinner table.

Some are here already. Not too many. But if you'll keep cocking an eye into the Birds Eye case, chances are O.K.



for an old-time Fish Dinner! We have Cod in mind. King Cod—whom fishermen term "most misunderstood of fish!"

"Misunderstood" they say, *because you have to get him fresh* to really appreciate the fact that he's the finest eating fish there is! And too many people know him smoked, dried, or salted.

Here he is—"ocean-fresh!"

Birds Eye Cod Fillets *are* ocean-fresh—"4-hours-fresh!" We nab the cod in the cold, cold North Atlantic, where fish is finest.



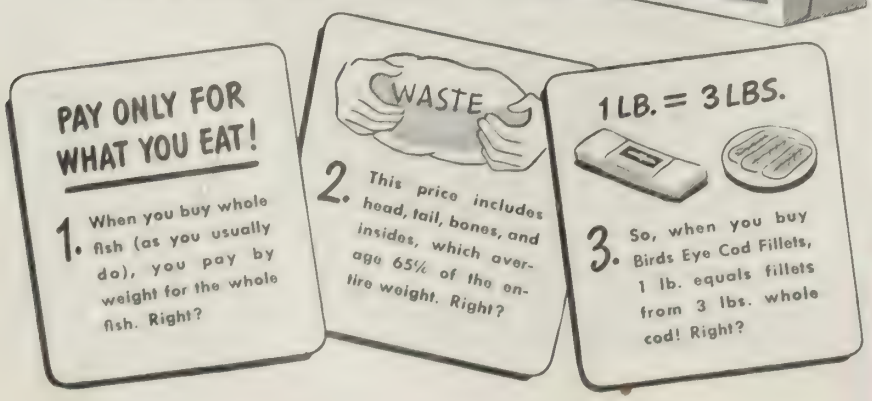
Rushed ashore, they are cleaned, boned, filleted, washed, and Quick-Frozen WITHIN 4 HOURS! Sealed in is that marvelous *just-caught goodness*—every last bit of the tang-of-the-sea. And they're WORK-FREE—we do it all. Just unwrap, cook, serve. A pound serves 4.

These tempting, flaky fillets are, moreover, really *economical*. Because you *eat all you buy*. No waste to 'em. Look in at your Birds Eye Store for Cod Fillets—and look again. Success will yet crown your patience, in a big way!

BIRDS EYE FROSTED FOODS

Product of General Foods







Young Gary is bouncing with health and Mary wants to keep him that way. Thirty cents provides a healthy breakfast for this trio.

"I HAVE $10 TO SPEND"

By Louella G. Shouer

DON'T let anyone kid you. It's no snap these days to squeeze out twenty-one meals a week for three on a flat sum of $10. The Grays can spend just that and not a penny more. There's no fund to borrow from, either, if they should go over the edge. With them it isn't a stunt, to save a few dollars in an occasional week. It's an every-week must. And there are others fenced in with just as slim a budget.

Suppose you had $10 to spend, for a threesome? What would you do? Where to start? How to make the money last so that you won't end up with nothing but oatmeal for the last day? How to choose between foods? These are some of the problems, the solution of which makes the going easier.

FOOD NEEDS FIRST

Yes, even before menus and shopping—a sort of skeleton plan of the foods you need for good health steers your pennies into the right places. For once it spent, there's little use to say, "I shou have bought carrots and cabbage i stead of that box of strawberries."

Mary is pregnant, and the food sl eats is as important as visits to the do tor. Philip is working like mad to fini school, and there's baby Gary too

A leaflet called Family Food Pla for Good Nutrition—No. AWI-78—c Office of Information, U. S. Departme of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C., yours for the asking. Write for it ar use it to make plans for your own far ily. It includes a low-cost as well as moderate-cost food plan.

Based on the low-cost plan, here a the quantities of food needed by t Grays for one week, with the cost each group totaled so you can see ho the money is divided. There's little spare. The market order will be diffe ent for every family, but theirs m help you plan yours.

1 WEEK'S FOOD FOR THE GRAYS

Milk and milk products	17 qts. or its equivalent	$2.55
Potatoes	7 lbs.	.38
Citrus fruits and tomatoes	5 lbs. 9ozs.	.63
Dry beans, peas, nuts, etc.	1 lb. 2 ozs.	.18
Green and yellow vegetables	5 lbs.	.71
Other fruits and vegetables	6 lbs.	.62
Eggs	15	.60
Meats, poultry, fish	4 lbs. 13 ozs.	1.72
Flours, bread and cereals	9 lbs. 4 ozs.	1.31
Fats and oils	2 lbs.	.56
Sugars and sirups	1 lb. 8 ozs.	.31
Based on San Francisco ceiling prices as the Journal goes to press.		$9.57

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

LADY, IT'S SABOTAGE. Think before you pinch the peppers or punch the peaches. It has been estimated that the amount of waste of fruits and green vegetables resulting from shoppers' vandalism annually would be enough to feed 4,295,000 children for one week. Think of it! Bruised foods quickly spoil. At the end of each day, quantities of food in every market must be thrown out. 8,590,000 pounds of fresh green vegetables alone are wasted annually. Shop with your eyes or trust the salesman to choose for you.

★ ★ ★

The above cost total might well be much more or even less—depending on what is bought to make up the totals of pounds and ounces of this and that, and where the purchase is made. While most foods are governed by ceiling prices, often chain stores have specials at prices which are under ceiling. The ceilings themselves vary in different types of stores.

$9.57 buys only the bare necessities for a fairly good diet. Mary manages to eke out enough for a pound of coffee and extras now and then by buying fruits and vegetables at the open market, where prices are sometimes lower on certain things—but not everyone has this advantage.

SUM AND SUBSTANCE

Milk—Top Spot. A third of a pound of American cheese can take the place of a quart of milk, and costs about 2 cents less. It will make many dishes more exciting even if it does take a few precious points. Buttermilk costs the same as milk. Mary prefers it during her pregnancy. Milk sells for 14½ cents at stores, 15½ cents if delivered, in San Francisco, so she saves a little on milk when she shops with Phil. You'll notice that we've spent more for milk than for meat. Cottage cheese counts, too; it helps to break the monotony, is unrationed and fine for summer suppers.

Spending for Spuds. Buy potatoes by the ten-pound bag to save a few cents. New potatoes will probably be too high for the budget until later. In the fall and winter, count sweet potatoes in your total. Bake or boil potatoes *in* the skin—get *all* the good. Potatoes must supply cheaply many of the vitamins and minerals usually supplied by more expensive fruits and vegetables.

"C" as in Citrus. Divide your citrus and tomato purchases to your own taste, but remember that it takes half again as much of canned tomatoes or tomato juice, for instance, to provide the same value as orange juice. Except for babies, serve oranges in the skin oftener than as juice. Ounce for ounce, the peel of orange contains about three times as much vitamin C as the pulp and juice. You can't eat the peel, but grate it and add to foods for flavor. Five pounds, four ounces of this group isn't nearly as much as anyone would like—even though it may be enough "nutritionally." If you can possibly find a place this spring to put in even half a dozen tomato plants and some salad seeds, you'll be money and pleasure ahead.

Beans in the Budget. Beans and split peas figure big as protein suppliers when you keep up the milk quotas. They make wonderful stick-to-the-ribs soups and casseroles for grownups. Try a different way every week so the family won't get tired of them.

Pennies With Color. Kale is in the high, high brackets of vitamin A. . . . Carrots are the poor man's gold—another good bet for vitamin A—and they are usually cheap at all seasons of the year. What's more, you can eat them raw and they are a good buy for babies. . . . Lettuce is a luxury—chicory and romaine wear more of the green and tote more food value. The more salads you can manage, the better. Another argument for a green row to hoe. And thank heaven for a "weedy" lawn, if the weeds are dandelions. Dig them young before they blossom.

Others and Others. Of the six pounds of "others," there'll be some bananas and prunes for the baby, which can be used for grownups too. . . . And cabbage—now there's a vegetable that can walk into any of the other fruit and vegetable groups mentioned above and feel like one of the crowd. It's just as high-hat as a ripe tomato for vitamin C. At 8 cents a pound, it's really a good buy. Six pounds of this group isn't really much when you survey your purchases on the kitchen table, so make them go as far as possible until you can afford more.

The Golden Egg. While three eggs a day would be even better, fifteen a week will do. They cost about 4 cents apiece if you buy Grade A medium. B's are O.K. for cooking and save a few cents.

Not Much Meat. Meats, poultry and fish—that's the item that makes a big hole in any budget if you have the points and the "eats" are there to buy. Fish costs more than it used to, but it's certainly more available. Poultry, for now at least, is out of reach. For this week's market order, we planned on ¾ pound of hamburger and 4 ounces of liver—1 tablespoon a day for the baby. Some of the ground beef can be stretched with 5 ounces of ground veal with noodles. Half a pound of veal kidney makes a good stew. The 1 pound of lamb breast can be braised and stretched with carrots and potatoes. It's a different taste anyway. Two fish nights—one for a chowder, another, broiled halibut or whatever the fish buy will be. Roasts are out on a low-cost budget.

Flours and Cereals. Of the total 9 pounds 4 ounces, plan on 3 pounds of bread—part whole-wheat and part enriched for variety. A 14-16 ounce package of whole-wheat or enriched cereal and a 20-ounce package of oatmeal will make a hot cereal for all, including the baby. Corn meal for johnnycakes and muffins; pancake flour for Sunday-night supper; graham crackers; pudding mixes; some noodles and a pound of enriched flour for cooking all come out of this list. It may seem like a lot of cereal, but cereals help make up for the use of little meat. Cereals have protein, too, and with milk in the diet they do a good job even though you may like a good piece of meat better. Who doesn't?

Fats are Slim. Of the 2 pounds of fats, we allowed ¾ pound of margarine, ½ pound of peanut butter and 12 ounces of jowl "bacon." The drippings can be used for cooking. No shortening, salad oils or salad dressings? Well, if you want to rob Peter to pay Paul—otherwise try to buy one different shortening a week: margarine every two weeks, and so on.

Sweets. In San Francisco, molasses costs 23-25 cents a pound, granulated sugar about 8 cents—quite a difference, and you no doubt could put that money to good use. However, iron-rich foods are very important during pregnancy. Molasses is one of the best. Sugar furnishes only energy, but at least a half pound a week is needed.

Money Has Wings. Money in your pocket and you're off to shop. Buy what appeals to you at the moment, and before you know it there's little but change from a five-dollar bill. The whole rest of the week to eat on the other five. It isn't much fun, I know, to pass up lamb chops and buy kidneys—and you won't always do it. But if you know that what you *do* buy is planned to keep your family in good health, you won't mind so much. We all have to do more window shopping than buying these days, and after a while you get real pleasure out of it—the window shopping, I mean.

Grandma shows you 17 ways to



SAVE PRECIOUS SUGAR

Save your precious sugar . . . make it "go further". It's easy if you follow Grandma's simple tips. She shows you how to serve lots of family favorites that require *no sugar* . . . how to replace *half* sugar in a recipe by using Grandma's *sweeter, mellower* Molasses . . . how to use her Old Fashioned Molasses as a delicious sweetener.



Serve these sugarless favorites

Save sugar by treating your family to delicious dishes made with Grandma's Molasses and NO SUGAR . . . treat them to . . .

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE — CRUMB CAKE
LEMON SAUCE — BAKED CUSTARD
HOT WATER GINGERBREAD

For delicate flavor, wonderful *sweetness* in these and other dishes insist on Grandma's Molasses. 1 cup of Grandma's Molasses gives you as much sugar and sweetness as 1 cup of granulated sugar. Remember Grandma's Molasses *contains no sulphur dioxide*.

Save half your sugar

Stretch your sugar by making desserts with HALF sugar and HALF Grandma's Molasses. Use this half and half combination in . . .

BROWNIES — CHOCOLATE PUDDING — GINGER COOKIES
CHOCOLATE COOKIES — APPLE COBBLER — 7-MINUTE ICINGS

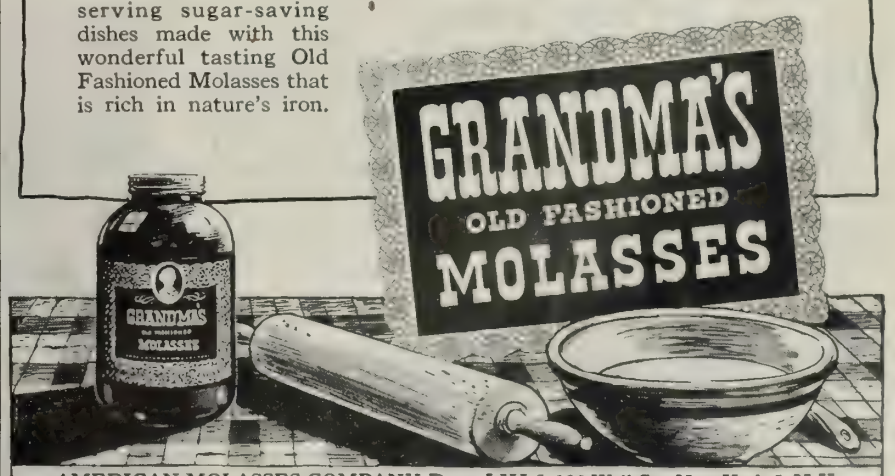
For complete directions for making these sugar-saving treats, send for Grandma's new FREE leaflet, "Make Your Precious Sugar Go Further." Or to adjust your own recipes, just remember that in baked desserts ½ cup Grandma's Molasses and ¼ teaspoon soda *can be used to replace* ½ cup granulated sugar plus 1 teaspoon baking powder and 2 tablespoons water or milk.

Use Grandma's Molasses as a "sweetener"

The rich goodness of Grandma's Molasses makes it a favorite sweetener . . . a delicious topping for all sorts of treats. You'll love it on . . .

PANCAKES — CEREALS — BREAD
FRENCH TOAST — WAFFLES — MILK DRINKS

Buy a jar of Grandma's Molasses the next time you shop and start serving sugar-saving dishes made with this wonderful tasting Old Fashioned Molasses that is rich in nature's iron.



AMERICAN MOLASSES COMPANY, Dept. LHJ-5, 120 Wall St., New York 5, N.Y.
Please send me FREE Grandma's new leaflet, "Make Your Precious Sugar Go Further"
(Please print plainly)

Name .....
Address ..... City ..... State .....





Playroom for youngsters and a hobby corner complete the kitchen's all-round livability.

The Four-in-Hand Kitchen

TEAMING UP . . . For folks who must eat, must keep clean, like to ride hobbies, have to keep an eye on babies.

FOOD . . . Everything for the kitchen's first function assembled in a well-planned U.

FUN . . . A darkroom for the Grays' hobby, photography, and a sunny spot for Mary's sewing.

LAUNDRY . . . Complete, bright—near service entrance and drying yard.

SMALL FRY . . . Enjoyably "with" mother, but not underfoot—seeable from everywhere!

A pair of sinks sets off the laundry and food-fixing spaces.

PHOTOS BY STU



BY JUDY BARRY

THIS kitchen you could have as soon as equipment is released, and at minimum cost, mind you. Of course, there are frills you might add later as income flourishes, without changing the basic well-planned layout.

In the food unit there is a convenient little counter, like the filling in a sandwich, between range and refrigerator. Just where you need them—storage cupboards above and below. Lots more working space along the wall under the window—lots more storage space beneath.

See how a pair of sinks, one for laundry, one for dishwashing, cleverly sets off the laundry and food-fixing spaces?

The laundry has its own special cupboard, for soaps, starches and such, over the washing machine. And, bliss indeed, still another closet for cleaning supplies, next to the children's corral!

The portable sewing machine has been arranged to pop up, like a secretary's typewriter, and to tuck away, when it's not busy, in this endlessly useful little unit that can double as a planning desk, quick-lunch table or a cutting table. And on its curved shelves, at the far end, are the iron, clothes sprinkler, and so on.

The ironing board, snug in its sliding-door hideaway, does a neat, new trick that could add years to your backbone's life—one of those miraculously simple tricks! Tell you details on page 161.

When Summer Clouds Sail Over Lazy Skies



The countryside is wide and welcoming . . . the garden fresh with flowers . . . the sun describes its arc across the blue bowl of the day . . .

WHEN EVENING COMES, we set our table on the terrace . . . the hurricane lamps shine down upon the linen cloth, and gild the pattern of the Sterling that makes a party of our dining . . .

The beauty of Towle Sterling at each place turns each meal into an Occasion. The exquisite Towle patterns, made today in craft traditions that reach back to 1690, are fashioned in *solid* silver. Solid Silver means many, many generations of usefulness.

Still Towle Sterling is not expensive. A place-setting includes a knife, fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon and butter spreader, and yet costs as little as $22.70, including 20% Federal Tax. Select your own pattern now, from the lovely Towle Sterling patterns your jeweler can show you.



SILVER FLUTES

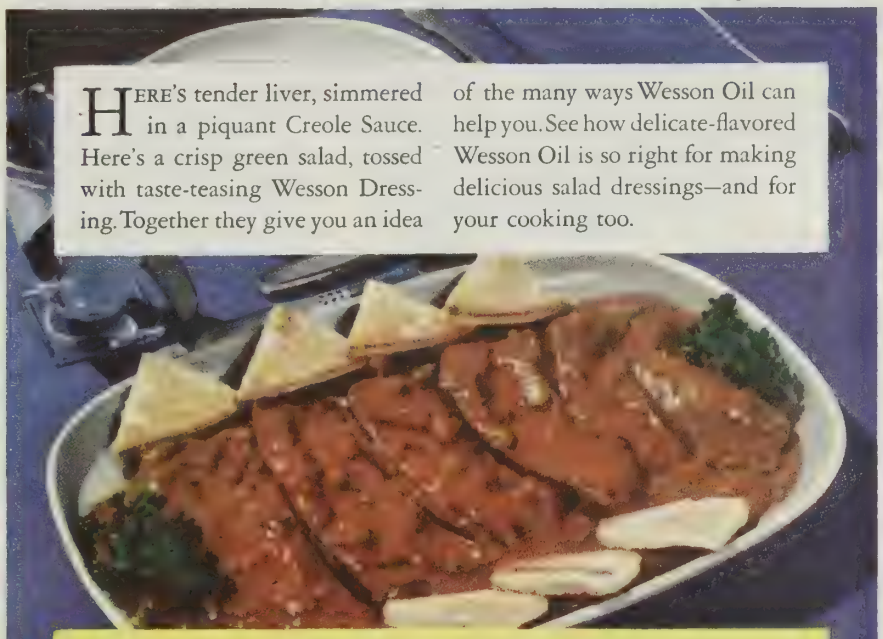


Write for a free copy of "The Bride in Wartime" — to help care for your Sterling. Address: THE TOWLE SILVERSMITHS, Department J-5, Newburyport, Massachusetts. And to assure the kind of living that Towle Sterling represents — **invest more in War Bonds now!**

TOWLE
STERLING

Two Easy Ways to Tempt Appetites Tonight

HERE'S tender liver, simmered in a piquant Creole Sauce. Here's a crisp green salad, tossed with taste-teasing Wesson Dressing. Together they give you an idea of the many ways Wesson Oil can help you. See how delicate-flavored Wesson Oil is so right for making delicious salad dressings—and for your cooking too.



LIVER À LA CREOLE

(Serves 6)

1½ lbs. calf liver (sliced thin)
1¼ cups chopped onion
2 tsp. chopped parsley
2 tbsp. Wesson Oil
2 tbsp. flour
¾ tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
3 tbsp. vinegar
2½ cups tomato juice

Wash and dry liver thoroughly. Sauté onion and parsley in Wesson Oil until lightly browned. (You'll have a pleasant surprise when you taste foods fried in this delicious salad oil.) Stir in flour, salt, pepper, and vinegar. Add tomato juice gradually, stirring until well mixed. Place liver in sauce and cook in covered pan 15 minutes. Serve on toast.



WESSON DRESSING

1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ tsp. paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Then taste the way light, delicate Wesson Oil coaxes out the savory goodness of the seasonings—never drowns them under a heavy, oily taste!

For occasional variety you may enjoy the addition of ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon of chopped onion.

Idea! Use this delicious Wesson Dressing on all salads of vegetables, fruits, or mixed greens. That's how to tempt your family to eat all their healthful vitamin salads. Get Wesson Oil today . . . and see for yourself why more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil!

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS



CALL ME EARLY!

(Continued from Page 41)

But how good it would be to follow that mountain brook I used to haunt, to see the early ferns uncurling their incredible laces on banks only touched by sun, never in the full glare of any celestial lamp. On those banks the alders grow only to prove a pitfall for the unwary and inexperienced angler. (This is easier than to write "fisherman." Fisherman is a much longer word and takes up more time to write, so, as I am a little pressed for time just now, I will use the word "angler," which has the same meaning, and conserve time and space. Besides, "fisherman" is old-fashioned and likely to get misspelled.)

A word of warning. Oh, yes, about those alders. If you don't watch it every minute, you'll have those dratted things eating hook, line and sinker and getting themselves involved right up to your back hair. In the meantime, the trout will be giggling under the water, screened by those rocks of ages, gloating and glancing and gleaming—but not having any. Thanks a lot. Since I can't go fishing and can't see how I'm going to get away with writing a piece about it, how will it do if I set down here the receipt for the fish mousse you see in the picture—and let the dream go by?

BAKED FISH MOUSSE—SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Cook 2½ pounds of fresh fish fillets—flounder, cod or haddock—or fresh salmon. I guess flounder is best, but tastes vary. Poach the fish in water with lemon, onion, parsley, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Drain the fish and flake it when it's cool. The 2½ pounds make just the right amount—1 quart, flaked. To the fish add 1 cup of chopped, toasted, blanched almonds, 1 cup of cream, 1¼ cups of fine cracker crumbs, ¼ cup of melted butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons of grated onion, the juice of 2 lemons, a dash of pepper and salt to taste. Takes plenty. Use a fork or pastry blender to mash the fish mixture fine. Beat with a spoon. Beat 6 egg yolks and fold in. Then beat the egg whites (6) until stiff but not dry, and fold in last. Grease a loaf pan. Fill with the mixture and pat it down smooth. Cover with "buttered" brown paper tied over the top with a string. Set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until set and firm to the touch—one hour to one hour and ten minutes. Loosen around the edges with a spatula and turn out on a hot platter. Serve hot with sour-cream sauce.

A favorite subject. Sour cream just fascinates me. I am even preparing a dossier on what and how to use it—and if my English has sort of folded on me right here, don't mind me. At least I *know* better. I am compiling this great work for one you know through the pages of the JOURNAL—one Dorothy Black, of England. She lives in "The Duke's Cottage," and I'd go far for that girl. To pick herself that ready-to-wear glamour and then pine for receipts and words on sour cream!

So here's one to add to the stock pile; and as fast as any others are dreamed up, I will share.

Sour-Cream Sauce

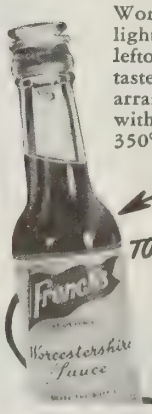
Melt 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine in a saucepan. Blend in 2 tablespoons of flour. When smooth, add ½ cup of milk. Cook until smooth and thick. Just before serving add 1 cup of thick sour cream. Add some minced chives, or parsley if you prefer it, and a dash of paprika. Don't just go all out on sour cream. Help it along. And if you haven't any chives, maybe you've got cress. Stir constantly until just heated through. Keep the heat low. Overcooking or too high heat will curdle the cream. Season with salt and



"leftovers?

I dress them up with FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE"

Frankfurter Vegetable Casserole: Cook ½ cup minced onion until tender in 2 tablespoons shortening. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour—add 1¼ cups canned tomatoes; 1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire. Bring to boil, lightly stir in 1½ cups cooked leftover vegetables, add salt to taste. Pour over 4 split franks arranged in 1 qt. casserole. Top with bread crumbs. Bake in 350° F. oven ½ hour. Serves 3-4.



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epper. This loaf is real good sliced cold. erve with a mustard sauce or a cucum- er sour-cream sauce—chopped cucum- er, salt and pepper added to plain sour ream. Sliced lemon seems to be the gar- ish. Cold sour cream, done right by, as ve indicated—or tried to—is good if hot out.

n new potatoes. If I ever get the time nd no one is around to stop me, I'm going to rite a whole, complete and entirely original iece on new potatoes. Let the tired old ouds that have practically shot their bolt nyway lie in their bins unsung. They can ake it. Once they, too, knew the potato inafore age, the smart comeback, the tip- lted nose, the eternal question mark that youth. But not now. This is a brave ew potato, and, so help me, it shall have s day, before the eyes grow dim and the kin gets a little wrinkled, and only boiling salted water is its true end and destiny. r, at the very best, hashed in cream or home fried."

NEW POTATOES WITH MUSTARD BUTTER

When the potatoes are scrubbed, cooked nd drained, toss them in mustard but- r, salt and pepper. Mustard butter is ust mustard and butter, and I guess hat's easy to remember. Blend 1 tea- oon of dry mustard with ⅓ cup of elted butter or margarine.

MIXED VEGETABLES

The vegetables may be cooked sepa- tely or together. And don't think that hat hangs together won't get along nging separately. Prepare a bunch, not o big, of asparagus. Cut into pieces. Put to cook with 1½ cups of shelled peas. hen just about tender add 1 bunch of eaned scallions—tops and all—cut into nall pieces. Watch those scallion chil- en. Don't cook their little hearts out. rain the vegetables and dress them th butter or margarine with a little eam, salt and pepper. Toss with a light hand and serve them very hot. (Makes a good shortcake too.)

So many times. Not being very much on the mathematical side, let us admit, I can't swear to it. But I would be willing to bet that if all the words I have written about hot rolls were laid end to end, they would reach from here to Kalamazoo and back, easy. "Kalamazoo" is such a lovely word—it looks so well in print, I always think. And it uses a capital *K*—which, if you have ever noticed, is about as unused as any letter in the whole font of type. (I used to set type in the P.L. age. Prelinotype, you know). But here's a little variation on this well-known theme, so do your stuff.

NUTMEG ROLLS

Soften 1 cake of fresh yeast in ¼ cup of lukewarm water. Scald 1 cup of milk and add 2 tablespoons of sugar, ½ cup of shortening and 1 teaspoon of salt. Let cool to lukewarm. Add 2 cups of flour. Mix well. Add the softened yeast, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon of nutmeg or ½ teaspoon of nutmeg and ½ teaspoon of mace. Add 1¼ cups of flour. Beat until smooth. Cover and let rise until light. Stir down and drop by spoonfuls into greased muffin pans. Be sure to have them no more than one half full. Let them rise in the pans until light. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., twenty to twenty-five minutes or until nicely browned.

After all, when you've said about everything you can, there's nothing like a red-hot, homemade raised roll. I leave it to you—am I right or ain't I? And they're fun to make into the bargain.

End is in sight. Be very patient, reader. The end is just around the corner, like many other things time won't let me go into. And the end, in this case, is upside-down cake—little loves of upside-down cakes—and if you don't say they're loves, you'll break the heart of your Annie.



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Easy Does It! Get the Ry-Krisp plan for the normal overweight—go easy on calories—have grand meals like that shown here—and enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp as bread. Only about 23 calories in it and it helps tone you up—supplies regulating minerals and vitamin B_1. Try it!



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RASPBERRY CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for one 9-inch pie)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup hot water
3 eggs
½ cup raspberry jam or jelly
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Red vegetable coloring

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add jam or jelly (if jelly is used, dissolve over hot water before adding) and stir. Strain, if jam is used. To this mixture add slightly beaten egg yolks, salt, lemon juice and coloring. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill until firm.



VEGETABLE SALAD

(Serves 6; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot water
¼ cup mild vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 or 2 tablespoons sugar (or more to taste)
Dash of pepper
1 tablespoon finely minced onion, if desired
1½ cups diced or shredded vegetables (raw or cooked)

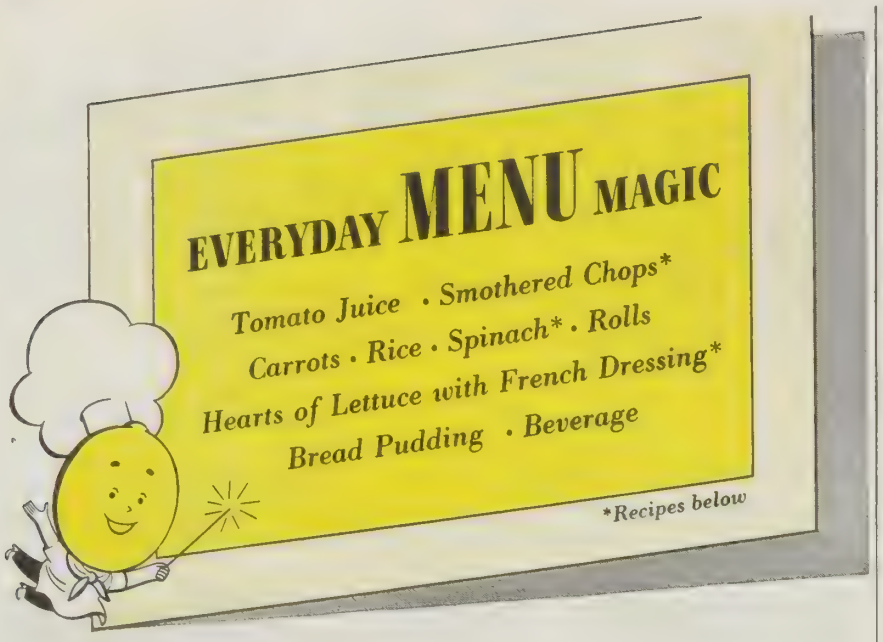
Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add vinegar, lemon juice, salt, sugar and pepper. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in vegetables. Turn into one large mold or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When firm, unmold on salad greens and serve with desired dressing.

Suggested combinations: 1. One cup shredded raw cabbage, ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper or pimiento. 2. One-half cup each of cooked peas, diced or shredded raw carrots and celery may be added.

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Tomato Juice

A dash of fresh lemon juice is just what tomato juice needs. Clear and thick soup, sea food and other appetizers get a real lift from lemon, too.



Smothered Chops

"Just plain chops," lamb or pork, can be something new if you'll place 6 chops in covered skillet, top with thin slices of 2 unpeeled lemons, 1 sweet onion, rings of 1 green pepper if available, 1 tsp. salt. Now pour 2 cups of tomato juice over all. Simmer until done. Lemon works wonders with all the old standbys... roasts, steaks, fish and fowl.



Spinach

A dash of fresh lemon juice just before serving brings out the best in most vegetables. For a real treat cook spinach with a little oil or bacon fat, salt and practically no water. Drain and chop; add lemon juice to taste. We say it's spinach, and hurray for it!



Lemon French Dressing

No salad's complete without the tang of lemon. You capture it best with this Lemon French Dressing: ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup salad oil, 1 tsp. each of salt, paprika and sugar. Shake well and use generously.



Bread Pudding

Ever try grated lemon peel for flavoring puddings and their sauces? Mmmm! And don't overlook lemons as flavoring for pies, cookies and gelatines.

As you see, lemons can be your most helpful food in setting a tastier table. But there is another reason for using lemons liberally – HEALTH. Lemons are a rich source of vitamins C and P, a good source of B_1. They aid digestion, alkalinize. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 205, Los Angeles, 55, California.



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LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

INDIVIDUAL FRESH PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKES

Use a nice, ripe, fresh, pointless pineapple. That's the beginning. If the pineapple is a good-sized one, there should be enough fruit in half of it for 6 individual upside-down cakes. Cut the pineapple through the middle lengthwise—right from the top down. You'll need a sharp knife for that. Cut all around the edges of the shell with a sharp knife. Next make a deep cut on either side of the core. Lift out the fruit on both sides, then take out the core and the fruit that is underneath. Cut the pieces of pineapple into small bits. There should be 1½ cups. Put on to steam in its own juice. Takes half an hour in double boiler. Now cool.

Grease 6 custard cups. Divide the pineapple among the custard cups as equally as eye and spoon can do it. Pour 1 tablespoon of honey over each. Into each cup put ½ teaspoon of butter or margarine. Make half of your receipt for a plain 2-egg cake and fill the custard cups ⅔ full of the batter. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Turn out upside down. Serve warm or cold with fresh strawberry sauce from the pineapple shell. If more than six are needed, the above quantities are easily doubled.

Two queens. The meal is over. I am left alone in the garden. Only two queens of England engage me now—Victoria and the little nameless queen who took a great poet's heart by storm.

I like to think he knew her. That, in his flowing cape and with his aristocratic stride, he overtook her shyly in the park. That they talked together. That he recited, maybe, "Come into the garden, Maud," or confided to her the esoteric beauty of In Memoriam. It was all so English. It was in the best tradition. It was Victoria—the beautiful—revealed to a little girl chosen—almost anointed—a dream—and what are so real as dreams?—Victoria—child of destiny—dream child in a poet's heart.

And who shall say who knew the greatest thrill: the slender, blue-eyed young woman, summoned by her ministers to be told that she was Queen of England? Or the little dream girl, wakened early, let us hope, to become, for a brief time, Queen of an English May? Hearts beat alike. Only the tempo is not always the same.

So Victoria, destined Queen-Empress, wore the imperial crown. And in the simple words of a poet laureate, another Queen was crowned—with violets, perhaps. Both long since turned to dust, the great Queen and the little one, both regal for a space.

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear . . . for *I'm* to be Queen o' the May, mother." . . . "Madam, *I* am Queen of England." And both are immortal.

YOUR FOOD AND YOUR FACE

(Continued from Page 145)

disturbances, and the condition is therefore one for your physician to treat. Often a great deal can be accomplished. You can help, however, by avoiding highly spiced or peppery foods and stimulating drinks, as, obviously, anything which heats up your system brings more blood to the offending feature. And for make-up, try one of the cake-type finishes, which will help conceal the excess color.

Would a liquid diet be a good way of clearing my skin, which is oily, and breaks out on the least provocation? As I am also inclined to be stout, I thought perhaps I could just take fruit juices. Would this be all right?

A liquid diet for a few days would undoubtedly be a good way of resting your stomach, flushing your digestive tract and thereby improving your skin. Many reducing diets suggest a three-day liquid or elimination period before settling down to the

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gular menus. Do not, however, limit your-lf entirely to fruit unless your doctor pre-ribes such a program. It is true that the ape cure and the peach cure have long en famous in Europe, but these are for ecial conditions and are given under medi-l supervision. A diet of fruit alone might oduce a distressing fermentation and irri-tion. A better-balanced liquid day in-ides: 1 glass orange or grapefruit juice; 1 p black coffee (if you wish); 2 cups tomato ice, hot or cold; 2 cups hot clear broth; 2 isses milk—in your case, *skim or butter-lk*. These should be taken at two-hour ervals. You can substitute a cup of hot a with lemon for one of the servings of to-ato juice or broth, if you prefer. Three ys of a diet such as this are enough, ecially if you are an active person. Then u should adopt a diet which includes a eral allotment of fruits, salads and vege-bles, as well as proteins, and is very low in fats, sweets and starches, for the further improvement of your skin and lowering of your weight.

I have so little color to begin with that I have to use quite a lot of make-up. My mother objects to this, but what else can I do?

You may have a clear olive skin, in which case you ought to play it up, getting a dramatic effect by using only lipstick and a whisper of eye make-up. If, however, your paleness comes from poor skin condition, you may need to change your health habits, including your diet. Have you had a checkup recently to be sure you are not anemic? It takes red blood to make red cheeks, and red blood requires a diet rich in iron. High in iron content are liver, kidneys, eggs, leafy vegetables and some fruits, not to mention molasses. Bring on the molasses cookies, especially if they have raisins in them!

WHAT MAKES YOU SICK?

(Continued from Page 27)

ction to the accident often expressed a ong sense of guilt!

Such fracture patients are now known as ccident prone." They are an important up to understand, for it has been found it only a small percentage of automobile vers are responsible for all our accidents, t these few are constant repeaters. In a dy made by four jor utility compa-s, the mere shifting other jobs of truck vers with a high ac-ent rate reduced the nber of truck acci-nts to 20 per cent of at it had been be-e. But the men fted to new jobs tinued to have as ny accidents as ever; v the accidents were different types!

The accident-prone patients, at Presby-an Hospital, had their accidents after e major collision with fate or authority; g angry or hurt, they then hurled them-es in the path of passing automobiles, or ked the handle bars of their motorcycles, strolled too close to the edges of cliffs. e, they "were not thinking" when they these things. But, as Doctor Menninger said, "To be careless with one's life is lf a symptom."

That accidents—a form of active be-ior—are psychological in purpose is not ard for most of us to understand. A more prising suggestion is the psychoanalyst's ef that our subconscious impulses create ase in a single section of the body. Yet interrelationship of mind and feeling physical structure is a well-established . Under hypnosis, patients have re-nded to a doctor's suggestion that men-ation occur on a date arbitrarily chosen the hypnotist. Doctors have forced notic subjects to contract the pupils of eyes, at a suggestion—although control r the pupils is not subject to our conscious . Doctor Dunbar tells us that hypnotism alter the functioning of "any organ sys-, even to produce changes in tempera-, blood chemistry, cell count, agglutina-reactions, urinary output or to produce cure' lesions such as warts."

Does this mean that the body is controlled he "brain" or the "will"? By no means; erely means that the physical and mental nts which take place inside the living, an being are more complex and inter-ed than we imagined. It means that a n's emotion of anger or frustration—ch may have had its origin in his early-dhood events—brings about a long chain subtle bodily changes. Sometimes it hes the conscious level of his brain as , and he is able to say, "I am in a rage." very often our rages occur far beneath surface and are not recognized. They are, etheless, creating real tensions within the body, bringing about real changes in our chemistry and tissue. Sometimes these changes persist over a long period and have effects which are catalogued as disease.

When strong, unconscious impulses cannot find a direct outlet in action or speech or thought, they seek an "organ language." Some of our homely phrases have for a long time recognized the fact that the body can play a kind of charades: we say that we "can't swallow her" or "can't stomach him"—and surprisingly often indigestion actually follows a scene with these hated persons. Sometimes we are "sick of life" or have "lost our appetite for living." Young people may be "too thin-skinned"—and may express this fear of criticism by developing acne, a skin disease.

We describe events as making us "heartsick" or "heavyhearted," or as giving us "heartache." These phrases show we have long had some inkling of the fact, seemingly well established now, that heart diseases attack only men and women who have unhappy childhood memories. We speak of a consumptive's "wasting away," and with greater wisdom than we know; Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe has said that "We all harbor the tubercular bacillus; only a few die of it. In many instances, the flight into a tubercular disease is a way to satisfy the death instinct." This is, indeed, a form of human "waste"!

But, you may ask, *why* does one person need to flee from his problems into tuberculosis, while another, who may have more apparent worries, remains well? Some light is being thrown onto this question, but no pat answers are yet available. The life story of each patient must usually be slowly drawn out before understanding is achieved. For the sick organ may, through the same symptoms, be trying to express any one of a number of different complaints against the world; study is required before the doctor can be sure what protest this particular man or woman is trying to make by his mysterious pain or malady.

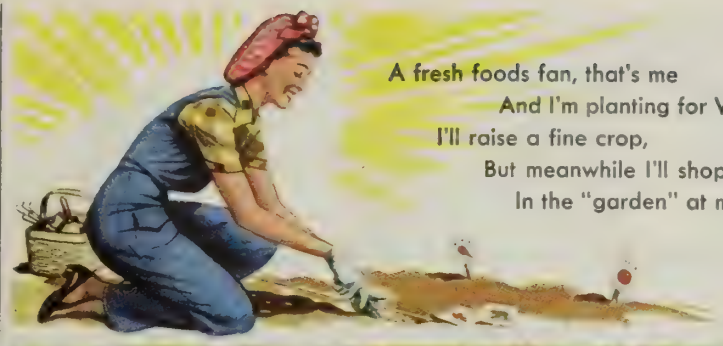
Dr. Edward Weiss, coauthor of the textbook, Psychosomatic Medicine, has described several cases that make the point more clear: one married woman patient of his developed insomnia, indigestion and mental depression. Why? The doctors found that her husband was cold and unromantic; her life was filled with financial worries; she lived in an uncongenial neighborhood. The fact that she was actually living a life stripped of most of its good things gave this woman a real sense of anxiety, which she expressed through her symptoms. But another woman patient, happily married to a devoted husband, became ill with

NEIGHBORLINESS

When a friend is in trouble, don't annoy him by asking if there is anything you can do. Think up something appropriate, and do it.

Always remember that your neighbors watch you closely, and that your neighbors are very particular.

—E. W. HOWE: Country Town Sayings. (Crane & Co.)





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MENU

De luxe Vegetable Plate—

Broiled Savory Tomatoes • Glazed Carrots • Parsley Potato Balls • Asparagus with Sauce

Broil tomato halves until almost done, top with buttered bread crumbs mixed with chopped chives or green onion tops and broil until brown. Boil asparagus until just tender. Make cheese sauce or well-seasoned medium white sauce and melt grated cheese in it, or add chopped, hard-cooked egg. Cook potato balls until tender and serve with melted butter or margarine and chopped parsley. Cook carrot slices until just tender; sprinkle lightly with sugar, and fry in a small amount of hot fat until glazed. Arrange vegetables on plates. Garnish with watercress or parsley.



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almost identical symptoms. Why? She had no apparent worries in the present. But she had been the eldest of eleven children; she had a great deal of responsibility for the younger children forced on her at an early age; she had been deprived of the normal, required amount of motherly attention. This woman's childhood hunger for a mother's love came out, many years later, in the form of her illness. But in both cases, resentment was seeking an expression through the symptoms of the body.

"There is no such thing as a purely psychic illness or a purely physical one," Doctor Dunbar has written, "but only a living event taking place in a living organism." And, again, "It was a great step forward when we discovered that disease was also favored by elements in the economic and social situation . . . that is, when mothers-in-law and neurotic schoolteachers were added to gonococci and yellow-fever mosquitoes in the medical man's accounting of potentially injurious agents."

Many separate diseases have been psychologically studied in the past few years: diabetes, rheumatism, heart diseases, ulcers, sterility and allergies. One of the most thorough psychosomatic studies made to date was performed by Dr. Franz Alexander and his associates at the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago. Its subject was asthma, which appears to be closely associated with the fear of separation from a loved individual. It has been possible to chart the attacks of asthma in the case of many patients at the institute and to find that these attacks occur inevitably in connection with such a threat of separation. All the asthmatic patients studied by this group had also a deep, unrecognized fear of being left alone: usually this fear was covered up by a great show of bravery and indifference to love.

Now, if this analysis is sound, there must be a *reason* why patients with this particular terror turn their fear into the form of asthma instead of contracting some other disease. If there is an "organ language," we should be able to discover why a particular life problem finds expression in *one* particular malady rather than in *another*. There must be some method in this madness of the physical cells.

And, apparently, there is. Asthmatic patients typically do not cry when they are unhappy; many of them boast that they "haven't shed a tear for years." Of course they haven't—for they have pretended to themselves and to the world that they were too "grown up" ever to need the help of anyone else. Crying occurs, in the infant, when he is first separated from the mother by the process of birth and, later, whenever he feels helpless and in need of his mother's care. Those who refuse to cry at all may be suspected of wanting to cry far oftener than the rest of us: otherwise they would not be so ashamed of this quite simple everyday reaction.

And analysis of a large number of patients has shown that this is indeed true. The asthmatic was, typically, pushed out of the nest too soon, weighed down too young with a burden of independence. As a child he was, in Doctor Alexander's phrase, "forced to live beyond his emotional means." He developed a great, unconfessed longing for security and shelter, learning to conceal this as a shameful, "babyish" thing. But a concealed emotion does not cease to exist or to demand expression. The asthma attack is a perverted form of having a "good cry"; and when, under psychological treatment, some of these factors are made clear to the patient, he very often abandons asthma and cries the first tears of many years of strain and inward loneliness!

The physicians who specialize in this approach to disease believe that they can often trace the physiological routes through which hidden emotions give rise to nearly every form of physical disease. How do you "catch cold"? One very simple way, described by Doctor Weiss, was that used by a man who suffered from numerous colds every winter. He had been spoiled, as a child, by an overindulgent mother, and he



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suffered from strong, unconscious resentment against a world which did not continue to gratify all his whims. Whenever he was again frustrated by someone who opposed him, he reacted with dreams of attacking this person by biting him; his wife noticed that in his sleep he often ground his teeth. As a result, by morning, his throat, jaws and gums were sore and subject to infection by any germ which might happen in.

Almost every form of physical suffering has been studied from this new angle, but its followers do not discard the classic methods of treatment by means of drugs and rest and surgery; they merely supplement such physical efforts to restore the damaged body by a psychological study of the emotions which set the disease in motion. These psychosomatic doctors are no "faith healers"; they accept all the knowledge of bacteria and blood count, sulpha remedies and plaster casts which other doctors use, but in addition they hope to help the patient find healthier expressions for unconscious longings which are actually making his body ill.

Doctor Weiss describes the case of a nineteen-year-old girl who had suffered a severe loss of weight; she "could not eat" and had dropped down to seventy-four pounds. She was given every physical remedy the hospital afforded, and psychological treatment too. This girl had no friends; whenever an acquaintance threatened to develop into intimacy, she broke it off. She had also a fear of marriage, and an outspoken reluctance ever to have children. Doctor Weiss writes: "She not only had starved herself physically, but first she had starved herself emotionally. Simply adding a few pounds to this patient by means of forced feeding, with perhaps the use of insulin, would really be only a temporary measure, because as soon as she went home and met another emotional situation difficult to handle she would once more reject food, just as she tried to reject life." Instead, her emotions were dragged up into the light, where she and the doctor were able to examine and re-educate them. As she recovered an ability to "taste life" she was eager to "taste food" as well.

THE whole field of nutrition diseases, and those focused into the gastrointestinal tract, have been of great interest to the men in this field. Doctor Menninger points out that the great majority of all gastric cases are of the type which has a strong *unconscious* longing to be given love and care. On the surface, such patients are often overactive go-getters. It is as if they were saying to the world, "I am an efficient, active, productive person," according to Doctor Menninger. They add, "I give to everybody, support many people, help many people, assume responsibilities and enjoy having people depend on me." Yet underneath the surface is a wish for help, a "gnawing hunger" for affection very like the infant's desire to be cared for, loved and fed by its mother. Such a repressed hunger—which was first associated with nutrition at the suckling stage—may serve as a constant stimulus to the stomach, quite independent of the hunger or repletion of the grown man. Under this constant stimulation the stomach apparently behaves, throughout the day, as it should behave only during digestion; the result may be any number of gastric disturbances, including ulcers.

NOW, it is very interesting to observe that within our time there has been a shift in the peptic-ulcer cases, as distributed between the sexes: at New York Hospital in 1901 to 1906, the male cases were only two and one half times as frequent as the female. But in a five-year period of the '30's, the ratio rose to twelve to one. A study made by physicians of the Cornell University Medical College points out that the rise of women's independence in the past half century may be reflected here. Men, finding their wives seeking jobs outside the home, felt a compulsion to work even harder, to show an even greater independence than these new, aggressive women by their side. In doing so, many of them suppressed their natural longing for help and love and a certain dependence—only to have it break out in the painfully protesting form of stomach ulcers!

In treating the common ailments which have been most intensively studied to date, the psychosomatic specialists make no claims of miraculous "cures." They recognize, as all doctors do, that there are some irreversible stages of disease, when the tissue or bone destruction has gone too far for Nature's processes to repair. But they do believe that a psychological approach, added to the usual physical treatment, can often arrest the course of a disease, even when it has reached an irreversible stage. And, of course, if a malady has been caught early enough, the irreversible stage may never be reached at all.

The emphasis that such physicians as Doctors Dunbar, Alexander, Jelliffe, Menninger and Weiss place on the psychoanalytic approach is new. They talk less of infectious agents than other doctors do, simply because they feel that medicine has neglected the psychic factor in disease, and stressed the physical alone.

But *both* the physical and psychological must be understood if the greatest possible number of patients are to be helped: even when the disease appears to spring from the feelings alone, and has no ascertainable physical cause, it cannot be laughed off as "imaginary."

(Continued on Page 161)



"I'd have been here sooner, dear, but I went by the garage to see if the car could be repaired."



NO LONGER JUST A DREAM

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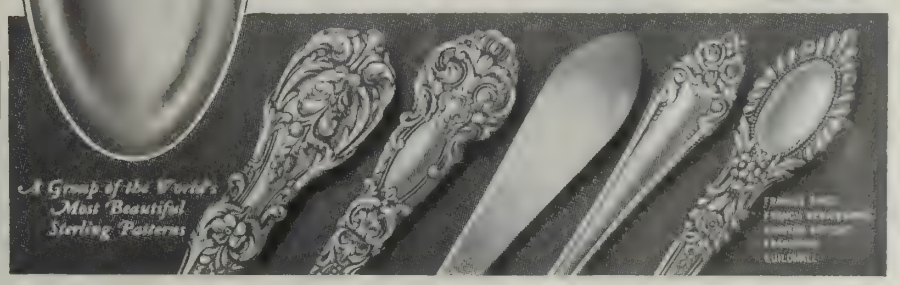
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MOR RAREBIT

1 tbsp. Certified Margarine
1½ tbsp. flour
¼ tsp. dry mustard
½ cup milk
½ cup sharp cheese, grated
6 slices bread
1 can MOR, cut in 12 slices

Make a white sauce of the first four ingredients, add grated cheese, remove from heat and stir until cheese is completely melted. Toast the bread on one side. On other side, spread cheese sauce and place 2 slices of pan-fried MOR on top (or put sliced MOR, direct from can, on top of cheese sauce and brown under broiler).

For that between-meal snack, be sure there is always plenty of MOR on hand for hearty MOR and lettuce sandwiches.

For a quickie, serve cold sliced MOR around hot buttered green beans and garnish with sweet-sour pickles and radish roses.





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George Rector
Food and Nutrition Consultant to Wilson & Co.

And that set no speed record, for any other woman can do likewise! It's a boon to the times—this quick, well-balanced dinner with the richly delicious MOR main dish:

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POTATO CHIPS BUTTERED PEAS
HEAD LETTUCE SALAD WITH THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING
CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE

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IRONING BOARDS TAILORED TO FIT!

By Mildred Arnold



ONING boards are generally the rong height for the average Mrs. merica, who is most likely to be five eet four inches or under.

or her, for me, for you, the standard ing board, thirty-one or thirty-two es, is too low to stand at in good ure; hence tired muscles and pains in back. And many women's feet ache, ding all that time.

ut sitting down, which makes sense eory, doesn't always work out either, e that same board is too high to sit at fortably—or if it's possible to find a stool, toes dangle. And there's the blem of knees bumping the under-iage.

n ironing board tailored to fit you is nswer, we decided here at the Work-. Your husband (with you bossing job, of course) could turn it out in a e evening. Here's how:

art with a board stripped of padding undercarriage. Now cut a strip of d 1½" wide, 1½" thick, long enough roject 1½" beyond each edge of your ng board's widest end. Round the ers of this strip, so that it becomes ndrical on the ends, flat in the mid-and screw it firmly into place flush the wide end of the ironing board. ow cut two strips of 1" x 4" lumber, long. In one of them, starting about rom the end, make a slot ⅜" wide, long. In its twin piece of wood, t 16" from the end, bore a ⅜" hole. Fasten the two together by passing a ⅜" bolt, 4" long, through the hole of one, the slot of the other. This bolt should be provided with a wing nut. All firmly together now? That, madam, is the leg.

Taking this leg, hinge the unslotted portion to the underside of your board, about 8" from the narrow tapered end. Now it's equipped with a leg which will obligingly fold under for putting away but will adjust to sitting or standing heights by loosening the wing nut and changing its position in the slot.

Next, get your support ready. Cut out sockets in two strips of 1" x 4" wood, and fasten the strips vertically to the wall of your favorite ironing spot. Or you may want to build these supports into a put-away cupboard such as we show in the photograph. These sockets hold the protruding rounded ends of the strip you fastened to the end of your ironing board and should be cut to hold the board at the most comfortable height for ironing, either sitting or standing. Make sure that the ends slide in and down and fit snugly. Our five-foot-two worker, in the picture, found sockets 28" from the floor for sitting, 34" for standing, just right. But arms and legs and elbows being as personal as they are, have yours tailored just for you.

Pad your board and cover it smoothly. Adjust it for sitting. Turn on the radio, draw up your most comfortable working chair, and advance upon that ironing!

(Continued from Page 159)

octor Weiss has stressed this point in his ngs for physicians:

Patients must be taught to have as n respect for emotions as for bac-," he says. "Pain in the abdomen from ety is no more imaginary than pain appendicitis." And, again, "In a many instances, both physician and ent can do more for illness of psycho-al origin than they can for purely ical disease. But both will have to ze that the personality structure, like physical structure, is amenable to pulation."

ell, how? How can you cure the sick ions? That is a technical matter, rstood by psychiatrists with special ing in this field. They know methods by h the unconscious struggle of the patient be dragged out into the open, where he recognize and control it. They believe they can teach the patient how to fy his longings for security, say, through legitimate channels than the asthmat-vheeze. They hope to teach the gastric nt that stirring up his stomach secre-is a poor way of expressing a hunger ove.

octor Dunbar has written: "To be well, nts with the accident habit, hyper-on, heart diseases must learn to solve conflict with authority. The diabetic learn to be himself both sexually and lly. The problem is not so much to the patient act differently as to edu-him to feel differently. Forcing a pa-with coronary occlusion to drop out of lace and cut down in his work schedule out enabling him to accept the situation ionally may do more harm than good. stance must find expression in some) Attempting to force the accident pa-with wanderlust to regulate his life and to one job is likely to result in more ents, not fewer."

For the psychosomatic specialists are sure that patients with diseases purely or partly psychological in origin *can be helped*. Sometimes the process is a slow one, especially if the unexpressed emotion has been concealed since early infancy; sometimes the emotion is close to the surface, and a few illuminating talks with a trained specialist will bring it out.

This new approach holds a new, high hope for the doctors who have studied it, for the diseases in which the psychological element seems especially strong are the very ones which, today, are our greatest health problems. It is the "chronic" diseases which cause the greatest human waste—rheumatism, heart diseases, asthma, high blood pressure, arteriosclerosis, cancer. Some of these diseases afflict women far more than men, housewives more than workingwomen; yet, even so, 60 per cent of the days lost from industry can be traced to them, and 75 per cent of the hospital-days of the country are devoted to their care. By 1980, statisticians estimate that there will be 30,000,000 sufferers from chronic disease, compared with only 12,000,000 in 1900. Chronic maladies form the biggest health problem of the day.

What is being done to tackle them, with the help of the psychosomatic approach? Not so much as the specialists wish. There are, after all, a mere 3100 psychiatrists in the country and many of them have training only in the care of the insane. Internists are rarely trained in this new field. Yet psychosomatic medicine, say its enthusiasts, should be understood by every general practitioner—and an effort to bring this about is being undertaken today. Both at Columbia University and at the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago, courses intended for the graduate physician who works in purely medical fields are being offered now.

But psychosomatic medicine is still new; its earliest studies appeared in Europe only

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twenty years ago. The word "psychosomatic" was never used in this country until the late '20's; the first serious effort to study large numbers of patients through this approach was not undertaken until some thirteen years ago, when Doctor Dunbar in the East and Doctor Alexander in the Middle West began their independent work in the field.

There are many questions still to be answered by further research. For one: it is pointed out by Doctor Dunbar that of every 330 similar accidents, 300 are known to result in no injury, 29 in minor injuries, 1 in a major injury. Is there a similar incidence in other disease fields? Of every 330 patients who react to emotional stress with vascular or gastrointestinal spasm, do 29 develop minor illness and 1 a major sickness? Or has each disease its own, different statistical history? We do not know.

There are, again, certain crises in life to which certain types of individuals apparently respond with the same type of disease. Does this mean that a man or woman with a particular personality is prone to a particular type of sickness—or is it rather that patients suffering from a certain tension reflect this in both their personalities and the sicknesses they catch? There is no clear agreement on this point.

There are some individuals who are "never sick a day in their lives"; do they pay for this immunity by mildly neurotic behavior, as some studies of the health record in insane asylums might suggest? Or are they the ideally normal men and women, who have learned to bring all their hidden urges into frank consciousness and dispose of them in a realistic way? Nobody knows.

But these are stimulating questions. And the cases already reported are stimulating reading, to doctors and to laymen too. They make us think—and they often make us suspicious of our own ailments, in a way which may sometimes drive them away without the help of any psychiatrist at all. Have you an unexplained pain in your right arm? Consider, carefully, whether it came on after you had seen someone you have a deep desire to strike! Have you a cold today? Is it serving a convenient purpose in bringing you the attention of the household, or is it giving you a fine excuse to get out of a distasteful engagement? We're all guilty of these little tricks of self-deception, at times. Have you a loss of appetite? Can this be because your stomach is expressing a loss of zest for life? If so, what has happened to make you distrust living?

These bits of self-analysis are superficial—yes. But sometimes they are effective; sometimes it is possible to catch ourselves in the act of using sickness for a purpose we will not openly follow. Sometimes even the untrained individual can learn a few letters of the alphabet of "organ language."

One third of *all* pain that takes us to the doctor has no apparent physical cause, according to Doctor Weiss. In another third of *all* cases, there is a strong psychological element present, along with physical symptoms. The remaining third of the doctor's time is taken up with those chronic diseases in which the "vegetative nervous system" plays a suspiciously important part—since it is always an obedient servant of the underground emotions. The entire field of sickness is, therefore, under observation from this new and critical viewpoint.

Will psychosomatic medicine live up to the bright promise to which its pioneers have pinned their faith? Will the lessons taught us by the physical ailments appearing in battle areas be widely applicable to patients who succumb to the strains of peacetime living? If so, then a medical advance has been made in this war far more important than any of the drugs or surgical techniques of which we have so far been told.

Sulpha and penicillin and plasma are valuable aids to the conquering of diseases which have already made headway against the healthy body. But psychosomatic medicine may be able to stop half of our diseases before they start!



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St. Marys
ALL-WOOL BLANKETS
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MEET A STUDENT VETERAN

(Continued from Page 140)

an unfurnished place. All their furniture is w stored with Mary's mother, who now es in San Francisco. Theoretically, this aves the Grays $40 a month for food, but it ver works out that way. Gary needs a new ir of shoes, or a visit to the doctor, or once a long while they splurge on a dinner and ovie in town. Inevitably, when the fifenth of each month rolls around, the Grays e dead broke, and whether they eat or t for the rest of the month depends on at Phil can earn between classes.

We now come to the one and only point difference between this warmly loving uple. Phil, who dotes on radio and photogphy, takes candid shots of University of lifornia undergraduates at parties and nces, develops the prints himself and sells em at seventy-five cents each. He also has rt of a campus radio shop where two other idents and he repair radios and hire out plifiers and dance records for parties. So , all the money the partners have taken in s gone for more equipment. And last month, en Phil took $12.50 from Mary to pay the tallment on the bedroom furniture, he nged his mind and bought an amplifier tead. Mary feels, and her family strongly ks her up, that Phil should get a steady such as working in a grocery store after sses, and forget about radios and phoraphy for a while, so she could count on east $10 a week for food. Phil argues that ntually his two businesses will bring in a week and more; besides, he doesn't working for other people, preferring nulating and interesting jobs to secure s. At this point, Mary always gives in. d there's always that one small War Bond ked away for a desperate emergency.

Would it be wise to increase the student-veran allowance? I have to say I do not nk so, and that conclusion is not the re- of the bland indifference of middle age. The soldier home from wars has his mind full of memories—bitter and unpleasant, most of them; ordinary workaday worries make the best possible counterirritant to those other black memories. A man who is worrying about how to buy his wife a birthday present cannot worry at the same time about the memories of friends killed beside him in a foxhole. He has less time to brood and more things to think about; he has a stimulus as well as a sedative. The contemplative life is not good for the returned soldier, however much he may yearn for it.

Phil is lucky indeed if he gets in more than one hour's studying a day. Yet he has managed to stay in the upper third of his grade, getting A's and B's mostly. Of course his Army classroom training helps him immeasurably, and he realizes that as his work becomes more advanced, the grind will become increasingly tough. "Gray is a very bright boy, but a very poor salesman for Gray," one instructor summed him up. He is a natural scientist type, brainy, introverted, capable of great concentration, and if he can keep on plugging will undoubtedly emerge in November, 1947, as a first-rate physical chemist with an initial earning power of about $250 a month in private industry.

"I guess we can get through seven more semesters," Mary allows, sitting up a little straighter, and gazing around their incredibly crowded room. "We always manage to eat, somehow." She would put the babies in a nursery school and go to work herself if necessary, but Phil thinks she has a plenty big enough job already. And one of these days he will emerge with a degree, something he never would have had if there had not been a war to give him the chance. And Gary Newton Gray will not remember anything about the rooming house on Haste Street, and I shouldn't be surprised if Mary smiled when she remembered it.




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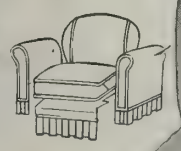
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7. Cotton fabric for sofa and two chairs
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My Own Garden

GARDEN AND PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

Suddenly one May morning, the garden looks like this. All the time of preparation is forgotten, and masses of blooming shrubs, bulbs and perennials—phlox, snow-in-summer, candytuft—sing the sweet symphony of spring.

BY RICHARD PRATT

THE thing I'd like to make clear is that the garden comes up in spring needing no more help than a sunrise. I often wish that other seasons were as simple, because all by itself the garden just happened to look this way one morning in May, and I took the picture. Perhaps one reason why an effect of this sort seems so effortless at the time is that the preparation for spring is always somewhere in the past, and fairly well forgotten. Until suddenly torrents of flowers break across the ground, sweep up into the trees, and the bulbs you stuck in the earth the fall before begin tossing tulips into the air, and the whole scene emerges as a kind of unexpected memory.

I remember very well, for instance, when this garden was a barnyard, a hundred feet or so from the house, which you can see through the trees we planted. Close to the house, it would have been under constant observation; and as in the back of my mind it was to be a garden in which to experiment with various effects, I wanted it to be where my failures wouldn't flaunt themselves in your face every minute of the day. My caution was justified on many occasions—but I won't go into the bad years. I will tell you how the garden was made.

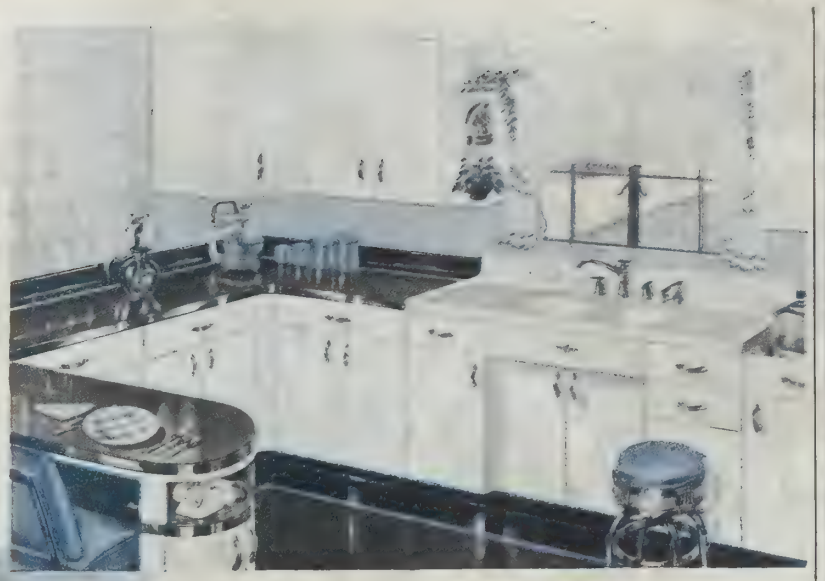
The sloping barnyard had a rather high, uncertain wall around it, of stone that could readily be removed. The slope, and all that stone, suggested a garden of three descending levels, using the stone for low, leaning walls between to hold the terraces in place and offer crevices for rock plants and cliffs for creeping things to cascade over. The walls were good exercise for as many people as I could coax to help, furnishing all the canvas gloves and whatever else they wanted. And while the grading could have been done in a week, by hand, with a wheelbarrow, it was only a one-day job for a man with a horse-drawn scoop.

Skipping quite a few following aspects over the subsequent seasons, ranging from fine to frankly far from satisfactory, but all decidedly different, I could always count upon spring's appearing every year pretty much as it does in the picture. It can be anyone's effect, on whatever scale, with ingredients easy to get and easy to grow. Of all the garden plants in the picture, I consider the three that spread into colorful clumps the most important. These are the pink and white moss phlox (called *Phlox subulata* in the catalogues); the white-flowered and silvery-leaved snow-in-summer, or *Cerastium tomentosum*, and the evergreen white-flowered candytuft, or *Iberis sempervirens*. There could have been a splendid, clear yellow-flowered plant of the same growing habit, called Dwarf Goldentuft, or *Alyssum saxatile compactum*, but something must have happened to it that year. Just one thing: the phlox sometimes dies back; then I dig up and replant. Ordinarily, however, nothing much ever happens to these wonderful spring spreaders, except that every season they seem to creep farther about the beds and slip farther down over the walls, which only makes them more wonderful. They are all perennials, and you buy the plants at roadside stands right now, in bloom.

Next in importance, if you can make comparisons, are the tulips, narcissuses and early iris. The tulips are tumbled into place, rather than arranged into rows, and are a mixture of early, cottage and Darwin, of which you can now get American-grown bulbs, in colors of your choice, for planting just before frost. Narcissuses and/or daffodils are easier to grow, because they can stay in the ground year after year, and the longer they stay the more they spread. The early and intermediate irises, too often neglected in favor of the tall bearded types, have colors that even the later larger kinds can't touch, such as smoky subtle lavender Kochi in the foreground. They spread, too, and every five years or so should be divided and reset.

The rest are mostly blooming shrubs and trees: lilacs, azaleas, dogwoods and flowering crabs, a quartet that can hardly be equaled.

In a sense, this garden is the progenitor of all the gardens that have been coming out in the JOURNAL for years. For, back up to the left, beyond the barn, the magazine maintains a kind of horticultural Hollywood, with architectural sets, photographing stages, greenhouses and planting fields, where any sort of garden can be created at will, when the season permits. Even the model houses you see every month are brought here to be landscaped in miniature and photographed. But it's here in this garden that the ideas develop. If they turn out well, they eventually get up beyond the barn and into these pages; otherwise, they get tossed over a wall, out of the picture, out of sight.



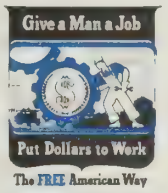


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Stalking through the daffodils, Silver Wings comes to the garden to help us dig and makes planting a hazardous occupation.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

WE used to wander dreamily down the wine-dark streets in the evening when we were children, carrying our May baskets. They were little colored baskets woven of blue and lemon-yellow straw, and we lined them with soft moss or fresh green leaves. All day long we had been down along the shining river, gathering sweet purple violets and buttercups and little nameless pink and white blossoms. Then, for special people, we hid chocolates or jelly beans under the dewy flowers, and tied ribbon bows on the basket handles.

In twos and threes we went from house to house, slipping up on the porches and setting the baskets inside the screen doors, ringing the bell—oh, exciting and delicious moment!—and then running like bunnies to the shrubbery, where, giggling and whispering, we peered out to watch the door open and the May basket go in!

The donor of a May basket was supposed to be secret, but there were always ways of knowing, and the one who made the prettiest May basket was stiff with pride for days.

We should preserve this custom, I think, and I hope the children of tomorrow may go out to the sunny meadows and spring woods and gather May flowers for the little reed baskets, and walk singing through the twilight to an early supper and the joy of giving May baskets.

Here in New England, May is planting month. Peas, radishes, lettuce have gone in, but we have learned by many trials and many errors that all other crops planted in April were exceeded in both speed of growth and in development by the same varieties planted the first week in May. This, however, does not include anything dug up by cockers!

Planting is always a hazardous occupation with us. Melody is so apt to skip through the gate and dig up half a row of something, and Hildegarde wears a mud pack on her beautiful face half the time. Even the sedate Sister is not above putting a paw in.

I am usually in the kitchen during this period, fixing something more than apples to stay my sister Jill and my husband Bob with, and every little while one of them pokes a head in the door. "Can't you keep those dogs away?" "How can I get anything done? They're all over everything!"

"Well," I say mildly, "you know I hate to miss anything."

I used not to mind cooking with a h of cockers around, and I was fairly adep stepping from dog to dog, but rationing make a difference. I couldn't keep butte toast and passing it around when there no butter in the house. Neither could I up a pound of bacon and crisp it in the o for their midday snack, when we hadn't e smelled bacon for weeks. But when th got to the vanishing point, I would prefe have them help garden than help cook.

Silver Wings and Melody and Hildeg are certainly unusual cockers. Being brou up with two cats, they feel they can cl and jump anywhere. We have several v window sills at Stillmeadow, and it is tomary for three cockers to be perched the window sills just where the cats sit Melody climbs fences until we are tracted. Keeping her off the road and our land is something. And they all t bound up on top of the well head to w the neighbor's dog. Of course the cove that well head is primarily a protection the well water, but we fondly hope m mud doesn't sift through the cracks.

Windy, Saxon and Pussy spend their time digging up the yard after the elu mole. They are real idealists; they have n caught a mole, but every time I look out kitchen window I see their up-ended r and sprays of what might have been h dirt flying through the air. The yard is of regular foxholes, no matter how much push the roller over it. But we decide happy diggers, red and black and gold, better to look at than smooth turf anyw

Clover and Snow take a great interes the hens. Once or twice the gate has b left open, and nineteen plump hens w skimming in the air like swallows while cockers whirled about. Nothing came o except the hens were a little hoarse for rest of the day from squawking so wil and Clover and Snow went around look as if they had had two on the aisle.

When I went to New York last week, I lunch at the Soldiers and Sailors Club Lexington Avenue. This was founded Mrs. Rogers after World War I and never been closed since. Now it is runn full tilt, and serving up to two hundred b

a night from all over the world. Being a mere civilian, I had no meat, but I had a cheese omelet that was perfect, and apple fritters as delicate and crisp as could be, and black hot coffee. Ninety-five volunteers serve the meals and wait on the boys while they consume quantities of elegant food in the sunny pleasant dining room or in the garden. How I wished every mother of a boy who has gone through New York, outward bound or homeward bound, could have seen the boys! French, Polish, Belgian, Australian, English, Canadian, American, comfortable and well fed and relaxing in the club.

There are no rules, and there is no disorder. The whole place is most heart-warming. Of course I had to see the kitchen. The colored chef, in spotless white and wearing a starched cap, was tossing an omelet. He poured the beaten eggs from a great pitcher onto the hot spider, and when brown began to show at the edge, he simply tossed the spider in the air and the egg mixture flipped up and over like magic. I privately felt very inferior. Never, never could I throw eggs around that way and have them come back to the same spot.

I stopped in the main office to see the wall of photographs of the boys who had stayed there. Such young strong faces they were, so eager and hopeful. I made them a silent promise, as I went out again to the street, that the world would be safe forever after this war is ended. We must make it so.

Reading John Mason Brown's exquisite and moving Many a Watchful Night made me renew the vow. I felt that if every woman in every home would resolve it, it must come to pass. Mr. Brown, it seems to me, catches the full significance of what war means to those in combat, and his sensitive style makes the book one to read and reread.

Our meals in May must be very, very filling. Gardeners get hungry! I like best of all to eat lunch under the old apple tree by the garden, where we can look out and feel proud about how much is planted and how nicely we have the earth spaded and hoed and raked. Also, it is well to plan things that may be set on the stove and left to their own devices, because there is always some reason for the cook to rush out and see something special.

Spanish rice is a good main dish. Weakling that I was, I used to buy it ready-made. Now I make my own. I make a double recipe, with the fond hope some will be left over as a base for one of my casseroles. First I sauté until brown 6 slices of bacon, minced. If I have no bacon, I simply use drippings in the spider. When the bacon is done, I take it out and put 1 cup of washed rice in the pan and brown it well. If it is the natural brown rice, I use 1½ cups, as that does not swell so much. When the rice is brown, I add ½ cup of thinly sliced onions, 1¼ cups of canned tomatoes, ½ teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of paprika, 1 clove of garlic and 1 minced green pepper, and the bacon. I then put the whole thing in a big double boiler and steam it for a good hour or more. If it gets dry, I add more tomato or water. If I am not in a hurry, I brown the onions first, but in May I am in a hurry.

Another favorite for garden days is a chicken dish, which is a combination of Russian and hunter's chicken. I use the Dutch oven for this, and a nice fat chicken. First I brown in olive oil a clove of garlic, a sliced onion, minced green pepper, chopped carrots, chopped celery. At the same time, I brown the chicken pieces in margarine or bacon drippings in another pan. When everything is nicely golden, I put the chicken in the Dutch oven, pour over a quart of home-canned tomatoes, season lavishly with salt, freshly ground pepper and paprika, and add chopped parsley or celery tops, cover tightly and let it cook over a slow fire until the chicken meat fairly falls from the bones. If I have a few leftover vegetables, I drop them in too. A handful of mushrooms and a few peas add a lot. When the dish is done, the chicken is lifted out and put on a hot platter, and the sauce, which is thick and rich by

Kyanize is the LIFE of the Surface



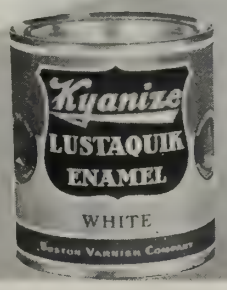
HERE'S MOTHER, JOHN. SHE JUST HEARD THAT KYANIZE IS THE LIFE OF THE SURFACE AND SHE JUST COULDN'T WAIT.

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Kiss your "chores" good-bye in the house that Gas runs!





BY MARGARET MALLABY

Let's face it! You can't get the most out of life today if you're running your home with old-fashioned equipment. Your hat may be the last word in fashion . . . the books you read just off the press . . . but if you're a harried handmaiden to a furnace . . . if your hot water arrangements date back to the Gay Nineties—you're living in the wrong century!



That's why the Gas industry has put its thinking cap on and brought science with a capital S into your home . . . to help you kiss your old-fashioned "chores" good-bye!

Take the business of marketing. It used to be a daily affair—remember? But wait 'til you see what's being planned for the post-war Gas refrigerator. Not only silent and economical—but designed to hold *more* food . . . *and keep it fresh longer.* Watch for new developments in frozen food storage, too. They'll all be brought to you by the magic of the tiny blue Gas flame . . . the flame that *cools* as well as heats.

Ever have hot water "run out" just when you're in the middle of the weekly laundry—or your daily shower! "Curses," you say. And vow you'll own a new automatic Gas water heating system that'll supply oceans of hot water—whenever you want it—without a thought from you. Away with another old "chore."

☆ ☆ ☆



Now I want to thank you all for being such good neighbors about sending in your pet suggestions on what you'd like to see in your kitchen of tomorrow. We'll incorporate lots of these ideas into our "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" designs. Keep sending them along—with your permission to use them—especially if they're as good as these:

Vertical filing of utensils and dishes.
Sliding door cabinets to cut down annoying bumps on the head.
No-clutter cutlery drawers.
No hard-to-reach storage compartments for food and dishes.
A breakfast bar that looks like a kitchen cabinet when closed. Pull out the "drawers"—and there are the seats. When not in use—it's completely out of the way.



But the biggest desire of Mrs. America seems to be "anything that will make me a better cook!" That's why it's so important in planning your modern kitchen to make sure of one thing: No matter what "make" of Gas range you buy—see that it carries the CP seal. Then you'll own a range that makes cooking easier, faster, more delicious than ever before. A range where new type storage and warming space save dozens of steps a day. . . . Where heating controls are so *precise* you'll never need face another baking failure . . . and pot watching will be gone forever. Kiss those chores good-bye!

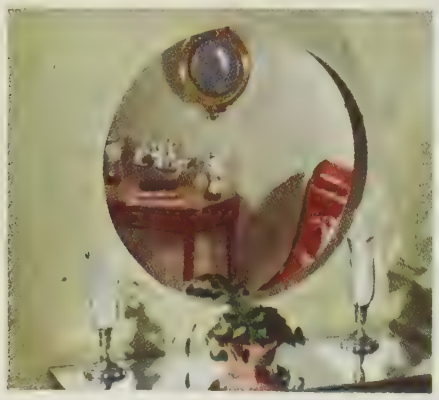
Margaret Mallaby

American Gas Association **reporter**

How to wake up drowsy rooms



MANTEL MAGIC. Want to give gayety, brightness and glamour to your living room? It's easy. Just hang a lovely, unframed mirror of Plate Glass over the mantel, and presto! . . . the room comes alive with reflected color and charm.

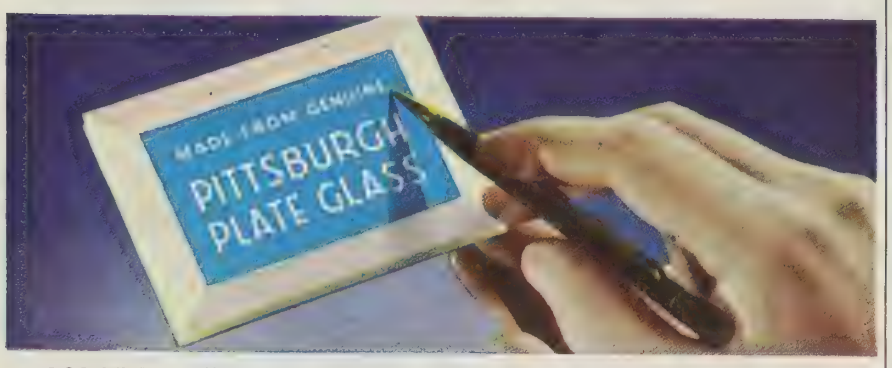


BUFFET BEAUTY. Enjoyment of good meals is heightened by cheerful surroundings. Fresh wall colors of Pittsburgh Live Paint, for instance. With a circular Plate Glass mirror and a mirrored top for your buffet.



VANITY TIPS. Dress up your vanity with a colorful skirt. Add a mirrored or transparent Plate Glass top that laughs at spilled cosmetics. Then hang a smart unframed mirror on the wall. Result: a brighter bedroom!

You can get these items at your favorite department or furniture store.



ACCEPTED AS THE MARK OF GOOD GLASS. The Pittsburgh Label on any mirror or article made of Plate Glass, no matter who sells it, is your assurance of good Plate Glass. Remember, if you want the best, insist on *Plate Glass.*

TWO FREE BOOKS. For practical ideas on how to decorate your *present* home with glass and mirrors, send for our Home-*Decorating* Book. If you're planning to build, buy, or modernize, send for our Home-*Building* Book of smart suggestions. Send for the book which fits your needs.

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now, is poured over. The sauce, or gravy, is something to dream about, and the chicken is really glorified, no matter if it be elderly and tough to begin with. We always have either a bowl of fluffy rice or noodles or mashed potatoes with it, to get the best of the sauce. This is a whole meal, with or without a green salad, and dessert should be very light—chilled pears flavored with a few drops of mint, or plain canned peaches.

Split-pea soup with tiny hot biscuits and honey and a fruit salad is another good spring luncheon. First you should get a ham bone—which at times is like netting a unicorn. A shank bone or a veal knuckle or a few soup bones will do. I soak 2 cups of split peas overnight, unless I have the quick-cooking kind which don't need soaking. In the morning I cover the peas with fresh water, add 2 sliced potatoes, 2 sliced onions, a pinch of mixed herbs, salt and pepper to taste. The ham bone or whatever it may be goes in, and the whole simmers as long as possible. I never put the soup through a sieve; I simply simmer it until the peas are thick and the soup smooth by itself. Croutons should be served with it, but pretzel sticks will do, or crisp crackers. A little crumbled crisp bacon or a few cut-up frankfurters make a company dish of this.

May nights are cool in Connecticut. Too cool, usually, for the barbecue, unless the fire is burning in the fireplace. The family is firm with me about this. I suggest eating in the barbecue as soon as ice is off the brook, and I am severely told that barbecue suppers are for warm weather.

I inherit this passion for outdoor eating from my mother. Mother was picnic-minded in a day when it was a little odd to rush off and eat by the roadside except on a regular planned picnic, or a church strawberry festival. Mother liked to pop whatever was handy in a basket and eat in the back yard, or in the front yard, or by the river, or in the lawn swing. And one of my dearest memories is a day when she and I drove together from Pittsfield to Springfield, Massachusetts, and instead of stopping to eat in a restaurant carried our lunch and ate by the road with the green and dreamy Berkshires behind us and a quick fall of mountain water in the gorge below us. We had sandwiches and deviled eggs and a vacuum bottle of coffee, and we talked. The words we spoke are gone down the quick fall of that other stream which is time, but the contentment remains in my memory.

Sometimes I stop to think, now, that every day we are making memories. And I wonder if I make happy memories enough for my own child, or whether the pressure of a war world has been too heavy. I feel sure if families would be conscious of the fact that everything they do or say may one day be a memory, there would be less quarreling, fewer hard words spoken. It is nice to be right, but better to be remembered pleasantly. And there is something so fearfully inexorable about the past; you can't change it. You can only try to make today a good one before it, too, slips into the past.

I suspect May has something to do with thoughts like these, for the world is so beautiful.

City dwellers who get their mail from a little metal box in the hallway miss the joy of walking to the mailbox in May. Maybe I have a letter from William. William is in the Navy, no longer riding off at six in the morning to Waterbury to his job. William is wondering whether the land was too wet this spring, and has George got the cabbages planted or is it too early? And how is old Shep? And when he gets home he is going to build a house and raise muskrats, because he has a buddy who says muskrats are fine to raise. The country, says William, is the only place to live. And no place is like this one little part of Connecticut.

The heart turns home, I think, always; wherever they go, their hearts turn home.

As for the cockers, Honey says her heart is always at home too. The best place for a girl to be, she feels, is right in the flower bed, sitting on the nicest of the daffodils!

Time to wake up your kitchen with COLOR!





- It's always time to brighten up your kitchen!
- Wake up dreary shelves with colorful Royledge shelving.
- Just fold down the lively border and see the room snap to life.
- Take your pick of exciting colors at your 5 and 10, neighborhood or department store.
- Only 6¢ for 9 feet with sturdy, double-thick edge!

Royledge
SHELVING

WHICH VETERANS SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 143)

If there is a baby, college is almost out of he question for any reasonable man. There ill still be only $75 a month, which is far oo little for three. And if a wife interferes ith studies, the demands of a baby are a housand times as great. Furthermore, the aby makes it impossible for the wife to conribute to her own support. If there is sufcient outside income to support the wife nd baby, college is possible but still hardly dvisable.

The veteran's age and health should also e considered. College is for younger men, nly under exceptional circumstances for ien over thirty. Health is very important, oth physical and mental health. Many tudents break down because they lack the tamina for college work. And unless one is ı good mental adjustment, he is not in a ondition to profit from his studies. Only nder unusual conditions, and then only on ie advice of a competent psychiatrist, ıould one enter college in the hope of solvıg his psychological problems.

Cost. One should also consider the costs f a college course, and should balance those osts against the possible gains. It may eem that since the Government is paying or tuition and subsistence, it is bearing the hole cost. That is entirely wrong. The eteran himself is investing four precious ears of his life in work which brings no imediate economic reward; he is living on ery little for some years; he is postponing her plans, such as marriage. The Governent pays the expenses of college education, ut the veteran himself must bear the costs.

For a great many veterans, the scales are eavily weighted against college attendance. hey will do better to give up the idea. If ey are interested in further education, ere are excellent opportunities in the trade nd vocational schools, with much shorter ourses and a prospect of quicker returns on their investment. Or there is the possibility of part-time work in college, and the Government will pay for that also. But those who are fitted for college work, and are in a position to accept the Government's offer, should by all means make the most of their opportunities.

In order to help in reckoning the probabilities for any particular veteran, I have constructed the score card which follows. The weightings are, of course, somewhat arbitrary, but they may be of help in balancing one consideration against another. A score of 7 or above indicates that the veteran should go to college, 5 to 7 is doubtful, and below 5 he should not go. The score card is intended merely as a help in making a decision, and one should not take it too literally.

CREDITS	ADD
Tests show has ability to do college work	3
Has great interest	3
Has moderate interest	1
Has specific occupational goal	2
Has some private income	2
Has successfully completed some college work	4
Is in good health	3

DEBITS	SUBTRACT
Tests show ability doubtful	3
Tests show ability lacking	8
Lacks interest	8
Interest doubtful	3
Has been out of school some years	2
Has wife	3
Has baby	5
Has dependent parents	5
Has wife and child with sufficient income to support them	3
Is well beyond college age	3
Is in poor health	3
Is in very poor health	8

Score above 7—go to college.
Score 5 to 7—doubtful.
Score below 5—do not go to college.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Sweep QUICKLY – Empty EASILY

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

*Bissell is back in limited production. Your dealer may have one for you now—or soon.

Rooms Can Grow Up, Too!

"Jane seemed so young to be going away to college the day she left. I looked around her unsophisticated bedroom and I knew she wouldn't be happy with it four years later. I decided, right then and there, I'd make her room 'grow up' with her. It will be no problem, either! I'll start with a colorful all-wool Floor-Plan Rug, and you'll be surprised how little else I'll have to change."



How Jane's Room looked when she left for College



How Jane's Room will "Grow up" while she is away

..A Floor-Plan Rug can make that much difference!*



Alexander Smith Floor-Plan Rug Pattern 954



See how the room-size rug alone helps make over this room; how the pattern in Tru-Tone colors adds importance to the furnishings. The deep, all-wool pile is so luxuriously soft even a teen-age tomboy would feel like a princess walking upon it.

Alexander Smith Floor-Plan Rugs are individually sized to fit your rooms. You may not find the exact pattern you want today, but be assured it will be among the first of all the good things to come when our war job is done.

IT'S FUN TO "DO OVER" WITH COLOR. *Send for our free illustrated "Portfolio of 212 Ideas for Your Post-War Home." Write Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.* (*Trade Mark)

ALEXANDER SMITH

FLOOR-PLAN RUGS

BROADLOOM CARPETS



"None today, Ma'am—that's just to remind us what they look like—but try, TRY again!"

WE ONLY WISH we could weave all the Scranton Craftspun* Curtains discriminating women are begging to buy these days. *But we can't, because the fine cotton yarns we need for them are needed more to make supplies for our fighting men everywhere.*

So make the Craftspuns you have do another season. They were so well designed in the first place they're still way ahead in style. And you can be sure that handsome, sturdy, tied-in-place weave will see them through washing after washing.

Meantime we're blue-printing the finest Craftspuns you've yet seen. As soon as we get the green light we'll put those yarn-hungry looms of ours to work on new, smarter-than-ever Craftspuns to beautify your windows.

Scranton CRAFTSPUN Curtains

"THE NET OF THEM ALL"

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LIVING ROOMS

(Continued from Page 149)

The Color Scheme. Whenever an abundance of light enters a room, step up the quality of your colors so that everything looks gay and sun-splashed. Dark colors do not look well in a light room. Make your scheme look as if you had brought some of the outdoors in.

The general color scheme is turquoise, chartreuse and coral, and you may use these colors together in any proportion. This scheme, by the way, may be used in any of your own rooms now, for these are good pickup colors and forecast the best postwar schemes. It is new to paint your ceiling and walls the same color, but don't do it if your scheme is dark. Yellow, pink, light blue, lilac, aqua and sea green all work out well for all-over colors.

The Furniture Arrangement. Pushing the furniture back toward the wall to form a square is new, and makes additional space—a definite improvement over the angling arrangement of years past. You can use this same plan of furniture arrangement to make an old room look up-to-date.

The furniture, by the way, is covered with sturdy sailcloth, which is actually our old favorite, denim, with a new name and glamorous colorings.

Draperies. These are sailcloth, also, and slide in a track set into the ceiling. You can draw them to close the opening if you don't care to use Venetian blinds.

The Rug. Originally Chinese, now made in Mexico, these twelve-inch grass squares are sewed together in the store to make a rug which will fit the size and shape of your room. They cost about fifty cents a square, and most big stores have them. Grass rugs are ideal for use in rooms where outside dirt or hard usage is a factor, and they go well with informal furniture.

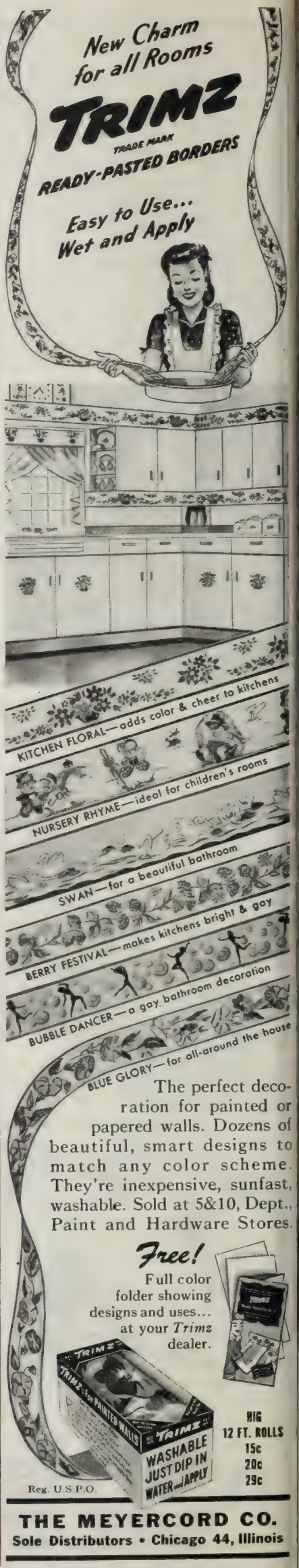
The Dining Center. The willow furniture in the dining end of the room matches the living-room pieces and adds drama to the long room. It can be separated from the living end of the room by a draw curtain, if desired. The big square outline on the rear wall is actually a sliding panel opening into the kitchen. This means more air in the kitchen and less walking back and forth to the dining room.

More light, more space and higher color are the most noticeable improvements in tomorrow's family rooms.

How England Lives

The Dive family, of Dover, England, stayed put through six years of day-and-night bombings—"cave dwellers" literally on many an awesome night. The Howards' cottage lies in a suburb of London. With two sons, two daughters in military service, Mother Howard puts on her hat after lunch, locks the door and goes to her 2 to 5 P.M. daily war job. . . . Ruth Drummond and Dorothy Black take you inside these war-torn homes, introduce these two typical British families, show you how they managed food rations and clothing coupons, and took heroism in their stride as a casual part of nearly six years of wartime living. How England Lives will appear in the

June Journal



To Soothe the Savage Breast

By Dorothy Ashby Pownall

LIKE a pinpoint of light at the end of a dark corridor, a strain of familiar music may bring a flicker of reality into the clouded world of a patient who is mentally ill. It may soothe his excitement; it may stimulate sluggish memories and lax muscles; it may be a bridge between a refuge of dreams and fantasy and the life from which he felt he must escape.

In many psychopathic and Army hospitals, musical therapy is being used with increasing success in the treatment of ailing minds and bodies. A nursery rhyme, a sentimental melody, a folk song or the stirring measures of a symphony may penetrate the fog surrounding the patient, and open avenues through which the physician may reach and aid the sufferer. Music is used to augment other treatments also. It may quiet and distract patients during hydrotherapy and following shock treatments, lessening the apprehension which inevitably is associated with these measures.

The role of musical therapy in hospital procedure still is too new to be accepted without reservation. Research experiments have been conducted with selected groups of patients and excellent reports come from many institutions where this interesting treatment is used, but psychiatrists say frankly that as yet there is insufficient scientific data to permit unequivocal conclusions regarding methods for administering or evaluating musical therapy.

But there is nothing really new about it. The strains from David's harp brought comfort and release to the troubled mind of Saul. Babies drowse while their mothers croon. Workers on assembly lines move faster as brisk tunes blare from loud-speakers. So, in psychopathic wards, music is administered to jangled minds, abating confusion, awakening memories, inspiring hope and confidence. As music unlocks reticences, trained observers translate unleashed words and gestures into meaningful diagnoses.

Research workers, studying the responses of mental patients to musical treatment, have noted that almost every bodily function is affected by musical vibrations and harmonies. Muscular energy, pulse, respiration, blood pressure and metabolism all respond to musical stimuli. Most satisfactory results are obtained when tonic or sedative music is the prescription.

In this effective group are such selections as the stimulating Egmont Overture, the Hungarian Rhapsodies and the Sousa marches, and the soothing Berceuse from Jocelyn, Brahms' Lullaby and Ave Maria. The serene Largo from the New World Symphony brings relief from mental fatigue, and spirits rise when Darktown Strutters' Ball or Whistle While You Work is played. Patients drop off to sleep uncomplainingly to the strains of All Through the Night or Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

As music releases their tensions, the mentally sick become less aggressive and defensive; they drop their masks and yield to the urge to confide in sympathetic listeners. Thus light is shed upon their basic difficulties, and physicians may guide into proper channels the energies and emotions freed by this new therapeutic treatment.

A study conducted by Urcil Couchman, research worker at Psychopathic Hospital, State University of Iowa, indicates the effect of music upon the behavior of psychotic patients, and its usefulness as a means for reaching their disordered minds.

Two wards of women patients were studied. Those in one ward were extremely ill—"disturbed." Those in the other were convalescent, but not well enough to be left alone. Their ailments included manic-depressive psychosis, involutional melancholia, schizophrenia, psychoneuroses, toxic states and undiagnosed conditions. It was observed that music may induce activity or repose, that it may stir or quiet cardiac activity, affect the nervous and vasomotor systems, stimulate aspirations and arouse memories.

Ordinarily, in this Iowa hospital, no music is heard in the wards until after nine A.M. During this study, the patients were awakened by radio or phonograph music, broadcast from a central office, and heard through loud-speakers installed in the wards. Usually the women needed considerable urging to get up each morning and to complete their simple tasks before breakfast.

Aroused the first morning by Mozart's Symphony in E Flat Major, a jolly selection, the listeners threw back their covers, and in three minutes all but one were out of bed and dressing. In the ward of "disturbed" patients, one who had been silent and seclusive, except to speak of God and being good, listened intently and said, "It's pretty. What is it?" A very depressed woman, who had been weeping, dried her tears and paid close attention. All did their tasks with very little prompting. This behavior was consistent when lively tunes were played.

WHEN the scherzo from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was used as the morning music, a schizophrenic, heretofore very preoccupied and slow, leaped from her bed and folded her linen without the usual delay. Tearful patients dried their eyes, and one very depressed woman laughed suddenly and said, "Couldn't sleep with that kind of music, could you?" Another whose speech had been confused and unintelligible smiled and said clearly, "I like that." All seemed more alert and moved quickly when the music played.

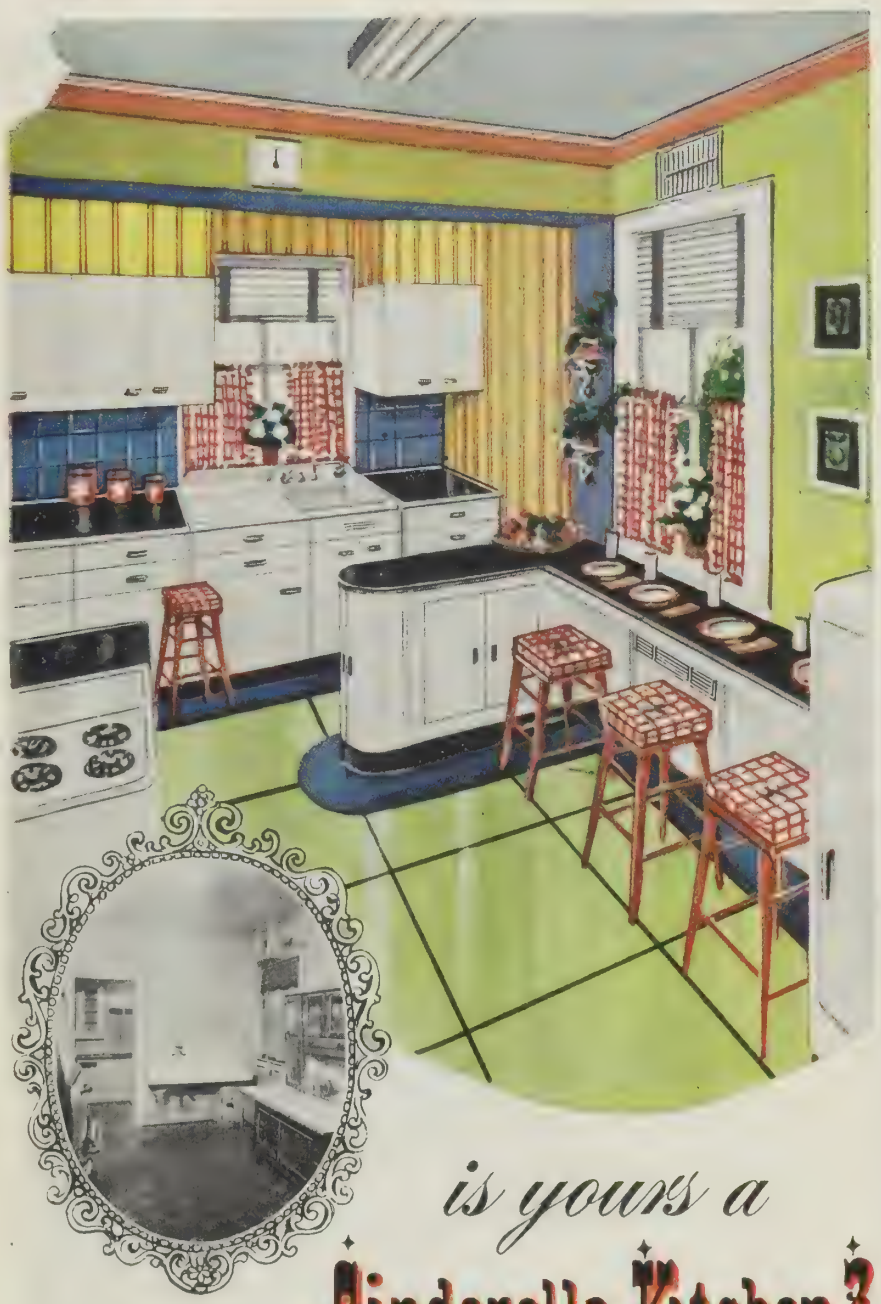
In marked contrast to this cheerful behavior was the reaction of the women on the morning when Debussy's Nuages, Chloe and I'll Never Smile Again aroused them from their slumbers. All were slow, some had to be assisted, and several cried as they went about their tasks. Their morning duties took them fifteen minutes longer than usual. The following day, the Nutcracker Suite brought renewed smiles and cheerful response. Strauss waltzes also produced pleasurable reactions, and one depressed patient who had sat for days without moving or speaking, rose and took steps rhythmically when The Blue Danube was played.

Most notable was the sedative effect of soothing music played at bedtime. Patients were in bed with lights out at eight-thirty P.M., and soft music was played for twenty minutes. Most of the women were asleep at the end of the music period. Those who were still awake were relaxed and quiet, and soon fell asleep. Some of the most effective selections were Ave Maria, Meditation, the second movement of various symphonies and the popular Intermezzo.

If stirring music was played at bedtime, the wards remained noisy and unsettled. Some patients stayed awake one or two hours longer than usual. On a night when music was omitted, the patients were restless and only half of them were asleep by nine-thirty. One paranoiac asked if the music could be resumed. "It helps me go to sleep," she explained. "I listen to the music, and all the things I think of fade out and I can sleep."

As a socializing influence, the morning music had a notable effect. A woman who never spoke, except to complain, listened to a conversation about the ballet, and joined in to talk interestingly of operas she had attended. A psychoneurotic who had forbidden the use of a radio in her own home, grew accustomed to the music and ceased to dislike the radio. When a gay rumba was played, a woman who had been greatly depressed brightened up and said, "Let's dance," to another patient. One, listening to





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And, of course, you'll want a modern sink and storage cabinets selected from the Crane line of tomorrow. This line—which promises the last word in styling and step-saving efficiency—will be available as soon as regulations permit its manufacture. When that time comes, your plumbing contractor will gladly advise you on your plan, and provide and install your beautiful new Crane fixtures.

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Humoresque, made the first direct response since her admission, when spoken to by a nurse.

During the playing of the Dance of the Princesses, from the Firebird Suite, the soft melody was interrupted by a crash of drums and cymbals. The loud noise brought the convalescent women from their beds, and they were scurrying about and brushing their teeth before the lights were turned on. In the disturbed ward, all were up and milling toward the bathroom. Some were crying; chaos prevailed.

"Even to see them upset is better than the dreadful immobility and stillness common to many of the patients," one nurse observed. "It's exciting to us when a silent, depressed person begins to drum with his fingers or tap his feet when music is played, or when a silent one emerges from his shell and joins in group singing. Any deviation from everyday behavior may be very significant, and through music we often can find the key to mental difficulty."

At the Iowa hospital, music has a definite place in the daily hospital routine. Since this is an educational and research center, the stay of the patient is short, so the musical program is simple and flexible. It includes group singing, folk dancing, rhythm bands, impromptu concerts by talented patients, and planned programs of recorded music. There is musical accompaniment for tasks performed in the wards, and also during periods of occupational therapy. A pleasant atmosphere is created with music at mealtime; patients seem less irritable and more willing to eat, while listening to quieting melodies.

Those well enough to enjoy more freedom gather twice a week in a comfortable day room for a musical and social program. An open fire and homelike atmosphere contribute to relaxation and friendliness. Frequently the patients select the music to be played. Sometimes a talented one of their number gives the program. Community singing also is popular at these gatherings.

Once a week a gay evening of square dancing in an attractive recreation room provides fun and exercise for those who can leave the wards. University girls, experienced in teaching games and dancing, come in to direct this entertainment. Nurses and attendants join in the festivity.

Benefits from the folk dancing are manifold. It provides social contacts for seclusive individuals. It furnishes vigorous exercise for those who cannot be aroused from their lethargy by other means, and brings back recollections of other good times, obscured by unhappy circumstances. To see a young woman, flushed and happy, whirling in a quadrille, is thrilling to the psychiatrist who remembers that this girl sat for days, mute and inaccessible to any sort of treatment. Helped by musical therapy, she is again on the road to normal behavior.

At Eloise Hospital, Eloise, Michigan, doctors in charge report that music is 35 per cent more effective than the wet-pack routine, in quieting disturbed patients. They also note that music may be used to increase the patient's span of attention, that it has the power of diversion and substitution, stimulates pictorially and intellectually, and modifies the mood. According to Dr. Ira Altshuler and Dr. Bessey Shebesta, of the Michigan hospital, who have conducted scientific studies in musical therapy there, "Music replaces illusions with realities. It soothes, relaxes and balances. Musical therapy curtails the period of hospitalization and speeds up discharges."

At Eloise, interesting experiments have shown the quieting effect of music when used in conjunction with hydrotherapy. Some significant results also have been recorded in the wards, where musical therapy has been used for some time as a means for reaching patients who do not respond to the spoken word.

In this hospital a musician may begin casually to play the piano in one of the wards. As patients draw near, chairs are drawn up quietly. Soon a circle is formed, and several persons begin to sing. Some may tap their feet or give other evidences of interest. All the patients are encouraged to take part.

When music was instituted at Eloise, Frank G., a silent and sullen individual, had been a patient there for several years. One day he aroused himself to tap his foot in time to the music. A few days later he sat down spontaneously and played Carry Me Back to Old Virginny on the piano. Since that time he has played accompaniments and even has learned a few new pieces. He shows new interest in his surroundings and talks a little.

A whining patient, who became interested in community singing, grew optimistic and sociable. Stooped and slow before this new and stimulating experience, he straightened up and walked erect. Recently he was paroled.

A music project conducted by the New York WPA a few years ago tested the curative value of various types of music, and classified selections under the headings of tonics, sedatives, stimulants and narcotics. The tonics included such songs as Let Me Call You Sweetheart, I'm Falling in Love With Someone, Look for the Silver Lining and A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody. Classified as stimulants were Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, Singin' in the Rain, Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning and She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain. Some sedatives are The Bells of St. Mary's, Down by the Old Mill Stream, Sweet and Low, The Volga Boatmen and Kathleen Mavourneen. Narcotic music included Brahms' Lullaby, All Through the Night, Little Owlet (Mexican) and Bendemeer's Stream (Irish).

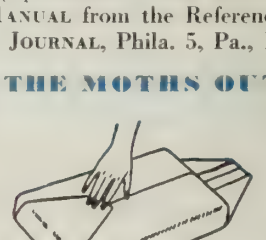
In many large institutions, where some of the patients remain for long periods, musical dramas, operettas, pageants, orchestra work, interpretative dancing, music-appreciation classes and other ambitious projects bring pleasure to the participants and do much toward solving mental problems. Dr. Willem Van de Wall has carried out interesting projects at the Institute for Mental Hygiene, Pennsylvania Hospital, as has W. Frederick Searle at the Worcester, Massachusetts, State Hospital. Army hospitals are experimenting with the use of musical therapy as treatment for war-exhausted men, home from the fighting fronts.

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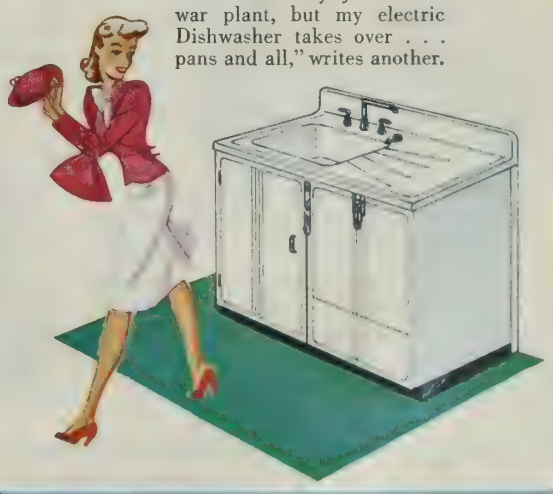
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p the house clean
hout my Vacuum,"
s a 6-day a week
ker in a war plant.





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can cook anything in my elec-
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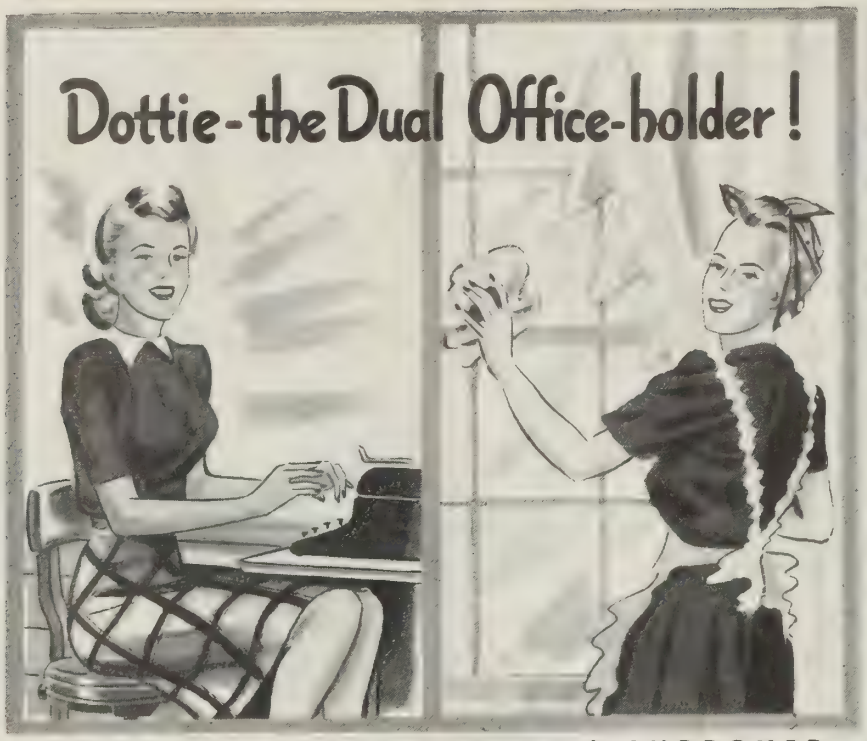
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PHOTO BY RICHARD P

In every color and size, the zinnia delights the eye all summer.

YOUTH-AND-OLD-AGE

By the Gardener's Assistant

THE gardener has really got around to zinnias now in earnest. As far as she was concerned, they gave out almost too much for the little attention they took. Perhaps there was something as well to the fact that they were way at the back of the catalogue, and that by the time she got there her appetite was almost gone. At any rate, to get on with what finally happened, in a recent experimental spring mood I ordered one small packet each of every kind of zinnia I could find—which, to my amazement, and maybe to yours, came to more than a dozen, and counting all the colors to well over fifty. And when the gardener saw this extraordinary collection, I could see she was beginning to feel there might be something more to zinnias than meets the eye in the ordinary garden array.

To see what zinnias were all about, we first separated the seeds according to plant size—dwarf, medium and large; made three parallel rows eighteen or twenty feet long, then planted several seeds from each packet, right down the rows. No attempt at any special color effect, but just as they came; the dwarfs in the front row, mediums in the middle, big ones in the back. We waited until the ground was good and warm in May, as zinnias like hot weather, both for getting started and for growing. The seeds were up in a week, and in six weeks were beginning to bloom; bloomed all summer, and all the fall, until a sharp frost turned them black.

Black was the only color besides blue—and green, of course—that the flowers didn't offer. In fact, the effect was a little too various; but it was a sort of laboratory test, and didn't matter. And what I can report is the following:

The best for size of bloom, and really, I guess, for range of color, was the giant dahlia-flowered kind—running from pure white to rich purple. Very good reds, yellows, salmons, oranges and pinks; you couldn't readily go wrong on any of the colors, though after the first season you'll probably pick on a few personal favorites. They were wonderful for cutting, and the trick there is to strip off most of the leaves.

The California mammoths were just as big as the giant dahlia-flowereds, both as to bloom and plant, and with just as many striking colors—maybe more. The main difference between the two types was that the mammoths had a flatter flower, and I for my taste liked the dahlia-flowered form a little better. Both kinds had flowers five to six inches across, which isn't bad.

The color combinations in Super Cro Gold mostly ran to pastel shades, d at the base of the petal, and lighter at th making this type of zinnia rather spe large-flowered and long stems, though quite so large, or long, as the first two t

These three types made up the tall ro the back. In the middle row were five t that grew from one and a half to two high, but their flowers were certainly di ent. The Fantasy type, in orange, r yellow, white and scarlet, had a sha flower of medium size; very effective in house—in fact, more so than in the gar The Liliput or Pompon had all the reg colors, but a tighter, pompon flower hea neat and very floriferous. The *Elegans* l ding type is more the old-fashioned zin now of course vastly improved; flower plant markedly uniform in size, and th fore nice for arranging indoors; good rang pastel shades and one special variety ca Black Ruby that really lives up to its na In this medium group the other two types had were the scabiosa-flowered and *Pumila* Picotee Delight, with flower fo as their names imply; the former look like a scabiosa and the latter with g tipped, or picoteed, petals.

And now we come to the little ones, ar can only tell you you mustn't pass them because they're small. The Tom Thu type is like a miniature *Elegans*—col growing habit and all—and makes a c plant to raise in pots for the house. *Gra lima*, also called True Red Riding Hood likewise a miniature of the regular variet but coming only in a single color—a rea brilliant worth-while red. The *Haage* type turned out to be one of the garden favorites, and did more than almost a other to overcome her prejudice aga zinnias as a whole. Its color markings ma it distinct from all the others and make i constant surprise; each flower varicolor and full of charm. And last but not least w the little zinnia *Linearis*, which we soon d covered had to be handled differently th the rest, because it spreads—some plan making a low mat as much as two or thr feet in diameter. The flowers are ting golden orange, with lemon stripes thro every petal, and the profusion makes ea plant a large flat pillow of gold.

Zinnias don't need a common name, whi is why you hardly ever hear it; but it ha pens to be Youth-and-Old-Age—what stands for I couldn't tell you. Maybe som one can tell me.

JOURNAL

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TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

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RHODA PRITZKER, author of *Leftenant Macdonald Takes Over,* says, "I was born in Manchester, England, which is known chiefly for its rain and the ship canal. Mother being a classical pianist, and father a singer, a succession of lessons in both arts convinced them, by the time I was eleven, that I was destined to be a writer. Left school at sixteen, went to business school, became a gossip writer on a Lancashire paper; wrote scripts for BBC, had a short fling on Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express and was working on another paper during the Battle of Britain. Took a much-bombed and U-boat-chased ship across the Atlantic to become New York correspondent for the Associated Press of Great Britain. Married a leftenant—pronounced 'lootenant'—in the U.S.N.R. and am now stationed in Washington, D. C., where I work in the Red Cross Speakers' Bureau. I am mad about Scotties, chocolate ice cream trimmed with butterscotch and marshmallow, and I never say 'cinema,' 'cheerio' and 'old girl,' and dislike people who ask if I ever do."



GERALD HIGGINS says, "I was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1904, but now, with a story in the JOURNAL, I'm sure life really begins at forty. I first put a typewriter to work for a living as a newspaper reporter, and from then on, what with editing business magazines in New York and Boston and serving as advertising manager of a Boston utility, I've wedged in a rather hard apprenticeship in fiction writing. I have absolutely the nicest wife in America and two indispensable sons, Brian and Barry. Yes, we have an old house in the country—at Dover, Mass.—and we love it just as much as Mr. Peel does in *The House and Mr. Peel.*"

HENRY VERBY



MAULDIN'S PIN-UP. Sgt. Bill Mauldin, author of *Up Front,* collects "pin-ups." And every one of the thirty-four to date is a picture of his young wife, his young son (whom he has never seen), or a happy combination of the two. Mrs. Mauldin writes, "Bruce Patrick was nearly 19 months old when this was taken, 32 inches tall and 31 pounds solid. He heard his daddy's voice for the first time on the Command Performance program. He listened intently and when the radio audience applauded—so did he."

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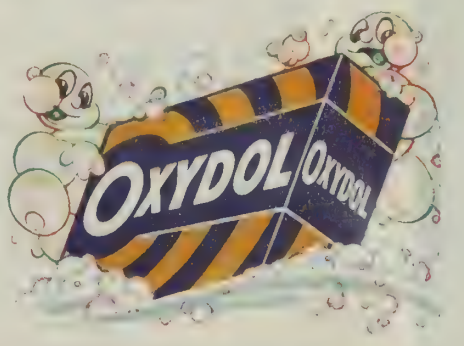


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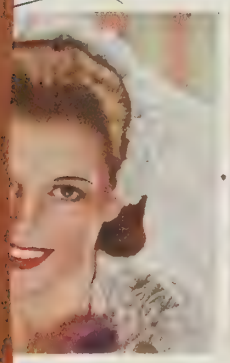
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th just One Cake of Camay

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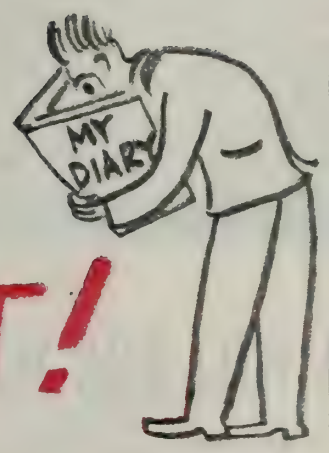
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Please—make each cake of Camay last!
Precious war materials go into soap.

MEN KEEP OUT!



TIME was when the world was divided into two parts—man's and woman's. But now, with the weaker sex in everything from pants to politics and man as much at home wielding a chafing dish as a club, we've begun to wonder just where, if at all, is the dividing line.

When we popped the question to these unsuspecting celebrities, on just what activities, antics, places or professions they'd like to post the KEEP OUT sign for the opposite sex, here's what they answered.

From here on they're on their own. Maybe you agree. Maybe you don't. At any rate, we'll wager you'll think twice the next time you step where you should fear to tread. ★ ★ ★ ★ **BY JUDITH CHASE**

"Men should keep out of one of the phases in a woman's life which is no man's land—her diary."

—Sgt. Edith Dorothy MacMillan, USMCWR.

"Men, keep out of a woman's past. Don't keep reminding her of her former beaus. Distance lends enchantment, and you should remember that human tendency to sentimentalize about the 'good old days.' She might get to making mental comparisons, and you might be sorry."

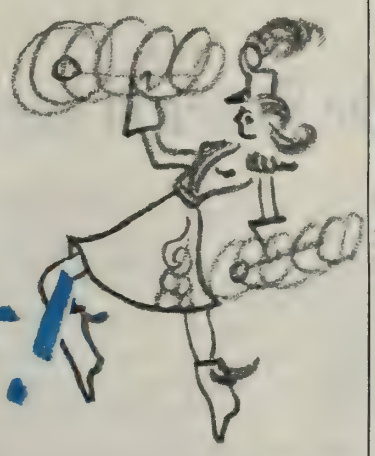
—Lauren Bacall.

"There are few fields from which I believe men should be debarred—certainly not the fields of either the feminine wardrobe or the kitchen. In my job as clothes adviser I have discovered almost unfailing good taste among males in the garbing of women—and I have not only eaten with relish, but digested with comfort, dinners tossed together by men.

"*However*—we women fought, bled and cried for the vote. So why is it that the phrase 'My husband says ——' is still so often the opening gun in female political discussions? Men might well amplify our thinking, but they should not form our conclusions. In that field it should definitely be 'Men, Keep Out!' Of course, it is possible that in this case the fault is ours, not theirs. It's a temptation to hitchhike on the thinking of others." ***—Eleanor Arnett Nash.***

"As far as I am concerned, men should keep out of a *(Continued on Page 142)*

WOMEN KEEP OUT!



"I think women ought to keep out from in front of brass bands. The drum majorette is one of Nature's worst monstrosities. Neither the clothing nor the strutting is in line with women's talents. That's one job they'd better leave to the men."

—Paul Popenoe.

"I happen to be a bachelor, so it is rather difficult for me to speak with authority on what women should keep out of. However, I think my chief complaint would be the old cliché of arranging my desk, pipes, manuscripts, and so on. If that doesn't explain why I'm still a bachelor, I don't know what does." ***—Moss Hart.***

"I wish women would keep out of slacks! I'm a sucker for nylons, high-heeled shoes, dresses, peekaboo waists and no hats, but if a woman must wear pants, let it be those that are worn under dresses."

—Groucho Marx.

"Women should stay out of a man's conversation when he is talking about another girl he knows."

—Pfc. Warren A. Gabriel, USMCR.

"The only place I'd like women to keep out of is my club—and that's merely prejudice. The fact that I go to the club only once or twice a year indicates how rarely I want to get away from the other sex. Most objection to women may be traced to habit or a fixation. For instance, I don't like to see women smoke in the street. I don't know any reason why they *shouldn't* smoke in the street, any more than why men shouldn't, but there you are.

"Since I'm for giving women the run of the cosmos, I *do* wish they'd mend some of their ways. A woman with an umbrella is a dangerous thing, and shouldn't be permitted abroad without taillights and a license. A woman searching for change among lipsticks and ration books, *(Continued on Page 142)*

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN

your biggest wash comes

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

FAR AHEAD of Most Soaps in Preventing "Dirty Grayness"!



Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!

Yes, Whiter! In wash test after wash test—Oxydol proved that it washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol, fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!

White and Bright Wash After Wash! You know, soaps often leave behind tiny discoloring particles caused by dirt in the clothes and the "hardness" of the water. These impurities turn gray or yellow under ironing heat. But Oxydol combats "dirty-grayness" in an unusual way. It actually helps *prevent* grayness particles from forming!

"Hustle-Bubble" Suds Lift Dirt Out! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so lively, so active they *lift* the dirt out. Yes, with Oxydol all your white things—except of course for unusual stains—come so clean they're White Without Bleaching. Sparkling white!

So Safe For Colors, Too! With Oxydol colors fairly sparkle. It's so *safe* for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands.

Next washday use Oxydol—and enjoy a wash so clean it's White Without Bleaching!



AVOID SOAP WASTE! Soap is made of vital war materials, so soap waste is war waste. Make your Oxydol go farther!

Ladies' Home Journal

JUNE, 1945

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Help the Children—Now!

LAURIE is a war baby. Before she learned to walk, she was acquainted with day coaches, housing problems and the shadow of death. The day Laurie was born in 1943, her mother was on leave from a job in Boom Town, U. S. A., and her father was fighting Japs in New Guinea.

For her first few months, there was always grandma—and once in a while mother—ready with bottles, a word and a kiss. Then suddenly there was no grandma; there was a hot and tearful trip with mother, ending in a big white room with other babies and strange grown people.

Laurie is not sick. Nor are the other babies in the hospital ward with her. But there is no one to keep her while mother wraps parachutes—and in Boom Town landlords welcome only mothers without babies.

Recently there were 200 babies like Laurie in New York City hospitals—most of them perfectly well, but homeless. About 120,000 youngsters—Jewish, Catholic and Protestant—are already living in temporary foster homes throughout the United States. Temporary foster parents and homes are still desperately needed. Day nurseries are of no avail for these children, since their homes have been completely disrupted, at least for the time being. These small *evacués* range from ten-day-old infants to teen-agers whose adolescent confusion is sharpened by bereavement and a loss of family and gang roots.

These children are not for permanent adoption. Most of them will be duration orphans only. But they need help *now*—not only food and shelter, but a place of belonging and a family to care whether they come home before dinner gets cold.

Information about this chance for supremely important human service can be gotten from Foster Homes for Children, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City, or from any Welfare Department in your state. Medical and dental care, and clothing, are furnished by the placing agencies. A monthly sum is paid to foster parents for the child's board.

Our men who have seen homeless refugees in Europe and Asia know what home and parents mean to children. And Laurie's father, coming back from Guam, will be grateful to her foster family, who, also, will have come to love Laurie.

HOW NEW WILL THE NEW WORLD BE?

By Dorothy Thompson

THE title of Professor Carl Becker's book, How New Will the New World Be?, puts the question which was in my mind in undertaking a trip to Europe during these last decisive days of the European war. It begins with How New Will Old Britain Be? If one reads publications and listens to the world's publicists and politicians of the extreme left, one gets the idea that social revolution is brewing in England, bringing a completely new world in which land resources and industry will be nationalized, and a new age in which streamlined machinelike efficiency will be the rule. I am sure, however, that nothing of this kind is going to happen; nor is it desired by the overwhelming majority of the British people, unless my investigations have greatly misled me. They don't want a brave new world, but their own old world with, as the British put it, "hot and cold water laid on," new wiring, along with many modern improvements. But the old house is home—and never has home seemed dearer and sweeter than in all the years in which it was tumbling over their heads, and there was a question whether it would survive at all.

When a people are confronted with life and death for themselves, their families, their fighting sons and their country itself, many issues that once seemed important depreciate in significance. Britain would never have survived had it not wrung strength from all the people and established remarkable unity between all classes.

Theoretically, an unbridgeable gulf divides the two chief parties. Labor is theoretically committed to socialism—nationalization of all means of production. The Conservatives want the largest measure of free enterprise, and they want government interference only to set the rules of the game. But in practice Britain is moving quite unitedly—except perhaps during a national election—toward the view that a floor must be put under all people below which they may not sink—every English family must have a decent home; they all must be protected against the major hazards of life; every child must have access to all the education of which he is capable—and that otherwise people must stand on their own feet.

On April first of this year, Britain put into effect an education act which constitutes one of the greatest *(Continued on Page 84)*

What the Women of England Think

THE "class system" of England—the influence of the proper accent, the "old school tie" in Britain's political and governmental life—has always been of interest to Americans. Whether the stresses of a six-year war would liberalize this class system or sweep it away entirely has been discussed by every American commentator and writer who has visited England during the war period.

To find out what sentiment really was, among Englishwomen, on this ticklish subject, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has conducted a survey through the British Institute of Public Opinion, an affiliate of America's Gallup Poll. This is probably the first survey of its kind ever conducted to ask British people what they themselves think of their class system—whether they are content or dissatisfied with it.

Women were asked: ***"If you had to say to which class you belonged, which would it be?"***

Three per cent said Upper; 43 per cent claimed Middle; 47 per cent said Working.

The next question was: ***"If you could have been born into a family of your choosing, in which social class would your family have been?"***

Sixty-nine per cent replied that they would prefer to have been born in the Working or Middle class. In as much as 85 per cent of the women questioned were already in these two classes, the results show that only about one sixth of the Englishwomen are seriously enough dissatisfied in their present position to even wish for a higher one.

When asked, however, if they would like to see their children lift themselves into a higher class, 41 per cent of the women said they would like to see their children better off socially. But a slightly higher number—43 per cent—said they would gladly see their children remain in the class in which they were born. *(Continued on Page 122)*



* *The ham*

that's Brown-Sugar-Cured!



For 50 years its quality has been rigidly maintained! Remember—it's blue label *for easy cooking;* red label, *ready to eat.*

It's voted America's favorite. Our fighting forces want ham, too. So please don't blame your dealer if you can't always get Swift's Premium. He's doing his very best for you . . . and so are we.

Lucky Day RECIPES

When all ham is hard to get there's a feeling of triumph when you find the best . . . an urge to celebrate. So . . . satisfy that urge! Serve up your slice or two of Swift's Premium Ham with a full measure of glamour! These recipes, from Martha Logan, Swift's chief Home Economist, are gala to look at, grand to eat, and they extend that precious ham.



1 lb. serves 6. Gash edge of 1 lb. slice of ham (center slice, or slices from shank or other small slices). Broil or pan-broil until well done and brown on both sides. Cut into 6 servings and place on top of hot potato salad flavored with ham drippings. Pour well-seasoned tomato aspic (use fresh tomatoes) into shallow pan. When firm, cut into shield shapes. Decorate with sieved cottage cheese to which a little milk has been added.



Thin slices go a long way served on rice with Strawberry-Rhubarb Sauce. To make enough sauce for 8 slices, combine ¾ c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cornstarch, ½ c. water. Bring to a boil; add 1 lb. rhubarb, cubed, and 1 pt. berries; simmer about 5 min. stirring occasionally with a fork. Simmer ham slices in sauce until heated (about 5 min.). Serve on rice.



Leftover "bits" make a grand ham salad. Combine diced cooked Swift's Premium Ham, macaroni (broken in bits before cooking), sliced stuffed olives, sliced radishes, chopped celery. Season. Toss with French Dressing and serve on greens in a salad bowl.

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS!



THE SUB-DEB ★ ★ ★ ★ BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

LISTEN to the story of Johnny. A guy who likes his lumber shirts loud. Who believes that color keeps you warm and lively. He looks a lot like the rest of you in the hair-do, wilted socks, cords and necktie departments. But Johnny has his other side.

On a sixteen-mile hike with sixteen other lads and three Spartan dogs, he doesn't have to be polite to many women. And he isn't. Crouched with a crony in the corner of the garage, in manly pursuit of a cure for his bike's ailments, manners don't matter to Johnny. He reasons that there's a time and a place for all things.

In the wilderness, or surrounded by kindred males, Johnny is practically antisocial. He ignores the way the other half of the world lives. But when he's with women, Johnny changes. 'Cause he likes women. And women don't like Daniel Boones on the dance floor!

HE MADE A DATE

It was Joannie he decided he'd ask. He eyed the calendar and gave her enough notice. Then he lifted the receiver and gave her number. He could have sent her a note or asked her in person. But Johnny likes modern inventions. A party invitation doesn't beat around the bush, but gives time, place and what is it. So Johnny, after a little "how are you, and how's everything?" came straight out with "date at eight on Friday night, whatever you'd like to do—maybe movie, maybe skate, maybe bowl, maybe dance." And Joannie took her pick—which gave Johnny time to insure the financing of said project.

When Friday came he eyed his wardrobe. It ran pretty much to cords. But he always had a clean pair ready for big moments. The grime came off, his hair slicked down, his tie went on, his socks stayed up. Johnny was ready.

And over to Joannie's house he went. He knew she wouldn't be ready—but was he scared? Her ma and pa were just like his own—a couple of people who listened to the same news broadcasters, who endured the same weather, who commuted on the same trains and knew the same teachers. He didn't have any trouble talking to his own folks—so why fret while waiting for Joannie? And he didn't. When she breezed in, he rose rapidly to his feet to indicate "glad to see you, and now you're here, let's get going." Winding up the threads of polite conversation, he helped Joannie on with her coat. And with a "we won't be late" to parents in farewell—out they went.

HE KEPT IT

No chance of his welching. Had he broken a leg, he'd have kept the date but changed it to "come autograph my cast." And nothing better could have come along—'cause to him one bargain's as binding as another.

So Joannie and Johnny went out on the town. His object being to see that she had fun and he had fun, a pleasant way to spend an evening, one of a series of pleasant evenings. To see that she had fun meant first of all doing something she wanted to do. And trimming it up with politenesses. He opened every door for her, picked up everything she dropped, censored his language, came through with plenty "please" and "thank-you," helped her on with her coat or her skates, walked on the curb side, gave the assist at crossings, and gave her a chance to talk. He liked Joannie, so it was easy to have fun with her, and to show it. Alone with Joannie, she was his sole responsibility. He devoted his steam to being considerate.

THEY MINGLED

Another date with Joannie was mixed. He was to escort her to Anna's party. That called for different technique—though the same politeness. This was no time for concentration. He had to share her, and his own attentions. That's what a party is. But he remembered he took her. He kept a weather eye out to see that she was comfy, and wasn't stuck. He didn't huddle with the boys, leaving the girls to their own devices. He kept a delicate balance between being the guest of his hostess and guardian of his girl. This didn't call for Wild West antics—but amiable co-operation. No yippee—but plenty of general conversation. Just being lively—not raising the roof. And they left when Joannie gave him the signal.

The night he took her to the K.I.P. dance was something else again. She didn't know a soul. When they got there, he showed her where to leave her coat and where he'd be waiting. Then he led her to the chaperons, introduced her carefully down the line, then spun her out on the dance floor to look things over. He spotted plenty guys he knew, and steered toward them when the music stopped. He presented the lads to Joannie, who was beaming with expectancy that everything would probably be all right after all. While Joannie talked with the other girls, he buried in some male casuals the arrangements for exchanging dances. Then off they went to dance again, steering toward another lad he knew. Dancing with Joannie all evening would have been all right too—but he thought she'd like to meet somebody, she'd prefer a little variety. Dancing with another girl himself didn't prevent Johnny from knowing that Joannie was getting along. He dropped whatever time he was making in other directions, to prevent Joannie from being stranded. He kept thinking that he'd got her into this gang of strangers, and it was up to him, not the flower in her hair, to see that at least a few people knew she was there. So he didn't leave her long. He saw to it that she had punch when she wanted it, and a breath of fresh air. They joined forces with the other couples to nibble before going home. Though the party was the K.I.P.'s, it was John Joannie thanked. Those stars in her eyes were for him alone.

HE LIKED IT

Men can be led around by the noses by their women. But Johnny doesn't care for it. When he's being sociable, he wants to pull his own weight. Maybe girls know more about manners sooner because they're girls. And because they do more entertaining at home. But it needn't be, Johnny decided.

He'll concentrate on table manners at home as practice for public. He'll spend some time with his family's friends, so women's parents won't get him down. Now that he's dating, he's going to do the little things in a big way. If he's not sure, he'll experiment first to get the angle. He'll go stag once to the dance to get the lay of the land. He'll go somewhere that needs reservations or tickets with a couple of other lads before he takes a girl alone. He has the right idea. When he dates a girl, he wants the mechanics smooth, the know-how tucked under his curly thatch. He wants to be in the driver's seat—and know where he's going. So he can devote himself to enjoying her. That's not being sissy. Johnny's a gent!

SOME GIRLS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

They crook a pinkie, cast a glance and Johnnies swarm! They have two eyes, a nose, a mouth, just like you, but there's a difference! They've read the Sub-Deb booklets! Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for SUB-DEB BOOKLET LIST No. 1695. Give a gander and smarten up for your Johnny!

"What had I said to him? . . what had I done?"



This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks . . . the gay places we would go . . . the sweetness of seeing him, for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him? . . . what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way" . . . why not take a sensible precaution against it? . . . Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene

P. S. *Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.*

Famous beauty pack helps *deflake* faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'



This Remarkable Development In Skin Culture Also Marvelous To 'Perk-Up' Weary Complexions On Short Notice!

Your skin (even when you're young) must constantly 'flake off' or 'shed' dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells. If not – this is often the reason your complexion appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured – so dull and lifeless.

One of the most effective and quickest ways to hasten this deflaking process along is famous Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack—a perfect *honey* of a 'pepper-upper' for tired, bored complexions.

Marvelous 'Blushing' Action

All you do is spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and *relax*. You can actually feel its tightening, stimulating effect on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes.

It's almost unbelievable – but your mirror will *confirm* the lovely results. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so *alive*-looking with such a thrilling glow and charm. This is due to the mild *rubefacient* or 'blushing' action of Hopper's.

Let Hopper's White Clay Pack show *you* the secret of looking your dazzling best on short notice when that 'important man' unexpectedly comes to town. Also to help maintain enchanting natural 'top-skin' loveliness thruout the years. At any cosmetic counter.



GIRLS IN YOUR 'TEENS'!

Don't forget Hopper's White Clay Pack is also marvelous for enlarged pore openings and to loosen blackheads. Notice how much fresher, clearer your skin appears.

Edna Wallace

HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

Our Readers Write Us

U. S. Baby Bond

Osceola, Iowa.

Dear Editor: Enclosed is a picture of a "Baby Bond." She is Susan Jeanne Bond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Bond, of Osceola. She would give the shirt off her back to buy as many War Bonds as possible. Yours truly,

LILLIAN BOND.



The shirt off her back . . .

Says Wahl to Dahl,
"I think you're swahl."
Says Dahl to Wahl,
"Why, thanks, old pahl."

Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Dear Editor: Thanks for printing the story in March issue, They Shall Not Grow Old, by Roald Dahl.

Sincerely,

JUANITA WAHL.
Corporal, Air Corps.

Down to the Sea Again

The Duke's Cottage
Rudgwick, England.

Dear Bruce: I had the influenza. It got me by the throat like the British bulldog and showed the same disinclination to let go. However, I am now recovered. Maybe it would have come about sooner if I could have gone to bed. In England, today, you can't go to bed until the very last moment. So one totters around thinking fondly of the tomb, which begins to take on an air of great restfulness.

They have given us back our sea, and very shortly there is going to be a terrible rush at it. But the prospect is not without drawbacks. Half the hotels are out of action through blitz and blizzard. And those that are open can't get staffs of any kind. The minefields and invasion traps have all been removed, as far as humanly possible. But shifting sands and raging winds do odd things—and little Willie, dredging for shrimps, may land more than he bargained for, for many a year to come. But I fancy many a family will be off to paddle, and hang the consequences.

Later. Daughter Mary is coming back to her own cottage (Bruce Cottage) at any moment. Her husband is going to France and is installing her and Gentle Annie, the baby, before he goes. The housing question is absolutely beyond all imagining, and blessed was I when I snapped up that little bargain down the lane. There are four families, all with young children and nowhere on earth to go, in this village. The cuckoo, when put to it, can lay her eggs in someone else's nest. The human mother, poor soul, merely sits out in the road moaning, with the toy box and the linen chest. Lucy Liphook is infinitely better off. Mr. Wingate has already planned a little receptacle for her calf.

Later. I have just eaten my way, at a horrible Sunday lunch, through what I swear was a lump of horse. Or a bit off somebody's suitcase. The meat is awful. But there is a lot to be said for living on an island. Fish knocking at front, side and back doors.

These days so many people write to me, who have lost someone in the war. People who wrote condoling with me about Jock, now tell me the same thing has happened to them. I do wonder why the films always made out American women to be so abandoned and sentimental over this kind of thing. The letters I get are just the opposite. So calm and resigned—and somehow dignified. How I hope this is the end of it, and that daughter Mary's Annette, now six months old and plump, hasn't to go through the same thing in years to come. Love,

DOROTHY BLACK.

From the Watkins Home Front

The following letter came from our October How America Lives heroine, Mrs. Nelson Watkins. ED.

Berkeley, California.

Dear Editor: These days for me have been packed with excitement: joy over the release of friends in Manila; heartbreak over the loss of many others. The over-all picture is not a happy one, as those freed represent such a pitifully minute quota of those who fell under the cruel boot of the Japanese.

Linda was christened Sunday by Chaplain A. C. Oliver, just returned from three years of indescribable hell as a prisoner in Cabanatuan. He married us in Manila shortly prior to the war, so I felt it fitting he should christen our daughter.

My husband is now out on submarine patrol. I know he's happy to be back in harness. Sincerely,

ELLIE WATKINS.

World War I Journal

Anti Tank Co. — Infantry,
APO 79, c/o Postmaster,
New York, New York.

Dear Editors: Passing through a French village I found this copy of the JOURNAL.



From the writing inside, I assumed that it was sent to some G.I. during the last war.

Respectfully yours,

PRIVATE STANLEY SACHS.

How it Feels to be Free

Courtrai, Belgium.

Dear Sir: We are very happy to be allowed to write to America again, as we want to ask you if it could be possible to have your magazine kept for us from the beginning of this year, 1945, to be sent on as soon as allowed. We were regular readers before the war and we missed your dear magazine very much during all these dark years. So we read and reread the old numbers till they were nearly shreds.

Allow me to tell you how grateful we all are to the people of U. S., without whose help Europe would never have been able

(Continued on Page 13)

(Continued from Page 10)

to beat the Nazis. We never, one moment, doubted the final issue of this war—even in the darkest days. And we never failed to listen to the BBC.

We can't explain to you what it feels like to be *free!* We can hardly realize, even now, that we have no more to fear when the doorbell rings at an unusual hour, or when we are listening to the BBC, or when the bombers pass overhead. But we have had to pay the heaviest price for our liberty. Our son—aged 21—who was in the Secret Belgian Army, was killed by the retreating Boche, and our storehouses have been smashed by the air raids, but we are only like so many millions who had to suffer through the Nazis.

I suppose you know that our poor Belgian people are still suffering hard—mostly through lack of food, clothing and coal—but nevertheless we keep our spirits high and we all hope that in the near future this burden will also be lifted with the help of our dear great Allies.

You have heard, haven't you, that your boys over here are being welcomed everywhere with great enthusiasm? You see we want them to feel our gratefulness, to make up for the loss of their dear comfortable homes they have left to come here.

Please, sir, excuse this long letter, but I wanted to explain how we feel towards the dear American people, in general—and the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL in particular. Yours very sincerely,

A. BUYSSCHAERT.

Marines' Queen

Somewhere in the Aleutians.

Dear Editor: Marines here at this Aleutian base recently held a contest to determine their "Queen of the Williwaw" (Arctic storm) and her attendants. Mary



Queen of the Williwaw

Patricia Kanealy, four-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Marine Private First Class and Mrs. Thomas J. Kanealy, of Perry, Iowa, was elected Queen.

Sincerely yours,

Capt. ARTHUR C. GAYVERT, USMCR.

Our Men Can Take It

Noroton, Connecticut.

Dear Sir: I believe that it is regrettable that you accept, and print at face value—a value that obviously is based on unauthoritative theory—a paper like What You Can Do to Help the Returning Veteran, by Willard Waller.

The real fact is, nearly all the men of our Army will step out of uniform into civil garb with a matter-of-factness that is the greatest heritage America has given them. Less than ten days ago my son was given a medical discharge, and is now at home. His military record is one of great hardship and contact with the worst that war has to offer. After training for a little less than a year in the infantry, he was sent to North Africa, arriving at Oran on March 18, 1943. On April sixth, at Mackassey, he was wounded by shell fire, a fragment lodging in his right lung, where a portion is still "walled in." After a few weeks, he participated in the cleaning up of Bizerte, and then was sent to Sicily. He campaigned there all the way from Palermo to Messina, suffering from shell concussion. After Messina he went to a rest camp from which he emerged, with thousands of his comrades, a malarial wreck. Returned to the United States in February, 1944, he has been doing limited service at an Eastern base ever since.

My son is just an average American boy. He is a good musician, and vocationally he is an artist, the type whose nervous make-up is said to be the most vulnerable to war experiences. Is my son back a neurotic wreck, and in need of the kid-glove treatment and psychological handling that your article implies? Not at all. He has been home only a short time; but his mother and I cannot see the slightest difference in him. His own statement is, "Why worry about it? All the fellows are taking it in stride. They don't let it get them down. All they want is to get it over and get back on the job."

His experiences have impressed him; and he speaks about his worst moments calmly. He is simply matter-of-fact.

This is the normal attitude of nearly all the men I have encountered who have left the service because of some honorable reason. American men, your readers know, are imaginative but not mawkish; and as a class they cannot remain dispirited very long. They will surely resent it, and it will confuse and annoy them if they are treated as quasi-mental cases. The originally neurotic type will react most negatively from his Army experiences. But his reactions are simply normal, and he will require no more special treatment than he has ever needed. Other men who have lost a limb or been permanently crippled will need help; but they will, and do, resent any of the particular behavior from their family that your article suggests.

Instead of printing articles such as Mr. Waller's, step hard on the foolish mothers who will try to "adjust" their boys; slap the uncles and aunts who butt in with stuff that might go well in an institution for the mentally unsound. Wave the go-ahead flag to the crowd who greets the returned soldier with, "Good work! You look fine! The crowd down at the place is expecting you on the job soon. . . . And by the way, what are you doing next Tuesday night? There's a little number I'd like you to meet, etc. etc."

Yours truly,

JOHN. L. BRATTON.

No Monopoly on Pain

San Diego, California.

Dear Editor: Now *I'm* "burning with rage." In the Our Readers Write Us department Mrs. Knapp berates Dr. Bundesen for his article, Needless Fear of Childbirth. I quote, "just let me see a man who can stand even the smallest pain." Is Moundsville, West Virginia, so far removed from the world that Mrs. Knapp actually hasn't heard of the war? I could show her lots of men and boys who are standing a greater pain than childbirth ever could be, and they are braver than any woman in a labor room. The battlefields and the hospitals would be pretty noisy places if those men couldn't stand even the "smallest" pain, considering what they do stand. Won't someone show Mrs. Knapp those *men?*

Just to keep the records straight—I'm a mother, too, a very proud one!

Sincerely,

MRS. JOE KISLER.

Educate for Education

San Bernardino, California.

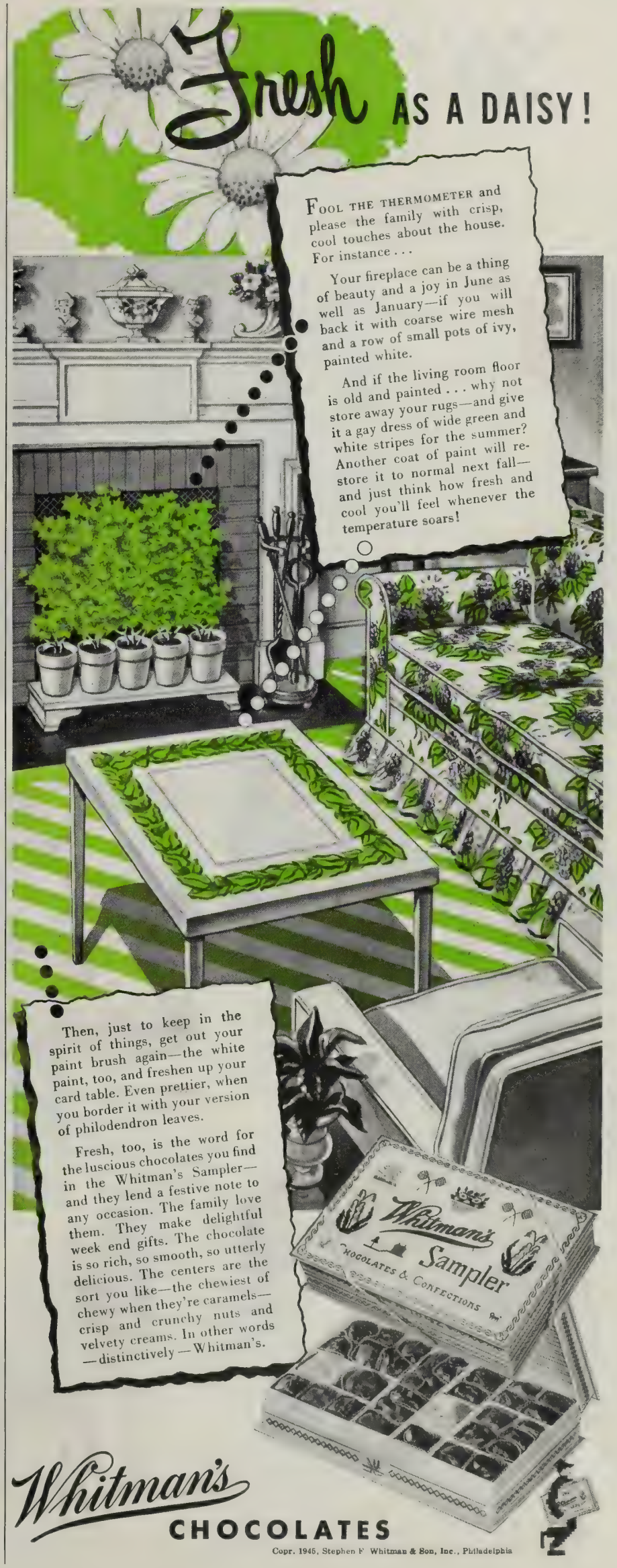
Dear Editor: I was very interested in the articles on education by Dorothy Thompson and Sir Richard Livingstone. I teach U. S. history to high-school juniors, and the problems which so many are presenting affect me quite deeply.

Perhaps those who specialize in studying trends can explain why so many American youngsters resent school. If we practice democracy in our classrooms, they take advantage of it. Not because they do not know how to use it, but because since preschool age they have regarded the teacher and principal as their foes, to outwit on every occasion! I have even had parents say to me, "Ugh, how I hated history," or English, or science. I believe these attitudes are developed before school age; students start with a *negative* approach and for the twelve years we have them, we too often have to resort to policeman's tactics instead of practicing democratic procedures to give them a basic philosophy.

We must educate for education. I wish some of your contributors could tell us how. Sincerely,

RUTH R. LEWIS.

(Continued on Page 134)



"Shh! You're making me blush!"

How a pretty newlywed dazzled her husband—with a dream-wardrobe Singer helped her make



SUCH compliments from a husband! And to think I came near missing them!

"When Jim wrote me to come join him, I really hesitated. I did want him to be proud of me—But I didn't have the right clothes, or enough money for new ones!

"I was sunk in gloom, when an idea dawned. If I could make my own, I could *afford* the clothes I needed. And Singer's Home Dressmaking lessons would show me how!

"So I dashed to my Singer Sewing Center* and signed up! Their smart instructor showed me everything—how to cut . . . fit . . . stitch . . . finish up. Results: super!

"Never did I own more becoming clothes! Wallpaper-fit. Jim's favorite colors. No wonder he's been whispering nice things from the minute I got off the train!"



● **"So much—for so little!** Evening dress, sports clothes, bathing suit . . . for less than the price of a couple of store-bought outfits!" The lessons, refresher lessons, $1.50 each! Complete 8 lesson course $10.00. (Other Singer Lessons: Make-Over and Alterations; Home Decorating.)



● **"Gay Braid for my bathing suit**—from Singer! This colorful trimming just *makes* the outfit." A real find—from Singer's Sewing Center—wide selections of rufflings and novelty trims.



● **"Covered buttons—a Singer job.** The last smo-o-o-ooth touch to this sports dress." Singer Centers also do custom-made belts, buttonholes . . . picoting . . . hemstitching.



● **"Sweet flower clusters**—for dress, hat, or hair. Just one of the dream items in Singer's Accessory Department." Others: Dickies, Collar-cuff Sets, Jabots, Bows, and Scarfs.



● **"My Singer Sewing Machine** made these wonders possible. Lucky I got mine when I did!" If you need a machine ask your Singer Sewing Center about a reconditioned Singer. Or you may rent a Singer by the month for use at home.

*FOR YOUR PROTECTION: Singer Sewing Machine Co. continues its long-time policy of selling its machines only through Singer Sewing Centers identified by the famous Red "S" trade-mark on the window—never through department stores or other sewing machine dealers.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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Fifty Years Ago in the Journal



THE most popular and beautiful stage actresses of June, 1895, were "The Jersey Lily" Langtry, aged forty-three, Ellen Terry, forty-seven, and Sarah Bernhardt, fifty. Brooklyn was in a dither over the new high-speed electric trolleys, which were knocking down its citizenry at thirty miles an hour. Everyone was whistling the new song, The Band Played On; butlers were in demand for private seagoing yachts; and ladies of fashion wore godet skirts seven yards wide, no matter how sizzling the weather.

"Every woman has the right to ask of her husband that the fumes of tobacco be excluded from her bedchamber, especially cigars," decrees JOURNAL Editor Edward Bok in the June, 1895, issue.

"Grace: Black stockings reaching to the knees look best for babies in short dresses that reach an inch above the ankle."

"Women who want the vote," comments the Rev. Charles Parkhurst, "should realize that the fault of society is not primarily with its laws but with its people. No ballot, even cast by the hand of an honorable woman, will make people better."

"Jennie: Do not bathe your baby oftener than every other day, and then only a part of the body at a time. Too much bathing of the whole surface exhausts the vitality."

"My dears," Ruth Ashmore tells her young JOURNAL fans, "when you love a man you will feel no doubt about it. Your heart will go out to him as does the song of the lovebird, which is lacking in melody unless its partner comes in with a tender cooing note like an accompaniment played on some heavenly instrument."



"L. B.: I think it is in best taste for your mother to remain in the room when you have visitors," advises the author of Sidetalks with Girls.

Customs of mourning: "The closing of the house and bowing of the shutters with broad black ribbons no longer obtains, except in Philadelphia."

"Flossie: It would be proper, since you know him but slightly, to call a young boy of fifteen 'Mister.'"

"Lucille: It is not customary to shake hands with people when introduced."

"A Seeker: A red nose frequently comes from indigestion or tight lacing."

Journal about Town



Result: eight shiploads of clothing, bedding for devastated areas.

★ ***Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York.***

SCREAMS startled the Workshop here the other day when a roomful of secretaries suddenly saw a big silver balloon lurch above the balustrade outside their window. Turned out to be one of *Henry J. Kaiser's* doings, whose United National Clothing Collection was urging people to—well, you can see for yourself on the balloon in the picture. Looks now as though eight shiploads of clothing and bedding had been collected, including all the costumes from JANIE and TOMORROW THE WORLD and THE DOUGHGIRLS and two and a half spare suits from Mr. K. himself. . . . What did you give?

A name to reckon with, as author of the new smash hit, THE GLASS MENAGERIE, is ***Tennessee Williams,*** born in Mississippi. We reckoned with him about his first name. Adopted it, he said, because "Thomas Lanier Williams" sounded too much like "William Lyon Phelps."

***George S. Kaufman** has been telling **Richard Pratt** about his new version of* PINAFORE *that's about to appear. Says he expects to have the hide peeled off him by fanatical Gilbert and Sullivan followers. "If so, do you want a piece?" he asked Mr. P. "It would look nice on the mantel."*

SIGNAL CORPS



Mrs. Gould and Mrs. Cookman visit General Clark in Italy.

When ***Beatrice Blackmar Gould*** and ***Mary Cookman*** took a shufty at the liberated countries and battle fronts of Europe, they picked up pages of G.I. slang, or gobbledegook, that you might as well try to figure out now. They went over in the plush plane whose crew had carried ***Willkie*** and ***Wallace.*** Mary got browned off in Paris at military red tape and took a strip off the paddlefoot who threatened to scrub off her trip to the front; but was lucky to get hot water once a week in her silver foxhole at the Ritz. They both came back with the pukka gen, or real dope, which you'll be getting in the JOURNAL.

*On the Italian front our editors not only visited with **Gen. Mark Clark,** but hobnobbed with numerous G.I.'s such as the one below, who let them see his latest foxhole. Earlier, in Rheims, gathering material for How France Lives, Mrs. G. and Mrs. C. first considered a family whose home had been bombed to a hole in the ground, the family then having been placed on a farm eight miles out of town, and the crater used by our Army as an antiaircraft-gun emplacement. But every day the two small boys of the family would trudge back to where their house had been; partly out of homesickness, and partly because they'd become bosom pals of the American gun crew, who shared their rations with them.*



A G.I. proudly displays his foxhole to Journal editors.

Here we have to *dig* the holes where new buildings will go up after the war; and the fences that protect the excavations again give passers-by a chance to see what a steam shovel looks like—high holes for large people, low holes for little. A good idea for baseball parks.

MAX HAAS



Peepholes for all sizes.

Three June books: COMMODORE HORNBLOWER is a "must" for *C. S. Forester* fans—the valiant Britisher pushing off now for the North Sea while his archenemy Napoleon is plowing on toward his nemesis in Russia. . . . ONE WHO SURVIVED is a book that will cause controversy: the personal account of a Soviet official, *Alexander Barmine,* who, finding that the Stalin dictatorship was, in his experience, devouring the ideals of true socialists, left the party and escaped the GPU. . . . And far far away from world affairs is WIND OFF THE WATER, a good Maine novel by *Miriam Colwell* abounding in salty Down East talk, and concerning three fishermen brothers with problems of their own.

"We have learned to fight with other nations in common defense of our freedom. We must learn to live with other nations for our mutual good." **—PRESIDENT TRUMAN.**

Longer Life

FOR FASHION'S RAINBOW WITH COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW

Make this "snowdrop" soap your "color guard" . . . it carries protection a step farther!

Take care of those gay colors that make spun rayon prints like "Mexicana" (right) so smart. Help protect the bold crisscrosses on cottons such as "Supermarket" (below). Refresh them often the life-prolonging way—with wonderful, cool-water Ivory Snow.

Ivory Snow is different from cake soap, or flakes—for it is not only Ivory-pure and mild, but *granulated* for quick sudsing even in cool water.

Just compare! For a month, wash all your nice things only with Ivory Snow. Decide whether any other soap has ever given you *all* these wonders . . .

- ***Such suds—even in cool water!***
- ***Such quick-dissolving "snowdrop" granules***
- ***So kind to colors!***
- ***Suds that go so far!***
- ***Inexpensive to use!***
- ***So quick-cleansing!***
- ***So easy-rinsing!***
- ***Marvelous for wools!***
- ***Gives longer life to the glamorous new look of nice washables!***

Wonderful Ivory Snow is the only soap that combines Ivory-purity with this speedy-sudsing, granulated "snowdrop" form. It carries protection a step farther than other soaps not Ivory-mild. So make Ivory Snow *your* "color guard". . . give your exciting new washables longer life!

URGENT—TO WOMEN!

You can really help the War effort—right in your home town. Be a Nurse's Aide—apply at your local Red Cross Chapter now!





WONDERFUL IVORY SNOW

THE OFTENER YOU WASH THEM THE LONGER THEY'RE LOVELY!

Dainty fabrics are injured by soil—don't let it accumulate. Wash them frequently with Ivory Snow to give their loveliness longer life. You get free help from washing experts when you follow the tested directions on your Ivory Snow box.



COOL-WATER **IVORY SNOW**

Longer Life for Nice Washables

Ivory Snow is the only soap that is both Ivory-mild and granulated, for speedy sudsing!

99 44/100% PURE

She had gone to him wanting help for Taddy. Why should she expect more? Didn't she know a Yesterday is nobody's heartache but your own?

The Road and the Turning

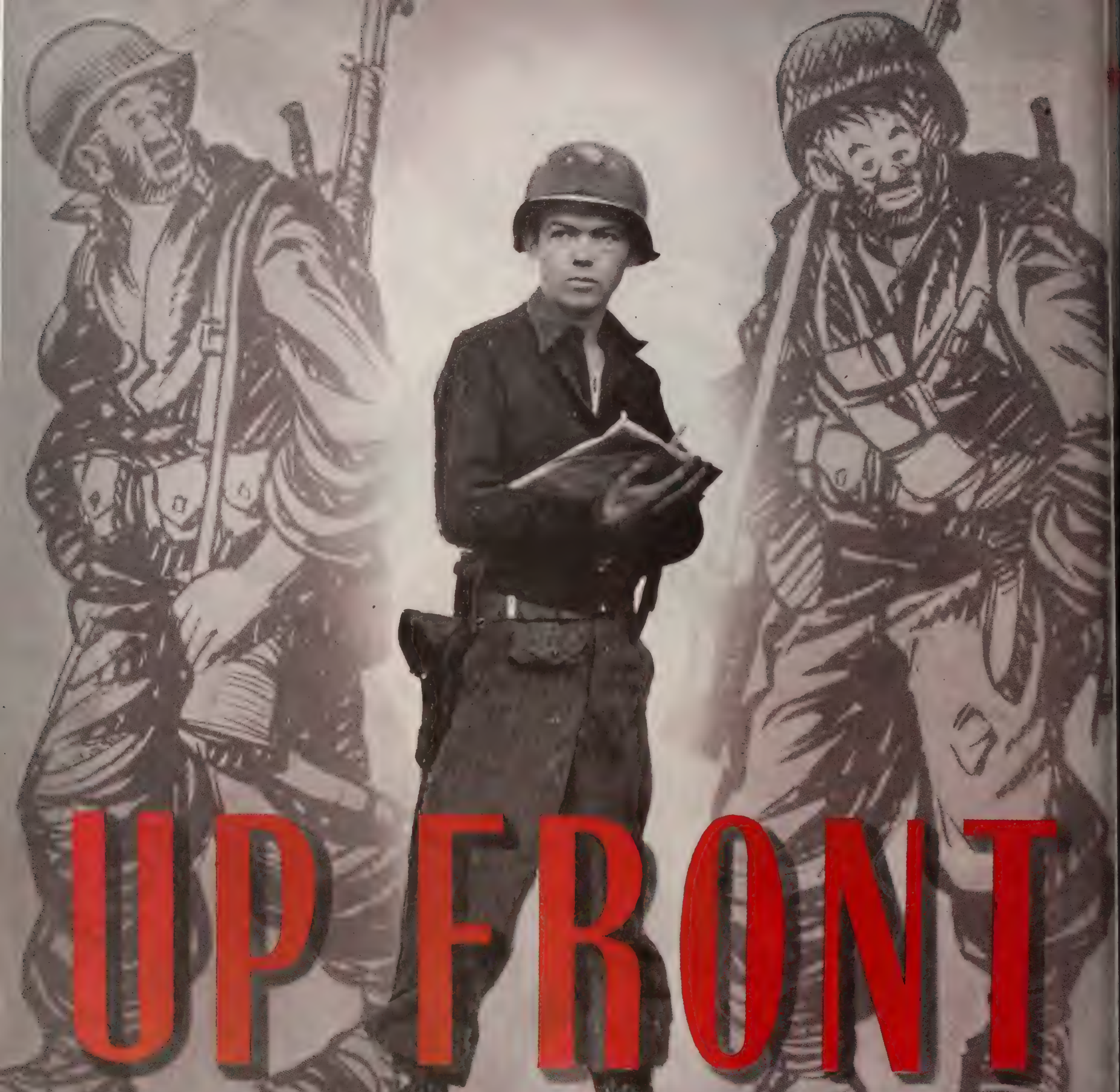
BY RUTH RODNEY KING

MORE often than not, the turning points in people's lives occur so inconspicuously as to be invisible. This is a commonplace, but it was not so to Mary Harper, whose eyes stared blankly across the subway car from her pale young face. Her return back here to the East was clearly a turning point, so much for the worse that it dazed her.

Why? And having to extend to every aspect of her life here? Even that Doctor Neeland she had taken Taddy to—there was nothing good about him but his Navy uniform. And that he'd been nice to Taddy; as he should be, being a pediatrician. But there was a stoniness, a condemning quality about him that had made Mary feel she was in bad taste, as if it were reprehensible to have suffered tragedy. Staring bitterly across the car, she saw him two days past, tall, with broad bony shoulders bent over the desk, his eyes lowered, writing the prescription with a clean, capable, impersonal hand, while Mary had spoken what she thought.

(Continued on Page 86)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



UP FRONT

BY BILL MAULDIN

Meet the "Ernie Pyle" of war cartoonists, a G.I. whose words and pictures will take you for a visit overseas. Your pride will soar at the tough spirit and robust humor of the American fighting man!

FROM THE BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED THIS MONTH BY HENRY HOLT

MY business is drawing, not writing, and this is not about my personal life or experiences. I don't think that would be very interesting to anyone but myself. During the three years I spent in the 45th Division, I was certain that it was not only the best division in the Army, but that it *was* the Army. Since then I have kicked around in more than fifteen other divisions, and I have found that the men in each of them are convinced that their division is the best and the only division. That's good. *Esprit* is the thing that holds armies together.

Since hanging around many different divisions, I've just about come to the conclusion that when 15,000 men from forty-eight states are put together in an outfit, their thinking and their actions are going to be pretty much like those of any other 15,000. Their efficiency and their accomplishments are altered to a certain extent by the abilities of their commanders, but the guys themselves are pretty much the same. I certainly have more affection for battered old outfits like the 34th, 3rd, 36th, 1st, 9th, 1st Armored, 2nd Armored and my old 45th, which have been over here for two or three years and have fought through dozens of campaigns and major battles. I think they and the old divisions in the Pacific have carried the major portion of the burden. And yet when you go through the line companies in those outfits you find, as I did in my old company, only four or five men who have been through the whole war. The rest have died or been crippled.

I'm convinced that the infantry is the group in the Army which gives more and gets less than anybody else. I draw pictures for and about the dogfaces because I know what their life is like and I understand their gripes. They don't get fancy pay, they know their food is the worst in the Army because you can't whip up lemon pies or even hot soup at the front, and they know how much of the burden they bear.

I haven't tried to picture this war in a big, broad-minded way. I'm not old enough to understand what it's all about, and I'm not experienced enough to judge its failures and successes. My reactions are those of a young guy who has been exposed to some of it, and I try to put those reactions into my drawings. Since I'm a cartoonist, maybe I can be funny after the war, but nobody who has seen this war can be cute about it while it's going on. The only way I can try to be a little funny is to make something out of the humorous situations which come up even when you don't think life could be any more miserable. It's pretty heavy humor, and it doesn't seem funny at all sometimes when you stop and think it over.

Since my drawings have been kicking around in some papers in the States, a lot of dogfaces over here have been very surprised, and so have I. Some of the drawings are meaningless even in Rome, Naples or Paris. But the guys are glad and so am I, even if we are still surprised. If it means that people are interested in seeing how the dogfaces look at themselves, that's swell. If it means that people at home are beginning to understand these strange, mud-caked creatures who fight the war, and are beginning to understand their minds and their own type of humor, that's even more swell, because it means that the dogfaces themselves are beginning to be appreciated a little by their countrymen.

THEY are very different now. Don't let anybody tell you they aren't. They need a lot of people speaking for them and telling about them—not speaking for fancy bonuses and extra privileges. You can't pay in money for what they have done. They need people telling about them so that they will be taken back into their civilian lives and given a chance to be themselves again.

One of the foremost objections to a steady portrayal of the troubles and lives of combat infantrymen and those who work with them—medical-aid men, combat engineers, artillery observers and others—has been that these guys are going to feel that the nation owes them a living, and that they will become "social problems." This feeling has been so strong in some places that veteran combat men are looked at askance by worried and peaceable citizens. That's a sad thing for a guy who was sent off to war with a blare of patriotic music, and it's really not necessary.

There will be a few problems, undoubtedly, because combat soldiers are made up of ordinary citizens—bricklayers, farmers and musicians. There will be good ones and some bad ones. But the vast majority of combat men are going to be no problem at all. They are so damned sick and tired of having their noses rubbed in a stinking war that their only ambition will be to forget it.

And there are so few men in the Army who have really gone through hell that when they return they will be soaked up and absorbed by their various communities and they couldn't be problems if they wanted to. There are millions who have been inconvenienced. There are millions who have done a great and hard job. But so far there are only a few hundred thousand who have lived through misery, suffering and death for endless 168-hour weeks and, as I said, they are going to be too tired and sick of it to bother anybody who might be worrying about their becoming problems.

They don't need pity, because you don't pity brave men—men who are brave because they fight while they are scared to death. They simply need bosses who will give them a little time to adjust their minds and their hands, and women who are faithful to them, and friends and families who stay by them until they are the same guys who left years ago. No set of laws or Bill of Rights for returning veterans of combat can do that job. Only their own people can do it.

MANY celebrities and self-appointed authorities have returned from quick tours of war zones (some of them getting within hearing distance of the shooting) and have put out their personal theories to batteries of photographers and reporters. Some say the American soldier is the same clean-cut young man who left his home; others say morale is sky-high at the front because everybody's face is shining for the great Cause.

They are wrong. The combat man isn't the same clean-cut lad because you don't fight a kraut by Marquis of Queensberry rules. You shoot him in the back, you blow him apart with mines, you kill or maim him the quickest and most effective way you can with the least danger to yourself. He does the same to you. He tricks you and cheats you, and if you don't beat him at his own game you don't live to appreciate your own nobleness.

But you didn't become a killer. No normal man who has smelled and associated with death ever wants to see any more of it. In fact, the only men who are even going to want to bloody noses in a fist fight after this war will be those who want people to think they were tough combat men, when they weren't. The surest way to become a pacifist is to join the infantry.

I don't make the infantryman look noble, because he couldn't look noble even if he tried. Still, there is a certain nobility and dignity in combat soldiers and medical-aid men with dirt in their ears. They are rough and their language gets coarse because they live a life stripped of convention and niceties. Their nobility and dignity come from the way they live unselfishly and risk their lives to help one another.

I know that the pictures I draw have offended some people, and I don't blame a lot of them. Some men in the Army love their profession, and without those men to build the Army we'd be in a sad fix indeed. Some of them I do blame, because the pictures don't offend their pride in their profession—they only puncture their stiff shirt fronts.

I'm sorry if I disturb the others, but they seldom complain. They know that if their men have a gripe, it is not good for them to sit in their holes and brood about it and work up steam. Men in combat are high-strung and excitable, and unimportant little things can upset them. If they blow that steam off a little bit, whether it is with stories or pictures or cartoons, then they feel better inside.

Not all colonels and generals and lieutenants are good. While the Army is pretty efficient about making and breaking good and bad people, no organization of eight million is going to be perfect. Ours are not professional soldiers. They have recently come from a life where they could cuss and criticize their bosses and politicians at will. They realize that an army is held together with discipline, and they know they must have authority. They accept orders and restrictions, but they are fundamentally democratic.

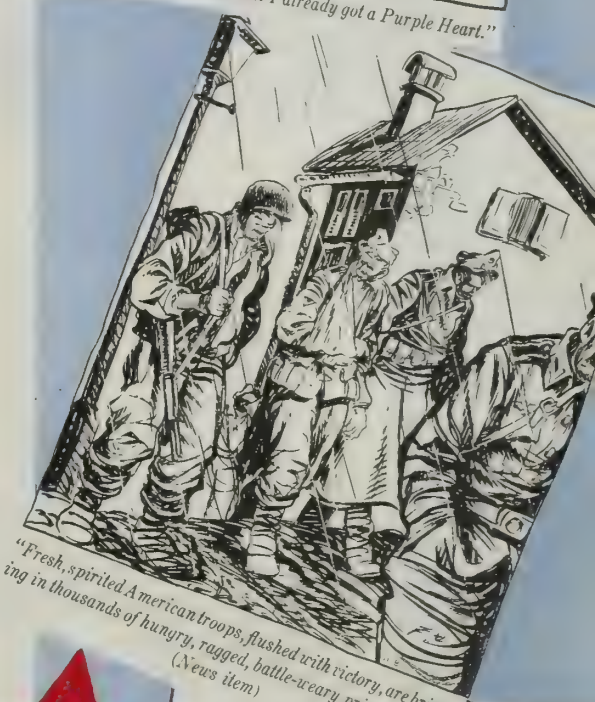
Soldiers are avid readers: some because they like to read and others because there is nothing else to do. Magazines and newspapers for which they subscribe arrive late and tattered, if they arrive at all. Half the magazines carry serial stories, which are a pain in the neck to the guys who start them and can't finish them as the magazines pass from hand to hand.

(Continued on Page 59)

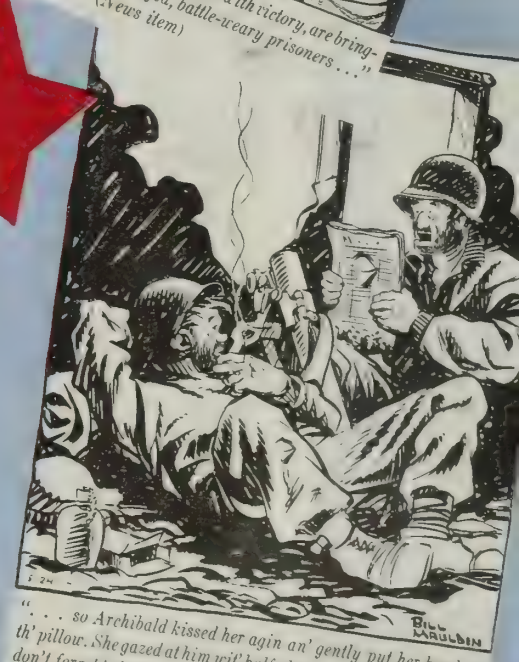
Copyright, 1945, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc.



"Just gimme a coupla aspirin. I already got a Purple Heart."



"Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners . . ."
(News item)



". . . so Archibald kissed her agin an' gently put her head on th' pillow. She gazed at him wit' half-shut eyes—tremblin' hard—don't forget to buy next week's installment at your newsstand."



"Go ahead, Joe. If ya don't bust it ya'll worry about it all night."

Love Story



BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

SIX o'clock was the best part of the day. Six o'clock in the fall, when the twilight was drifting down, softly, quietly, shutting you into a smaller world of your own. And his. Six o'clock was when you went into the den, and the dogs knew it, too, and got up on the big sofa, one on each side of you, and you all peered out the window into the gathering dusk and waited for him to come. That was the most wonderful time always. Tonight it was extra important.

It was six o'clock now, and she knelt there with her big eyes fixed on the entrance to the driveway, watching steadily, silently. She was quite small for twelve, and her eyes were very deep and a serious blue and her nose was a very tiny turned-up thing, just a button really, and the two short pigtails were heavy gold, with the hair drawn tight away from her forehead and back, the way her mother had worn her hair so long ago. It was six o'clock and then he came up the driveway.

He walked very fast up the long driveway and his shoulders were so big under the greatcoat, and he was very tall. And there was that angle to his hat, that tilt, and the flash of his teeth that were very white and the eager sparkle to his eyes as he came closer and waved to her. It made a thrill run down her back, right from the nape of her neck down to the very tips of her toes. Because she loved him. She loved him very much. Jim. Jim, her father.

Then he was at the door and in, lifting her up, kissing her—"How's my girl tonight?"—holding her very close, as if he had been away for a long, long time and could not hold her close enough. "How are you, Andy?" And it was a funny name that he had given her, because her name was Anne, really, but if he liked Andy then she liked Andy.

Then she noticed the box. A big box and round. A hatbox perhaps. "What's in that?" she said, and he laughed at her, hanging up his coat.

"Aha," he said, teasing, "that's news you're after. Come on now, tell me things." And he took her hand in his, the way he always did, and they went on upstairs, her voice prattling fast about all the things she had stored up to tell him. All but one.

She waited while he washed for dinner, waited in the big room that she loved, with the lights shaded low, the silver gleaming dull on his dressing table, and that smell, very faint, of tobacco and leather.

"How was The Flashlight today?" he asked, brushing his hair at the tall dresser. His hair was black and very thick and his face was tanned almost black, too, from the outdoors, and there was that strong straight line to his mouth. A very difficult mouth it could be. For some people.

"Fine," she said. She knew what he would ask next. It was part of what she dreaded to tell him.

"Do any leaping with him?" he said, very casually but with his eyes watching her from the mirror. And she shook her head, twining an arm around one of the posts of his wide bed, something to hold on to in her embarrassment. She couldn't tell him now. Later. He put on his jacket before he said anything more. Then it was half in laughter, half in warning. "Don't forget," he said, "that the show is Saturday," and they went downstairs with her hand very small in his, and the worry churning round, unspoken, in her heart. Maybe after dinner she could tell him.

But after dinner he remembered the round box, and brought it into the den. "Here's a present for you," he said. "You can wear it in the show."

And it was a hunting derby, gleaming black and very heavy. She held it in her hands and it seemed so much heavier than it really was because it was part of her fear.

"Why is it so heavy?" she said, just so that he would not notice how she felt, and he said, "Oh, just in case you come a cropper—something for a little protection," and that made the cold run up and down her back.

"It's—it's very nice," she said, and he made her try it on and it fitted perfectly.

"We'll have your stock tied right," he said, planning things with his quick, definite eagerness, "and your boots all boned up and The Flashlight braided, mane and tail, and you'll win the Junior Jump and be the prettiest and the best-turned-out young rider there could ever be." He kept walking round her, looking at her so very proudly, and she prayed that nothing showed in her eyes. It was absolutely impossible to tell him now. She would have to wait and tell him in the morning. She would *have* to tell him in the morning. But she never did. Because of what happened that night, later.

He had come up at nine o'clock, after she had washed and had brushed her teeth and was in her blue pajamas, and he had tucked her into bed very carefully, the way he always did, and bowed his big head so that she could put her arms around his neck while she said her prayers. Then he had said, "You're a great kid, Andy." His voice had been a little gruff and she had clung to him for just a second, a very wonderful second. Then he had gone downstairs and then the doorbell had rung.

Her door was open a little and she could hear the new voice. It was Mr. McCullogh, Mr. Tip McCullogh, the very great friend of her father, who hunted with him in the Valley Drag and spent a great many evenings there in the house bemoaning the football injuries that kept them both out of the service and talking about horses and hounds and all the outdoor things that they were interested in.

Her father must have shown Mr. Tip McCullogh the hunting derby, because he said, "Cute hat." Then there was a pause, and then the words, "Think you'll ever make a rider out of the kid, Jim?"

"Oh, I guess so," her father said. "I certainly haven't given up yet, anyway," and then there was another silence.

And something made her get up out of bed, very quietly, and go to the top of the stairs where she could hear better. Her listening post, as she called it, because sometimes she liked to hear what the men were talking about downstairs. Tonight it was a different reason. Tonight they were talking about her and it was very important. *(Continued on Page 102)*

HIS PRIDE WAS BIGGER THAN SHE WAS. COULDN'T HE SEE?

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. HARRIS



Then he didn't believe what Tip had told him; he couldn't believe it and look at her that way!



COURTESY OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

Haunted House

PAINTED IN 1930 BY MORRIS KANTOR

WHAT'S GOING ON IN China?

By Selwyn Speight

JUST what is happening in China? I have had to try to answer this question many times since my return from Chungking and I still find it difficult. Two years are scarcely adequate to see China, but in that time I did see how Chinese armies live and fight, with and without foreign assistance. I traveled many thousands of miles by airplane, truck, train, junk, horseback and on foot. I saw something of what happens to the civilian population when Japanese soldiers sweep into a peaceful district, and what happens when Chinese troops move about their own country. I also tried, as far as a foreigner can, to understand the people of China and their point of view.

China is too big and too complex to be explained easily in terms of armies, battles and personalities. Some broad conclusions do seem justified.

The Chinese contribution in the war could probably be substantially increased if Kuomintang troops which are watching the Communist areas and Communist troops which must watch the Kuomintang could be used instead against the Japanese. The Generalissimo regards this as an internal issue, and there is little prospect of its being done.

An improvement could also be expected if U. S. Army officers in China had a greater say in the training of Chinese troops, the planning of operations and the control of armies in the field.

Chinese soldiers do fight—sometimes very gallantly. Potentially they are as good as the soldiers of any other country. I know of instances where they have advanced, under orders, directly into shellfire and machine-gun fire, and they are particularly stubborn in defense. When they do not fight, it is usually under conditions no other soldiers would tolerate. Many Chinese armies, however, are mere assemblies of men—and men suffering from malnutrition, disease and exploitation—rather than effective fighting machines.

[Selwyn Speight, war correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald, and of Overseas Press, Inc., New York, spent two years in China, during which he saw the war against Japan firsthand, visiting the battle fronts, as well as making frequent trips to other parts of the country. In the following article he gives uncensored answers to questions about our Ally, the Chinese. —*The Editors.*]

★ ★ ★

The Chinese do trade with the Japanese, through intermediaries. They must, to bolster a tottering economy. The trading is defensible and even desirable when the goods imported are of real use to China and those exported of little use to the enemy. Unfortunately, China gets more cheap jewelry, fountain pens, watch straps and drugstore goods than she should, and Japan gets more strategic metals than she should.

Chiang Kai-shek is still the most important person in China. The influence of his wife has been much greater outside China than inside it. And—since this seems to be a subject in which most Americans show a remarkable interest—Madame Chiang really is ill.

There are other questions about China which cannot be answered so easily. Recent disclosures of some of the facts about the Chinese and their war effort have inevitably brought criticism which has not always been fair or well balanced, but which has been explosive because of years of censorship and unwise propaganda. It would be unfortunate if this criticism were to obscure China's already great sufferings in the war against Japan, and the contribution she is still making in tying up Japanese armies of between 500,000 and 750,000 men, however the war goes in her territory.

Let us look at the new China which has risen on the ruins of a grim old empire and which is as vital and as firmly based today as ever it was in its 3700 years of known history.

The population of China is usually given as 450,000,000, which would make it about one fifth of the population of the world. But that figure is an estimate, based on estimates. The real figure could be just as easily 400,000,000 or less. It could be 500,000,000 or more. Figures and statements about China always have this disadvantage. No one knows the whole truth, because there is no adequate machinery to collect the information which will give the truth.

The republic of China is not a democracy or even a republic, as the peoples of the democracies understand the words, although millions of its poorer people have a soundly based democratic outlook and practice democracy in their daily lives.

Among the future difficulties of democratic government in China, lack of education or even of literacy among the mass of the population has been stressed. The peasants are inclined to infer a literal translation into action of such words as "liberty" and "freedom," which in Chinese are translated by the ideographs phoneticized as "Tzu-yu," which means, literally, "Do as I like." The difference between a literal realistic interpretation of "Do as I like" by unlettered masses, and the Western understanding of "liberty" and "freedom," is extreme. So also with the Chinese ideographs for "liberate," which are phoneticized as "Chieh fang" and mean, literally, "untie—let loose."

The peoples of China generally belong to one great race, but they also include many minor peoples who have been conquered and absorbed, or who have come as conquerors and traders and again been absorbed. The "Chinese" include peoples of Turkish, Arab, Mongol, Tibetan and Siamese blood—to name only a few. There are Chinese in the northwest with fair skins and blue eyes. There are Chinese who have descended from a Jewish tribe. There are about 40,000,000 Moslems in whom the flame of Islam still burns strongly. There are a few million Christians. Some of these peoples, particularly those in the more mountainous areas, have never been under really effective central control.

To move about China is to move not only in space but in time. Chinese from the cities and schools of the coastal areas—now largely in Japanese hands—belong to the twentieth century as much as any Occidental. To go inland and away from the main ports is to go back through the centuries into a world not very different from medieval Europe, where nearly all goods are still produced by hand labor, where there are scarcely any means of transport and no sanitation, where the outlook of rulers and ruled is still semifeudal.

In the mountains of Southwestern China, in a city near the Burma Road, I saw descendants of Kublai Khan's soldiery. They were Chinese, but there were men among them who wore green in their clothing to signify they had made the long journey to Mecca.

IN Chungking I met many exiles from the coastal cities. Some of them were sincere patriots. Some were only waiting for the chance to go back. "You should see the coast," they said. "Boy, you don't know what a night club is like until you've been in Shanghai."

In Chungking, also, I met a Communist general who had received his military training from the Germans. He kept politely murmuring during the conversation, "Ach, so?"

In Central China, after Japanese invaders had been driven out of parts of Hunan, a party of correspondents of whom I was one passed through a typical Chinese village. There were Americans, British, French and Russians in the party, wearing an amazing variety of clothing. A Chinese farmer who welcomed some of us to a shed that was his home was asked in good Chinese, "Have you ever seen foreigners before?" He answered in all innocence, "Are you really foreigners?"

According to the estimates, four fifths of the people of China are peasants very much like this farmer—that is to say, they may outnumber the total population of all Soviet Russia, the United States and the white population of the British Empire.

These people have a mournful proverb which says, "Seven buckets of water go to make one grain of rice," and this is their life—unceasing labor in their fields by daylight and by moonlight. They are the indestructible base of China, and war, revolutions and invasions are only incidents in their terrible lifelong struggle to exist. To say that life is cheap in China hardly conveys the

(Continued on Page 83)

HAUNTED HOUSE. *The macabre element is very strong in American romantic painting. Many living artists have painted the lonely, abandoned Victorian houses of our towns and cities, or their spooky parlors, haunted by ghosts of the gaslight era. Morris Kantor has done several of these canvases, reflecting the sad, troubled beauty of our Victorian past. In Haunted House, however, the room is of an earlier period—a room in which the suggestion of a ghostly presence is extraordinarily real and convincing, and the illusion of a supernatural silence unusually strong.*

I always ignore them, but this soldier stared extra hard!

LEFTENANT MACDONALD TAKES OVER

I AM just about to drop a note to Johnny to tell him about my engagement. I'd hate him to think I am marrying Andrew Gordon Macdonald out of any spirit of retaliation, though. Looking back, I can see I was in love with that smiling Scot right from the first second I saw him through the store window.

One day, when I am living in a small Highland town with a name that sounds like a sneeze, and watching my grandchildren cut their first teeth on a haggis, perhaps I shall agree at last that there is such a thing as Fate.

But a very specialized, man-made Fate. You take one war, one railway-depot farewell, one uniform, one separation, one jilting, and presto! Fate.

Yes, I said jilting. The more you think about being jilted, the more humiliating it seems—at least at the time. If one had two left legs, or suffered from some of those things they write about in advertisements, or had absolutely no sex appeal, it might seem understandable. But I have two good eyes—attractive blue ones too—a better-than-average figure, naturally curly brown hair and a fine complexion. I am five feet seven, and if I weren't such a good window dresser, I'd be a model.

I dare say you are given the impression that I am a very conceited young woman and probably quite insufferable. My mother is responsible for this, because she grew up in a generation that absolutely refused to acknowledge its own good points. If anyone remarked on her pretty face, she would turn pink and gurgle deprecatingly and leave the flatterer with the impression he had said something indelicate. "There's no harm in being aware of your own good points," she finally broke down and told me, after years of gurgling deprecatingly and acquiring an outsize inferiority complex. All the more so when you go around with cavaliers whose most endearing nickname for you is "pie face." All this to point out that I am not anything to frighten a child with in a dark lobby.

So I am not a model, but I have a job I love much more. I go around from one window to another in one of the biggest, shiniest Fifth Avenue stores, arranging the clothes and merchandise, tilting a languid wax arm a little more to the left, pushing a hat at a still more menacing angle.

I expect every reader will now begin to try and categorize this story before it is six paragraphs under. "Rebound," you murmur. Or "out of sight, and into next man's arms" pattern. But not a bit of it. I hope you can index this story when I have finished it. Then perhaps, in fifty years' time, I shall be able to understand it myself.

Johnny wrote from England, where he is stationed, and declared, "Darling, I know you'll understand—it wasn't as if we were engaged or anything like that. And I know you've been dating while I've been gone; and somehow, something as lighthearted as our relationship could never have been successful permanently. Oh, well, I've just got to let you know I'm marrying this girl, and I couldn't do it without letting you know first."

Of course I was furious. Just like that, he is billeted at some obscure house in a town in Great Britain which he's not allowed to mention and falls in love with the Daughter of the House. He writes she is a sergeant in the ATS—that's the same as our WAC. A sergeant!

It would be nice to describe here how it broke my heart and how I locked myself in my room for twenty-four hours and emerged pale and shadowy-eyed, a bitter, enlightened woman. It wasn't quite as bad as that, but I must admit I was angry.

Was I madly in love with Johnny?

I met him over a year ago at—you'll never guess—a USO dance. Johnny had lived on the West Side of New York all his life, usually not more than ten blocks from us, but we'd never met before. He was stationed within reasonable distance of Manhattan and came in almost every week end. He explained that he came to the USO to collect a ticket for the Philharmonic concert on Sunday afternoon, but when I was through doling out the free seats he might consider dancing with me. He knew all the questions and I knew all the answers. I dated him every week end after that and developed a beautiful case of war emotion and apprehension-about-separation hysteria.

Now Johnny, for all his flippancy, was no fool. Sometimes it used to terrify me, especially when my own intellect was dragged into the cold light of day and could barely be found, even after exhaustive search with high-powered microscopes. Johnny was a very junior reporter on a suburban New York newspaper before going into the Army, and intended to go back to his work in a bigger and better way after the war.

Sometimes it scared me a little. It wasn't that we argued, because I hadn't anything to contribute to his kind of discussion. If only he'd discussed the postwar prospects of fashion monopoly, or something that interested me! Or even not talked at all—but no, Johnny liked to talk. I hope his sergeant is a good listener.

That's how it went on for months. Sometimes he wouldn't call me when he came in, so I would provide light and inspiration for a member of the Seabees, or the Air Corps, or a young man who had a fixation about a heavy tank.

Naturally he had to go overseas, and of course I saw him off at Penn *(Continued on Page 96)*

What if she did fall for whisk-broom eyebrows and a voice like molasses? ★ ★ *By Rhoda Pritzker*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Jane Barbour: HOUSEWIFE

EVERY time I hear some harassed housewife wailing about the shortage of domestic help and wondering how much longer she can carry the burden of looking after home, husband and child without benefit of cook, cleaning woman or nurse, my mind leaps to Jane Barbour. Jane is in exactly the same situation as thousands of other American housewives today. She, too, has a home, a husband and a child; and she, too, has to do all her own cleaning and cooking and caring for the baby. Not only that; she also holds down a part-time job which helps swell the family income in these days of increased wartime living cost. But there are two main differences between Jane and most of her housebound sisters: Jane never wails—and Jane is blind.

I called on her the other day in the inviting four-room flat in the New York suburb where the Barbours live; and I came away struck all over again by the limitless capacity of human beings to overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

Jane Barbour would be the first to pooh-pooh such expressions as "limitless capacity" and "insurmountable obstacles." She maintains stoutly that what she has done anyone could do who really wanted to, and who was willing to make the necessary effort. She won't even concede that blindness is a handicap. "I'll admit it's inconvenient," she says. But that is as far as she will go. In her company you simply cease to remember that she can't see.

When I buzzed her bell the other day, I heard a pleasant voice with a musical lilt in it hailing me from the third-floor landing.

"Hi!" it said. "Come on up!"

At the top of the rather longish flight of stairs she was waiting to receive me, her piquant face, framed in a dark brown wavy bob, already alight with a smile of welcome.

"I'm not dressed up or anything," she warned. "Look—I'm still in my apron. I hope you don't mind. I'm terribly slow today."

She held out her hand in greeting when I reached the landing, showed me inside a warm inviting room, furnished in excellent taste.

JANE whisked off her apron, that had covered a becoming frock of wine-colored wool, waved me to the settee and took her place beside me. "You won't mind if I go right on with my work, will you?" she asked.

To Jane, blind from birth, there is nothing remarkable in the fact that she is living and enjoying exactly the same kind of life as people who can see. She always has, thanks to the good sense of her parents, who treated her exactly as they did her older sister and younger brother. They expected her to do the same things as the other children, and exacted the same kind of behavior. The result was that Jane had a happy, normal childhood. She learned to roller skate and to ice skate, to swim and to dive, went coasting and hiking, and even learned to ski.

"They talk a lot about children being cruel to one another," Jane observed at this point. "I never found them so. My sister and brother used to grumble sometimes because when we went anywhere together they had to take me by the hand and keep an eye on me when we were playing. But I didn't think anything of that, because other boys and girls grumbled, too, when they had to drag their kid sisters along with them."

The first time Jane realized that there was any difference between herself and other children was when she was around six years old. She had never heard the word "blind." Then one day when her mother was entertaining a guest, Jane ran into the living room from the yard. There was a chair in her path, and as she skirted it adroitly the guest exclaimed, "How can she do that when she can't see?"

That set Jane thinking, and in the evening the child asked if it were true that she couldn't see and other people could. Her mother said yes, it was true. Then Jane wanted to know *why* she couldn't see. Her mother replied, "We really don't know, dear. You were born that way."

There was nothing shocking, nothing horrible about it, Jane says. It was just a fact. Nobody else made a fuss about it, so there was no reason why she should. The subject ceased to be of interest or importance.

Jane's education was almost exactly that of any normal girl of similar background and circumstances. Her father was a successful consulting engineer, and the family had a comfortable share of this world's goods: lived in a large house with plenty of grounds; had a car and chauffeur, and adequate domestic help. At first she was taught at home by a special teacher. She learned to read and write braille, and to use the arithmetic slate designed for sightless students.

At the age of six she entered the second grade in a regular private school. Her first teacher there learned braille in order to help Jane. She used to put the arithmetic problems down on Jane's braille slate. Then, as the other children followed the work from their books or from the blackboard, Jane followed it from her braille slate. The oral lessons and recitations, of course, she followed easily by ear. When she was about ten, she learned to type so that she could take her examinations and write compositions without resorting to braille.

On graduation from elementary school, she entered public high school in Scarsdale. Here she was able to get most of her textbooks in braille. The few not available the family had transcribed for her.

After two years in high school she went to Burnham School, in Northampton, Massachusetts, a preparatory school for Smith College. Here she had a wonderful time, studying and engaging in what she terms "high extracurricular activities"; but after one year there she decided that she didn't want to go to Smith after all. "I was too stupid in math, anyway," she added frankly. From Burnham she went to Finch, the fashionable school for girls in New York, where she studied music, languages, English literature and other cultural subjects.

After Finch, she went to Europe and attended a school for girls just outside of Verona, Italy, conducted by a woman who had been her Italian teacher at Finch. Here she was one of four American students.

Back in America, Jane lived at home and enjoyed the social life of other girls of her age: going out to parties, to dinners, dances and the theater. She always had plenty of men friends, which is what anyone knowing Jane would expect, for she is exceptionally attractive, charming and vivacious.

Her attractiveness and her smooth dancing got her into an embarrassing situation one night when she and her escort were picked out at the Rainbow Room, in Rockefeller Center, New York, as being one of the three most graceful couples on the dance floor. Pictures were taken, and when it was discovered that Jane was blind much was made of it. Her picture appeared in several New York papers, and for weeks afterward someone was always recognizing her in public.

"THEY would come right up and speak to me," relates Jane, "and ask the most personal questions—and the craziest. They seem to think that just because a person can't see, it follows that she—or he—must be half-witted or something."

Since that experience, Jane has never permitted her picture to be used in a publication.

Being the kind of person she is, before she had been back in America long she began looking around for work of some kind. She found it with a national organization engaged in work for the blind which was looking for someone to proofread the master records of Talking Books (books recorded on long-playing disks for the use of blind people). The work consisted of listening to the recordings, keeping a careful ear out for stumbles, mispronunciations, and so on, and reporting them to the director of the Talking Book studio.

The director of the studio happened to be a charming and gifted young man of Jane's own age. They fell in love, and the young man proposed marriage. Now, for one of the few times in her life, the thought of her lack of sight made Jane stop and do some heavy thinking. She wanted marriage, and wasn't afraid of the responsibilities which it would entail. But she and Bill both wanted children, and Jane had to be sure that there was no danger of passing on her lack of sight to the younger generation.

"I dug back into the family history and assured myself that there was no record of anyone else in the connection ever having been without sight. Then I talked to my doctor and to a reputable ophthalmologist. They both told me that if I had a blind child it would be just as much a fluke as if I had a Mongolian idiot."

Jane and Bill were married about three years ago. Jennifer, their first child, is now sixteen months old—a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed baby, as healthy and happy and bright as you could find anywhere in America.

For a week or two after she came from hospital, following Jennifer's arrival, Jane was fortunate in being able to have a nurse for the baby, and a part-time maid; but since then she has taken full charge of everything herself. She lightens her housework

You'd never guess, if you visited Jane

N THE DARK

BY ENID GRIFFIS

by sending out as much of the laundry as possible—shirts, sheets, pillowcases, towels, tablecloths and other big pieces; and to keep the laundry bill within bounds, she and Bill use luncheon cloths or plastic luncheon sets and paper napkins when they are dining alone. When the baby was younger she subscribed to a diaper service, but she has discontinued that now that she is "housebreaking" Jennifer.

Because she finds ironing one of the hardest things she has to do, Jane tries to keep this part of her work down to a minimum. She refuses to iron the baby's crib sheets, pajamas or anything else that doesn't actually require it. "I can manage most things," she says, "but ironing takes me a long while, and I have to do a few pieces at a time. The flat things aren't so bad—but when you get up against a baby's puffed sleeve, that's no cinch!"

Like most busy housewives, Jane has a fairly regular routine. She says "fairly regular" because she maintains that you can't have an iron-bound routine with a baby in the house, unless you intend to regiment the child unmercifully; and she is all against that.

Here is how her day usually goes: They get up about a quarter to seven. Jane washes her face, combs her hair, "jumps into a horrible apron," and starts breakfast. Meanwhile, Bill dresses himself and partially dresses Jennifer. They all have breakfast together now that the baby can eat pretty much what they do—fruit juice, cereal or eggs, toast or English muffins. Once in a while, when she's feeling particularly ambitious, Jane turns out a batch of hot biscuits.

Before Bill goes to work, if it's a fine day he sets up the baby's play pen in the yard. After he leaves, Jane takes Jennifer to the bathroom, finishes dressing her and carries her downstairs to play with her toys and books in the play pen. On dull or rainy days, the play pen is set up in the living room; if the weather clears later in the day, Jane carries the pen downstairs, sets it up in the yard and then comes back for Jennifer.

ONCE the baby has been "tethered out," the day's work really starts. First come the dishes, then the beds. Between nine and nine-thirty Jane does her marketing by phone, since she can't get to the stores alone, and most places won't deliver unless orders are in early in the morning. Next, she gathers up the day's washing—Bill's socks, her own underwear and stockings, Jennifer's pajamas, stockings, and so on—and goes to work on that in the basin in the bathroom.

"How do you know when you have things clean?" I asked her.

"Well, in the first place I make sure that things don't get really dirty, by washing every day," she replied; "and then I wash them so thoroughly and rinse them so many times that I figure they can't be anything else but clean. If I do miss something, Bill soon tells me!"

After the washing is hung on a drier in the kitchen that lets up and down from the ceiling, Jane starts in on the house. This, too, she does every day. The bedrooms aren't too difficult, since the floors are hardwood, with just a scatter rug in each room. A floor mop takes care of them. But the living room, with its large rug, is something else again. For this Jane has to get down on her knees. Armed with a dustpan and a short-handled floor brush, she goes all around the hardwood border. Then out comes the carpet sweeper, and she goes to work on the rug. Once a week she uses the vacuum, and every once in a while she goes over the entire rug with warm, soapy water to brighten it and remove possible food spots.

In her cleaning, as in the washing, Jane has to be extremely thorough. Not being able to see, she can't take a chance on skimming over things. When she dusts she removes all objects, sets them carefully aside in one spot and, when she has finished, replaces them as they were before. The same painstaking care goes into washing kitchen and bathroom floors twice a week.

I watched her, fascinated, as she went about her work the day I was there. When she finished, I'd have matched her house with that of the most meticulous housekeeper in the neighborhood for cleanliness.

Jennifer wakened at about two-thirty; grumbled just enough to notify her mother that she expected attention, and then broke out into happy chuckling as Jane went in and picked her up. First there was a glass of orange juice; then the bathroom; and then the washing of face and hands, and dressing. While she was getting Jennifer into her clothes, her mother sang little songs, recited nursery rhymes and played with her a bit. When Jennifer was finally attired in her spotless white corduroy play suit, Jane carried her downstairs, put her in her pen with her panda, and came back upstairs.

Added to the ordinary problems connected with the bringing up of a baby, Jane Barbour has many that would naturally never trouble the mother who can see. When the baby was small, for instance, and there were eye drops, and nose drops, and bath oil, and goodness knows what all to be used after the morning bath, Jane had to devise a way of being sure that she didn't get hold of the wrong thing at the wrong time. So, instead of a fancy tray with a set of decorated bottles, Jane had an ordinary tray with a set of "perfectly outlandish" containers. The bath oil was in an empty mayonnaise jar; the eye drops in a bottle of one size and shape; and the nose drops in a bottle of another size and shape. "It must have looked weird," Jane laughs, "but that way I could tell what I was getting hold of."

Speaking of drops—these constituted one of Jane's biggest problems at one time. When it was just a matter of cleaning out the baby's eyes and nose, she could manage nicely. For the eyes, she moistened a bit of absorbent with the eyewash and swabbed gently. For the nose, she rolled a cotton spill around a toothpick, removed the toothpick and went to work with the spill. But when Jennifer developed a cold, as she did once or twice during her first year, and had to have drops in her nose, Jane was stumped for a while. She got around it at first by having Bill put the drops in before he went to work in the morning, and when he came home at night. But she knew the baby should have treatment during the day as well, and with the help of her doctor the problem was soon solved. He told her to moisten bits of absorbent with the drops and insert them gently in the baby's nostrils. "She wasn't breathing through her nose anyway; and as soon as the plugs made her uncomfortable she fished them out!"

Jane stopped here for a moment to pay tribute to her doctor for the way in which he dealt with situations that must have been a little unusual to him. "Instead of saying, 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Barbour; you'll have to get a nurse, or send the baby to hospital,' he used his head and his good sense to help me find ways of doing things myself."

JANE says friends and visitors still ask her how she dresses the baby. "Well, how *would* you dress a baby?" she asked rhetorically. "You pin on her diaper, stick on her shirt, pull on her stockings and shoes, and so on."

"How can you tell the left shoe from the right?" is a question frequently asked.

With all due respect to her friends, Jane thinks that is just plain silly. All you have to do to get the answer to that, she says, is to close your eyes and try differentiating. There's no trick to that, any more than there is to finding the dress, or the bonnet, or anything else you want. Most garments have some feature which distinguishes them from any other garment. "I'll bet you could go into your clothes closet right this minute and pick out any dress or jacket you wanted without turning on a light or even looking," she challenged. And come to think of it, I have done that often, as has probably everyone else.

To make things easier for herself, Jane is very orderly, and always keeps the baby's things—dresses, stockings, shoes, and so on—in a particular place, as she does her own. She has the colors of the baby's various dresses fixed in her mind, and marks the socks on the inside with a chain stitch so that when she wants to she can match socks with dress. For socks with a touch of blue, she does a horizontal chain stitch; for pink, a vertical; white, she leaves unmarked.

"Oh, yes, I can sew," she said quickly. "You can get self-threading needles, and I have a wonderful sewing basket!"

She got it out and showed it to me. It is a deep basket with two trays. The top tray is divided into compartments, in each of which she keeps a particular item: buttons, scissors and thimble, and so on. The second tray contains ten or a dozen plastic spindles to hold spools of thread. With an ordinary penknife Jane has notched these spindles in a way that tells her what color is on each. She says she has no trouble sewing up a rip or replacing buttons, but admits that darning socks is slow and tedious work. She darns them like anyone else, except that in her case sensitive fingers have to guide her in the back-and-forth weaving instead of eyes.

The hardest thing she has to cope with right now, Jane says, is trying to keep track of the stuff Jennifer throws around. "Now *(Continued on Page 80)*

her house, that she has never seen it!

The House ...AND MR PEEL

I had a life to live with Dorothy. Why, then, should I consent to sharing it with a total stranger?

BY G. A. HIGGINS

MR. PEEL was with us from the start. Turning in from the road, I had the vaguest idea of a shape that glimmered behind the bare bay windows, but my mind was all on this big first moment of moving, at last, into the old country house we had bought outside Boston. I drove our loaded sedan up under the sugar maples which line the long driveway and then Dorothy and I squirmed out, balancing lamp shades and china dishes, and touched foot on the first land we had ever owned.

We walked appraisingly toward the side door. Against the spring sky Mr. Peel's old place, ours now, still looked wonderful to us. Its white clapboards could stand painting, its snug dormers needed some carpentering, there were a thousand things inside that we had been losing sleep planning to do—but it was ours. Ours and Mr. Peel's, counting our mortgage with him.

I tried the brass key Mr. Peel had turned over to us—and stared at Dorothy. The door was unlocked. Even then, I thought in only a vague way of Mr. Peel. We stepped into the square white hall that leads to the parlor. The strong aroma of tobacco smoke greeted us. Then Mr. Peel was there, framed against the empty parlor and shuffling toward us.

"Mornin'," he murmured from behind his short-stemmed pipe. "Mornin', Mr. Chandler. Mornin', Mrs. Chandler."

He was trying to smile under his frowsy gray mustache and his mild gray eyes were making merry crinkles at the sides, but his shoulders seemed more frail and stooped than I remembered, and you felt a drooping quality from within him. It certainly wasn't merriment.

"Good morning, Mr. Peel," I said, not without irritation; Dorothy smiled back at him, her efficient blue eyes already marathoning around the room and seeing it blossom into new life when the moving men would arrive with our things. "We didn't expect you."

Mr. Peel edged defensively back into the parlor as we came in. He halted just where the sun through the wide bay windows splashed across his silvered hair and transformed his pipe smoke into slow blue clouds. He gazed up at me like a wrinkled bad boy. One veined hand fumbled with the cap at his side; the other came up and tucked a little at the gray sweater he wore, warm as it was, under his dark jacket.

"I only come over to make sure things were right for you two young'uns," he said. "I come over from the shack."

I peered at him. I was pretty sure I'd caught the slenderest thread of rebellion in his wavering voice. I knew he'd had to sell the place because he was alone and couldn't keep up the taxes; he'd told us he had rented a two-room bungalow a quarter of a mile up the road. It was too bad. But the house was ours now. I deposited the lamp shades on the wide-boarded floor near the dining-room doorway, straightened up to my full six feet, and faced him. Dorothy put the china dishes on the too-fancy mantelpiece.

"Oh," I said. "And—you got in all right, Mr. Peel?"

"I had the old key. It was the key she had—Phoebe had. My wife." His eyes left mine and went moist and dreamy the way I'd noticed them do the times we'd talked before.

"Oh," I said again. I was about to ask him to hand it over when Dorothy broke in.

"It's going to be fine, Bill!" she was exulting in her nice voice. "It's all right. There's a lot to do and plenty we'll want to change, but we'll ——"

Mr. Peel had veered around from the sunlight toward Dorothy. The smile had melted away; the crinkly lines had left his eyes. "You won't need to be changin' much," he said; then added bleakly, "Will you?"

I glanced over toward Dorothy and she looked back. "Yes, some things, Mr. Peel," she said. "You see, we ——"

"It looks pretty nice the way it is," Mr. Peel said. "She—Phoebe—and me lived here thirty-eight years. We was always fixin' things up and then puttin' 'em back like they were. Sometimes I don't think it pays to go changin' things a lot."

"People have different ideas, you know," I started.

Mr. Peel ignored me. He shuffled across the bare floor to the mantelpiece. I had the distinct feeling he had seen me eying it with some disfavor. "That mantelpiece," he said. "I paid seventy-five dollars for that in Boston."

I said, "It's a little mid-Victorian for a Colonial house."

"She and me sat here hundreds of nights lookin' at that mantelpiece," Mr. Peel went steadily on. "And when the kids were here! Jessica used to keep her music ticker right *there* 'stead of on the piano where it belonged. And Davey always kept his slingshot right *there* on this end. We scolded 'em then—but now ——" His eyes took in both of us. "Jessica was my daughter, you know—died a year before Phoebe did. Beautiful she was—blond like her mother. Davey—he's over in the Pacific somewheres; I ain't heard from him for pretty near a month." Then he added, "I was born in this house."

"Yes," Dorothy and I said, almost together.

"Well, you won't be wantin' to change much in this house, I guess," Mr. Peel said then, as if he had settled something. His look dropped down toward the fireplace.

We kept a wondering little silence for a moment. Dorothy broke it with that diplomatic talent she has on occasion. "We'll see how it goes, Mr. Peel," she said. "We'll see. . . . Bill, you've just got to unload the car before the moving men show up."

Mr. Peel was not diverted. His bent head suddenly rose. "You—still want the place, don't you? You know, if I'd thought you ——"

Dorothy only stared. But I came back at him. I was already feeling pretty possessive about the place. "You've sold the house, Mr. Peel," I said flatly. "You signed the deed and I gave you a mortgage note and some money. We think we'll be very happy here. Very happy." I looked over once more at Dorothy and then I turned back toward the door.

Mr. Peel, with his quiet shuffle, was behind me. "I could help you in with the things, Mr. Chandler. I'm kind of handy with most anything around a house."

I said, "No. It won't take me a minute. No, thank you, Mr. Peel."

Janice is our daughter, aged eleven, and Tommy, eight, is the male offshoot *(Continued on Page 144)*

The parlor was terribly, awfully silent for a long ute. The thing was there around us, stark and very

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX



The WHITE Dress



BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

XX

A BOAT bumped loudly against the pier. Wind hurled upon the casuarina trees. The bamboos rattled like a thousand castanets. She must get away; she must escape the sightless, faceless thing that flapped like a black scarecrow among the bamboos. She got to her knees and was flung down again, and somebody shouted, "Hi, there—hi, there!" It was torn and carried off by the wind, but it was a man's voice. Again she struggled to get to her feet and somebody, nearer now, shouted, "Marny," and hands came under her arms, dragging her upward. It was Charlie Ingram.

The wind swept them toward the bamboos; he shouted, "Who was that? Looked like somebody ran! What are you doing out in the storm?"

She caught the words in gusts. Charlie was half dragging her along, his raincoat flapping madly. She stumbled and caught up the chiffon flounces and stumbled again. The bamboos clattered and clashed; the sky was darker; rain was suddenly slanting straight into their faces. Charlie was panting, pulling her along with him. They reached the porch, and a great wave rose from the bay and crashed against the low sea wall, spilling over it and rushing up across the strip of flat, wet grass. Charlie got the door open and thrust her inside the porch and the door into the drawing room was opened.

Tim shouted, "Come on, you fools, come on!"

They were inside the drawing room. Tim and Charlie both flung themselves against the door and bolted it. Charlie collapsed into a chair, glaring at Marny. He tried to speak and couldn't get his breath.

Tim shouted, "What were you doing out in the storm? Marny, you might have been killed."

The house had come alive as frantically, as madly as the casuarinas and the bamboos; it was creaking and banging and trembling.

Charlie got his breath. "We're only getting the rim of the hurricane! I can tell by the wind! Rain straight in our faces! It'll blow itself out ——" He stopped and stared at Marny. "What were you doing down there by the pier?"

She had to change; quickly, before someone saw her in Winnie's dress. Whatever plan Bill had had must have failed. He had not come to the pier at all. Instead, that flapping scarecrow figure, half seen in the storm, wholly unrecognizable, had come.

Tim's eyes were two bright, granite points, his voice was loud above the crash of the storm. He said roughly, "You'd better get some dry clothes on."

Charlie turned to Tim, mopping his thin hair with a handkerchief, and beginning to shed his long black mackintosh with its shiny, wet cape. "There she was down by the pier; wind had knocked her over on the sand, right at the edge of the water; another minute and she'd *(Continued on Page 44)*

He was half dragging her along, and she was too spent to struggle against him.

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

IF YOU ASK ME

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Would boys who have been seriously wounded be sent back into battle?

The nature or seriousness of the wounds is not what decides whether a man goes back into battle or not. It is his condition when he is being reassigned. No man who cannot pass the physical requirements for active service would be allowed by any doctor to go back into battle.

Thousands of us housewives waste hours daily in mixing coloring into oleomargarine. Why can't this foolish law be changed, since every variety is labeled as to contents? It would take less time to add the coloring at the factory.

The housewife who asked this question is quite correct in her understanding that the restrictions on the sale of colored oleomargarine were intended to prevent its sale as butter. The Oleomargarine Act, which is enforced by the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department, was passed in 1886, and in addition to imposing taxes on manufacturers and distributors of all oleomargarine, that Act placed a heavy tax on the colored product. It is to avoid that excess tax, which of course would be passed on to the ultimate purchaser, that manufacturers ship most of their output uncolored, but include the color capsule for home mixing.

In January of this year, Senator Maybank introduced a bill, S.195, which was referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry. It provides for the removal of the special tax on wholesale dealers and retailers, as well as the ten cents per pound on colored oleomargarine. The bill provides also for the use of the alternative name margarine in lieu of oleomargarine.

There is, of course, nothing in the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act which prohibits the interstate shipment of the colored product, and at the present time there is a limited amount of this article being made and shipped. This law requires only that the color used be safe, and that the finished product be labeled as artificially colored.

It might be added that there probably will be opposition by certain groups to the passage of Senator Maybank's bill, and housewives who want to see it go through had better be articulate.

I am a fifteen-year-old girl in senior high. I would like your straight opinion on teen-age girls' personalities today. I mean how a girl's personality should be.

It is a little difficult to tell you what your personality should be when you are still in your teens. In the first place, everybody in the world is different, and if you are wise you will not try to copy someone else, but you will try to develop what you have within you, to the best of your ability. The most attractive personality is always the most natural one, and the one which is least affected and the least bothered by self-consciousness.

A girl in her teens cannot have a great deal of personality because she hasn't lived long enough, but she can be gay, thoughtful of others and interested in life. That will give her a good foundation on which to build a richer personality as she grows older.

Why do soldiers' wives not have to pay income tax on the wages they earn?

This is not true. A soldier's wife is no different from anyone else, as far as the wages she earns are concerned. Her wages are subject to withholding tax. However, in cases where a soldier's pay is not more than $1500, and wife is employed, she may claim in such case not only her own exemption of $500, but her husband's exemption of $500 as well, just the same as any other couple filing a joint return. The amount a wife gets from her husband is not taxable to her, it is charged against the soldier's pay; and a soldier's pay up to $1500 is exempt from income tax under a special provision of the law.

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Roosevelt, c/o the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. *It should be understood that Mrs. Roosevelt's answers reflect only her own opinions, and are not necessarily the opinions of the Editors of the* JOURNAL.

Why does an Army man overseas have to request a package and a Navy man doesn't?

I have answered this question, or one similar, on a previous page, but perhaps it is worth the repetition of facts.

The Army has a postal service and the Navy has a postal service. The Navy has an entirely different problem than the Army. It is about one fourth as large, and they know at all times where the men are, as they are either on the ships or in port. The Army does not know where each man is; he may be at the front and might advance five to thirty miles during the day. So many unnecessary and unwanted things were being sent to the men, such as heavy sweaters to those in the Southwest Pacific, boxes of chocolates and things to eat that were in unusable condition by the time they were delivered to the men, that the Army felt it must enforce these restrictions. The Navy has not felt such a need.

Any boy in the Army overseas can receive a parcel weighing eight ounces or less without a request from him, as that parcel could go first-class mail, and he is allowed to receive a package weighing up to five pounds when he requests it.

What can be done to give domestic workers the Social Security already given to other workers? I am a middle-aged woman and for years have been employed as working housekeeper in private homes. I feel that a more satisfactory relationship could be brought about by short training courses for household workers and honest recognition of them as a respected group in the community, with the benefits given to others.

The inclusion in the Social Security program of domestic workers and of farm labor is before Congress. If Congress feels that there is in the country a real desire to see these workers included under the Social Security Act, it will be done.

Up to this time, the difficulties of administration have kept people from actually tackling the possibilities of finding some simple method by which this could be done. In England they do it by a system of stamps, and I think we have found a method which will be practicable here.

You are quite right that household workers, if they had to live up to certain standards, could make their occupation a profession, and be looked upon as skilled workers, but of course this would necessitate a sense of responsibility, and training which has often been lacking in the past. It would also necessitate the training of employers, and acceptance by them of standards for domestic employment, and many employers have disliked accepting this in the past. I believe, however, that this is coming in the future.

Why do women sue for divorce more often than men?

I think men usually prefer that their wives obtain divorces from them. It is not considered exactly chivalrous for a man to insist on divorcing his wife, even if he feels she is at fault. I do not think there is any difference, probably, in the numbers of men and women who desire divorces, or who reach a point where they feel they must live apart from the persons whom they have married; but, at least among the people I know, a man is supposed to give his wife a choice. If for some reason she does not desire to get the divorce, then of course the man does so.

What is your opinion about girls' wearing slacks to high school?

I have never liked slacks in the city or for any kind of wear where they were not indicated as being suitable.

One important thing, I believe, is to wear clothes that are appropriate. Slacks are very nice for lounging at home, they are good for certain kinds of outdoor activities, but I think they should not be worn universally any more than any other kind of garment which is not appropriate for every occasion.

How can I convince my mother that fourteen is old enough to get a job and also to drive the car? All the other boys in town drive cars and they look on me as a "mommy's boy."

You had better be glad that your mother is strong enough in character to stand against that old cry: "All the other boys are doing it."

If some boy of your age has a bad accident, every mother will be sorry that she let her boy drive a car around town when he was not legally responsible.

You can drive at fourteen as well as anyone can drive, but in many states licenses are not issued to people until they are older than you are, and sometimes then they are issued on a limited basis. The reason for this is that boys and girls of your age may have just as much technical skill as older people, but they are lacking in judgment and in self-restraint.

I will give you a good example. I was driving my own car, and another car attracted my attention because it shot out ahead and began passing other cars on a road where there was a great deal of traffic. In and out went the car, showing that the driver was judging his distance remarkably well, and was technically very expert; but my heart was in my mouth several times, and what I feared eventually happened—the boy misjudged his distance by a few inches and an accident occurred. It turned out that the three occupants were in a car belonging to their elders and that they had taken it without permission. None of them had enough money to pay for the damage and they were three very frightened and unhappy youngsters, not because they could not drive a car, but because they did not have enough judgment and at their age should not have been allowed to drive a car.

In addition, if you were to get a job now when your family can afford to give you additional education and get along without your wages, you would be doing yourself a very great disservice. The most you could do would be to get a war job which would give you one skill, which might or might not be of use to you in the future, and so you would find yourself a victim of a dead-end job, without the necessary education to fit you for a better job.

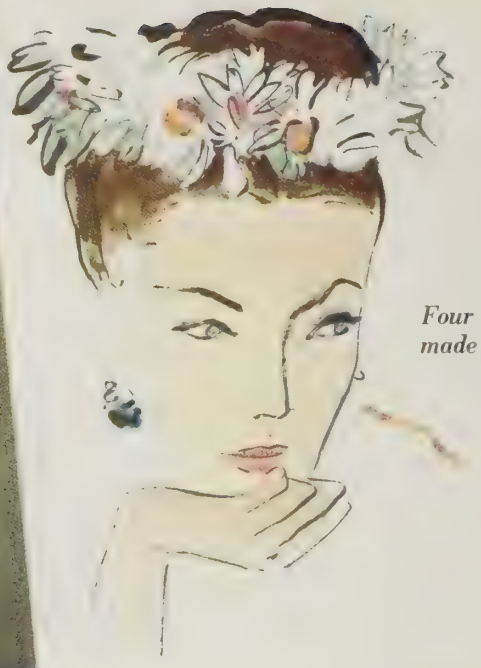
Do not worry about being called "mommy's boy." I think you should be proud of your mother's courage.

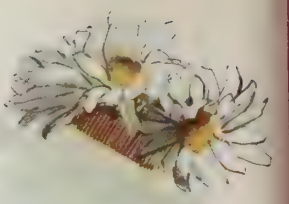
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Picture of a model posing for an artist in her own hatbox clothes: two-piece black rayon-shantung dress with cap shoulders, flower wreath, baroque pearls, soft green cotton gloves.





Four or five daisy combs (fifty cents eac made into a wreath or worn separatel



Flower-printed gloves, afternoon or evening accent for dark or pastel dresses.



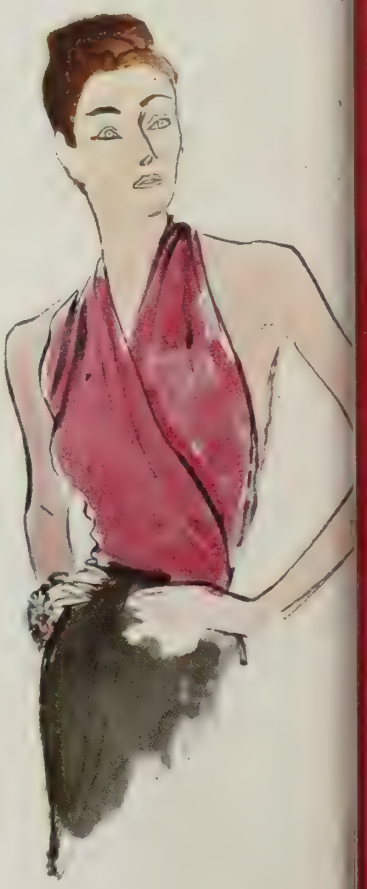
GLAMOUR IN A HATBOX

By Wilhela Cushman

Fashion Editor of the Journal

A man's hatbox, a shiny black one from a famous men's hatter on Park Avenue, is the badge of the New York models—those lovely creatures who adorn the pages of the magazines, and who work very hard making a profession of glamour. One "booking" may be with a famous illustrator, the next with a fashion photographer; one for a front cover, another for a beauty ad, then a day for television.

All models have learned the rare ability to make a story out of accessories—to use all the bright gadgets of fashion as the tricks of the trade. It's like a sleight-of-hand performance—with the hatbox as a prop. Out of it, a pair of gloves and a necklace for one picture, a wreath of flowers for another, a hat and a bag or a bare-back halter for a third—using them to make the necessary changes on a few simple background dresses or suits. It works in real life as well as in pictures. Any girl can do it—start her own hatbox collection—build up a personal treasure chest of glamour.



Bare-back gilet of shocking-pink jersey, evenin cessory worn with the model's black shantung

Explaining the Facts of Life

BY MILTON I. LEVINE, M.D., and JEAN H. SELIGMANN

The writers of this article are the authors of the authoritative book on sex and reproduction for preadolescent and adolescent children, The Wonder of Life, published by Simon and Schuster, and now in its fourth printing. This article has been written in response to many requests from parents and educators. ***—The Editors.***

SOONER or later your child is going to ask the question that many parents dread, and that most parents consider the *big* question: "Where did I come from?" Some parents have prepared themselves ahead of time and have planned the kind of answer they are going to give. Others have—perhaps unconsciously—avoided the issue and are completely nonplused. Still others are embarrassed and uneasy and emotionally upset.

This last attitude is probably the most common one, and is based to a large degree on the kind of thing that people were taught to believe when they were young. Perhaps they were told that the parts of the body and the facts relating to sex were "vulgar"; that "we do not speak of such things"; and so on. But to the child who asks, "Where do babies come from?" this is just a question like any other question. To him it is every bit as natural as "Where does the wind come from?" or "Why do the stars come out at night?" He is merely seeking information.

That is why it is so important for the parent at this early stage, and through all the later stages, to answer the child in exactly the same spirit in which he asks. If we want our children to have a normal and healthy outlook toward sex, we must give to them from the beginning a normal and healthy attitude. We must realize that the effects of this attitude are tremendously far-reaching, and that the wrong attitude may affect the child's entire future life.

Make every attempt to remember, therefore, that this is an utterly natural and normal curiosity on the child's part, and should be responded to in exactly the same way that any other evidence of curiosity is answered. If you can really believe this yourself, then you will have made a good start toward giving the child a healthy attitude. It may be quite difficult for you to be calm when your child broaches the subject, but for his sake, for his future well-being, you must make a valiant effort to be calm and collected—even if you do not feel it. Try to make your explanations in a perfectly easy and natural tone of voice, so that there is no aura of "specialness" about this type of question.

A GREAT deal of the confusion which a parent feels, on the other hand, is due not to embarrassment, but to not knowing exactly what to tell the child. One mother, who had told her child the stork story, was going to visit a new mother in the hospital. The child very reasonably asked her mother, "If the stork brought the baby, why did he bring it to the hospital? Why didn't he bring it right to its home?" The mother thought quickly. "Well, you see, dear," she replied, "the stork bit the baby's mother." Other mothers sometimes tell their children that babies come from the doctor's bag. Or from cabbages.

Now, any of these stories will most likely satisfy the young child, and perhaps you do not see why it is wrong to tell them. It is wrong for two very important reasons. First of all, the child is apt later to get half-true or false information on sex facts from the outside, perhaps in a vulgar fashion. Second, when the child does find out that you were not telling the truth—which he undoubtedly will sooner or later—he will have lost a great deal of the feeling of trust and confidence in you as a parent.

"Well, then, what do I tell my little three-year-old?" you ask.

The answer to that is, very simply, the truth. Answer only what he asks, however, simply and accurately. As the child gets older, his questions naturally become more detailed, and the story is built up little by little. But remember, it is *his* questions that you are answering, not *your* information that you are giving.

Let us invent a little sample dialogue, the characters being the three-year-old and his mother:

CHILD: Where did I come from, mommy?
MOTHER: From your mommy.
CHILD: But where?
MOTHER *(placing her hand on her abdomen):* From a place inside here, near mommy's stomach.

Usually, something like this will be adequate and satisfying for the child at this age. (We have purposely said from a place *near* the stomach, because of the confusion many children have when told that the baby is in the stomach. One child, for instance, said, "What! With all the beans and carrots?")

Parents should not be surprised, incidentally, if the child asks the identical questions over and over again at periodic intervals. Many times he is satisfied with the same answers that were given previously. If this is so, then no further information should be given gratuitously. If a good relationship has been built up between him and his mother, when he is ready to know more he will usually ask for it himself. He may not, however, refer to the subject again for as long as a year or more.

Later on, the child may inquire, "But how did I get there?" Here again, a direct, simple, truthful answer. A baby begins as a very tiny egg, which grows and grows until it becomes a baby. Eventually the thought will occur to the child, "Well, how did I get out?" He should then be told with utter simplicity about the birth process: that there is a special place (the birth canal) where the baby comes out when it is time for him to be born. Do not describe labor or labor pains at this age, unless the child specifically asks about it. When he is older, he may wonder whether or not it hurts when the baby comes out. You may tell him that there is some pain, but that it is worth it to be able to have a lovely baby.

In your answers to your child's questions on reproduction, as well as his direct questions about the parts of the body, you will find it necessary to give the names for these parts. No matter how young he is when he asks about them, always give him the correct names. Words like "private" should never be used, nor should any other manufactured terms. There is no need for them. Here again, the use of the real technical terms—and be sure that you know them yourself—helps to keep the child from thinking that certain parts of the body, and the things they do, are of special interest. From earliest infancy, children should have constant opportunity of seeing the human body in the nude, both male and female, in a perfectly natural and unforced way. If this is done, then the child should have no embarrassment or fascinated curiosity about the "covered" parts of the body, but will accept them as casually as eyes, ears, nose and mouth. As he grows older and more personally conscious of sex and sex differences, it is advisable to stop this free mingling gradually and unobtrusively.

IF YOU have given your child this background of familiarity with the human body and correct names for its parts, it becomes quite simple to present the story of reproduction to the child as his curiosity grows. The direct, matter-of-fact, truthful, understanding manner in which you answer your three or four year old will be infinitely helpful in giving him a healthy outlook toward the sex facts which will come later.

A natural and effective way for children to learn some of the facts of reproduction is for them to observe pets or farm animals. The first-hand information obtained in this manner may, with the assistance of adults, become a very healthy and educational experience.

"Shall I give my child a book?"

Since we have written a book on this subject, it might reasonably be expected that we advise giving one to every child. But this is not necessarily the case. A child who has come through adolescence with a wholesome attitude toward the facts of reproduction, and with a thorough and decent understanding of these facts, needs no book unless he asks for one. It is, indeed, better for him to have achieved this through a good relationship with one or both of his parents. On the other hand, there are some parents who are so overcome by embarrassment that they cannot control, or who are so lacking in the necessary knowledge themselves, that they are unable to impart this information to their children. In cases like this, books are actually demanded and should be given as soon as the child starts questioning the parent. If the child is too young to read, the mother should try to read from the book only those things which he has asked for.

Let us remember that our main object is to give our children a healthy attitude toward sex. Parents who fear that the effects of sex education are harmful should be reminded that more harm is likely to come to the child who has had the wrong kind, or no education at all on this subject, than to the child who has been given intelligent, sympathetic help.



Veils and Flowers

BY ANN BATCHELDER

WHEN I was a little girl—to be truthful, I was three—I went to a wedding. It was my first. But not my last, not by a month of Sundays. Going to weddings—other people's—looked for a time as if it might be my career. Later I reformed and took up other and more urgent matters. But, thinking back as I write this piece, I couldn't help but tell you about my wedding debut—as fresh in my mind as if it happened day before yesterday.

Costume is all. One thing has been a lifelong regret to me. And that is that the bonnet I wore on that memorable day has been lost to posterity. It was of pale blue satin, and fitted my head like a helmet of Navarre. It had a wide shelf or portico in front, underneath which layer upon layer of fine narrow lace framed my rather unspectacular countenance, tending to lend glamour or to hide as much as possible of my face as the bonnet maker could decently contrive.

Pink rosebuds nestled hither and yon on this confection, and broad ribbons with rosebuds tacked on the ends completed its—to me, anyway—altogether adorable appearance. I was enchanted. And utterly complacent—an emotion relating to my appearance that I have never been able to recapture from that time to this.

The gift problem solved. It had been agreed that, youthful as I undeniably was, I was to select my own present for the bride. Not for me the velvet plaque, the hand-painted washbowl and pitcher, the cut-glass inkwell or the silver-plated ladle. Out upon such banalities. I would be unique, original, different. And I was. Repairing to the hardware store, which was my favorite shopping center anyway (later I got my hatchet there, and someday I shall tell you how *that* came about), I selected my wedding present. It's all right to tell you these things, isn't it? After all, this is a piece about weddings. And are they the vogue right now? Well, *are* they!

My present was a *broom*. A fine upstanding broom with a silver-paper label on the handle, and as handsome a bundle of broomcorns as anyone could find in the North American continent—or in the state of Vermont. It cost one dollar. That was an awful lot of money for a three-year-old to handle. But I felt it well invested. Besides, I was sure no one else would think of a broom for that occasion. And I was dead right. No one else did. I will pass over any comments that were made at home regarding my choice. They meant nothing to me. About a yard of beautiful white ribbon being given to me, I devised a bow and attached it to my broom. And presently the great day came. I was on my way to the wedding, armed with my broom, partially hidden as to personality by my bonnet, my tiny blue-and-



PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

ite dotted dress, my white kid shoes with their blue tassels. Into the carriage climbed and off we set, broom and all, for the beautiful little town of arlestown, New Hampshire—and the wedding.

was well. My adorable broom, conspicuous among the many lovely gifts t lovely bride received, white bow and all, stood aloof, conscious of its que position, the *only* broom thereabouts. You bet it paid off for that dollar ent. It made that set of casters look like thirty cents. It had *class!*

And so has our bride's buffet, whether it's served as a breakfast, a supper or t "refreshments" for a reception—depending on the hour. The *day* is a June , the bridal month, the month of roses and love and happiness. Let us never get that neither the presents nor the food is so important as the love-and-ppiness part of this day.

ffet style. As you can readily see, our wedding breakfast—yes, I guess could be a breakfast, because most any meal at a wedding goes by that ne—is strictly buffet. That makes it easier, handsomer and a lot handier for guests. So it's a buffet planned to serve about twenty to twenty-five guests. d we start right off with a main dish, leaving out the jellied consommé and fruit mélange and such fripperies.

(Continued on Page 126

Line a Day

1 Don't read *all* the time, for it's summer. But take time out to get lost in THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE, by Rosamond Lehmann. It is an unforgettable book.

2 A nickname that was never shed is Bombay duck. Well, it's anything but a duck—except it takes to water. It's a fish; and dried and crumbled up, it accompanies curry along with chutney and coconut.

3 *Rhapsody in two movements:* Knead together half a cup of margarine, three teaspoons each of minced parsley and chives. Add a little grated onion, a bit of tarragon and a touch of nutmeg. Salt and pepper to taste. *First* movement.

4 *Second movement:* Line a shallow casserole with this butter, keeping back part of it for reasons you'll soon know. Arrange large peeled mushrooms in the casserole. Fill each cap with the butter, add a cup of cream, seasoned, and bake in a very hot oven for about ten or twelve minutes. Serve instantly with thin hot toast.

5 Lobsters are now at their best. If you are inspired to a lobster *farci* or a Newburg, don't forget that last squeeze of lemon juice. It pays off.

6 Do you ever get around where salt salmon abound? If so, soak the salmon in cold water overnight. Dry it. Put it in a baking dish. Cover with seasoned whole milk—or cream—and bake until the milk browns in patches. Serve with baked potatoes and fresh green peas.

7 I'll try anything once. And I'd try shrimp fritters any time. Cut the shrimp in two, then put them together with sardines mashed with cream cheese. Dip in beaten egg and then in crumbs and fry.

8 *Spice notes:* Poppy seeds do a wonderful job with cauliflower—in a sauce or on the job. And baked squash minus a little cinnamon is like a flatiron—flat.

9 Croutons covered with grated cheese, neatly melted, are something new in cream soups. Cover your bread with cheese before you toast it. Then cut into little squares. Simple as putting on your hat.

10 *Answer to query:* No, Esmeralda, Harvard beets did *not* originate at Harvard. Just sliced beets fixed up with lemon juice or vinegar, butter, sugar and cornstarch.

11 Poached eggs? You bet. Do them the French way. Break carefully and slip each egg carefully into boiling salted water. Let the water boil like mad. The eggs will turn over and over and kick up quite a spray. They are done in a minute.

12 Don't stop me if I've said this before, but onions glazed in butter and honey are as delicate as pearls on the bosom of a lady in a portrait. And much more to the point.

13 That reminds me, forgetful as I am, to mention deep-dish apple pie with honey and brown sugar. Believe me, it's a dish.

14 Should you make a rice pudding, serve it cold with black Bing cherries, juice and all. A beautiful creation.

15 *Dept. of notions, counter on the left:* Tomato catchup in baking-powder biscuits. I'll save mine for baked-beans day.

16 Chopped green pepper, minced onion and a teaspoon of thyme and marjoram, cooked in butter or margarine and poured over boiled new potatoes, is a tasty dish.

17 Broiled mushrooms are delicious. Served on toast, covered with asparagus purée, doubly so. A little grated cheese and under the broiler to brown.

18 Here's another two-chapter receipt. Buy a pound of sausage. Mash with half a cup of chopped green pepper, a pimiento and a minced onion. So far so good.

19 Now roll out biscuit dough real thin. Cut into squares. Put a tablespoon of the sausage in the middle of each. Brush the edges with egg white and roll them up. Brush with seasoned egg yolk and bake half an hour in an oven at 375-400° F.

WHY?

I grew a little onion
With heart as white as snow,
And everywhere I traveled
That bulb was sure to go.

I went into a bus one day,
And there that onion went;
Competing with a garlic bud,
We traded scent for scent.

I grew a little onion,
As pretty as could be.
Now why do people pass me by
And never speak to me?

20 Iced cantaloupes filled with cut strawberries or raspberries sprinkled with fine sugar bring summer right to the table.

21 Talking about cold things, the chilled soups come to mind. Cold cream of green pea with finely minced mint on top is one. Another is Boula-Boula—green-turtle-and-pea soup served with salted whipped cream on top. All cold, all good. (Don't have them too thick.)

22 *News item:* Papaya juice and blackberry juice are running neck and neck for breakfasts and brunches.

23 Who mentioned currants? I used to spend days picking the seeds out with a darning needle to make a mess of Bar-le-Duc. Well, I didn't know any better. I do now.

24 There's an avocado cocktail dressed with chilled tomato juice and minced chives they say is first-rate. I share the news, same as a party line.

25 Two places where celery seed may give you something to think about are potato salad and coleslaw. But remember, a seed in the salad is worth two in the bottle.

26 Brighter days are on the way. I hear they are going to make sage cheese in Vermont this year. Maybe we'll get some.

27 *From an old cookbook:* "To cook trout, boil them in vinegar, water and salt with a piece of horse-radish, white sauce, anchovy sauce and butter. When they be cooked enough, pour on them oysters and garnish with barberries." And then you wonder why people say, "the poor fish!"

28 A little different sauce on asparagus or Lima beans is done with a cup of seasoned cream into which you beat two riced hard-cooked eggs. Heat it and beat it.

29 Oranges cut into sections, white grapes, an apple or two *and* a banana, all cut and mixed with three cups of cooked white meat of chicken, dressed with mayonnaise, makes a pretty fancy and delicious salad for some very special luncheon.

30 June has thirty days, and things have come along in the garden as usual. Still, it's always a surprise when the first rose unfolds. You can't believe it, but the miracle is there. And wish on the first falling star.

By Ann Batchelder



They call it *broth,*
But Mon alive!
'Tis hearty *soup*
On which to thrive!

Here's a Highland Fling of Good Eating!

—a hearty soup of meat and vegetables

Who says that you have to fix and fuss, and get the whole kitchen heated up to produce a main dish all the family will be sure to like? Maybe that person hasn't heard about Campbell's Scotch Broth. Have you?

Flavorful, nourishing meat stock, brimming with garden vegetables, good barley and tender pieces of mutton—that's Campbell's Scotch Broth! And that's why it's all set to greet rugged appetites right on their own ground. It didn't get its start in Scotland for nothing! It has the homey taste to win you instantly—and the substantial heartiness to let you know the going will be good till the next meal. Plan to build lots of your summer lunches and suppers around this delicious, satisfying soup.

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

Look for the Red-and-White label

BOY or *Girl?*



There's not much use spending time pondering that. And who *really* cares? You'll be happy with your baby —boy *or* girl.

In the meantime, you young, first-time mothers and worried fathers—whether far away or near at hand—can do a lot to insure favorable answers to these and other important questions:



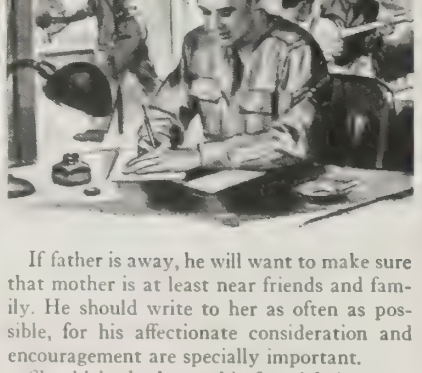
1. Will Mother have an easy time? Very likely. Pregnancy is a normal process, not a state of ill-health. But she should see her physician or go to a maternity clinic *early*—at least before the third month.

The doctor can foresee and avoid most difficulties by examination, blood tests, and the patient's co-operation—if he's consulted early, and as often as he wishes.

2. Will Baby be healthy? And why not? He'll benefit, of course, by mother's wise diet before he is born. To really nourish baby, it should include *extra* amounts of the foods he needs most, such as calcium. A baby's calcium needs are so great, he may draw from the mother's teeth and bones.

Mother needs eight hours sleep every night besides daytime rest periods. Strenuous exercise—especially lifting or pushing heavy objects—should be avoided. Clothing should be comfortable and loose, shoes carefully fitted.

3. How can Father help best? Mothers and fathers have equal shares in parenthood.





If father is away, he will want to make sure that mother is at least near friends and family. He should write to her as often as possible, for his affectionate consideration and encouragement are specially important.

Should he be home, his first job is to see that his wife goes to the doctor early and carefully obeys instructions. He should also make proper arrangements for baby's delivery.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet, 65J, entitled, "Information for Expectant Mothers."

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THE WHITE DRESS

(Continued from Page 30)

have been in the bay. I was cutting it pretty fine myself. I got my own boat tied securely and suddenly thought about yours. Knew Edward wouldn't think of it. So I rowed over; faster to row than to come by the causeway. And I found her! Had barely time to lash my own boat, and I'm afraid"—he tossed his dripping raincoat on the floor and looked less like a gigantic black bird of prey—"I'm afraid yours will get away, Tim. I simply had no choice. Gathered Marny up and dragged her to the house. Got a drink anywhere?"

"Some in the dining room," said Tim. Either the light or the storm or something made him look different, a much older Tim Wales. Almost a beaten Tim Wales.

Charlie went off toward the dining room.

Tim said, eying Marny, "What are you doing in that dress?"

She looked down; blue chiffon ruffles, draggled with rain and sand, hung to the floor, trailing below the raincoat. She snatched it up, mumbled something incoherent and hurried past him up the stairs. He did not attempt to stop her. The storm had fallen upon the island like a demon bent upon tearing it apart. The tumult drowned the sound of her feet. It drowned the sound of other feet, too, for as she opened the door of her room someone cried:

"Marny—Marny, stop!"

It was Judith. She followed Marny into her room and closed the door and stood with her back against it, her great dark eyes luminous as a cat's. A changed Judith, thought Marny suddenly. Or was it merely the storm, the horror of the past two days, the eerie effect of artificial lights upon Judith's white face? So it looked ten years older.

"Marny, where have you been?"

"At the pier."

"Why?"

Why? Marny thought despairingly that whatever plan Bill had had must have failed. She said, "I wanted to go down to—watch the storm." And huddled the raincoat around her.

Judith waited a moment, looking at Marny. Did the dress show below the raincoat? But that didn't matter really. Who had been there by the bamboo hedge?

JUDITH said, "That was rather dangerous, Marny. You could have been swept into the water. Did you see anyone else there?"

Judith's eyes were fixed and intense. Had she been at the pier, disguised by that flapping cloak, face hidden by hood or cape or whatever it was? And now wanted to make sure whether or not Marny had recognized her? There had been a definite sense of danger, of menace about that fantastic figure seen so obscurely through the fury of wind and sudden rain.

Judith said suddenly, "What's wrong, Marny? Why don't you answer me? Marny, do you know who murdered Cecily?"

"No—no!"

Judith said slowly, "There's something about you—something in your eyes, just now, Marny. Tim didn't do it. He hated André. He had no reason to, really. But he wouldn't have murdered him. He didn't even know of Cecily's existence. *I* knew André had a wife; he told me. He intended to divorce her. He told me that too. But nobody else, here, knew of it. Tim or Winnie or anybody. So you see Tim wouldn't have murdered a woman he never saw before. He hated André because he thinks I was in love with him. Tim's got a violent temper. And when he once gets his mind made up you can't change it, no matter how"—Judith bit her painted, lovely mouth and said—"no matter how wrong he is. I—André was André. But Tim—well, never mind about that. The point is Tim didn't even know of Cecily's existence—unless he had investigated André."

BUT he had investigated André. Yet even if he had discovered the fact of André's marriage to Cecily, why would Tim have shot Cecily? Perhaps they were all wrong in assuming that the same person (the person who had been there among the bamboos, watching Marny, waiting for her at the pier?) had murdered both Cecily and André. Suppose André had murdered Cecily to get rid of her; suppose Tim, believing that André had killed Cecily and that André menaced his own life with Judith, had murdered André? Tim was not the kind of man to hesitate, once his mind was made up. He would have put André's murder on the same level as the killing of a rattlesnake.

Judith's watchful eyes seemed to follow Marny's thoughts. She said in a voice that was husky and low and yet so violent that it was actually as if she had stamped her foot and shouted, "He had the idea that I was in love with André. I wasn't. He hated André, but he was wrong. And he—oh, Marny, you know him so well. Surely you know that Tim has too much good sense to murder anybody. It's such a—stupid and terrible thing. And it doesn't settle anything. Marny, if you do know anything—anything at all—*don't tell the police.*"

Marny found the voice that had been lost somewhere, out in the storm, taken away from her by that fantastic, scarecrow figure that started from the bamboos and vanished. "Judith, I don't know who murdered André. Or Cecily. I tell you I don't know."

Judith waited for a moment. That new, strange, older Judith, with her hard, strained, white face. The two women stared at each other in silence across the beige-and-white room with the storm lashing and tearing at the balcony outside—along which Cecily's light footsteps had fled and below which André had been killed.

There was something, though, that Marny must ask Judith; she pushed back her wet hair. "Judith, did you know that Cecily came to see me? The night she was killed? Did you tell Charlie Ingram about it?"

"No," said Judith at once. "Commander Cameron asked me that too. And the detective—Captain Manson. I didn't know

(Continued on Page 46)

THE CADET NURSE CORPS NEEDS YOU

FOR every four graduate nurses who leave civilian hospitals to serve in the armed forces, five Senior Cadet Nurses move up to take their places. As the casualty lists grow longer, the Cadet Nurse Corps must enroll 20,000 new recruits by June twentieth.

Of all the women entering nursing classes last year, 90 per cent wore that smart Cadet Blue uniform! They have been credited with giving 80 per cent of the care of patients in civilian hospitals. If you're between the ages of 17 and 35, enroll as a Cadet Nurse.

Wear the uniform you'll be proud to wear!



AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Charming Mary Ann Long helps countless servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed —in transportation, in offices, in war plants. Ask your local U.S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force.



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging *Pond's look* about her soft-smooth complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream—"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch as a good Pond's creaming. I just *love* it."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths cool, snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats very briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off—clean.

She rinses with *another* creamy Pond's coating—swirling her white fingertips quickly over her face. "These *two* creamings make my skin feel *extra* clean and *extra* soft when I tissue off," she says.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price!

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties.. The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor

(Continued from Page 44)

Cecily was on the island. I didn't know she came to see you. Marny, were you in love with André too?"

"Too?" said Marny.

"I mean—women liked him. You seemed such good friends. He had a way ——"

"I was not in love with him."

"But Cecily thought so?"

"I—yes, she thought so."

"He must have told her," said Judith slowly. "He must have told her something. The detective said that she had a revolver and threatened you with it. She told you she wouldn't let you take him from her. The detective asked me if I knew it. But I didn't."

"Charlie Ingram said that you told him."

"Charlie!" An odd look of speculation came over Judith's face. "Oh," she said. "Oh. Neither of them told me that. I asked the detective, but he froze up; I suppose he thought I was lying. Why did Charlie say that? What did Charlie see? Did he meet Cecily? Did she tell him? Marny"—Judith's voice became rich and coaxing—"Marny, tell me. You were at the police station last night. Marny, you *must* know something. Tell me. Do they think—I did it?" She tried to smile; it was a travesty of her famous charm.

"I don't know," said Marny. "I don't know what they think."

Suddenly the crashing of the hurricane outside and the sense of cross-purposes within the house were as frightening as the nightmarish, half-seen figure by the bamboos. *(Who?* Marny thought again desperately. *Judith? In a raincoat, face hidden?)* Had Bill really meant her to come to the pier or was it, she thought again, a trap?

Judith said suddenly, "Marny, Marny, if you've ever been our friend, remember it now." And flung out her hands in a very passion of entreaty and was gone.

Marny stared for a long time at the blank panels of the door, as she had done actually once before. She thought again how long ago that seemed. Judith had come to her and asked about André—anxiously, as if she had to know; and then had gone and a small brief shadow had flitted across the door, blocking off the light from the French window for an instant. Now, of course, there was no light from the boarded-up window.

She'd better remove Winnie's dress. There was no point in replacing it; she'd have to tell Winnie the truth, try to order another dress to take its place. She slipped out of the draggled, pale blue ruffles and hung the dress in her own wardrobe; it was torn where she'd fallen, and wet. Why hadn't Bill come? Perhaps he hadn't meant to come. There was no way to guess what his plan had been or how she could have been a part of it.

Unless it wasn't a plan; unless it was a trap; unless Bill himself had not written that note. It was then that she went to the table to reread the note and found it was gone.

She stood again for a long time looking down at the bare space the lifting of the blotter disclosed. So someone had taken it. Someone had known where she was to be, when. And had come, disguised in that flapping cloak, and found her there.

Charlie Ingram had saved her life. Unintentionally, arriving just as she'd tripped in the long skirt and fallen. Close to the surging, crashing gray water. At the mercy of whoever it was in the bamboos. Unless it had been Charlie himself; he was wearing a shiny black mackintosh with a flapping cape. He could have entered the house and taken the note—he had actually been there that afternoon, borrowing a hammer. Saying his own hammer was lost. She hadn't counted the boats at the pier as Charlie all but dragged her to the house. Suppose the bump of a boat against the pier which she had heard had been merely the bump of one of the boats already tied there, surging in and out with the rapidly rising waves.

Yet there was the sound of oarlocks in that hushed, queer lull just before the wind came. And Charlie could have murdered



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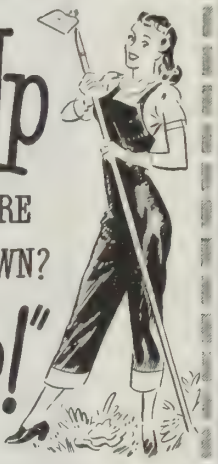
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Change now to LIQUID ODORONO, the safe, sure way to daintiness...the special summer deodorant that fastidious women use.



Use either Regular whenever necessary, or Instant ODORONO (milder) every day. 39¢. Also 59¢ and 10¢ (plus Fed. Tax).

LIQUID ODO-RO-NO

, easily, so it would look like accident, ling her body into the angry water so ar her. Instead, he had helped her into e house. No, it couldn't be Charlie. Un- s he had been the figure in the bamboos, tching. And had been afraid to do what had planned to do.

That was wrong too. Charlie couldn't be o persons!

Besides, there was no reason for anyone to rder her. And of course there had been, lly, no attack upon her. No weapon. No t. There had been only the strong, instinc- e sense of danger.

She snatched a dress from the wardrobe, ailored, cream-colored dress with a red ther belt, and slid quickly into it. She shed her hair—listening to the storm, ening in spite of herself for footsteps side her room. She pushed her dark hair o shape; she changed her stockings and her feet into the red alligator pumps t went with the dress, choosing them omatically. She powdered and put on tick—automatically, too, but with a kind defiance.

But where was Bill? Why had he asked to do a thing that had proved to be so gerous? For the danger was there. She w it as an animal knows when a twig ps at night below the pressure of a feral tstep.

She'd better go down and stay with the ers. She was only working herself up to oroughgoing case of hysteria, standing in t room—staring at the scrubbed place the beige rug.

n all the grisly array in the brightly ted room across from Captain Manson's ce, there had been no weapon other than deau's revolver. What, then, had dragged oss the carpet, leaving that ugly small n?

Blackmail, the detective had said, or re- ge. *Or perhaps,* Marny thought, *murder the sake of murder.*

he went downstairs determinedly. And n had news for her. He was still in the drawing room and Winnie was making tea at the little table by the door. Judith was nowhere to be seen and Charlie was prowling between the porch door and the tea table, restless as a tiger, done up in tweeds and a monocle, munching sandwiches.

"Oh, Marny," said Tim. "I forgot to tell you. Bill phoned. Oh, some time ago. Wanted to talk to you. I called you, but you were gone. You must have just gone down to the pier."

"Down to the pier!" said Winnie sharply. "In the storm? What for?"

"She'd never have got back if I hadn't come along," said Charlie. "Fool thing, if I ever saw one! When it storms we stay inside. Weather it out." He listened. "I say, old chap, that sounded like a tree down."

"Captain Manson phoned, too," said Tim. "Told us we could go to a hotel if we wanted to. I said we'd stay right here."

"This isn't a bad blow," said Winnie. "We're getting only the fringe of it. Tea, father?"

Judith came in from the hall, and with her a great sweep of wind that set the tea things rattling and the rugs moving on the floor. She had changed to one of the dramatic, long house gowns she liked, and the wind caught her long green skirt and swirled it close to her body. She whirled around; there was a loud bang from the hall and she cried:

"Bill Cameron! How did you get here?"

The rugs settled down; the lace cloth on the tea table fell in straight delicate folds.

Judith swirled around again, her lovely body outlined in the vivid green of her dress; she cried, "Here's the Navy! Arriving in a car!" She smiled gaily; she pulled her wide gilt belt close around her small waist, she touched her dark hair, she looked beautiful and poised and smiling. She said, in a pretense of her usual lightness which was so bright and sharp and false that Marny thought everyone must know it, "Nothing can hold back our Navy. Nor rain nor wind

(Continued on Page 49)

ductive new lip-allure
thrills beauty experts

angelus
Orchid Pink



r lips will never be *lonely* caresses if you make them *alizingly lovely* with ANGELUS chid Pink'—the gorgeous electrifying shade which y of America's leading ty experts are raving about. ELUS 'Orchid Pink' is divinely *rent*—a *full* rich sparkling color ating with exciting undertones. *so* practical! May be worn during day or night with all the smart new ion shades. At all cosmetic counters.

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You're so desirable when your skin wears the enchanting fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It points up your feminine appeal to the one you love. And, like the notes of a sweet melody, it haunts a man's memory. *Why?* Because it's the *fragrance men love.* This bewitching scent comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. So bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap and be dainty, be adorable!

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ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

What's wrong with America's health?

Doctors, editors, congressmen and many a thoughtful citizen are deeply concerned by the same stark fact: *40% of America's young men are unfit for military service.*★

This doesn't make us a nation of weaklings. Ask our enemies! And it's no reflection on the men themselves. Most of them are serving usefully in other ways. *But it does show that America's health is far below what it should be.*

Three chief remedies have been suggested — preventive medicine, physical training, and diet. The last is often overlooked. But it has been officially estimated that *about ⅓ of all Selective Service rejections are caused directly or indirectly by nutritional deficiencies* — lack of food or improper food.

That's one big reason for the government's food education program, "U. S. needs US strong." It's one reason why schools and factories regularly serve milk to their students and workers. For milk is nature's most nearly perfect food. Surgeon-General Parran recommends "a pint a day for adults, a quart for children."

Moreover, millions of men in uniform are learning better food habits. This should help America's health in years to come. Meantime, at National Dairy, we are doing our best to protect and improve the quality of milk and its many products — while our laboratories develop milk in other new forms that will benefit everybody.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

★ *Report of Senate Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education January 2, 1945.*

(Continued from Page 49)

stillness when Cecily had been murdered. His dark eyes sought urgently into her own.

"Can't think of anything? Something that struck you as being—well, wrong. Surprising, somehow, in a funny, small way."

She shook her head wearily.

He said slowly, frowning, "I suppose it all comes back to motive, really. Revenge—or to stop blackmail. That's what Laideau pretended to be afraid of; his theme song was obviously that André had been killed by Cecily's murderer, and he was afraid whoever did it would kill him too. Because Laideau was in cahoots with André Durant. Because whoever it was decided he wouldn't be blackmailed and he'd have to murder Durant to keep from being blackmailed for the rest of his life. And thus, theoretically, would have to murder Laideau too. It's a good theory, but the catch is that if Laideau is the murderer he's lying, and if he isn't he doesn't know who killed Durant and who it was they attempted to blackmail, for he'd tell it to save his own skin."

But if Laideau had escaped, he could manage somehow to get into the house; there were a dozen ways to do that. And Laideau knew the house. He had stayed there a night—a horrible night, when André Durant had been murdered. If he had escaped the police guard he could have returned; he could have read the note from Bill, he could have followed her down to the pier.

"Why would Laideau threaten me? If it was Laideau at the pier?"

"Was it Laideau?"

"I don't know," she told him. "I only saw the black thing, flapping, looking like a scarecrow watching me ——"

"Watching you!" cried Bill suddenly. He stood up quickly. "But that's it! Watching you. Wanting to know why you'd gone there. Why I asked you to go to the pier. Why you were wearing somebody else's dress, and not your own. It isn't anything you actually know—it's what the murderer *thinks* you know that makes it dangerous for you. Manson said protecting witnesses was one of the hardest jobs a policeman had. I think he believes that your finding André was a plant. As I do. On that basis there have been more attempts to implicate you than anyone else. Marny—think hard. Is there anything that you know? Something that could make you a potential threat to the murderer. To anybody. Tim—Judith—Winnie. Laideau. Charlie Ingram. Think, Marny."

HE'S STILL MADE

Judge a man not by his clothes, but by his wife's clothes.

—LORD DEWAR

Quoted in Effective After Dinner Speaking
J. F. Finn (Chapman & Hall, Ltd.)

But there wasn't anything. A medley of small facts, many of them, and nothing that was really important.

"Tell me again how the thing you called a scarecrow looked. Exactly."

There was nothing to describe—a bodiless, faceless, flapping black thing. She told him again, as nearly as she could.

"All right," said Bill. "Wait." He went out and closed the door behind him.

The little study seemed just then frighteningly empty and lonely. And because of the uproar of the storm, because of the wide hall and stairway between it and the drawing room, it seemed shut off and remote from the rest of the house. But nothing could happen. Even if Laideau were on the island, crouching under the swaying, frantic shrubbery, making his way into the house—even Laideau would not attempt to murder her with four other people across the hall. Within the sound of her voice.

Except, of course, no one could hear her voice through the tumult of the storm. The wind was increasing in violence. The vines beat against the window so furiously that she did not hear the door open.

But she did sense a presence or a motion; she whirled around and would have screamed, but her throat wouldn't let a sound break through. And the man standing there—in a black raincoat with a cape, and a black thing like a mask on his face—whipped off the black mask and cried:

"Marny, Marny, I didn't mean to frighten you! I only wanted to show you what I'd found. To see if it was the same. Forgive me, Marny." It was Bill. He slid out of the raincoat and ran to her. Her knees were shaking and weak; she sank down into a chair. He cried, "I'm a fool. I only meant—Marny, forgive me! I have no sense! I ——" He was holding both her hands. The black mackintosh lay in a heap on the floor. She stared at the black cloth that he had tied across his face like a mask. It was a large, black chiffon handkerchief. He said, "I found these in the hall closet. Anybody in the house could have worn them. It doesn't mean that anybody did wear them. I still think it's queer that Charlie Ingram turned up, just then."

She said, whispering, "Let me see the handkerchief."

He held it toward her. It was very large, with a lace *J* beautifully worked in the corner. She let it fall. Judith. With her suddenly ravaged, old-looking face. Judith.

Bill said again, "Marny, I am a fool. I never meant to—I only wanted to know if this mackintosh and the scarf tied around my face looked at all like whoever it was who followed you to the pier."

"Yes."

"Then it means that it was somebody in the house. Somebody who had access to these things. That—or Charlie. What did he do when he came into the house with you? Did he stay right there in the drawing room or did he leave it?"

"He left. He went into the dining room. He said he wanted a drink and Tim said to go to the dining room."

"Then it could have been Charlie. These black mackintoshes aren't unusual. He's got one; I saw it. Here's another. It doesn't seem to be wet, but it was hanging there in the closet. I suppose there'd have been time for it to dry. Or perhaps if someone really did wear it, whoever it was could have got to the house just as the rain began."

"It began to rain as we went toward the house. Bill—it couldn't have been Tim."

"Who said it was?" said Bill promptly. "Why exactly did you say that?"

"Bill, suppose it is somebody we know and like?"

"Suppose it is," said Bill. "You must have thought of that before now. André was tied up with all of them. I spent part of the day talking to Manson. He seems to be concentrating on motive and clues to Cecily's murder. He has so many clues, you see. There's a clue to André: his cigarette case. There are those hibiscus blossoms, and you are the only person, except André and me, who was near the hibiscus hedge. Unless Cecily herself was there. Unless she was the person you felt was there—felt it so strongly that you looked. If she was there"—excitement came into his face—"Marny, don't you see? That could explain her coming to you. Suppose she saw you with André. Suppose she saw him make a fervent sort of pass at you. Suppose she loitered there and pulled the flowers—anything to explain her standing around, watching. Suppose that's why she came to *you*. She wouldn't be likely to pull a gun on somebody—just anybody—unless she thought that it was the woman André was in love with. Suppose she saw you and André; suppose she leaped to conclusions. He'd told her he was through with her. She saw you and André in a—a clinch. There's plenty of shrubbery around there and she could have seen both of you go along the balcony without your being aware of her. That's how she could have found your room. That bothered me too. How would she select *your* room when she didn't even know the house; when she'd never been there before?"

"It could have been Cecily going along the balcony. I came up to my room and left André there at the door. Judith came into my room and we talked for a few moments.

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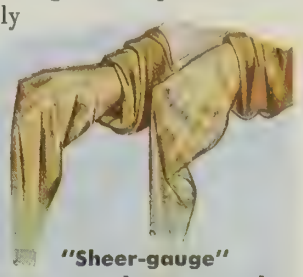
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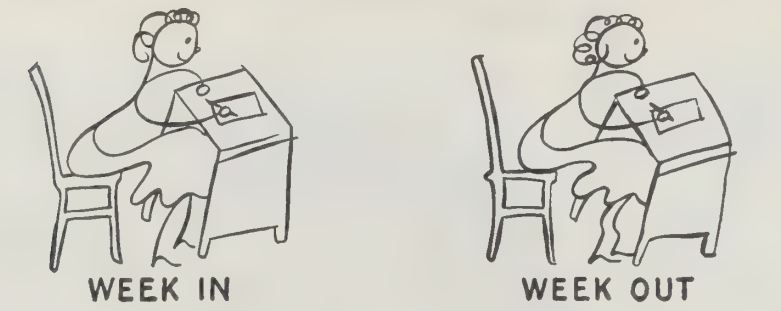
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V-MAIL

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE DRACKETT COMPANY— MAKERS OF WINDEX & DRÄNO

God Walks With Me

BY JESSE STUART

You ask me if there is a living
God.
I say it does not matter when
I see
God in the fresh-turned slopes of
loamy sod,
God in the white blooms on the
apple tree.
I feel God in the lilac lips of
night
And see Him in the sky and sun
and star;
To be with Him is laughter and
delight,
To feel and touch these parts of
Him that are.

I know spring-scented wind that
bites my cheeks
Is God caressing me in showers of
spring;
I know in April winds it's God Who
speaks;
His language is such quiet and
simple thing.
God walks with me around the
slopes I plow
And soothes me with the fern and
wild jonquils;
He often sees the sweat run from my
brow—
God is eternal here among these
hills.

The last of a series of excerpts from Album of Destiny, recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Copyright, 1944, E. P. Dutton & Co.

Then—there was a sort of shadow, as if someone had walked along the balcony. Yes, it could have been Cecily."

"That's when she talked to André! She followed him, talked to him; he was brutal with her, he would be. She came back and had seen you go into that room. But she"—he stopped, with a queer, inward look of intense thought—"I still think that she thought you were Judith. Tim's a very rich man, and everybody knows it. Judith could have got money from him by way of divorce and alimony, and marriage to André. Or, if André could work it—and he probably could have—he may have intended, someway, to blackmail Judith. And then there's Winnie. Maybe he wanted to marry her. In any case, he was through with Cecily. He'd used her money. He intended to get rid of Cecily in any way he could."

("I'm the bread-and-butter type," Winnie had said.) Marny said slowly, "But Winnie—I don't know—she's not"—she hesitated—"she's just not the type to ——"

"—— to say 'all for love and the world well lost'? You don't know a thing about it. I don't suppose she's had much masculine attention; she's not like Judith. And you!" His brown face with its square Scottish features had a flicker of brief amusement. "There are some women," he said unexpectedly, "who, if they were in the bottom of a well, would still have some hapless male rallying around trying to get them out. Not Winnie. But if André was making a play for her, she'd take it hard." The flicker of amusement left his face; he added somberly, "They found her earring near Cecily's body."

"If Winnie was in love with André, she wouldn't murder him!"

Bill stared at the rug. He said slowly, "Neither would Judith, if it came to that. If she were actually in love with André and wanted him. That's the flaw."

Someone knocked hard at the door and opened it. Charlie Ingram adjusted his monocle, peered in at them, said, "I say—may I come in?" and did so. Promptly, so it had a surreptitious effect of ducking out of sight in case anyone was in the hall. "Thought I saw you come in here, old chap!" His popped eyes shot nervously around the room, rested for a second on the mackintosh and came back to Bill. "I—well, you know, old chap! Honest confession and all that. I"—he gulped and said—"I was here. Last night. When you got home from dinner. Lights of the car caught me; I ducked into the shrubbery. You came after me. I sneaked around the hedge, across behind the tennis court. Got to the pier and into my boat. I'd rowed over. But it was me you chased. Oh—sorry, and all that. Wouldn't do to admit it to the police, you know. Don't like murder."

"*You* were here?" demanded Bill. "Why?"

"Well. Didn't want to tell. But I—fact is, I lost my hammer. I discovered it was gone last night. Couldn't sleep, you know. Knew I'd have to board up the house first thing this morning. So I went out to the little tool house to get things in shape. I'm an orderly fellow, you know, old bachelor. Hah! I got worried. Came over here. Intended to look for it in the garage."

"Why were you worried?"

Charlie blinked. "Just—just worried."

"Why?"

"Well, damn it all," exploded Charlie. "Girl had been murdered. My hammer gone. Don't keep servants myself, do my own chores. Knew I hadn't lost it. Somebody had to take it. Hammers can't walk. Shadow Island nearest place. And—well, girl *had* been murdered. Didn't want my hammer to be found here."

"But Cecily was shot."

"Well, hell's bells," shouted Charlie. "How'd I know what might happen! Besides, I wanted my hammer. So I came to see if it was here."

"Why did you run from me?"

Charlie glared. "Because I knew just how this would sound," he snapped. "You don't believe it. You wouldn't have believed it then. But it's the truth."

"Did you find your hammer?"

"No! It's still gone. I borrowed one this afternoon, but didn't see mine anywhere. It's my opinion that Durant was knocked senseless with it. Easy thing to do. And my hammer's at the bottom of the bay. It could have been taken any time yesterday."

"Police were at the gate, police were at the pier. Nobody could have gone to your place without being seen."

Charlie blinked again, paused, sniffed angrily and said, "Police at the pier left at six. Easy enough after that to row over to my place and get the hammer. And now I've thought it over I'm going to tell Manson. Besides, I've lost a gun. A revolver. Mine." And turned hurriedly to the door and left, banging it behind him.

After a long pause, Bill said slowly, "It sounds true. Muddled, and scared and afraid of getting mixed up, in any possible way, in trouble. But is it true? Just how far do you think Charlie Ingram's devotion to Judith would carry him? I mean—well, suppose André was blackmailing Judith and she told Charlie. Do you think he'd drop the old-school-tie, English-gentleman-in-the-tropics manner and kill him?"

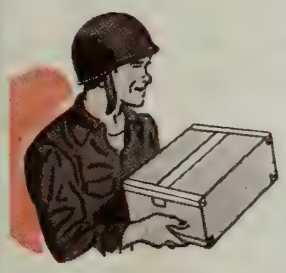
"I don't know—oh, Bill, I don't know."

"There's that clue to him. His monocle ribbon. There's a clue to everybody. Winnie's earring. Judith's handkerchief—which misfired because Winnie and not the police found it. The cigarettes with Tim's fingerprint on one of them. But on the other hand,

(Continued on Page 54)

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(Continued from Page 52)

they could have been planted. Even André's cigarette case could have been planted. The hibiscus—which, if Cecily didn't pick them, as she might have done, suggested you because you had been in the pool, you had gone through the hibiscus hedge twice; anybody in the house might have known it. Laideau's revolver. The cast of the letters scrawled in the sand ——" Bill broke off suddenly.

He looked at her, straight and hard and long, and didn't apparently see her at all. Bill said suddenly, "I'm going to search the house. I believe Laideau is here. I believe —— Marny, stay here. I'll be back." He turned swiftly, gathering up the black mackintosh and Judith's chiffon handkerchief; he glanced into the hall and apparently no one was there, for he went quickly out the door, the mackintosh and the chiffon handkerchief over his arm. He closed it behind him.

But if Charlie had killed André, he wouldn't have called attention to it like that, would he? Unless the hammer was not, as he said, in the bay, but actually somewhere on Shadow Island. Unless he wanted to cover himself before that discovery. Suppose out of all those clues the one real clue was the ribbon of Charlie's monocle; suppose it had been actually Charlie down at the pier with Cecily. He had worn a white dinner jacket, she remembered suddenly and sharply. Suppose the young ensign, looking down—so briefly—had taken it to be a white dress!

Suppose Cecily had threatened Judith as she had threatened Marny. Judith had said that André was in her room during the time when Cecily was murdered, and André had agreed. But he would have been quick to see the value of the alibi Judith had offered, and to take advantage of it. Suppose, actually, Cecily had come to Judith and Judith had turned to Charlie for help, relying on his affection for her. He could have, actually, arrived early and followed Cecily to the pier and struggled with her and taken the gun from her. And shot her with it just at the time when one of the outboard motors went past. Suppose Cecily's childish, thin white hand had snatched at him—and broken that ribbon. And it, amid all the false clues, was the real one that Charlie couldn't find, that he had to cover by hurriedly arranging others.

Bill was returning already. The door was opening. He was wearing the mackintosh again, and the black chiffon handkerchief across his face, and he slid silently into the room. Only it wasn't, this time, Bill Cameron!

The storm rose and screamed and tore at the house and everything in it. If she had screamed with all the force in her body no one could have heard it over the frantic wind and rain.

The shiny, caped, black mackintosh came forward, not flapping this time; quite slowly and purposefully.

XXII

She hadn't known that she could struggle like that. She hadn't known that she could writhe and fight and duck and squirm away from those queerly powerful arms. She hadn't known she had such strength; she hadn't known the desperate fighting courage of the cornered human animal.

She screamed for help, and the wind and the rain and the surging, rattling house itself drowned her screams and she fought and struggled and snatched a chair for a weapon, only to have it wrested away from her.

She knew who it was, instinctively, by primitive, certain and horrible recognition before the shiny black cape slipped, disclosing Winnie's neat brown hair, before the chiffon handkerchief came down, showing Winnie's set, blue-white face, her lipsticked mouth drawn back from her regular white teeth, her eyes bright and granite-hard like Tim's, fighting. Her arms and hands were incredibly strong—tennis and golf and swimming had done that. She was wily, determined, fighting physically as hard as Tim

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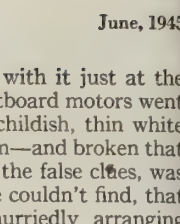


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Wales had ever fought with his brain. Fighting for her life. She slid out of the entangling, hampering mackintosh. There were gloves on those strong, athletic hands, and she had a revolver.

"Winnie, that's a revolver—don't ——"

"It's Charlie's. I took it. They'll trace it to him ——"

"They'll hear you—they're right across the hall—they'll know you did it!"

Winnie was matter of fact and certain. "Charlie and father have gone out to see what damage the storm is doing to the pier. Nobody will hear. The storm's too loud."

"Winnie, you can't ——"

"I've got to," said Winnie. And jerked another small chair out of Marny's grasp. She caught one of Marny's hands and was reaching for the other. "You had my blue dress. I saw you. I read the letter. It's my life or yours. That was the way it was with Cecily. She threatened me. She had a gun. I had to take it away from her. I didn't mean to kill her. Then it was too late."

Marny groped desperately for some weapon on the desk, a paperweight, a book, anything; there was nothing. She could not reach the door. She screamed and the storm was so furious and loud that the scream could scarcely have been heard on the other side of the door. There was no hatred in Winnie's face; only her eyes blazed, like Tim's. She got Marny's free hand and dragged it down and suddenly had both her wrists gripped in one gloved hand.

"Tell me one thing," said Winnie, holding her helpless and panting. "Does Bill Cameron know the truth?"

"Yes," said Bill Cameron in the doorway.

Winnie jerked around, but held tight to Marny. Marny, straining against Winnie, felt something cold and hard against her temple.

"All right," said Winnie, "you asked for this. If you call for help I'll shoot to kill. Close the door behind you."

Winnie's hold did not relax; if anything, it was tighter. The revolver, pressed against Marny's temple, was cold and hard. Bill came inside the room and closed the door.

The loosened shutter banged; wind tore at the island madly.

Bill said, not moving, only looking at Winnie, "You went to get flowers for the dinner table; you met Cecily when she came back. She'd realized that it was not Marny André meant to marry, but you. You talked to Cecily; you prevailed upon her to go back down to the pier. And there in a last burst of hysteria she turned the revolver on you. You took it away from her and she fell; you were stronger—so much stronger. The ensign flying over the island saw that much. He thought your dress was white; in the dusk it looked white—you were actually wearing light blue. You had the revolver in your hand and you shot her. In self-defense, I think. I think, really, you were afraid. And then—André decided to blackmail you. He knew somehow that you had killed her."

"He guessed," said Winnie suddenly. "I had to ——"

Bill said very softly, "Now is your chance. Nobody's in the kitchen or the dining room. You can go that way."

It was queer, thought Marny numbly, that he was so kind; his voice was almost gentle. It was queer because it was as if he felt sorry for Winnie. Who had killed Cecily and then, somehow, killed André. Who would kill her if Bill made a move to save her.

Bill's eyes were brilliant in a face that looked queer and rigid and gray. He said again, "You'd better go—I've just talked to Manson over the phone."

Winnie's tight, hard grip did not relax, nor the cold pressure of the revolver. She said, "What does Manson know?"

"He knows that the flowers under Cecily and your earring were the real clues in all the false ones. You dropped those. He knows the flower bowl on the dining-room table was empty. I told him; I saw it and Marny saw it—you came to the dining room and found us there. You knew we had seen that; yet you were known to have gone to

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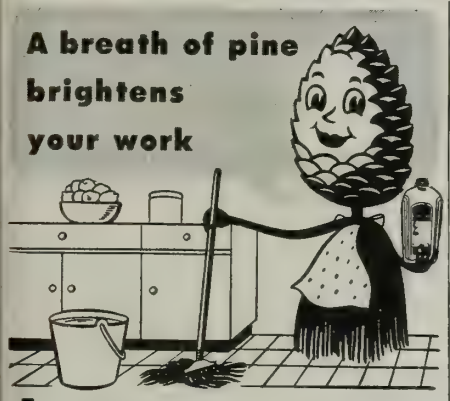
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Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

get flowers and arrange them on the table. You can shoot Marny and me too; there's nothing to stop you. But it's too late. It's no good. It's all washed up. It has been for you since Durant, without even telling Laideau, tried to blackmail you. After that you didn't care. I wish," said Bill honestly and bitterly, "that I'd killed Durant myself."

"Yes," said Winnie suddenly. "Yes." She released Marny's hands. She picked up the mackintosh. Bill did not move; Winnie said, "It's all washed up. That's right. I didn't mean to kill Cecily. The gun—went off. I had one of Judith's handkerchiefs—that was accident; the maid had made a mistake and put it among mine. I tried to stop the bleeding. Then it was too late. I buried the revolver. It's queer, but I—I didn't think about throwing it in the bay. So near. I ran to the house and I thought—so fast. I had wiped off the revolver. I remembered that. I got upstairs and no one saw me. Judith and André were in her room. My"—her voice changed, became rough and uneven—"my father was in his room. And then I looked in the mirror and I'd lost an earring. And all at once I remembered it had slid off, down into the grass, as I struggled with Cecily. The police would find it; if I went back I might be able to find it, but if I couldn't they would. Later. And there wasn't much time and it was getting dark and suppose I couldn't find it! So I—it was then I thought of other clues. I thought, 'I'll place clues, lots of them; so they'll suspect everybody.' I thought quickly. There was the broken ribbon from Charlie's monocle. I remembered that; I'd shoved it into a drawer of the hall table, days ago. I had Judith's handkerchief; I intended to leave that beside Cecily. Nobody would suspect my father—he didn't even know Cecily—so I gathered up some cigarette ends quickly as I passed the ash tray in the hall. I came down at once, you see. I didn't know the revolver belonged to Laideau; I didn't know he was there. Oh, yes, and André's cigarette case. I knew he had an alibi. But if I left enough clues, then everybody would be suspected. André's case was on the table in the hall beside the ash tray. There was nothing I could get that belonged to Marny; and I knew she must be in her room, dressing. I had to hurry—there was so little time."

She took an uneven breath.

"I RAN back to the pier. I tried to find the earring, but I couldn't stand it! Looking for it. In the dusk. So near her. I gave up. I threw the cigarette case toward the bay; I dropped the handful of cigarette ends around; I dropped the broken ribbon. I even thought of the sand and drew letters on it with my finger—near enough for Cecily to have reached it. *C—A—M*. So there would be another clue to help hide the real one—my earring. But I forgot the handkerchief. I was upset, you see. I'd left it in my room on the dressing table. I had to give that up—I thought then. I got back to the house and still nobody was in the hall or the drawing room. It didn't take any time at all. It seemed so—so *strange* to me afterward, that so much could have happened in so little time. I waited so as to be sure everybody had arrived. I forgot the hibiscus flowers too. I hid the handkerchief in my room because while I was waiting I thought of a way to add to the clues; I'd tell Marny about it and show it to her and then burn it. She'd tell the police; I was sure of it. It would be better to come from her. Only you didn't tell the police, Marny. And then I began to wonder; Cecily had said so much. I hadn't had a chance to think of what she'd said. But she said she'd come to you, Marny; that she'd seen André kissing you, there by the pool. And I began to think and wonder and I wanted to know if he'd—made love to you. That week in New York. I had to know. I could tell by your face, Marny, when I asked you to tell father that André had made love to you, in order, I said, to save Judith, that there was something. I began to—to change, I think. Then."

SHE stopped. A mask had settled down over her face like a white layer of wax. She went on again:

"No. Not really to change. Not then. I still loved André. I hadn't meant to kill Cecily; it was the revolver that did it. She aimed it at me; I had to take it away from her. And then—the next day André came to me alone and said he thought I'd killed her. He said he wouldn't tell anybody. But he wouldn't marry me. We'd planned that, you know. He hadn't told me anything about Cecily. I didn't know he was married until Cecily told me herself."

"Winnie ——" whispered Marny, her throat tight.

"He said if I'd pay him enough he'd not tell. Ever. I knew then—what he was. I—yes, of course, it was all washed up, then."

Bill said, "Don't, Winnie. You mustn't talk so much. There's not time."

"André was so sure of himself. And of me. He came, as I asked him to do—to meet me at the foot of the stairway. It was queerly easy, really, once I knew I had to. I'll tell you ——"

"Don't. We've already guessed. I tell you there's not time."

"Time? No. No, of course there's not time. He never loved me, you know. André ——" She gathered up the mackintosh and went to the door.

Bill stood aside and she went out quietly, as if she were going about some errand. The door closed.

"Bill ——"

"It's all right. Wait."

"Manson ——"

"Manson's coming. But he's not here yet."

"Bill—her eyes ——"

"I know," he said roughly. "I know. Do you think it's easy?" He sat down suddenly and put his head in his hands. For a long time. As if he were counting.

"But she has a revolver. She ——"

"Be quiet," he said savagely behind those locked brown hands. "Wait." The tone of his voice covered pain. ("The Andrés of the world," he'd said. "Men know what to do with them.")

But women didn't. Cecily. Winnie.

Judith opened the door and came in. She said, "Where is Winnie?"

Bill lifted his head. He did not speak and neither did Marny.

Judith looked for a long moment at Bill and then at Marny. She swayed a little, dizzily, and grasped the edge of the desk, and said, "You knew."

"There'll never be a trial."

Judith said huskily, great dark eyes staring, as if hungry for reassurance, "Never?"

(Continued on Page 58)

WINS **ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS**

Washington, D. C.

Join the Women's Land Army! Help bring in that precious crop this year. The emergency calls for teachers, college students—anyone with a long vacation—or business people who will lend a hand during harvesting peaks. Prevailing wages paid, and the job itself pays dividends in health, satisfaction and the fun of getting back to the land. Consult the county extension agent or the local farm-employment office, usually located in the county courthouse or the post-office building. Or write to the Women's Land Army, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C.

Are you in the know?



g make-up looks best if you—

- ☐ *Use a depilatory*
- ☐ *Choose a stocking shade*
- ☐ *Apply it evenly*

takes more than a light-going-over to make those ıs whistle-worthy. It takes the three answers given ve. De-fuzz your legs. Choose a stocking shade t matches your suntan. Apply it evenly. Cosmetic ıse" are so comfortable, seems they're here to stay. too, is the comfort you get from Kotex—for Kotex *s soft while wearing*. That's why there's such a erence between Kotex and pads that just "feel" at first touch. Kotex doesn't bunch up . . . its ness stays and stays!



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ *A skilled operator*
- ☐ *A cold wave*
- ☐ *A machine wave*

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Her experience, plus a test curl, should decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your *daintiness* with care . . . at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that helps keep you charming, confident.



Is this little beach belle—

- ☐ *Playing patty-cake*
- ☐ *Dive balmy*
- ☐ *Collar-bone conscious*

No . . . she's not warming up for the next Olympics. This chick is collar-bone conscious . . . and if *you* have a lean-and-hollow-look around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward—touching finger-tips. The routine also banishes shoulder-blade problems. And to banish problem-day worries—choose Kotex, because the *safety center* of Kotex gives *plus* protection by keeping moisture from the sides of the pad . . . helps safeguard your secret.

'ou're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ *Try to reform him*
- ☐ *Go smilin' through*
- ☐ *Make with the icicles*

ıy attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and l tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to h in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. t goes for trying *days*, too . . . when you laugh off ltale outline" fears with the patented, *flat tapered* s of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex ɔs you confident!



Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex sanitary napkin



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"What a difference LUX care makes!"





Soap contains vital war materials . . . DON'T WASTE IT!

Pretty undies stay lovely 3 times longer with gentle Lux care! And what a saving that is! No girl likes to wear drab, faded undies with frayed shoulder straps, burst-out seams, torn lace. These things happen to undies when you use harsh washday methods—strong soap, too-hot water, rough handling.

In actual tests, slips and nighties looked lovely after 30 Luxings. Identical undies washed the harsh way were faded, worn.

LUX CARE IS THRIFTY— keeps undies lovely 3 times longer!

(Continued from Page 56)

"Never," said Bill. "You can tell Tim that."

"Tim. Oh, yes—Tim knows too," Judith told him. "I saw it in his eyes. I don't know how he knows. He thought I did it. And then he thought it was Winnie. Either way, you see, it was tragedy. And I could have stopped it."

"No," said Bill. "You couldn't have stopped it. From the moment André met you and Winnie he was determined to get one of you. He stood to get the most money with Winnie."

"But she loved him," said Judith. "She'd never been in love before. I—that was why I sent him to Tim. I knew André would stand a better chance if he had a job. If he convinced Tim he wasn't a fortune hunter. But Tim thought he was my lover. Winnie ——" She moved her beautiful head as if looking all around the little room, yet seeing far beyond its white-and-coral walls. "Are you sure," she whispered, her eyes coming back to Bill, "are you sure it's better this way?"

"It's better for Tim," said Bill. "It's better for you. It's better for everybody."

"She told Charlie that Cecily had seen Marny. I asked Charlie just now. He insisted it was I on the telephone and ——"

"Telephone?"

"Of course. Didn't he tell you? My voice is low and easy to imitate, you see. She phoned him and said it was Judith, and he said it wasn't a very good connection and that he couldn't hear very well, but it sounded like me. She—she counted on the fact that sooner or later he'd tell the police that I had told him about Cecily."

"You'd better be the one to tell Tim," said Bill.

"Yes. Yes. I've got to do that for him. Yes." She paused for a moment and pulled herself upward and seemed to gather all her strength. And went away again.

Bill said slowly, "Manson is a good guy. It'll never reach the papers."

"Tim ——" said Marny, whispering as Judith had done.

Bill got up. "Tim's got courage. He's faced the suspicion of it. Judith will help him. He loves her. And she loves him."

She thought of Tim's pride; Bill was right. Tim could conquer tragedy, even if he could never forget it. He could never have conquered public humiliation for Winnie and himself.

BILL said suddenly, "André Durant murdered Winnie and murdered Cecily as certainly as if he had done it with his own hands." He paused and added wearily, "I ought to have known last night, when I saw the cast of my own name, or part of it. But it only puzzled me, then, for I kept thinking about the hibiscus; it seemed to me that there was some funny inconsistency somewhere, only I couldn't think where or what. When I was going through the dining room just now to look for Laideau, I knew. The silver flower bowl was on the dining table and it was empty. It was empty when you and I, after Cecily's murder, went into the dining room; I remember how it reflected the flames of the candles. The candles were lighted, the table set—but there were no flowers and somebody, sometime, said that Winnie had gone to fix the flowers. And then I knew. And it hooked up everything: you had happened to wear Winnie's blue dress and would have been attacked if Charlie hadn't blundered along. Her dress, light blue, would have looked white in the dusk and from the airplane. And—I ought to have seen it last night, but I didn't—Winnie and you and André were the only people who knew I had come to Shadow Island at all. Whoever left that clue beside Cecily had to know my name. André was murdered. You hadn't done it. It had to be Winnie. I stopped to phone to Manson. They'd found Laideau, by the way. In a little hotel, hiding. He was afraid of being murdered too. He guessed that André had tried blackmail once too often, but he didn't know it was Winnie."

"*Winnie* ——" said Marny past a hard, painful stricture of her throat that she could not swallow.

Bill said, "Not Winnie really. André Durant." Suddenly he put both arms around her. "Was it right, Marny? What I did? Was it right?"

"Yes. Yes, Bill. It was right."

HE HELD her for a moment, his face against her own. And said slowly, "I think—all my life—I'm going to need you."

The storm passed. It was not a bad storm, really; only the rim of the hurricane had caught at the island and then whirled out to sea again. There was almost no damage.

One life was lost when Miss Winnie Wales, well-known tennis player, lost her life while attempting to row from Shadow Island to another island.

The murder case on Shadow Island dropped out of the newspapers.

Sometime Tim had a long talk with Bill Cameron. He told Marny about it, briefly—smoking, looking out across the placid blue bay. "This fellow Cameron," he said, "is all right. He wants me to string along with the others in a world conference. I've always played a lone hand. But"—he paused—"if there's any possible way for civil aviation to throw in its weight for peace, I'm for it. You can tell Bill that."

"Yes, Tim."

"He—Bill Cameron, you know—says it was really Durant. Durant murdered his wife and—and Winnie."

"That's right, Tim."

"Yes." He got up and stood with his back to her. A ghost of the old Tim came back into his voice: "You're a good girl, Marny. I'll miss you. But if that fellow Cameron wants to marry you, take him."

They were on the porch and Bill came just then through the drawing room. "Ready, Marny?" he asked her. "We were going for a drive ——"

But at the curve of the driveway he stopped the car. The sun was brilliant, the banks green and thick.

He said abruptly, "It hasn't been long. That you've known me, I mean. But I've loved you all my life. I—it was as if I recognized you there in the pool. That night I came. I—oh," said Bill, "I can't talk." And took her in his arms, as if he meant to hold her there forever.

(THE END)

Soldier to His Small Son

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Somewhere unclimbed
Are the hills we shall climb,
Are the walks we shall walk
And the roads we shall run.
Somewhere intact
Are the brooks we shall fish,
Are the woods we shall stalk
In the sight of the sun.

Somewhere in time
All untouched, lain in wait
Are the days we shall have,
Are the hours we shall hold;
The weather we'll weather
Together, together,
With one growing older
And one growing old.

Rest well and dream:
The long day of waiting
Must end howsoever
It wills not to die;
And we have a promise,
A date with tomorrow—
From there to forever
When now has gone by.



CORNS?

Only New Blue-Jay has pain-curbing Nupercaine that deadens the throbbing pain around corn's core, until gentle medication softens, loosens core and you lift it out. Blessed relief you've never known before! Blue-Jay's soft Dura-felt pad *instantly* banishes torturing shoe pressure. New Blue-Jay is streamlined, comfortable and flesh-tinted. Try it tonight!

CALLUSES?

Try Blue-Jay Callus Plasters that relieve painful pressure, while medication helps remove callus.

TIRED, BURNING FEET?

Blue-Jay Foot Powder is soothing, cooling. Reduces perspiration; deodorizes too. Wonderful relief!

SHOE TORTURE?

Blue-Jay *Cushion* Moleskin is extra-soft; it's adhesive, flesh-colored. Cut it to fit over any tender, sore spot where shoe rubs.

Why suffer, when there's a Blue-Jay relief for every common foot trouble, handy at drug or toilet goods counter!

No matter what you've tried before, try Blue-Jay now! Don't accept substitutes.

BLUE JAY

Products of
(BAUER & BLACK)
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago 16

TIPS for TIRED EYES

1 Hold reading matter about 14 inches from face. Do not read small print unnecessarily.
2 Avoid reading or working in poor light. Never face the light—let it come from behind you.
3 After driving, exposure to dust or wind, when eyes are overworked, bathe them with Lavoptik.

. . . Women everywhere, for over 30 years, have praised **LAVOPTIK** for its prompt relief of tired, burning and itching eyes and the way **LAVOPTIK** soothes irritated eyelids. Try **LAVOPTIK** today, it must fully satisfy you or your money will be refunded.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR LAVOPTIK

BRINGS BEAUTY TO BARE LEGS

"Stocking Stick" LEG MAKE-UP

GOES ON SO EASILY . . . LASTS SO LONG

Only 40c at Drug and Department Stores

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost *as well as with natural teeth.* Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, *don't waste money on substitutes,* but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., 4521-F, ELMIRA, N. Y.

UP FRONT

(Continued from Page 19)

Newspapers which have enough shreds left to be readable are so old that the only thing guys look for in their own home-town sheets is something about somebody they know. For that reason, the society sections of home papers probably get more attention than the feature pages.

The mail is by far the most important reading matter which reaches soldiers overseas. This has had so much publicity that if some people aren't writing regularly to their guys in the war, it's because they don't want to. A common excuse at home seems to be that they aren't getting much mail from the guys here. The little lady says, "Okay, if the bum is going to sight-see around Europe and not bother to write, I just won't write him." Some guys do sight-see around Europe without bothering to write. Not the doggie. He doesn't do any sight-seeing, and he doesn't have many opportunities to write. If the lady could see him scrawling on a V-mail blank in a dugout, by the light of a candle stuck with its own hot grease on his knee, she would change her way of thinking.

It's very hard to write interesting letters if you are in the infantry. About the only things you can talk about are what you are doing and where you are, and that's cut out by the censor. It's very hard to compose a letter that will pass the censors when you are tired and scared and disgusted with everything that's happening.

A lot of people aren't very smart when they write to a soldier. They complain about the gasoline shortage, or worry him or anger him in a hundred different ways which directly affect his efficiency and morale. Your feelings get touchy and explosive at the front. A man feels very fine fighting a war when his girl has just written that she is thinking that perhaps they made a mistake. He might figure, "What the hell, the only thing I was living for was that I knew she would wait for me." He's going to feel pretty low and he might get a little careless because of it, at a place where he can't afford to be careless.

But considerate women have done far more to help their men than they may realize. A soldier's life revolves around his mail. Like many others, I've been able to follow my kid's progress from the day he was born until now he is able to walk and talk a little, and although I have never seen him I know him very well. Jean has sent dozens of snapshots of herself and the little guy and it makes all the difference in the world.

SOLDIERS at the front read K-ration labels when the contents are listed on the package, just to be reading something. God knows they are familiar enough with the contents—right down to the last dextrose tablet. That puts Stars and Stripes, the only daily newspaper which reaches them with any regularity, in a pretty good spot.

When I was transferred to the paper in the early spring of 1944, I had just come from the 45th Division News, where we thought and wrote what we damned well pleased, just so we got a paper out. Because our paper was exclusively for combat soldiers, we didn't have to worry about hurting the feelings of high brass hats, who had never even heard of us.

The great majority of generals and authorities who see the sheet over here leave us strictly alone. There is, as in any big organization, an element which would like to see the editorial staff of the paper drawn and quartered, and there are still a few characters who make life uncomfortable sometimes, but we haven't lost a great deal of sleep over them. As far as I know, the paper never had any trouble with field generals who actually command troops in combat. While the Italy edition of Stars and Stripes runs occasional pictures of Gen. Mark Clark, who commands the Fifth Army in Italy, he gets no preference over anyone else. When Clark got Russia's highest foreign honor, the Order of Suvarov, he was given six lines of type on the last page

(Continued on Page 61)



Perfume, $6.50; $3.50; $1.10 — *plus tax*

The Fragrance of Youth by CHERAMY

A love of adventure . . . a gay freedom of spirit. Mix the two . . . with discretion, add a touch of sweetness, and a hint of mystery. That is Cheramy's formula for April Showers Perfume!

Start with Flavor and your whole meals better!

Hard to tempt those hot-weather appetites? Start your meals with Del Monte Fruit Cocktail, and you can brush off that problem any day!

So easy, too—no peeling, dicing or mixing. And you're sure of real *flavor-first* quality in all five fruits. Peaches, pears, pineapple, grapes and cherries, combined for balanced flavor.

TO "ALERT" APPETITES, serve Fruit Cocktail with tiny biscuits, spread with cheese or deviled ham. Such tricks are easy with Del Monte—always bright, right, ready and welcome!

JUST IMAGINE this frosty refresher on your table tonight! A spur to appetites if ever you had one. And each sparkling tender piece of fruit assures you that Del Monte uses only fruits at their luscious best.

ANOTHER DELICIOUS "lead-off"—avocado with *five* Del Monte Fruits. Pineapple, peaches, pears, grapes, cherries, all rounded up! Fruit variety you could hardly hope to assemble yourself.

Remember! Del Monte puts

flavor first

In Growing. Every single fruit used in Del Monte Fruit Cocktail is grown where soil and climate combine to produce the finest natural flavor.

In Picking. Frequent checks insure that each fruit is picked at just the degree of ripeness that will give you genuine goodness.

In Packing. Automatically combined in uniform proportions—neither too much nor too little of any one fruit.

In Testing. Each day's pack must finally be checked and re-checked to qualify for the Del Monte label—first at each cannery, then at central Del Monte headquarters.



Del Monte FRUIT COCKTAIL

SAVES TIME — SAVES WORK — MAKES MEALS BRIGHTER

(Continued from Page 59)

f an eight-page edition. And he was probbly surprised to get that much.

Sometimes the cartoon department of the aper got a little support from the higher rass, including Clark, although I never exected it, because the few cartoons I had one about generals had a definitely insubrdinate air about them.

During that first winter in Italy, when tars and Stripes printed letters from outaged combat soldiers in Naples, and when did a few cartoons on the subject, the disurbance reached the ears of the deputy heater commander. He didn't see eye to ye with the paper and he forbade further istribution of some of the stuff I was doing. t wasn't his first or his last complaint about ne, and when brass wearing three stars puts ne clamps on you there is nothing much you an do about it. Yet right in the middle of ne mess, a corps commander asked for the riginal of one of the drawings. I took the rawing to him, worrying a little about the act that my uniform was mixed and my hair asn't cut and, besides, I wasn't accustomed o hobnobbing with corps commanders.

The first thing he asked me was, "How's our battle with the rear echelon progressng?"

That staggered me. I replied that I had othing against the rear echelon—only some f its generals—and that I was being accused y them of undermining somebody's morale.

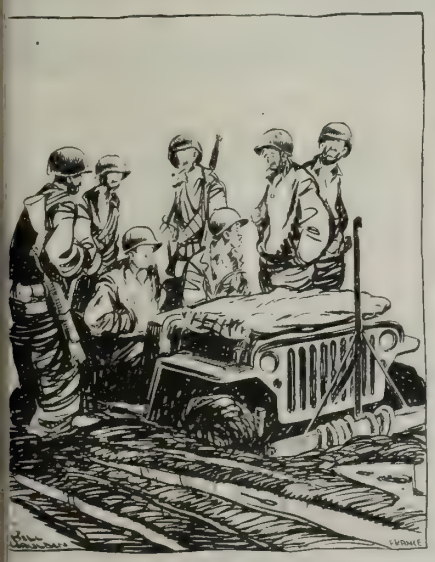
He said, "When you start drawing picures that don't get a few complaints, then ou'd better quit, because you won't be dong anybody any good."

I felt a lot better.

While a guy at home is sweating over his ncome tax and Victory garden, a dogface omewhere is getting great joy out of wigling his little finger. He does it just to see move and to prove to himself that he is till alive and able to move it. Life is stripped own to bare essentials for him when he is ving from minute to minute, wondering if ach is his last. Because he is fundamentally o different from his countryman at home, e would probably be sweating just as hard ver *his* income tax and Victory garden if *he* ere home.

But now he has changed. His sense of umor has changed. He can grin at gruome jokes, like seeing a German get shot in he seat of his pants, and he will stare unomprehendingly at fragile jokes in print hich would have made him rock with aughter before. Perhaps he will change ack again when he returns, but never comletely. If he is lucky, his memories of hose sharp, bitter days will fade over the ears into a hazy recollection of a period hich was filled with homesickness and horor and dread and monotony, occasionally fted and lighted by the gentle, humorous nd sometimes downright funny things hich always go along with misery.

I'd like to talk about some of the things he ill remember, and then forget them.



. . . I'll never splash mud on a dogface again 999). . . . I'll never splash mud on a dogface again (1000). . . . Now will ya help us push?"

Mud, for one, is a curse which seems to save itself for war. I'm sure Europe never gets this muddy during peacetime. I'm equally sure that no mud in the world was so deep or sticky or wet as European mud. It didn't even have an honest color like ordinary mud.

I made the drawing about the jeep driver and the foot infantry in the mud for a reason. Those guys who have had some infantry, and even those who have had to do a lot of walking in other branches, generally show it by the way they drive. If a man barrels past foot troops, splashing mud or squirting dust all over them because he doesn't bother to slow down—or if he shoots past a hitchhiker in the rain, with half his cozy truck cab empty—then he should spend a week or two learning how to use his feet, because he doesn't appreciate his job or he's just plain stupid.

Unfortunately, there are a lot of them in the Army. I saw a big G.I. truck zoom past an infantry battalion in France, right after the rains began to fall. The driver spattered the troops pretty thoroughly—but they were getting used to being spattered, and they didn't say much. His truck bogged down half a mile up the road, and when the leading company caught up with him he had the unbelievable gall to ask them to push him out. They replied as only long-suffering infantrymen can reply. They shoved his face in the mud.

The worst thing about mud, outside of the fact that it keeps armies from advancing, is that it causes trench foot. There was a lot of it that first winter in Italy. The doggies found it difficult to keep their feet dry, and they had to stay in wet foxholes for days and weeks at a time. If they couldn't stand the pain they crawled out of their holes and stumbled and crawled (they couldn't walk) down the mountains until they reached the aid station. Their shoes were cut off, and their feet swelled like balloons. Sometimes the feet had to be amputated. But most often the men had to make their agonized way back up the mountain and crawl into their holes again because there were no replacements and the line had to be held.

Sometimes the replacement problem got fierce. Companies were down to thirty or forty men, but they managed to hold on somehow. It was worse than Valley Forge. I say that because conditions couldn't have been worse, and Washington's men didn't have to put up with murderous artillery and mortar fire.

All the old divisions are tired—the outfits which fought in Africa and Sicily and Italy and God knows how many places in the Pacific. It doesn't take long to tire an outfit, and many of the divisions that saw their first battle in France are undoubtedly feeling very fagged out right now. But only men who have seen actual war at first hand for two years, seeing their buddies killed day after day, trying to tell themselves that they are different—*they* won't get it; but knowing deep inside them that they *can* get it—only those guys know what real weariness of body, brain and soul can be.

I've tried to put their weariness and their looks into Willie and Joe, who started with them and got tired with them.

Willie and Joe aren't at all clever. They aren't even good cartoon characters, because they have similar features which are distinguishable only by their different noses. Willie has a big nose and Joe has a little one. The bags under their eyes and the dirt in their ears are so similar that few people know which is Willie and which is Joe.

True, Joe and Willie don't look much like the cream of young American manhood which was sent overseas in the infantry. Neither of them is boyish, although neither is aged. Joe is in his early twenties and Willie is in his early thirties—pretty average ages for the infantry. While they are no compliment to young American manhood's good looks, their expressions are those of infantry soldiers who have been in the war for a couple of years.

Look at an infantryman's eyes and you can tell how much war he has seen. Look at

Fancy... Fancy Company Snack Tray

yet oh-so-simple to prepare!

WHAT YOU NEED

3 tomatoes, sliced
6 ounces cream cheese
Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise
1 carrot, grated
Scallions
3-ounce can deviled ham
Celery
Parsley



WHAT YOU DO - Mix cream cheese with 2 tablespoons *Real* Mayonnaise. Shape into balls and roll in carrot. Insert small scallions in each ball. Stuff celery with ham mixed with 1 tablespoon *Real* Mayonnaise. Divide tray into 4 sections with generous amount of *Real* Mayonnaise. Arrange tomatoes in 2 sections, cheese balls and celery in other sections. Garnish with parsley, as illustrated. This delightful snack tray has that *special* look that makes your guests feel you've looked forward to their coming. Actually, it's very simple to prepare—yet something substantial enough to please the menfolks . . . especially when you're extra generous with the *Real* Mayonnaise.

They'll Eat the Trimming

Trimming is good eating when it's *Real* Mayonnaise. Aside from being a plain-and-fancy flavor high—Best Foods or Hellmann's *Real* Mayonnaise is rich in food energy—provides almost the same amount, spoonful for spoonful, as Nucoa or butter. And remember, when you're in an economical mood, you can stretch *Real* Mayonnaise with milk or fruit juice, and it's still creamy-rich in texture . . . still delightfully *smooth* and satisfying.

BEST FOODS = HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise

AMAZING PROFESSIONAL MOTHPROOFING METHOD now available for home use



NO ODOR • NO WRAPPING • NO STORING AWAY

JUST a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas, or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries, and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long moth-protection, either. Washing removes LARVEX but *drycleaning* does not.

Protect all *your* woolens this professional way. Use LARVEX!

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT



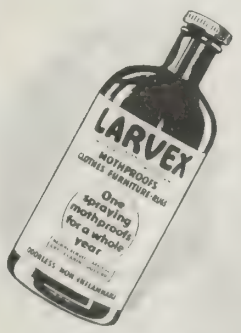
CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*



QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat LARVEXED fabrics!





LARVEX
Reg. Trade Mark

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR

his actions in a bar and listen to his talk and you can also tell how much he has seen. If he is cocky and troublesome, and talks about how many battles he's fought and how much blood he has spilled, and if he goes around looking for a fight and depending upon his uniform to get him extra-special privileges, then he has not had it. If he is looking very weary and resigned to the fact that he is probably going to die before it is over, and if he has a deep, almost hopeless desire to go home and forget it all; if he looks with dull, uncomprehending eyes at the fresh-faced kid who is talking about the joys of battle and killing Germans, then he comes from the same infantry as Joe and Willie.

I've made it sound as if the only infantry is the kind which spends its time being miserable and scared in foxholes. There are other kinds. There are those who like it and those who have reasons of their own for wanting it. I knew two of these notable exceptions: a swamp hunter from Georgia and an exiled baron from Prussia.

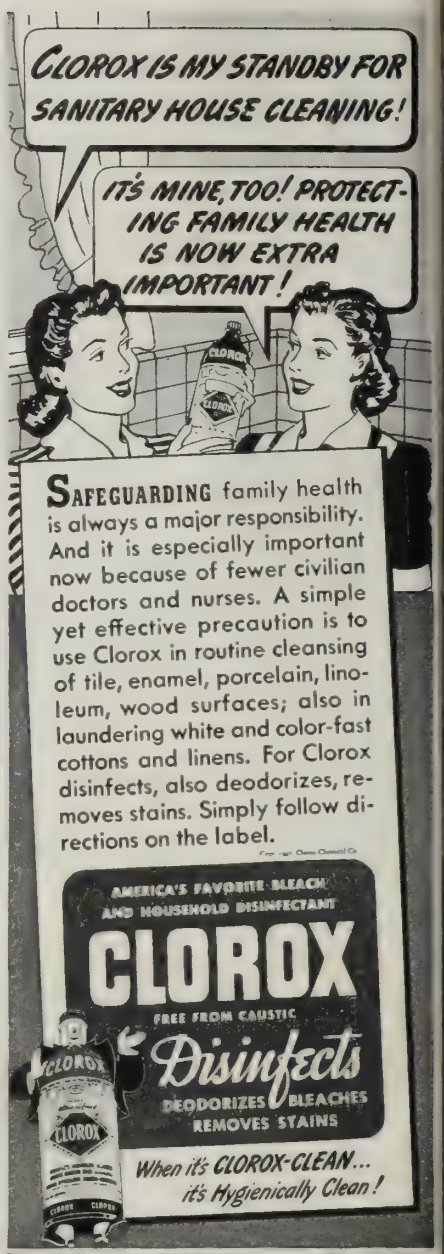
The swamp hunter once killed eight krauts with one clip from his M-1 rifle. He loved to go on patrol, all alone, with a rifle, a Luger pistol, a knife, plenty of ammunition, and half a dozen grenades hung to his belt by their safety rings, so he could pluck them and throw them like ripe tomatoes. The fact that hanging grenades by their rings is not a good way to live to a respectable old age didn't bother him at all. In fact, he told with great relish how one came loose while he was creeping around a German position, and how it exploded under his feet, kicking his legs up in the air, but leaving him miraculously unscratched. He once saved his entire company by sheer guts, and he has been decorated several times. He says war is just like swamp hunting.

THE Prussian is a wild character who received a battlefield promotion to lieutenant after saving a patrol and the officer who commanded it from annihilation. He was famed far and wide for leading his own patrols fantastic distances through enemy lines. He admits he gets scared, but his hatred for the Germans is so intense that he keeps it up. He has been wounded a number of times. His favorite weapon is the tommy gun, although he used a carbine once to shoot a German officer through the throat, and then almost wept because he had shattered the officer's fine binoculars. He saved many lives and got a lot of valuable information by the simple process of sneaking into a darkened kraut command post at night, demanding to know the plans and situations in his arrogant Prussian voice, and then sneaking back to our side again. The Army couldn't get along without soldiers like that. They provide wonderful stories, they inspire their comrades to greater feats of arms.

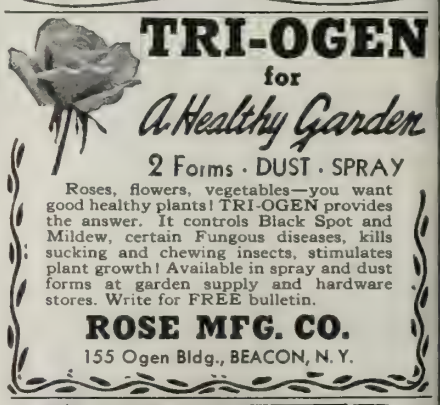
Joe and Willie, however, come from the other infantry—the great numbers of men who stay and sweat in the foxholes that give their more courageous brethren claustrophobia. They go on patrol when patrols are called for, and they don't shirk hazards, because they don't want to let their buddies down. The Army couldn't get along without them either.

Many people who read and speak of battle, noise, excitement, death forget one of the worst things about a war—its monotony. That is the thing which gets everyone—combat soldier and rear echelon alike.

The "hurry up and wait" system which seems to prevail in every army (double time to the assembly area and wait two hours for the trucks—drive like hell to the docks and wait two days for the ship—fall out at four in the morning to stand an inspection which doesn't come off until late afternoon), that's one of the things which make war tough. The endless marches that carry you on and on and yet never seem to get you any place—the automatic drag of one foot as it places itself in front of the other without any prompting from your dulled brain, and the unutterable relief as you sink down for a ten-minute break, spoiled by the knowledge that you'll have to get up and go again—the never-ending monotony of days and weeks









That's wasted EFFORT!



No need to waste time scrubbing a toilet bowl when quick, easy Sani-Flush is around to do a better job of it. Its sanitary, *chemical* action removes ugly stains and film, leaving toilet bowls shining white and clean.

Sani-Flush removes many recurring toilet germs, disinfects, destroys a cause of toilet odors and *even* cleans the hidden trap. Careful housewives use it at least twice a week. Absolutely safe for septic tanks. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere, in two convenient sizes.



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EASY
SANITARY

SAFE FOR SEPTIC TANKS

Don't scrub toilet bowls just because you fear trouble with your septic tank. Eminent research authorities have proven how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. Write for your free copy of their scientific report. Simply address The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 1, Canton 2, Ohio.

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Design and make exclusive hats under personal direction of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclusive salable hats right from the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog.

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KILLS ROACHES
WATERBUGS • SILVERFISH
AND CRICKETS

Use Sanitary Gator Roach Hives. Insects eat the bait in the protective tube—and die. Can be used on shelves, in drawers, anywhere. Insects can't track it. Nothing to mix, spray or dust. Clean, ready, easy to use. Economical, too, because of long killing service. If your store can't supply you, send store's name and $1 for 3 pkgs., postpaid. DeSoto Chemical Co., Ave., 6-E, Arcadia, Fla.



and months and years of bad weather and wet clothes and no mail—all this sends as many men into the psychopathic wards as does battle fatigue.

Like fraternity brothers who have had a tough initiation, many of the old-timers over here are ornery enough to kid replacements who begin to feel pretty miserable and homesick after six months. "The first year is the worst," they say. "The second year isn't so bad, and by the time you begin your third year overseas you are almost used to it."

But it ain't true, brother; it ain't true.

I read someplace that the American boy is not capable of hate. Maybe we don't share the deep, traditional hatred of the French or the Poles or the Jugoslavs toward the krauts, but you can't have friends killed without hating the men who did it. It made the dogfaces sick to read articles by people who say, "It isn't the Germans, it's the Nazis." Our Army saw few actual *Nazis*, except when they threw in special SS divisions. We did see the Germans—the youth and the men and the husbands and the fathers of Germany, and we know them for a ruthless, cold, cruel and powerful enemy.

When our guys cringed under an 88 barrage, you didn't hear them say, "Those dirty Nazis." You heard them say, "Those goddam krauts." Because our men soon learned to be more or less professional fighters at the front, they have a deep respect for the German's ability to wage war. You may hear a doggie call a German a skunk, but he'll never say he's not good.

The Germans preferred to surrender to Americans rather than to some Europeans, because they knew they would be treated fairly. Being Germans, they took advantage of this sometimes. I watched a crippled FFI man working the hell out of a detail of German prisoners at the docks of Marseille. He was not abusing them; he was simply making certain their hands got callused. He had been crippled by the Germans and they had wrecked the docks, so his heart was in his work. Then an American sergeant, who had the air of a man freshly arrived in Europe, strolled up. Immediately they began groaning and limping and looking sick and picked-on. The sergeant stopped the work and gave each man a cigarette. The Frenchman limped away disgustedly. The American turned his back for a moment, and the entire detail of krauts grinned at one another.

I wouldn't be surprised if an Austrian corporal named Shicklgruber received an American cigarette under similar conditions twenty-six years ago.

Friends in war are different in many ways from friends in peacetime. You depend upon



Infantryman Mauldin caught by the camera in his long winter drawers.



1. Whoa, there! 2 inches from where you washed baby's carrot



2. your sink drain seethes with slimy SEWER GERMS

Survey by Molnar Laboratories New York City



3. scrub like mad, yet you can't get at these germs

Actual sewer germs magnified approximately 20,000 times



4. but Drāno boils SEWER GERMS out like a streak! Makes your sink safe, sanitary!



5. Yes, and Drāno opens clogged drains—drains so stopped up even water can't trickle through!



6. Get Drāno today! Use it—regularly to keep sink sanitary, drains free-running.

Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, and hardware stores

BUY TODAY!
USE
REGULARLY!



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CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS
OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1945 The Drackett Co.

new

Film-Finish Powder

Finest-ever texture ... loveliest-ever shades for that Hollywood "finish"

It's a charmer, a four-alarmer ... this heavenly new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal, stars like Susan Peters have on the screen. New 5-stage blending produces lovelier shades which cover [illegible] on your skin, smoothest-ever texture! Woodbury Film-Finish Powder won't clog, cake, turn pasty. (All claims have been *proved* by test!) Never makes your skin look "porey" or "powdery". Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! Choose from eight, star-styled, lovelier shades *today!*



SUSAN PETERS, lovely young star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY". Woodbury CHAMPAGNE RACHEL is golden drama for a honey-toned medium skin like Susan's.



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1 [illegible] right shades of matching lipstick and rouge ... Beauty Parcel[illegible] Powder [illegible]

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax

Woodbury Film Finish Powder

friends in war much more. The infantrymen can't live without friends. That forces them to be pretty good people, and that's the reason men at the front seem so much simpler and more generous than others. They kid one another unmercifully—sometimes in ways that would seem a little ribald to the uninitiated.

For instance, there was the young guy who got married two weeks before shipping out, has been overseas two years, and was desperately homesick. Some other guy will say to him: "You wanna go home? Hell, you found a home in the Army. You got your first pair of shoes and your first square meal in the Army. You're living a clean, healthy, outdoor life, and you want to go back and be henpecked."

He keeps up this apparently heartless tirade until the victim heaves a big rock at him and feels better. But it isn't heartless, because only a man who is terribly homesick himself would dare to say a thing like that. He isn't just pouring it on the other guy—he's trying to kid *himself* into feeling better.

When you lose a friend you have an overpowering desire to go back home and yell in everybody's ear, "This guy was killed fighting for you. Don't forget him—ever. Keep him in your mind when you wake up in the morning and when you go to bed at night. Don't think of him as the statistic which changes 38,788 casualties to 38,789. Think of him as a guy who wanted to live as much as you do. Don't let him be just one of 'Our Brave Boys' from the old home town, to whom a monument is erected in the city park, and a civic-minded lady calls the newspaper ten years later and asks why that 'unsightly stone' isn't removed."

There is surprisingly little bickering and jealousy in combat outfits. There might be a little between the company cooks or the supply sergeant and the company clerk, but the more action anybody sees, the less spiteful he is toward those around him.

IF A MAN is up for a medal, his friends are so willing to be witnesses that sometimes they must be cross-examined to make sure they are not crediting him with three knocked-out machine guns instead of one. They fight together, argue together, work together, stick together if one is in trouble, and that's a very big reason why infantry guys win wars.

Of course, there are misfits who just can't make friends or who are just plain ornery, but they depart sooner or later. If something doesn't happen to them during battle, they blow their tops or they just leave when there is an opportunity. But you will seldom find a misfit who has been in an outfit more than a few months.

I'm not equipped to talk about Europe, because I don't know a darned thing about it. My impressions are simply reactions to what I have seen, and all I can do is offer them as explanations for some of the drawings I made about the experiences soldiers have had with civilians here and there.

While most guys over here swear heartily at the people who always seem to be trying to take advantage of us, we all have to admit that deflating the G.I. pocketbook is not an activity peculiar to Europe. We still have dim memories of days long ago when shops and restaurants in some American towns kept double price lists for soldiers and civilians, and those of us who had wives can't forget rooming houses whose proprietors hung out "Soldiers' Families Welcome" signs, and then stuck us for all our monthly pay.

Those of us who spent a long time in Sicily and Italy are more amazed every day that such a run-down country could have had the audacity to declare war on anyone, even with the backing of the krauts.

Italy reminds a guy of a dog hit by an automobile because it ran out and tried to bite the tires. You can't just leave the critter there to die, but you remember that you wouldn't have run over it if it had stayed on the sidewalk. There is no doubt that the Italians are paying a stiff price for their past sins. The country looks as if a giant rake had gone over it from end to end, and when you have been going along with the rake you wonder that there is anything left at all.

The doggies became accustomed to the abject poverty and hunger of the Italian refugees who streamed out of towns which were being fought over, and who hung around bivouac areas, but no dogface ever became hardened to it.

It would take a pretty tough guy not to feel his heart go out to the shivering little six-year-old squeaker who stands barefoot in the mud, holding a big tin bucket so the dogface can empty his mess kit into it. Many



The Prince and the Pauper.

soldiers, veterans of the Italy campaign and thousands of similar buckets, still go back and sweat out the mess line for an extra chop and hunk of bread for those little kids.

It hits the doggies to see a man staring glassily at the shambles of the home he spent his life building, and they would like to be able to comfort him. Perhaps they feel that way because they realize more and more how lucky our own country is to have escaped all this. It chills a man to see a young girl with a haunted, hopeless expression in her eyes and a squalling baby which must go on squalling because she is hungry and has no milk for it. Not only does he pity her, but he thinks that this could possibly have happened to his own sister or his wife. He realizes it even more when he considers how near the Germans were to victory when he started fighting them.

We were swindled unmercifully everywhere we went; we've learned to take it for granted. But a lot of the blame is our own. If we find a barbershop where the price equals six cents in American money, we plop down what amounts to fifty cents in tattered European currency. When our change is counted out to us in even more tattered bills—some worth as little as one cent—we tell the barber to keep the change. We'd have paid that price in America, and besides we hate to have wads of the stuff sticking between our fingers every time we reach into our pockets for a cigarette.

After two or three dogfaces have repeated this performance, the barber decides the stories he has heard about all Americans owning oil wells are true, and the price goes up to fifty cents. Along comes a Canadian, whose government allows him about ten dollars per month and banks the rest for his return, and when the barber tries to soak *him* fifty cents the Canadian tears the shop apart.

All this leads the confused barber to believe that the Canadian is a tightwad and the American is a rich fool.

One of the worst plagues for people who draw pictures in the Army is the steady stream of requests to do free-lance art work.

Once a request came when I was embroiled in the "Battle of Naples," and since it came from a corps commander, I felt I couldn't afford to alienate any possible friends. The corps commander had set up an officers' club in an Italian yacht club. The

(Continued on Page 66)

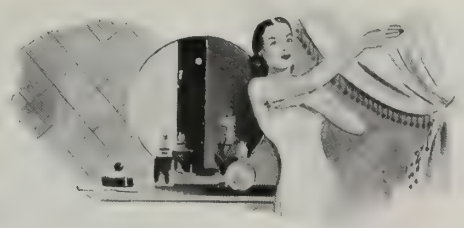
You can't take it with you



NOT that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you *do* want to be safe. And there *is* a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.



Take half a minute with Mum—and *stay* as sweet as you are. Gentle Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm fabrics. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

Sw-e-et Ad-e-line. And they do mean *you!* Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be near? And wouldn't you be a *goon* to let underarm odor rob you of popularity! So use Mum, *to be sure*. How's your Mum supply today?



MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



Product of Bristol-Myers



LIKE SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

IT'S SUGAR-CURED

Everybody's "Johnny-on-the-spot" when there's Prem for dinner. For Prem has the extra goodness of the exclusive Swift's Premium sugar cure. Of course, large quantities of Prem are going to our fighting men now, just as you'd want it to. So your grocer isn't to blame if you can't always get it; but he won't mind if you remind him you would like some when he does have it.

SWIFT & COMPANY: Purveyors of fine foods.

(Continued from Page 64)

windows were portholes and had to be blacked out with circular pieces of plywood at night.

The general's aide brought over two wooden disks on which the old man wanted pictures of Willie and Joe. I took a dim view of decorating officers' clubs, because I felt it would ruin my standing as an honorable enlisted man. But I worked out a satisfactory solution. I told the aide the drawings would be finished in a couple of days. It actually took fifteen minutes, but you can't afford to let people know you can work fast.

I painted Willie on one piece of plywood and Joe on the other. They looked like ordinary life-size portraits until, the evening of the general's party, they were properly mounted in their circular holes. Next morning, an officer secretly sympathetic with my cause reported that the party was not as lively as it might have been. Every time a beribboned staff officer with a highball in his hand lifted his eyes he found himself staring into the bearded face of a dirty, weary, disapproving dogface peering in the porthole with his finger tips on the sill.

People who make cartoons, according to legend, are supposed never to laugh. Perhaps I'm too young at the game to have the proper attitude, because I got a whale of a laugh out of another incident that occurred in the midst of the "Battle of Naples."



"He's right, Joe. When we ain't fightin' we should ack like sojers."

I made a drawing of Joe and Willie slouched in a ruined doorway and looking wearily at an admonishing rear-echelon corporal. Says Willie, "He's right, Joe. When we ain't fightin' we should ack like sojers."

The day after the cartoon was printed a pleasant old colonel came into the Stars and Stripes office. He was quite evidently a new arrival, for he didn't know I was seditious. He hadn't bothered to study the drawing, which had taken a crack at the rigid regulations with regard to soldierly conduct behind the lines.

All the colonel knew was that when you weren't fighting you *were* supposed to have a military bearing. So he had a brilliant and highly original idea which he thought certain to win him a promotion or the Legion of Merit. He wanted, so help me, to take the original drawing and have thousands of huge poster copies printed. He planned to plaster them on every wall and telephone pole in Italy, as an admonition to G.I.'s to "ack like sojers."

I couldn't say, "Sir, that's a treacherous cartoon, made to cause riots and rebellion among soldiers, and it would be a mistake to make posters of it and aid and abet my cause."

Instead, I gave him the drawing and, with brigadier's stars in his eyes, he headed for the door. "The general will love this," he said.

I'm sure the general did.

Of all the world's armies, the American Army gets the best equipment. The dogface knows that when he sees other armies. But we missed the boat on one thing. Every other army gets a liquor ration. (Regulations have recently been amended to permit issuance of liquor ration to officers only.—*Editor.*)

Drinking, like sex, is not a question of should or shouldn't in the Army. It's here to stay, and it seems to us that the best way to handle it is to understand and recognize it. We have a pretty strong hunch that the Army doesn't keep drinkin' likker out of our reach because the War Department is stupid. It's only because the home folks would scream their heads off at any hint of the clean-cut lads overseas besotting themselves.

A liquor ration would seem to be a desirable thing. The British soldier gets a spot of whisky regularly, the size of the spot depending upon his rank. He gets a little beer also. And the Frenchman gets his wine. It's not much, but his palate is soothed with honest liquor which makes him unable to bear the smell, let alone the taste, of the home-distilled stuff the Americans are forced to drink because they can get nothing else.

Some guys brought the habit overseas with them, but I think the large majority drinks because other recreational facilities are crowded or unavailable, and liquor can dull the sharp memories of war.

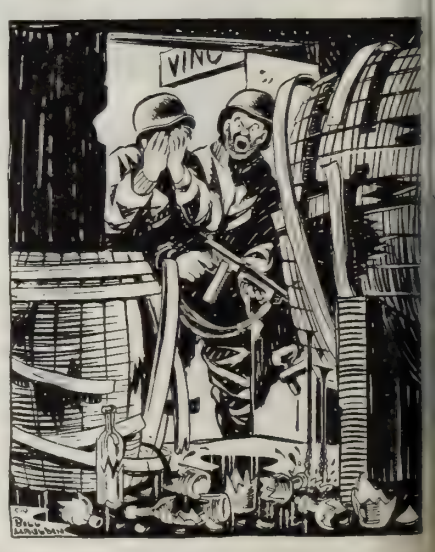
That's something the American public just can't seem to realize, and that's why the European armies get good hooch and the Americans don't. The Europeans have seen war and armies at first hand. An army at war is far different from an army in its own homeland, and all soldiers' instincts are pretty much the same.

The Europeans know that soldiers are going to do some drinking and, since they don't like to have their windows kicked in by joyful souses, they keep their soldiers' whistles wetted just enough to satisfy the boys, but not enough to souse them.

I'm not trying to say the American Army is a drunken army. Most of the men have the same attitude as I have about liquor. I drink very little, and I don't like strong liquor at all. Yet there have been times over here when I have tied one on because I was homesick, or bored, or because I was sitting around with a bunch of guys who had a bottle, and when it came around to me I just naturally took a belt at it. And there were many times that I guzzled wine because the water was questionable.

I don't think I'll carry a confirmed drinking habit back home with me. But until they send me home or send my wife over here, or until they ship over portable soda fountains, I'm going to do a little drinking now and then.

The Germans seemed to go out of their way to sabotage wineries. They were just



"Them rats! Them dirty, cold-blooded, sore-headed stinkin' Huns! Them atrocity-committin' skunks . . .

like dogs; what they couldn't eat or drink or carry away, they messed up so nobody else could use it.

(Before you write an indignant letter to the JOURNAL, please consider that this is Bill Mauldin's opinion about liquor for soldiers.)

(Continued on Page 68)





. . . luncheon meats in CANS

● Nowadays, your pantry shelf can be a miniature meat market, with different varieties of delicious canned meats always ready to serve at a moment's notice.

And how wonderful it is to know that the dependable steel-and-tin can *keeps* processed canned meats as wholesome as at the moment they were packed. That's because the can is both airtight and lightproof. And, as you probably know, air and light are among the chief causes of rancidity and spoilage.

This same sure protection also applies, of course, to hundreds of other canned foods—as well as to many additional products that go to make up the long list of more than 2,500 things normally packed in cans by over 135 different industries.

Cans don't break, crack, tear, or split. They're easy to carry, store, open, and to dispose of. And they give their contents lasting protection. No other container combines so many important advantages.

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

OUR FIGHTING FRONTS need thousands of things packed in billions of cans. This means certain civilian products must come to you in substitute containers for the duration. But your Government has wisely provided for home-front nutritional protection by permitting adequate supplies of *foods* to be packed in cans. Stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. Please turn in empty cans for salvage.



(Continued from Page 66)

The JOURNAL does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its contributors. ED.)

For a long time I loved to throw hooked cartoons at the Air Forces and other branches famed for comfortable rear-echelon accommodations. One of the common gripes among the infantry is the way fliers get to go home after some definite number of missions.

An Air Corps mission amounts to several hours of discomfort and considerable danger, after which the fliers return to their bases. Some of the airfields, particularly the fighter strips, are far from comfortable, but on the whole the flying boys do okay by themselves.

Recently I've changed some of my opinions. After a certain length of time overseas, you stop envying the guy who has something. You may wish you had it yourself, but you begin to realize that taking the warm coat off his back isn't going to make your back any warmer. So the more seasoned doggie just sort of wonders why he doesn't get to go home after a certain number of "missions." He laughs about the youthfulness of the Air Corps officers and he wishes somebody looked after him as well as somebody looks after the Air Corps. But he doesn't kick when he sees a formation of planes going through heavy flak and he feels pretty awful when he sees one go down and thinks of the guys in it.

As the war goes on, a sort of undeclared fraternity develops. It might be called "The Benevolent and Protective Brotherhood of Them What Has Been Shot At." So, while the infantryman may go on griping because *he* doesn't get 50 per cent extra pay for dangerous duty, and because *he* can't go back to a base when his mission is accomplished, when he talks to a man who is flak-happy from too many hours in the substratosphere buzzing with enemy fighters he has a tendency to sympathize with the airman, even when the doggie himself is battle-happy.

An infantry "mission" goes on twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and the infantryman has everything from planes and tanks to grenades and bullets thrown at him, to say nothing of flame throwers, mines, booby traps and shells. When he has had a year or two of this he has, in the opinion of many of us, completed enough "missions" to merit him a hundred "rest cures." He is damned lucky if he gets a three-day pass to a town swarming with other soldiers.

Religious services in battle zones offer weird contrast to bursting shells and the twisted wreckage of war. It is strange to see reverence helmeted and armored.

I saw a Catholic chaplain at Salerno gather up his white robes and beat a Focke-Wulf's tracers into a muddy ditch by a split second, then return and carry on the service as if nothing had happened. I have a lot of respect for those chaplains who keep up the spirits of the combat guys. They often give the troops a pretty firm anchor to hang onto.

When the mountain fighting in Italy first started to get tough, and it was impossible



"I calls her Florence Nightingale."



trucks or jeeps to bring food, water and
no up into the mountain trails, mule com-
ies were mustered and calls for experi-
ed mule skinners went out through the
sions. Mules were sought out and bought
n farmers. They carried supplies to many
liers who hadn't seen a jeep for weeks.
t would have gladdened the hearts of
se old soldiers at home, who were con-
ced that this new Army was going crazy
n newfangled inventions, to see long col-
ns of balky mules being cajoled and
eatened up the trails by their bearded,
aring, sweating skinners.

Once I thought I did a very funny car-
n. It was a picture of an old-time cav-
man shooting his jeep, which had a



ken axle. It is one of those cartoon ideas
think up rarely; it has simplicity, it tells
ory, it doesn't need words. It is, I be-
e, the very best kind of cartoon.

I were trying to tell somebody about
war, I would certainly say more about
engineers. But I don't know how they
braces on Bailey bridges, and I don't
w the finer points of neutralizing a Teller
e, so I can't draw many pictures about
n, except as they come into contact with
infantry.

NE detectors are always good cartoon
erial, but unfortunately you can't draw
realistic cartoons about them, because
e detectors are seldom used for anything
detecting mines. That's the trouble with
ving pictures about specialists and their
pment. All these guys are fighting a
and some of the time they are doing it
reat danger. They develop a rather seri-
turn of mind, and so an engineer might
e with some wonderment if you tried to
v his life with his mine detector in a
s of gags. He's usually a little scared
n he's poking around in a mine field,
he stopped feeling silly about it a long
ago.

he guy who thinks up names for Liberty
s has a relative over here. The relative
ks up names for telephone codes.
stead of saying, "This is Company A;
me G-3 at Division CP, advance," he
, "Able Jackson company calling Je-
aphat 3." That's to confuse any wire
ers from the Third Reich who might be
ning.
ou can take the cartoon and go on from
e.

he medics are good subjects for draw-
, and anybody who does stuff about the
ntry has to throw in the medics once in
hile. They are a lot like the other
ches. The farther you work toward the
t, the simpler and rougher life gets, and
v more human and good things show up.
he aid man is the dogface's family doc-
and he is regarded as an authority on
y minor ailment from a bli ter to a cold
e head. The aid man usually takes this
onsibility quite seriously. He lances and
hes blisters with all the professional pride of a brain specialist removing a tumor. He watches over his boys and sees that their water is pure or, if there is no water, he looks at the wine barrel.

But the dogface's real hero is the litter-bearer and aid man who goes into all combat situations right along with the infantryman, shares his hardships and dangers, and isn't able to fight back. When the infantryman is down, the medic must get up and help him. That's not pleasant sometimes when there's shooting.

The aid men and litter-bearers know that their work is often far more important than that of the surgeon at the operating table; because if it were not for the aid man the casualty would not live to reach the surgeon's table.

Let's say the doggie has a shattered leg and is lying in a shell hole out in front of his company, which is pinned down by machine-gun fire. He uses the bandage from his first-aid packet to make a tourniquet, and he takes the sulpha pills, but he knows that if he lies there much longer he will bleed to death.

NOBODY is going to blame the aid man if he saves his own neck and doesn't go out after a man who will probably die anyway. But the medic usually goes. If the Germans happen to be feeling pretty good, they might lift their fire when they see his Red Cross arm band.

Put yourself in the wounded guy's shoes when he sees the medic appear over him and his pain is dulled by morphine, his bleeding is stopped, and he is lifted out and carried back to safety and good surgery. Sure, he's going to love that medic. And after a few dozen men owe their lives to one little pill roller, he is going to be very well liked indeed.

Sooner or later, like everybody who works around the infantry, the medic is going to get his. Many aid men have been wounded and many have been killed. It should comfort the families of those who have died to know that there are many friends who grieve with them.

But if I say much more than this the commissioned intern who entered my ward in Naples one winter when I was recovering from pneumonia and ordered me to lie at attention, if I couldn't sit or stand at attention when I saw him coming, will show this around and say: "See? I told you we medics did a great job!"

It's a hell of a thing that some brass hats have made front-line medics turn in their combat badges.* If the brass did it because the medic doesn't fight, and the enemy might take the badge the wrong way if they capture him, that's reasonable. But they should have given him something to replace it—maybe a cross instead of a rifle on the badge.

I say that because it's important. Everybody these days wears combat boots and combat jackets. A lot of people who never saw more infantry than basic training wear the infantry blue on their caps. The combat badge is about the only thing that sets the front-line man apart, and he has reason to be proud of it.

When they took the badges away the infantry howled louder than the medics. I'm convinced that the combat badge means much more to the front-line soldier than the small amount of extra pay that goes with it. It is a symbol of what he has been through. Many troops who operate with the infantry should get it and don't, and a few who shouldn't get it do.

Often soldiers who are going home say they are going to tell the people how fortunate we were to stop the enemy before he was able to come and tear up our country. They are also going to tell the people that it was a pretty rough life over here.

I've tried to do that in my drawings and I know that many thousands of guys who have gone back have tried to do it too. But no matter how much we try, we can never give the folks at home any idea of what war

*The honor of wearing a combat badge has recently been restored to the medics.—*Editor.*



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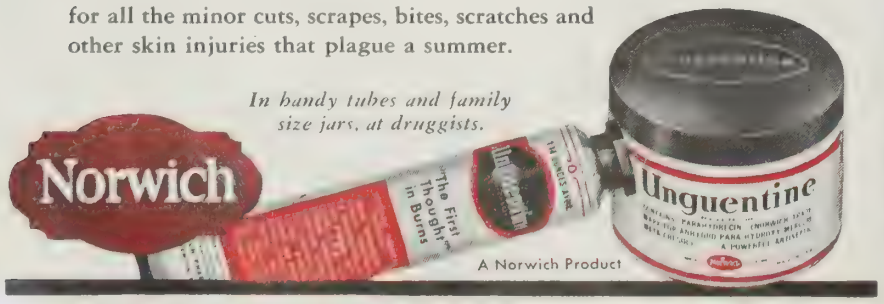


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really is. I guess you have to go through it to understand its horror. You have to smell it and feel it all around you until you can't imagine what it used to be like when you walked on a sidewalk or tossed clubs up into horse-chestnut trees or fished for perch, or when you did anything at all without a pack, a rifle and a bunch of grenades.

One thing that caused a lot of howls among the soldiers was the way celebrities, particularly female ones, were always surrounded by officers. Some celebrities couldn't help this, some encouraged it, and others just didn't know any better. Most of the blame should go to the officers. It was pretty awful to see a string of them tagging behind some little Hollywood chick. Several memorable ladies of the screen actually managed to break away from the howling pack and escape to the enlisted men, but there were very few such escapes.

I know officers like to see women from home as much as anybody else does, but I think the enlisted men should have been given a chance to see the girls.

Officers around the front were good Joes about it. The success of their jobs depended upon the morale of their men, and very few combat CO's tried to horn in on the dogfaces' entertainment.

Decorations are touchy things to talk about. The British kid us because we're overdecorated, and perhaps we are in some ways. Civilians may think it's a little juvenile to worry about ribbons, but a civilian has a house and a bank roll to show what he's done for the past few years.

I thought the War Department ruined any value the Good Conduct ribbon may have had by passing it out to men who had only one year of service. But it's different with those medals which are given only for heroism in battle. You can bet that any man decorated for heroism has earned the award, because the committee that gave him the decoration first called in a lot of witnesses.

I have four ribbons, and I haven't had as many troubles as a lot of men who finished the last war with a single campaign ribbon. But sometimes I'm a little proud of those four ribbons, and I often put them on under my sweater and peek at them when nobody is looking.

Dig a hole in your back yard while it is raining. Sit in the hole until the water climbs up around your ankles. Pour cold mud down your shirt collar. Sit there for forty-eight hours and, so you won't doze off, imagine that a guy is sneaking around waiting for a chance to club you on the head or set your house on fire.

Get out of the hole, fill a suitcase full of rocks, pick it up, put a shotgun in your other hand, and walk on the muddiest road you can find. Fall flat on your face every few minutes as you imagine big meteors streaking down to sock you.

After ten or twelve miles (remember—you are still carrying the shotgun and suitcase)



"Now that ya mention it, Joe, it does sound like th' patter of rain on a tin roof."

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start sneaking through the wet brush. Imagine that somebody has booby-trapped your route with rattlesnakes which will bite you if you step on them. Give some friend a rifle and have him blast in your direction once in a while.

Snoop around until you find a bull. Try to figure out a way to sneak around him without letting him see you. When he does see you, run like hell all the way back to your hole in the back yard, drop the suitcase and shotgun, and get in.

If you repeat this performance every three days for several months, you may begin to understand why an infantryman sometimes gets out of breath. But you still won't understand how he feels when things get tough.

One thing is pretty certain if you are in the infantry—you aren't going to be very warm and dry while you sleep. If you haven't thrown your blankets and shelter half away during a march, maybe you can find another guy who has kept his shelter half and the two of you can pitch a pup tent. But pup tents aren't very common around the front. Neither is sleep, for that matter. You do most of your sleeping while you march. It's not a very healthy sleep; you might call it a sort of coma. You can't hear anybody telling you to move faster, but you can hear a whispering whoosh when the enemy up ahead stops long enough to throw a shell at you.

You don't feel very good when you wake up, because there is a thick fuzz in your head and a horrible taste in your mouth and you wish you had taken your toothbrush out before you threw your pack away.

It's a little better when you can lie down, even in the mud. Rocks are better than mud because you can curl yourself around the big rocks, even if you wake up with sore bruises where the little rocks dug into you. When you wake up in the mud your cigarettes are all wet and you have an ache in your joints and a rattle in your chest.

You get back on your feet and bum a cigarette from somebody who had sense enough to keep a pack dry inside the webbing of his helmet liner. The smoke makes the roof of your mouth taste worse, but it also makes you forget the big blister on your right heel. Then you pick up your rifle and your pack and the entrenching tool and the canteen and the bayonet and the first-aid kit and the grenade pouches. You hang the bandoleer around your neck and you take the grenades out of the pouches and hang them on your belt by the handles.

You look everything over and try to find something else you can throw away to make the load on the blister a little lighter. You chuckle as you remember the ad you saw in the tattered magazine showing the infantryman going into battle with a gas mask and full field pack. Then you discover something and you wonder why the hell you didn't think of it long ago—the M-1 clip pouches on your cartridge belt are just the right size for a package of cigarettes. That will keep the rain off the smokes.

You start walking again, but you are getting close now, so you keep five yards between yourself and the next guy and you begin to feel your heart pounding a little faster. It isn't so bad when you get there—you don't have time to get scared. But it's bad going there and coming back. Going there you think of what might happen and coming back you remember what did happen.

Of course, nothing's really going to get you. You've got too much to live for. But you might get hurt and that would be bad. You don't want to come back all banged up. Why the hell doesn't somebody come up and replace you before you get hurt? You've been lucky so far, but it can't last forever.

You feel tighter inside. You're getting closer. Somebody said that fear is Nature's protection for you and that when you get scared your glands make you more alert. The hell with Nature. You'd rather be calm like everybody else seems to be. But you know they're just as jumpy as you are.

Now they're pulling off the road. Maybe you don't have to go up there tonight. You don't. You start to dig a slit trench because the enemy might come to you if you don't go to him. But there's a big root halfway down. Mud and roots seem to follow you wherever you go. You dig around the root and then you try the hole for size. You look at the sky and it looks like rain.

A weapons carrier slithers up the trail and the driver tosses out the packs you all threw away a couple of miles back. Maybe the Army is getting sensible. Hell, you got the wrong pack and somebody else got yours. The blankets are damp, but they would have been soaked anyway even if you had carried them.

You throw some brush in the bottom of the trench. You squeeze in. You don't like it. You get out and sleep beside the hole. You wake up two hours later and you're glad you didn't get in the hole because it's raining and the hole is half full of water. Your head still feels fuzzy and your heart is still pounding, but it's better because you have been lying down. A pool of water has collected right in the center of the shelter half you threw over yourself and the water is dribbling right through to your skin. You brush the water out and pull the canvas tight around you. The rain continues, the weather is getting colder, and you try to go to sleep quick so you won't feel it.

Sometimes when the doggies are on the march they find a gutted house with part of the roof still hanging out from the top of the wall. This makes very fine shelter indeed, and it's a happy time when they go into bivouac near such a house. But when the guys are really lucky they find a barn, and every doggie knows that barns are far better than houses. He knows that vermin are awful things to have and, since he never gets a chance to take a bath, he avoids houses and questionable mattresses if he can find a luxurious barn full of hay.

When you are in a barn you don't have to bother about being nice to the hostess, because she is probably a cow. You can put one blanket under you and one over you and lots of hay on top of that and you will be very very warm.

The only bad thing about a barn is that you find a lot of rats there. You don't mind it so much when they just scurry over you if they leave your face alone and don't get curious about your anatomy. A barn rat likes nothing better than to bed down with his guest and carry on a conversation in Braille all night.

The best nights I've spent in the field have been in barns. And the best night I ever spent in a barn was when I woke up and found a cow standing over me. She had a calf, but I shouldered the little creature aside and milked the mother in my best New Mexico style. The farmer came in when I was almost finished and I pointed to a small lump on the cow's udder. That showed he hadn't stripped her well and I showed him how to do a nice job of stripping with thumb and forefinger. He was well contented when I left and so was I, because that had been the first fresh milk I had drunk since I left the States. *(Continued on Page 73)*



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JIM: Guess I'm not up on my housework. I thought a cleanser had to be *scratchy* to be *fast.*

SUE: Just the opposite, pet! Scratchy cleansers *slow you down*, because every scratch *holds* dirt.

JIM: And you have to *dig* to get the dirt out?

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JIM: "Hasn't scratched yet!"... I get it.

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JIM: Honey, I'll do better than *look*—I'll take you to the movies and *hold* them.

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(Continued from Page 71)

The dogfaces love to find haystacks, and an infantry company will tear down a stack in five minutes. They line their holes with the stuff and, if they've got bed sacks, they'll fill them too. If they don't have bed sacks they find some stack that hasn't been torn down and dozens of guys will crawl into this one stack and disappear. It's wonderfully soft and wonderfully warm, but if it's old hay a lot of people who suffer from hay fever have to pass it up. But even if you don't have hay fever there's another bad thing about haystacks: the enemy has used them and he figures you are going to use them, too, so he often mines them and, if he is within shooting range, every now and then throws a shell into them. Bombers and artillerymen blow up haystacks and barns just on general principle sometimes.

Caves are nice and you can find them sometimes in the mountains. Nice thing about a cave is that you can throw up a little dirt around the entrance and you're safe from almost anything. Air bursts and butterfly bombs make open holes uncomfortable sometimes.

Barns are still about the best, though.

Abandoned towns are wonderful places for guys who have time to make homes in them. Many doggies prefer wrecked houses to undamaged houses because as long as there are walls to break the wind and a roof to stop the weather the men can fix the places up without any qualms about scrounging.

There is a difference between scrounging and looting. Looting is the stealing of valuables, but most *évacuées* take their valuables with them. Scrounging is the borrowing of things which will make life in the field a little more bearable. Since the infantryman carries everything on his back, he can scrounge only temporarily, borrowing a chair from this house and bedsprings from that one.

The headquarters units which follow the infantry have a little motor transport and they can carry many things with them. Go into almost any field CP and you'll find a pale-pink upholstered chair which looks pretty silly sitting there in the mud.

In combat, infantry officers usually share the same conditions as the dogfaces. But when the doggies get back to a temporary rest area they have to be careful about fixing up a wrecked house too well, because the officers may suddenly remember that they are officers and take over the premises. Noncoms can be just as bad about it too.

It's strange how memories of peacetime life influence these makeshift homes. If a soldier has fixed himself a dugout or an abandoned house, and has cleaned it up and made it look presentable, his visitors instinctively feel that this is a man's house, and he is its head. They use his C-ration-can ash trays and they don't spit on the floor. But no matter how much time or effort a guy is able to spend making his dugout livable, and no matter how many of his friends may come shoot the breeze with him, there are only a few subjects of conversation: wives and girls and families, just plain women, or home.



"Let 'im in. I wanna see a critter I kin feel sorry fer."

Many dugouts in Anzio were fixed up surprisingly well. Some guys sat there for five months without moving, and they had to do something to relieve their boredom. They scrounged a little lumber here, a set of bedsprings there, and some of the boys even found mirrors.

The Germans must be given credit for rigging up some very fine dwelling places. They had the advantage of time. Their dugouts at Cassino were fantastic. One was so deep that its roof, almost flush with the surface of the ground, consisted of a four-foot layer of dirt and rocks on top, then a section of railroad ties, a thinner layer of stones, a layer of crisscrossed steel rails, and beneath that a ceiling of more thick wooden ties. Its roof indicated that many of our shells and bombs registered direct hits on it, yet I doubt if the explosions even disturbed the sleep of the occupants. The walls were lined with real plywood, nicely fitted, and there were springed bunks which folded into the wall. There was a radio, too, and a number of German magazines. It was easy to see how the krauts were able to snooze blissfully through our worst bombings and shellings, and then come out and fight off our infantry when the big stuff stopped.

THE dugout's only weakness was its one entrance—a screen door to protect the delicate krauts from predatory mosquitoes. Cassino was entered by the foot infantry, who knocked down the dugout doors with their grenades and bayoneted the occupants. Then our guys occupied the luxurious dugouts for a while.

Those who look carefully at newspaper pictures have probably observed that many Germans were captured at the front without helmets, while our guys wear them almost all the time. One of the reasons for this is that we were taught very thoroughly that a helmet is a good thing to have around, but the main reason is that the American helmet is a handy instrument even when you're not wearing it. You can dig with it, cook with it, gather fruit with it and bathe with it. The only disadvantage of the helmet is that it is drafty in winter and hot in summer.

The infantryman bathes whenever he has an opportunity, which is about twice during the summer and not quite as often in the winter. He bathes in rivers, seas and old shell holes which have collected water. The only consistent thing about his bath is that it is always cold.

Our infantry company in Italy scrounged a real tin bathtub and they carried it around with them for several weeks until it was riddled by an 88 shell.

In spite of growing resentment against the souvenir hunter, the market for souvenirs is booming. Front-line troops pick them up firsthand, and rear troops buy them or police up what the front-line troops missed. On the local market one hundred bucks is the prevailing price for a Luger pistol. A P-38, the mass-production model of the Luger, will get you about seventy bucks. German helmets have flooded the market and aren't worth picking up.

Shortly after Rome fell, all the city's better hotels were grabbed by brass hats and the Air Forces. Did the infantry have a hotel? Hell, no. The sight-seeing doggie was out of luck if he wanted a place to sleep after he had ogled some of Rome's choicer sights. This was a heck of a note for the doggie who had sweated out Anzio and Cassino and who had pushed north to take Rome after nine awful months in Italy.

It was always a little infuriating for the dogfaces to take a town away from the Germans by dint of considerable effort, to be treated royally by the liberated inhabitants and given the golden key to the city; and, after moving on farther, to come back to that town and find everything changed. All the choice spots are occupied by brass hats



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and the CIC and AMG and ACC and PWD. All the liquor has been drunk and the pretty babe who kissed the dogface tearfully as he liberated her is already going steady with a war correspondent.

It's a bad thing, and even though the doggie realizes all these people have their place in the war, and it is necessary that they follow him, he also gets mad as hell sometimes.

Our Army is pretty well fed behind the lines—as well fed as an army can be. The food advertisers who show a soldier wallowing in goodies aren't far wrong. The abundance of food in our big ration dumps amazed Europeans. But the advertisers make one mistake. They always show the soldier wallowing in goodies at the front. He doesn't wallow in anything but mud up there.

Usually it's nobody's fault. In Sicily and Southern France things moved so fast it was hard for the supplies to catch up. In Italy the mountains complicated the supply situation.

Since there is not much a cook can do while his company is in combat, his worth depends upon how many ration cases he can carry and not upon how flaky his corn bread turns out. Occasionally a few cooks managed to get hot food up to their boys, but this didn't happen very often.

Front-line troops got K and C rations because the bulky B units which contain fruit juice, flour for pastries and all the nice things a guy likes to eat were too much for the mules which had to carry everything else, including ammunition and water. The main trouble with K and C rations was their monotony. I suppose they had all the necessary calories and vitamins, but they didn't fill your stomach and you got awfully tired of them.

It's a tragedy that all the advantages of being in the American Army never get to those who need them most—the men at the front. It was the same with the Red Cross and movies and all the rest of the better things. You just can't have variety shows and movie screens at the front.

When our planes weren't shooting up kraut supply lines, the German army was pretty well fed. Maybe they didn't know much about vitamins, but their stuff was filling. It was always a great day when our patrols found caches of jerry food.

Their sausage was good, and they had a marmalade that came packaged in a big wooden box and wasn't bad at all. Of course, most of this stuff came from France.

But the Germans had a pretty good chow system, according to prisoners I've talked to. Our guys seldom get a square meal with meat and gravy until they are back in a rest area where the food can be brought up easily. The Germans sent all their *best* stuff to the front. One prisoner told me that he had transferred from a cushy job in the rear echelon to the infantry so he could get something to eat.

But the kraut wasn't always sleek and well fed. We can thank the fliers and the artillery for the fact that his supplies were shot up a big part of the time. Then he was happy to get black bread and watery soup and didn't object so strongly to C rations.

While the rule books probably frown on it, there are few soldiers who haven't traded Army rations for civilian food when it was available. It's funny to watch a civilian, sick of his potato soup, brown bread and red wine, wolf one of those horrible K rations as eagerly as the soldier tears into the soup and bread and wine.

Back in the rest areas, kitchens set up mess lines. The men dig garbage pits and scrape the rust out of their mess gear. The infantry seems to get much worse food than any other branch, but at least the food is hot when the kitchens are functioning.

One of my best friends is a cook in an infantry company when he's not in the clink. I once drove him back to a ration dump to get a sack of flour. He wanted to make pancakes for his boys, who hadn't seen pancakes for seven months. I told the guys at



If Your Child
HATES VEGETABLES



try giving him Ovaltine

SCIENCE has proved there are certain food elements everyone needs for health. If there aren't enough of them in a child's food, serious things happen, such as *poor appetite*—faulty nerves, bad teeth—perhaps worse! Stunted growth, soft bones, defective eyesight.

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary diets. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of appetite Vitamin B_1, Vitamins A, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also supply niacin, pantothenic acid, pyridoxine. In addition it provides the *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So—if your child eats poorly, hates vegetables, or is thin and nervous, turn to Ovaltine.

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FAR WHITER WASHINGS
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GRAVY MASTER



MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE!

the ration dump that I was scrounging for Stars and Stripes, and that we wanted to do a story, with photographs, about the men who work in ration dumps. They fell for it, and didn't even stop to wonder why in hell Stars and Stripes wanted a sack of flour. We got the sack, but those ration men are still looking for their pictures in the paper.

Halfway back to the company area Mike remembered that we hadn't asked for baking soda. We went back, but they didn't have any soda. Then Mike asked for a few cases of tooth powder, and we got that. After Mike got back to the company, every guy had all the pancakes he could eat. They were made with G.I. tooth powder, and tasted pretty good.

That's how the infantry gets along most of the time.

As long as you've got to have an army, you've got to have officers, so you might as well make the most of it. The ideal officer in any army knows his business. He is firm and just. He is saluted and given the respect due a man who knows enough about war to boss soldiers around in it. He is given many privileges, which all officers are happy to accept, and he is required, in return, to give certain things which a few officers choose to ignore. I try to make life as miserable as possible for those few.

An officer is not supposed to sleep until his men are bedded down. He is not supposed to eat until he has arranged for his men to eat. He's like a prize fighter's manager. If he keeps his fighter in shape the fighter will make him successful. I respect those combat officers who feel this responsibility so strongly that many of them are killed fulfilling it.

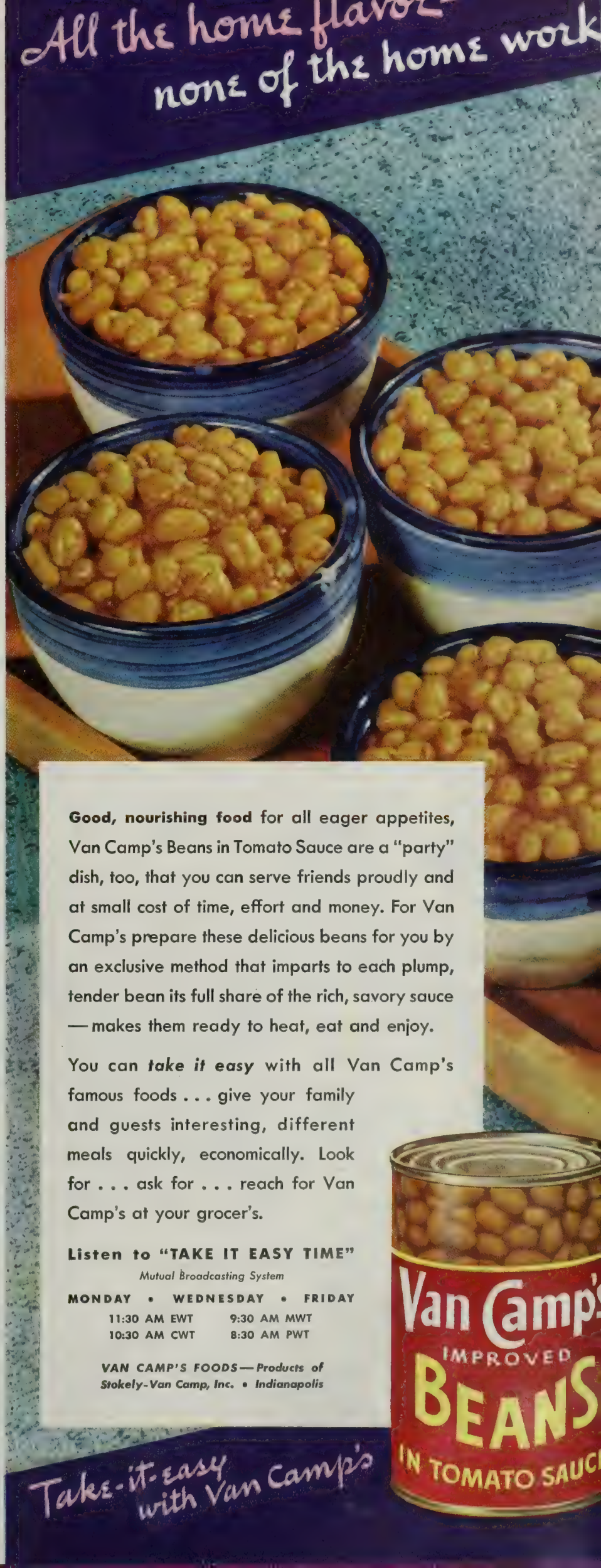
Since I am an enlisted man, and have served under many officers, I have a great deal of respect for the good ones and a great deal of contempt for the bad ones. A man accepts a commission with his eyes open and, if he does not intend to take responsibilities as well as privileges, he is far lower than the buck private who realizes his own limitations and keeps that rank.

Even after four long years in the Army I still disagree with some of the officer-enlisted man traditions. But I'm not rabid about it. If the men who wrote the rules prefer their own exclusive bathrooms and latrines, that's okay with me. But if the officer is going to have a tent over his latrine in the field, how about one for me? I might not be as important as he is, but I can get just as wet. And keep him out of *my* latrine when the weather is bad, and his latrine is farther away than mine. If he wishes to eat at his own table, and wants me to wash his dishes because he has weighty problems on his mind and no time for dishwashing, then I understand. But let him keep his hands off my own kitchen's canned orange juice.

Many old-line officers are no doubt shocked at a spirit of passive rebellion which occasionally shows itself in this citizen army. That's the whole answer. It is a citizen army, and it has in its enlisted ranks many



"Tell th' old man I'm sittin' up wit' two sick friends."



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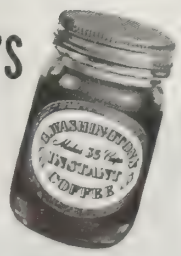


IMPORTANT

Right now, all the G. Washington being made is going to our Armed Forces. But keep asking for it, your grocer will have it eventually!



G. WASHINGTON'S
NEW
INSTANT COFFEE



men who in civil life were not accustomed to being directed to the back door and the servant quarters. To taking orders, yes; but to taking indignities, no.

It doesn't hurt us. Nearly everybody needs a little humbling from time to time. If the Army maintains these customs to prevent undue fraternization between the ruling class and the working class, on the theory that familiarity breeds contempt, then perhaps the Army is right. But most combat outfits scrap tradition, as they scrap many other things, when they go into battle. No man who depends upon those below him—not only for his success, but for his very life—is going to abuse his men unnecessarily. Not if he has good sense.

Technicians' ratings have always been good cartoon material. All the boys pick on a technician, but they must call him "sergeant" or "corporal" while they do it.

After I had been a very poor infantry soldier for a year or so, somebody was kind enough to give me an extra cook's rating, which was called a first-third. Although I never saw the kitchen except when I did KP in it, the rating entitled me to one stripe and slightly more than corporal's pay. It was a notable occasion for me, because I got that first-third on my wedding day, and the few extra bucks did a lot to help me get along with my landlady.

A few months before I came overseas the rating was changed to "technician, fourth grade." This gave me three stripes and a T, and sergeant's pay. I wasn't doing my company commander any good, because I was on special duty at division headquarters, where I drew pictures for the division paper. My peppery little captain used to trudge over to division every day and try to get those new stripes back.

I've still got them, but I don't wear them. I'd rather look like a respectable buck private than take the ribbing most guys give an ersatz sergeant.

It seems to most dogfaces that five minutes after they have stormed and captured a town the whole place is plastered with "Off Limits" signs. Practically every town in France became off limits immediately after our first troops had cleared it of snipers.

One off-limits story spread through the Army and endeared General Patch, 7th Army commander, to the doggies. According to the story, Patch picked up a hitch-hiking paratrooper down in the Riviera district. The general asked the paratrooper where he was going and the paratrooper told him, "Cannes." It was off limits and the general told him so. "Hell, that's okay," said the paratrooper. "I can sneak in and nobody will see me until I'm ready to leave." Either the general wasn't wearing his stars on the jeep or the paratrooper didn't give a damn. Anyway, the general was so impressed with such remarkable honesty that he gave the guy a pass. Patch wrote it out in longhand and instructed all MP's that this soldier was not to be picked up.

It doesn't matter whether the story is true or not. If Patch had been a martinet, nobody would have bothered to repeat the yarn. You can learn a lot about a general by listening to the stories told about him by his combat men.

Invasions are magnificent things to watch but awful things to be in. Evidently the Army likes to pick certain outfits, train them in landing operations, and then use the same men for every invasion. This is undoubtedly an efficient system, but it gets a little rough on the guys who do the invading.

My old division was one of several whose only rest seemed to come when they were waiting for boats to carry them to other lands where the language was different but the war was the same. These amphibious creatures have seen so much action that when they land back in the States they will, just from force of habit, come off shooting and establish a beachhead around Coney Island. There they will probably dig in and fight until demobilization thins their ranks and allows the local partisans to push the survivors back into the sea.

A lot of these dogfaces have put in more time at sea than half the men in the Navy. The doggies don't envy the Navy. They like its excellent food and dry bunks, but they don't like the cramped shipboard life, and, bad as the beach may be, they didn't want to stay aboard the ship when the Luftwaffe and the shore batteries started operating. A ship is a big target, and there is no place you can hide.

Once he gets ashore, the foot soldier is in his element. He breathes easier, even while he scoops up sand by the helmetful to hide himself.

Beaches are awful when they are being subjected to any kind of fire, because they are always crowded with men and equipment coming off the ships, and the enemy can throw a shell almost anywhere in the area and be sure of getting a hit. Strafing planes are the biggest terror, and the Germans always seemed to scrape up a sizable number to make beachheads unpleasant. They played hell with our troops at Sicily, Salerno and Anzio.

The best invasion I ever attended was that of Southern France. Part of the easiness I felt was the result of being with my old division, and even though nobody knew whether or not the beachhead was going to be tough, the boys were so accustomed to invasions that they didn't spend their time sweating it out on shipboard. It was almost a rest for the division, because before embarking they had put in some pretty tough training to get their sea legs back again. The training was given, ironically enough, at exactly the same spot where the outfit had gone in below Salerno, and one regiment did



"I can't git no lower, Willie. Me buttons is in th' way."

some climbing exercises on the same mountain they had defended more than a year before. Abandoned, rusted landing craft were still bobbing their sterns as the tide changed, and you would find skeletons washed up on the beaches. It was a very grim place and we all lost friends there.

I finished this manuscript shortly after I returned from France to Italy. Most of it was done in Rome. I stayed in Rome for a couple of weeks because I wanted to finish some drawings I had sketched in France. I also wanted to sleep in a bed and eat at a table. I did all these things and then picked up the manuscript and read it over. It seemed that I had overstated a few things. Sitting there in a warm room with the sun shining outside, I felt a little worried about the book.

So before I sent it off I went north to think some more about it. Three hundred miles is a long way for a jeep, even such a jeep as my pampered and well-manicured "Jeanie," who had covered more than ten thousand miles of Anzio, Italy and France.

I traveled up Highway 65 until I reached a battalion medical-aid station in an old building nestling under a bluff, seven kilometers above Bologna. Dog Company was on top of the bluff and they had .50-caliber

Gee Skinny... TUNA SAN-ICHES!



Increasingly the favorite in peacetime lunch boxes, rarer wartime tuna "san-iches" will be greeted with a whoop of joy whenever you are lucky enough to find these famous brands at your grocers.

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NESCO

ROASTER



Here's a tasty meal, with roast stuffed chicken, vegetables, and dessert which requires no fretting over a hot stove. The entire meal can be cooked—all at once—in your electric NESCO roaster in not more than an hour and a half. It calls for very few points—is rich in all the B vitamins—typical of the menu served at Army hospitals to restore strength and vitality to convalescent veterans.

Stuffing:

2 cups dry bread or cracker crumbs
2 tbsp. melted chicken fat
½ tsp. salt; ⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tbsp. chopped onions
½ tsp. poultry seasoning.

Mix together and pack stuffing loosely into cavity of 4 or 5 lb. chicken. Brush outside of chicken with melted fat and rub with salt. Place in meat pan on rack frame to sear about 30 minutes at 500. Re-set thermostat to 350 (allowing 20 to 30 minutes per lb.).

Vegetables:

Brush six small, peeled potatoes with melted fat and place in pan around chicken. Sprinkle with salt.

Baked onions: 4 large or six small white onions
1 tbsp. fat
¼ cup milk
½ tsp. salt; ⅛ tsp. pepper

Peel onions, slice about ¼ inch thick and arrange in layers in covered, greased vegetable pan, dotting each layer with fat, salt and pepper. Pour milk over all, cover, place on rack with chicken.

Peppy Apple Crisp, dessert:

2 tbsp. fat
½ cup brown sugar, molasses, honey, maple, sorghum or corn syrup (add ¼ tsp. soda if molasses or sorghum is used)
¼ cup flour
½ tsp. cinnamon
2 cups pared apples sliced thinly
½ cup water

Cream fat and brown sugar well. Work in flour and cinnamon. Place half the amount of apples in greased vegetable pan or loaf tin, add layer of half of the first mixture. Repeat. Pour water over all and place uncovered in roaster with above.

★ ★ ★

If you are one of the fortunate housewives who got a NESCO before we turned our factories over to war work you should use it every day for roasting, baking, stewing. Cook meals in cool comfort with no pot watching and little pot washing.

Nesco products include also oil ranges and heaters, ironware, galvanized ware and enameled ware for all household uses. National Enameling and Stamping Company, *world's largest manufacturers of housewares*, 289 N. 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

machine guns and a mortar OP up there. I parked Jeanie under the bluff because the road right around the corner was raked every few minutes by enemy machine guns.

Inside the aid station, I told the medics I was looking for cartoons, and they waved me to a wooden chair beside a small stove. Because the station and the road around it were under observation and fire, the medics couldn't do business until nightfall, so we played hearts with a greasy deck of cards and made horrible pancakes. We were pretty well protected, but once a shell hit near by, and I poked my head out to see if Jeanie was still there.

We were high in the mountains, and there was a heavy fog sliced with rain. The mountain earth had been soaked so it couldn't absorb any more, and the rain made the mud a little thinner and colder.

The doctor was a captain from Florida. He had a young, mournful face and a scraggly blond mustache. He didn't know how to play hearts, so while we played he pestered us with a story about "Old Sport." Old Sport was a dog and he belonged to a pack of bird dogs. Every dog in the pack was a bird dog except Old Sport, but he wanted to go hunting too. The doctor drove us crazy, and then Old Sport became a race horse. Every horse in the stable won races but Old Sport, and he won a few races too.

That's silly, but it had us roaring with laughter. After a while a couple of medics started remembering Anzio. "Were you at Anzio?" one medic asked.

A couple of them hadn't been there.

"Boy, you should have been at Anzio," said a bearded aid man. Then we all started talking about Anzio. Pretty soon the captain said:

"You know where I was during Anzio?"

We told him we didn't know.

"I was in Florida," he said. "Were you in Florida?"

We said no.

"By God, you should have been in Florida," he said. He told us about amphibious maneuvers in Florida, and he kidded the hell out of us. He was a good egg.

After a while we talked about home. Out came the wallets, and although the captain had a pretty wife and one of the men had a lovely fiancée, Jean's picture carried away honors, but the other two guys were prejudiced, of course, and wouldn't admit it.

I showed the captain a picture of my son, and I said he would be two years old soon and I had never seen him. I looked a little gloomy, I guess, because the doc kidded hell out of me and told me how lucky I was I didn't have to change diapers in Florida.

Down the hill an American gun went rat-tatatat-tat-ta-ta, to the rhythm of "shave and a haircut—two bits," and a German with no sense of humor or rhythm came back with a fast blrrrrrrp.

That reminded us of the war in Italy. We agreed that this was just as miserable and cold and muddy as last winter in Italy, only this winter the Germans seemed to have more artillery.

Then we said that everybody in the States seemed to think the Americans and Germans in Italy were dancing beer-barrel polkas and all the war was in France. We thought of a couple of dozen German divisions we were keeping off the necks of the guys in France, and we got a little sore when we remembered how last winter's war in Italy was forgotten.

"Were you in Florida on maneuvers last winter?" the captain started, and we grinned and shut up.

It got dark, and pretty soon some sick guys climbed out of their holes down the hill and came up to the aid station. One had tonsillitis and a fever of 102 degrees. I sat in the corner blowing on the fire and drying the mud on my pants, and watching.

"How would you like to go to the hospital?" the captain asked the dogface.

I guess maybe the doggie thought he might be accused of malingering because he said, "I haven't lost anything at the hospital. I wish to hell I hadn't come to the aid station. They need me down at the company."



Old world charm

FOR YOUR NEW WORLD TABLE

When you buy crystal, look to the future. Avoid a "here today, gone tomorrow" pattern. Choose a Fostoria pattern and be assured that you can replace pieces or add new ones later on. You can be assured, too, that your Fostoria will prove as satisfyingly lovely, as time goes on, as it is today. The better stores everywhere carry Fostoria patterns.



FOSTORIA GLASS COMPANY • • • • MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

"There's a cartoon," the captain said to me.

"Hell, nobody would believe it," I said.

The doctor examined the doggie. "You're going to the hospital. You've got a fever." The medics fixed up a litter in the corner of the room and put the sick man under blankets.

Pretty soon a guy with a heavy beard and red, sunken eyes came in with a pain in his chest and a deep cough. He had been on outpost lying on a muddy embankment for six days and six nights without being able to stand up or take his shoes off. It had not stopped raining for six days and six nights, and it got below freezing at night and he hadn't had any cover. He didn't have a sleeping bag, and he couldn't have used one anyway, because you can't get out of one quickly if jerry sneaks up on you with a grenade or bayonet.

He had pneumonia, and while he was waiting for the ambulance to come up to the aid station I talked to him. He had been overseas three months, and he didn't look any different from the men who had been over three years. He talked a little different, though, because he griped about things which three-year men accept with deadened senses. But despite his griping, he had stayed on that muddy embankment with his eyes open for German patrols until his coughing got so bad his buddies were afraid he would die or tip off the Germans to his position, and so they made him come up to the aid station.

Sometimes the doctor kidded the two sick men and sometimes he was gruff with them, but they knew what kind of guy he was by the way he acted. When the ambulance came up, both men were evacuated to the hospital.

No men came out of the misery and death and mud below us unless they were awfully sick. They didn't want to stay down there, but they knew they were needed.

"I wish to hell I could send every man in every hole back to hot food and a hospital bed with sheets," said the captain, and then he realized he had said something serious, so he made a silly crack to neutralize it.

THE little field phone rang. One of the guys in the aid station answered it. It was Charley Company with a casualty. The medic took his blankets off the litter he had intended to sleep on, and he carried it out to the medical jeep, which sat in a revetment of sandbags at the side of the building. He asked me if I wanted to go with him. I didn't, but I got up and put on my helmet.

"Now what in hell do you want to go for?" asked one of the Anzio guys I had beaten at hearts. "Haven't you ever seen a foxhole at night before?"

I was grateful to him, because I really didn't want to go. I didn't care if I never saw another foxhole again. But you have to play the game, and so I said, "Well, you are using barbed wire here, and I guess I ought to see it."

"Haven't you ever seen barbed wire before?" my benefactor asked. Still playing the game, I said yes, I had seen barbed wire before, but well, hell, and I fingered my helmet.

"Besides, there's only room for two in the car with the stretcher in back," he said.

"Well, hell," I said again. "If there isn't any room, there isn't any room. Besides, it's an awfully steep hill." I sat down and took off my helmet. The game was over.

They were back in five minutes, because it was only a thousand yards, and they used the jeep because the hill was steep and the machine was faster than men on foot with a litter. The Germans would have killed the medics just as quickly on foot as with the jeep, if they had felt like killing medics that night. I was glad they got back okay.

The boy screamed as the litter bumped the door coming in.

"Goddam it, be careful," said one of the medics to the other.

They laid the litter on two old sawhorses in the middle of the room, and the bantering, good-natured doctor grabbed the kerosene lantern and went to work. He was strangely different now. His warm, sympathetic eyes got cool and quick and his fingers gently unrolled the bandages, now dark red, which the company aid man had wrapped hastily but efficiently around the wounded man's face. The boys, who had kidded and bulled about Anzio and Florida maneuvers and Old Sport were very serious now. One took a pair of surgical scissors and slit through layers of muddy, bloody clothing until the boy was stark naked in the warm room. His face was a pulp, and one arm and a leg were shattered and riddled.

"God, I'm hurt," he said. "God, they hurt me." He couldn't believe it. His unhurt hand reached for his face and one of the medics grabbed his arm and held it—not roughly, but the way a woman would have done.

"Easy, boy," he said.

"God, I'm hurtin'. Give me a shot," the boy screamed.

"We gave you a shot, Jack," said one of the medics who had read his dog tags and was filling out a slip. "Just a minute, and you'll feel better."

While the doctor and the others worked on the bandages and the splint for the shattered arm, the medic with the pencil said:

"What got you, Jack?"

"God, I don't know. It was a tank. Where's the chaplain?"

"You don't need the chaplain, Jack," said the medic. "You're going to be okay. What got you?"

"It was a grenade," said Jack, his hand still reaching for his face. "Where's the chaplain? Why do you let me hurt like this?"

"How old are you, Jack?" asked the medic persistently. He had already marked "grenade," because the wounds showed that.

Jack said he was twenty years old, he was a staff sergeant, and he was from Texas.

The questioning seemed heartless at this time, but there is a reason for it. If the patient is able to answer, it distracts him from his pain; and if the information isn't gained here, they have to get it back at the hospital.

Jack had guts. Of course he was scared. He knew he was hurt bad, and it's a shock



"Do retreatin' blisters hurt as much as advancin' blisters?"

to anybody to get hit. But when they told him he shouldn't reach for his face, he said okay a little sleepily, because the morphine was taking effect.

"Hold a flashlight," the doctor said to me. "The lantern isn't strong enough."

I grabbed a flashlight and held it on the boy while they worked on him. I thought, "Christ, twenty years old!" I felt like an old man at twenty-three. I looked at the holes which had riddled his right arm and practically severed his little finger, and I looked at the swollen bloody gashes on his leg. I looked at his horribly wounded face and head, and I thought of how twenty minutes ago he was sitting quietly in his hole, wondering how soon he could get home.

I handed the flashlight to the medic who had finished filling out the slip, and I went over to the litter and sat on it with my head between my knees and tried to keep from being sick on the floor.

(Continued on Page 80)

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



Sing out, sweet world . . . let all the chimes ring! Here are the dear, familiar things you lost the day he went away. The dear, familiar twinkle in his eyes that's just for you . . . the dear, familiar warmth of his arms . . . the goodness-above-goodness that is just-you-two . . . forever.

Dear and familiar, too, is that home you dream of. The deep chairs, the sunny windows, the low table you draw up to the fire for *special* dinners for two. Even the sparkling Community you cherish has a dear, familiar meaning. Today, at Community, we speed away at our war work. But when the war is won . . . then go to your jeweler's . . . together! Choose your very own Community. Its loveliness will be yours to treasure when your man's *back home for keeps.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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TENDER, hot Cheese Puff! Crispy salad, tossed with Wesson Dressing! Be sure you make them both with *Wesson Oil.* Light, delicate Wesson Oil is a wonderful *all-around* helper—perfect for dressings and for cooking, too! That's why it's America's favorite salad oil. Clip these recipes now.

QUICK CHEESE PUFF

¾ cup milk
2 slices bread
2 tablespoons Wesson Oil
6 tablespoons grated cheese
3 eggs, separated
½ tablespoon prepared mustard
Cayenne pepper and salt to taste

Scald milk; add bread, crumbled fine. Stir until smooth. Add Wesson Oil; stir well. (So convenient! You don't have to "melt" Wesson! In fact, try Wesson *whenever* a recipe calls for "melted shortening.") Add cheese and let boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites; add mustard and season to taste. Pour in greased casserole and bake in hot oven (475° F.) for about 15 minutes. Serve at once while it's deliciously hot and puffy! Serves 4.



WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Mmm! What a perfect blending! And never any heavy, oily taste when you use Wesson! This dressing is fine for almost every type of salad...try it on your favorites.

Like variety? Try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon chopped onion.

P.S. Did you know that more American women use Wesson than any other brand of salad oil? There's a real *flavor* reason, as your first bottle will show you. Ask your grocer for a bottle of sunshiny Wesson Oil today.

Wesson Oil
FOR SALADS & COOKING
NEW ORLEANS



(Continued from Page 78)

The medic took the flashlight without even a glance, and nobody looked at me. They went right on working. Pretty soon Jack's face was fixed and it didn't look so bad with a neat bandage and the blood washed off. His arm was fixed in a splint and it looked very neat indeed. He was wrapped up in blankets, and the ambulance came up and took him away. He was full of morphine and probably dreaming of home.

"I don't know what we'd do without morphine," the doc said.

I guess I looked a little foolish and white, and I started to open my mouth. I don't know what I was going to say, but the medic who had taken the flashlight turned to me and said:

"It's funny. I handle these guys every night, and some of them are really in awful shape. But last night one came in not hurt half as bad as Jack and I did the same thing you did."

Another medic said, "We keep some medicine to take care of those things."

They brought out a miracle—a half-filled bottle of Pennsylvania rye. Now I know damned well one of those guys got that bottle in a Christmas package, and I know he could have sold it for a hundred dollars cash anyplace between Florence and Bologna. Or he could have kept it to himself, and nobody would have blamed him. But we all had a slug of rye—the doc with his bloody hands and his eyes which were bantering once more, and the medics who were kidding each other again.

Another sick guy came in. The doc asked him if he had been at the front, and the guy said, "No, I was three hundred yards behind it."

Sometimes you can hang around places and guys write cartoon captions for you. I made a note furtively.

I went to sleep on a litter which wasn't being used, and when the odor of coffee woke me up at ten the next morning the aid men told me two more casualties had come in later in the night and that when they picked up my litter and turned it around to make more room I hadn't even budged.

I stayed one more day and one night, and when the fog lifted I poked my head up over the sandbags and peered down the valley which led to Bologna. It looked very peaceful and pretty, because you can't see bullets and there was little artillery during those few hours of light before the fog settled down again. When there is no fog the country is so nice and clear you don't show more than your helmet even at the aid station.

I hung around and talked with guys who strayed down from Dog Company on top of our cliff. Machine gunners and mortar men, they were feeling very rear-echelon and very sorry for the riflemen in the holes below us. Guys in the holes, of course, were feeling sorry for Dog Company, because they could see our cliff getting a pounding.

A moon came out that night, and I decided not to leave until it got murky again, because I had to cover an exposed stretch of road going back. A cloud came over the moon, and I got into Jeanie and turned around slowly so the motor wouldn't make sparks. Then I started crawling back in very low gear through the cratered and splashy mud. Midway through the open space the motor stopped, and the clouds broke, bathing me in lovely moonlight. I sweated and ground the starter and finally the motor started again. After I got around the bend I heard a lot of explosions, and I guess maybe they had seen me and threw the stuff too late. I kicked hell out of that jeep for the next fifteen miles.

I felt good when I got back to a building in the rear and, even though I had hardly stuck my nose out from the protection of the aid-station sandbags, I felt I had learned something. I sketched sixteen cartoon ideas in three hours.

I came back to Rome, so I could send the book off and finish the sixteen drawings. I read the thing over before I took a bath, and darned if I didn't like it.

Now I've had the bath and the sixteen drawings are almost finished, and somehow I miss the aid station. It was pretty safe under the cliff, and it was warm and we were able to make coffee. It was full of homesick, tired men who were doing the job they were put there to do, and who had the guts and humanness to kid around and try to make life easier for the other guy.

They are big men and honest men, with the inner warmth that comes from the generosity and simplicity you learn up there. Until the doc can go back to his chrome office and gallstones and the dogface can go back to his farm and I can go back to my wife and son, that is the closest to home we can ever get.

(THE END)

JANE BARBOUR—HOUSEWIFE IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 27)

that she's walking and can get hold of things, I have to keep my wits about me every minute she's awake. She strews stuff all over the house—ash trays, toys, books, anything she can get her hands on. I'm beginning to step around her like a gaited horse. But I don't care as long as she's having fun.

"One thing I'm determined about, and that is that Jennifer shall have a perfectly normal childhood. I subject her to normal discipline, but no more. I'm not going to make her conform to an unnatural routine just because it would make it easier for me. I don't want her getting bewildered and developing complexes because I've fallen down on the job somewhere."

But to get back to the routine. After the washing is done in the morning, Jane starts in on the house, and before she knows it it's time for lunch. She gives Jennifer her lunch first, and pops her into her crib for her afternoon nap. Jennifer handles her own glass of milk now, and is beginning to feed herself with a spoon. Jane sees the child safely through her meal, and then has her own.

While the baby is resting, Jane does the dishes, and very often prepares the vegetables for dinner. Then she bathes and changes her clothes and sits down to do some of her "homework"—that is, proofreading Talking Book records. On an average, she does sixty of these a week, which means fifteen hours of work, since each master record runs for fifteen minutes. One week she proofread ninety-eight records.

Somewhere in between records, she takes the baby up, dresses her and puts her out to play. Around four-thirty she brings her in, plays with her for a while, and then leaves her in the living room with her books and toys while she herself does some more work toward getting dinner. She gets everything ready for dinner before Bill comes home, and starts the vegetables cooking on top of the stove, but never puts anything in the oven until he arrives. Now that Jennifer is trotting around she's afraid she might come in the kitchen just at the wrong moment and try crawling into the oven or something. Once Bill gets home, Jane can go ahead.

Jennifer has her bath in the evening, and is always in bed by seven-thirty. When she's had her supper and been tucked away, Jane and Bill have their dinner.

Everyone, it seems, is very curious to know how Mrs. Barbour manages about the cooking. How does she peel the potatoes? How does she find what she wants?

Well, as for the potatoes, she doesn't peel them except when she roasts them with the meat. She either bakes them or boils them in their jackets, removing the skins later and putting them through the ricer if she wants to serve them mashed.

As for finding what she wants, that is relatively simple. Practically everything on

(Continued on Page 82)

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Quarryville Norwood F
Reading Clover Fa
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Scranton Glendale Fa
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Shippenville Gruber & S
Sligo Shook's Da
Spring City
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Stroudsburg Penn-D
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Uniontown Garner Da
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York Warner's Da
York Sanitary M

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Chester Hillbright Da
Columbia Edisto Farms Da
Zimalcrest Fa
Hartsville Guernsey Da
Moncks Corner Gippy P
Spartanburg Hill Top Fa
Union Union Da
Yemassee
Brays Island Plantati

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls Lakeside Da

TENNESSEE
Knoxville Farragut Fa
Memphis Gayoso Fa

TEXAS
Dallas Cabe
San Antonio Dairyla

UTAH
Logan Cache Meado
Ogden Arden-Sunfre
Salt Lake City Arden Da
Cloverleaf Da

VERMONT
Bennington Fillmore Fa
Brattleboro
Shaw-Bellville Dairy C
Springfield Estey's Da

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Imperial Ice Cream C

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If you are a graduate registered nurse under the age of 45, join the Army Nurses Corps now. If you are a senior cadet nurse, serve your last six months' training in an Army Hospital. If you are untrained but want to help, join a WAC Hospital Company or take a Red Cross Nurses' Aide or Home Nursing Course. Communicate with the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C., or your local Red Cross Recruitment Committee.

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Woodbury Abbotts Dairies

(Continued from Page 80)

any pantry shelf is in a different size, style or shape of container, and she makes it her business to know which is which. "If I ever do get stuck," she says, "I can always take the lid off and smell it or taste it."

She has all the usual measuring cups and spoons and kitchen gadgets, like egg separators, vegetable parers, and so on. She also has a good braille cookbook which tells how long is required for the baking of each item. Jane sets her oven regulator, puts in whatever is to be cooked and times it by the living-room clock. Like most clocks of this type, the face is protected by a glass which can be opened. She simply opens this glass front, places her fingers on the hands, and tells the time from their relative positions.

When Jane first got her oven regulator, she thought she would have to have some special kind of marking to correspond to the little lines opposite the various degrees; but her husband, after looking it over, said, "No you won't. You can feel those lines with your fingers." Sure enough, she could.

"Bill's wonderful!" she exclaimed at this point. "I don't mean he pampers me. I mean he's wonderful about helping me to help myself, and that's what I want. It's what most people without sight want.

"I remember once when I wanted to try my hand at fricasseed chicken. You have to brown the pieces when you do it that way, you know, and I just didn't see how I could do that without Bill's help. But would he help me? No, sir! 'Suppose you wanted to make it sometime when I wasn't around?' he asked. Then he helped me figure out a way of doing it by myself. I get the pan good and hot—I can tell when it's ready by the sound of the grease popping—then I put in two pieces of chicken at a time, leave them for a few minutes, and then turn them over. I can tell by trying them with a fork when they have a little crust on them; then I know they're ready for the next step."

One would think that a person with her hands as full as Jane Barbour's would be content to cook for her family only. But no. She and Bill can't afford going to the theater often, or out dining and dancing. But they like to see their friends often, so Jane invites them in for dinner. She has certain menus she follows when she has guests—things she knows she does well. One of these consists of stewed chicken with spoon bread, potatoes and succotash, with a lemon pie for dessert; another is beef *straginoff* (beef prepared with sour cream and mushrooms), wild rice, when she can get it, and brown rice when she can't, a green salad and cake.

After spending an afternoon with Jane and watching how she manages things, I felt I'd seen about everything. "Look here, Jane," I said, "is there anything you *can't* do?"

"Yes," she said emphatically, "I simply can't prepare a fresh pineapple! And I can't clean shrimps properly. The shells and the whiskers I can manage; but I can't get out those little black spots in their stomachs."

When, at leaving, I asked Jane if she hadn't a message for others who, like herself, have been deprived of sight, she sat up straight and exclaimed, "A message? Oh, my goodness, I don't think so!" Then, after a moment's thought, she said seriously, "I do wish, though, that I could convince people with so-called handicaps that they don't have to go through life without the things every normal person wants—love, marriage, children, work and play. I know a lot of them don't get these things, but I can't help wondering sometimes if their own attitude—the assumption that such things aren't for them—doesn't stand in their way more than the disability itself. If a person is able-bodied and reasonably intelligent, and will make the effort to think and act like a normal, well-adjusted person, I don't see any reason in the world why he—or she—shouldn't stand as good a chance as anyone else of having a normal, useful and happy life. But that's hardly a message, is it?" she asked.

Personally, I think it's a very fine message; but I still feel that the message of Jane Barbour's own life is an even finer one.

Another June

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Admiración Shampoo

WHAT'S GOING ON IN CHINA?

(Continued from Page 23)

tterness of the fight for life. There are times ıen life means nothing, and must mean thing because there is not enough food to round.

This is difficult for many an Occidental to derstand. He has to see human beings d chickens from an overturned boat strug- ng in the fierce waters of the Yangtze, and her boatmen collecting the chickens first so at whatever happens to the people in the ıter, their own families may live. In famine eas, where food goes to the highest bidder, has to find rice sold not by the basketful the handful but by the grain. He has to d men and women on their knees before n, begging for the small sums that literally an the difference between life and death. He has to see the wounded in Chinese mies when the only help can come from a v self-taught doctors. He has to see the nest pride, independence and kindliness peasants whose homes have been gutted the Japanese, but who will use their last el to share with him all they can offer.

Then he understands a little. Such a untry cannot conform in a few years or en a few generations to the pattern of estern democracy. There are signs that ina is taking a path of her own.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, president China, believes—and most observers agree th him—that this is a crucial time for his untry. He has said, "This time our des- ıy must not be decided, as in the last war, the Washington Conference; nor must it decided at any international conference. will be decided now, when the war situa- ın is entering its final phase."

Chiang likes to watch the sun rise. Every orning that he can, he walks alone at dawn, ually not far from his country home in e mountainous, cloud-capped province of echwan, which has been the center of his vernment and a refuge against Japanese invaders for nearly six years. While attendants wait at a respectful distance, Chiang watches the light patterns playing over the forbidding ranges and cloud banks as many another Chinese leader, driven inland by enemies, has done before him. This is his favorite time for meditation. Here he plans the new China he hopes to see after the war.

War is not new to China, and the Chinese do not fight with armies alone. They have been beaten in battles before and little has been left of the victors. The aim of Chiang Kai-shek's government has been not to defeat Japan in pitched battles, but to exhaust her. Some Chinese officials have told me, and apparently believe, that even if the Japanese overran the whole country, the immense mass of the Chinese people eventually would absorb them, as they absorbed their Mongol conquerors in the days of Genghis Khan.

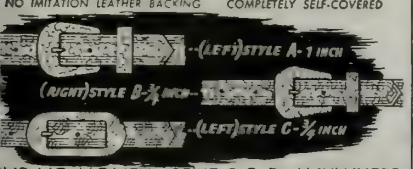
A factor more important than the war in China—on the surface, at least—is the "continuing revolution" which thirty-three years ago smashed the 2000-year-old imperial system of China and eighteen years ago made the Kuomintang China's ruling party.

Chiang and the Kuomintang follow the pattern set by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, "father of the revolution." Sun Yat-sen's main aims, as he explained them—the "three people's principles" which form the official creed of the Kuomintang—may be translated as the development of nationalism, of democracy and of a means of livelihood for the people. The war has not deflected Chiang and others about him from their main purpose, which is to put this creed into effect, according to their own interpretation of it.

Under the Kuomintang, China has made important gains. Before war and inflation froze her economy, there were rapid advances in industry, transport, banking, mining, education and public health, small on

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2 cups ground cooked ham
1 cup bread crumbs
½ cup milk
½ cup cold water
1 onion, sliced
1 tsp. salt
2 eggs
2 tsp. Colman's (dry) Mustard
¼ tsp. French's Pepper
1 tsp. butter

Mix together well. Mold into loaf and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) one hour. Sprinkle top with a little brown sugar and stud with a few whole cloves, before baking.

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the scale of other nations, but highly significant for China.

On paper at least, the Kuomintang plans are formidable. If they materialize, there will be one strong government in China and only one—the central government. The foundations will be laid for an immense industrial power, eventually dwarfing Japan. China will include, sooner or later, all her old territories: Manchuria, Korea, Formosa and the rest seized by Japan; Mongolia, now a semi-independent state with strong links with Russia; Outer Tibet, under British influence; Hong Kong, which is British territory; and other areas in the south.

Chiang is now the nominal, as well as the actual, head of the military, civil and political systems of his state. Although his power is not absolute, his personality is brilliantly outstanding and his prestige is greater than that of any other man in China.

He began as an obscure young soldier, Sun Yat-sen's disciple in the revolutionary movement. He studied in Japan and also in Soviet Russia. Perhaps because he wishes and perhaps because he must, he has worked within the framework provided by the national government, the Kuomintang which controls that government, and the army which under Sun Yat-sen's plan was to subdue all China for the Kuomintang.

Early in life he explored the forms of power: armed force, politics, money and others besides. He has used them skillfully. His genius has been in balancing group against group, individual against individual to maintain some kind of stability in a country constantly threatened with chaos.

Chiang more and more has tended to isolate himself, relying on a few chosen men to carry out his plans. In public he is formal, even austere. In private his manner is simple and unaffected, but he can be imperious, and his anger is dreaded even by intimates. His life for many years has been Spartan.

Big areas of China have been brought under some measure of Kuomintang control by negotiations. Other areas have been subdued by force. The Chinese Communists, still unsubdued, remain the biggest obstacle to the kind of unity Chiang and the Kuomintang demand. After ten years of civil war and seven years of an uneasy nominal truce, Kuomintang and Communist organized forces still clash. This fighting which goes on while both sides are also fighting the Japanese is much more extensive than official reports have indicated.

In the civil war, the Communists were driven to poor land about the Yellow River, with the Kuomintang on one side and the Japanese on the other. Here, ever since, they have been blockaded. In spite of this blockade, their administration has grown stronger, and new Communist-controlled administrations have been established in numerous other small areas, mostly in Northern and Eastern China.

The "Communist" areas generally are undoubtedly led by orthodox Communists, believing in the economic and political doctrines of Karl Marx, but the policy they have instituted is not Communism or even Socialism. It might fairly be called agrarian and tax-reform. Unbiased observers have reported that the common people in these areas—about 80,000,000—appear better fed, better dressed and better organized to fight the Japanese than many of the 200,000,000 or more in the Kuomintang areas.

The Kuomintang frankly fears an extension of Communist philosophy. The Kuomintang has other fears. One of them is that if Russia becomes involved in the war with Japan, a whole new set of political factors may arise, tending to disrupt China.

In gloomy Chungking offices, where all such things seem to have the stamp of unreality, exiled officials are making plans for a great industrial expansion in China, relying mainly on American help. Chiang and the men round him have prepared a fifty-year plan of industrialization. They have set the figures for the first decade for mining, locomotives, automobiles, airplanes, hydro-electric plants, merchant shipping, water conservation, construction and housing, textile production and much more.

Foreign observers who should know insist that there is no technical reason why some such plan should not apply as soon as China achieves stability. An American Army technician in charge of the repair of damaged aircraft in China told me that the Chinese mechanics under him could learn to do anything; and that though they were not always easy to teach, they had a magnificent natural pride of craftsmanship.

An American official of a great international research organization who was probably as qualified to comment as any other man alive told me soberly, "The Chinese bureaucrats have learned a lot in the past ten years. China can never be judged by other countries—only by what she has been. Give her ten years of internal stability with real foreign help and nothing will stop her."

What, then, is to happen to China, at present so weak, potentially so strong? There is only one answer. Nobody knows. The planners, the foreign experts, the very well informed officials of the U. S. State Department, Chiang himself can only guess.

There have been many forecasts of chaos and a new civil war in China immediately the war with Japan is over. Some Chinese have told me that this is inevitable, that it is the only way China can work out her destiny. But compromise in China is as old as the country's history, and compromise is possible even now. Chiang remains the only man with sufficient personal prestige to unify China and to hold it together in these critical years. If there is any key to the puzzle, his personality provides it.

HOW NEW WILL THE NEW WORLD BE?

(Continued from Page 6)

reforms in British history. Though the writings of Thomas Jefferson certainly were not consulted, it corresponds to a remarkable degree to Jefferson's own ideas on the subject. Previously, although primary schools were free, secondary schools in England, although they had ample scholarships for the poorer pupils, all charged fees that are now largely abolished. All British school children will have free compulsory education from nursery school to fifteen or sixteen, remaining, however, under educational influences and part-time schooling until they are eighteen, and during all that time they will have medical inspection and treatment without charge. Whereas in America secondary education starts approximately at the age of fourteen, it is earlier here—the equivalent of our high school beginning around eleven or twelve.

The British equivalent of our high-school system can be divided from the beginning into three varieties of education, of equal standing, but suited to the natural endowments and interests of the child. Education beyond the prescribed age is encouraged for especially gifted children. All children will receive free milk and meals at school. College students will receive free tuition, board and lodging if their parents are unable to provide all or part of it. There are three types of secondary schools proposed: grammar school, preparing children for a liberal education at the university and for learned professions; technical school to prepare them for industrial organization, designing and engineering; and finally a so-called modern school closely related to the interests of the pupils—really rather like our own high schools, but designed rather for the average than the exceptional child. But there will be a lively exchange between them so that the child displaying later unexpected development may change. Famous old British schools like Eton and Harrow remain for the parents who want and can afford them, but they, too, are expected greatly to extend scholarships. Medical inspection of children can begin at the age of two. Local authorities can intervene then in cases of ill or neglected children coming to their attention, and parents can call for aid. Parents' wishes regarding the type of education are respected unless it is clearly demonstrated that the child is unfitted for more demanding types. Religious education will be given in all schools unless the parents ask for exemption.

Behind this scheme—put forward by a coalition government and representing a revolution in British education—lies the awareness that following the war Britain, once the world's richest empire, will be a poor country. Like the Scots, who always insisted on the education of children even at the greatest sacrifice because "We can't afford to leave them money," Britain knows that in the days to come she cannot afford to have an ill-educated, unskilled, unhealthy race. The Education Act continues provisions of the 1921 act for the cleanliness of children in person and clothing. Its object is to raise a society where, from intellectual leader to manual worker, all will have had access to the best within their field and capacity, all will have been well fed and cared for medically, with no limits set on opportunities except those of natural endowment and ambition. The new Education Act will be administered locally, but with grants in aid from the central government, the central government also maintaining standards. The education of the British well-to-do has always been one of the best in the world. Tomorrow it will be democratized. Britain still believes that one man is better than another, but the difference won't be determined by birth or inequality of educational opportunity.

Hereafter, in postwar Britain every person will also be insured and protected against illness, unemployment and old age. Every person, furthermore, is to have access to medical attention. He won't be sheltered from life and its normal troubles, but he will be protected against its great misfortunes. The various blitzes which blew down workingmen's houses also revealed pitiable conditions in thousands of homes. I haven't found one person in Britain of any party who doesn't insist that postwar Britain will have decent dwellings for every British citizen. War has utterly destroyed nearly a quarter of a million dwellings and gravely damaged nearly half a million more. The shortage of manpower meant no new building or repair during six years of war. Four million new homes are being aimed at, with a higher degree of comfort and sanitation than ever known here. Of course the possibility of all this depends on the absence of industrial strife, but the British people seem to me to have grown very skeptical of politicians promising the moon by slogans and agitation and without hard work. Nor do they want a radical break with the ancient traditions.

In the cloisters of New College, Oxford, there is a memorial to a student long dead. It says in Latin, "He cherished beauty of tradition. His mind was open to contemporary life." That seems to me to express Britain's postwar world: as much of the old Britain as has proved worthy will be cherished, and as much of the new world as necessity and dignity demand.

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If you are the one woman out of seven who turns in fat for salvage—you can turn the page. But if you're one of the other six—stop, look, listen! Every ounce you salvage is that much more explosive to blast the way to end this war. Keep a small container handy to the stove for drippings. When you have a pound or so, take it along to your butcher—and collect those red points. Don't forget!

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THE ROAD AND THE TURNING

(Continued from Page 17)

"No, I don't really believe it's the change from California to Massachusetts"—he had blotted the ink, blotting out her opinion, reducing it to grievance—"your son should be acclimated by now. You've been here—three months? No, this is simply what happens when children reach the social age. He's four, he's joined the common-cold circle. He'll build up immunization by degrees." When she had struggled Taddy into his layers of clothes, picked up her purse and gloves, he had risen, putting his hand on Taddy's shoulder. "Good-by, old man, take care of yourself." Mary's presence was negligible.

She had said, "Perhaps, living here in Little Afton, you knew Tad? My husband?"

He had shaken his head, still looking down at Taddy. "I know the Harpers only slightly. The senior Harpers, of course—and the Arthur Harpers, over in Afton. He's the eldest son, isn't he? Their kids are in the teens, out of my bailiwick."

"Yes. And the youngest, the juniors, live in New York. We lived there, too, before the war. You know Tad was in the Navy too. He was killed. Two years ago."

"I know." His long, Lincolnesque face had been expressionless.

What had she wanted of him? Not pity, not sympathy, nothing but some help for Taddy, and some small understanding of her situation because that directed Taddy's welfare. But there was no understanding anywhere here. None. No experience. All staggering incomprehension. . . . The Arthur Harpers still having their buffet dinners, Granny still hurrying in town for the symphony, Granfa still painting those New England landscapes up in his studio. . . . This doctor in uniform because he gave his mornings at the near-by naval training station, but still keeping his private practice.

The train ground to a stop. Boston; Park Street. With the other passengers, Mary rose automatically, and repudiating her cheap bitterness. It was not part of her, it wasn't true. The war was here, as elsewhere; some had gone from here, too, to be killed; others remained here, too, who felt it. But there were still so many more ——

WHY should half the people suffer the war, and the other half not? Why was there no understanding in the half that didn't? Because there was no substitute for experience. And they kept saying, "Mary, you're so wonderful." She was not. In the beginning she had been, but that brief greatness had slipped impalpably from her. Now she knew she merely moved, deafened and staring, through this thronged, glassy world, and was failing, failing.

"Oh, God." She whispered it between her teeth as she reached the street. An icy wind roistered across the Common, but it was not that. It was the paucity, the straggling monotony of her thoughts that was unendurable.

Then as she shouldered into the street the wind whipped her coat back and forth over her legs, and longing rose in her like passion. Oh, bright, beautiful, feckless, thoughtless California! Why come back to this? What for? Cold, gray, stern, rock-bound anachronism, a place busy and dead.

THOUGH not all of California had been bright. At first so, with Tad and the baby; then darkening with the parting; then it had turned black under the sun. There had been the first message: ". . . . prisoner of war"; and accomplished with greatness, determination, gaiety, people being wonderful, Mary being wonderful: "At least I know he is alive." . . . "Yes, it might have been so much worse." Then the second message, almost four months later, so much worse: ". . . erroneously . . . previously reported . . . deeply regret . . . killed in action." The pattern of determination, gaiety, being wonderful had continued, nailed down by tardy knowledge of grief, over agony. It had been done; peopl had been wonderful Mary had still been wonderful. The effort of valor precluded loneliness for a while, and as it struck came the relief, the move from San Diego up the coast to live with Denise, who could share so much besides the house overlooking the bay—the fraught and sleeping days, the deep, sleepless nights—because her own husband had been killed a year back.

Then came the breakup, the expiration of the lease, the pressure across the continent, the decision; and Denise went to Arizona, and Mary went "back." Not only Tad's parents but friends wrote: "Wonderful to hear you're coming back at last." As if from some aberration of foreign junket to sanity and civilization! What fantasy.

The train that pulled Mary and Taddy away from the sea, past mountains, buttes and deserts and plains, had drawn them back to places grown as small as a childhood room revisited, no more relevant to the present. Small, dreamlike, dead destination. The taxi sent in, smelling of dust, to bring them out to Little Afton had drawn them through unreal, familiar streets, until finally there was the house with its guarding copper beech, its columns on which the old paint curled like dingy snowflakes, and within, its high-ceilinged, heavy-furnitured, sun-squared rooms, where the arrival, the child's voice, the greetings and embraces had dropped like a handful of pebbles into a pool. Ripples soon gone, the pool soon resuming its bland, changeless acquiescence.

But at the bottom of the pool—Mary knew—she lay, bereft of love and laughter, bereft of her life, and even the semblance of it. "How lovely that you're back, with Tad's parents, to start your new life." New life. It was the negation, but she was alive and could feel it.

Now she had reached her destination, was in out of the wind and mounting, once again,

Blue Windows

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

A bridge of watery fire spans
the heavens,
The heat and heaviness of the
day are gone,
The thunderstorm has opened
secret windows
In the solid greenness of my
lawn.

I can look down deeper than
the sky is
Along the trees that go the
other way,
I can look into a bluer heaven
And see a lower, lovelier
summer day.

Blue windows in the grass I
walked this morning—
Oh, little did my feet know they
were there!
I should have walked warily as
on crystal,
Had I known I was walking
azure air.

Perhaps this is the kind of
sudden wonder,
The wonder we call death will
bring me to,
When it will open solid earth
before me
And let me fall into an
unknown blue.



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the stairs to the second floor and door lettered, DOMESTIC AGENCY. As she entered the room, glass-partitioned, full of subdued chatter, there was about the place an air of foolish intrigue, of grade-school conspiracy, that suddenly placed a seal on her desperation.

She approached the desk, and the simple expedient of suicide, long hidden as part of the purpose that kept bringing her here, was a statement on the surface of her mind.

"Now this is the last one I've got for you, Mrs. Harper. Children's nurses are very hard to get—for what you're willing to pay." The woman, offering a chair, arranging a screen, always treated Mary with this mixture of deference and contempt. She creaked off with conniving footsteps.

Not even this. No one to listen, no place allowed for what was apparently the indignity of any truth: *Look, I have very little money.* Or to say, *Yes, it is true, I am very nervous. In fact, I'm wholly desperate. Why should I not be—buried in a life like a steel engraving, in a prewar place, in a big house with another generation; where to quiet my particular anguish I can take long walks in the lonely landscape, read detective stories at night, spend occasional evenings with my brother- and sister-in-law and their friends to whom the war is remote pain and a financial expense; for the rest, I care for my child, do housework, cook. And all this without happiness or love or a bedfellow, with only a burden of fears about money, my child's future, my future, his health, my health, his life, my life.*

It is a widow's story. I know. I am only one of millions. But what do widows do? War widows? Beneath the hypnotized shell of being "wonderful," in the empty, violent room, what do they do?

Now if I can get a nurse for my child—then perhaps I can rest, grow less savage, get some diversion, work. Work, it is known, helps; and to afford a nurse I must work—see how the circle turns?—but to come from work each night to the quiet street, the elderly house, to force down my dinner, to fight my way to sleep, all passion pent—oh, how can I stand it? If I can't, finally, if there's a nurse to love and care for Taddy as I do, why then—why then ——

STARTING the devious return trip to Little Afton after the interview, Mary knew this nurse would not come either. She had listened, perched gingerly in mistrust, while Mary spoke of herself, of Taddy, of the cleaning woman who came Fridays, of her father-in-law as "John Warren Harper, the artist," seeing refusal in the listening eyes, knowing that her own shadowy amber ones looked up and down and off too much in her white face and that her fingers kept twisting her loose rings around and around.

As soon as she stepped into the house in Little Afton, Granny's voice called out from the back somewhere, "Mary? Any luck?"

Instant petty reaction made Mary delay answer, dropping her things on the hall settle. "Hi. My, it's cold."

Tad had always waited to hear things. They had told them to each other before dinner, taking their time. But there was no waiting in his mother. She came up the hall, brisk, confident, overwhelming.

"Why didn't you take a taxi over? Are you frozen? Did you get the nurse?"

She always managed the moment as if it were her personal property. She was the same, even though her middle son had been killed, as she always had been. This indomitable sameness seemed a symbol of the place, the life. It made Mary feel thin with fatigue.

"How is Taddy?"

"Coughing quite a lot. Now, of course he's your child, my dear, but ——"

"Mom-may! Mom-may!" Taddy's narrow warm body and hugging arms dispelled the moment, but Granny seized it again.

"I wouldn't let him run around so much this raw weather, Mary."

"He has to get used to it. That doctor said he was, already."

"Well—anyway, he wasn't out this afternoon. I took him with me when I went to practice on the organ."



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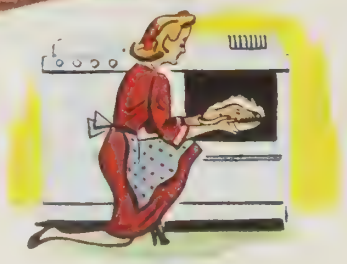
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Mary stared up. "Oh, Granny dear, it's always so cold in that church!"

"Not so cold as outdoors. I suppose your nurse will let you know?"

Mary nodded. She took Taddy's grimy little hand and he jumped up and down beside her, then coughed hard, a deep rattling cough. It gave a twist to her heart, adding to her weariness a spark of fear. "Come on, sweetie, let's go get you some supper." Get him out of the drafty hall.

The house was impossible to heat, to live in, but the Harpers lived in it because the Harpers always had, though the taxes were too high to keep it in repair, so that drawers jammed, handles came off, sash cords broke; so that no cook was afforded, though half the amount spent on concert tickets, lecture series, church donations, art and literary memberships would have paid for one. Glorious, such plain living, high thinking, but it belonged to a dream, another world.

Now it was six. If it were Denise here, Mary could tend to Taddy, then relax with her, as each had done with her husband, till dinner was wanted at eight, or nine, or never. But dinner was always at seven, in this world, the hour Mary was busiest getting Taddy to bed, so that a half hour before it she was running up to his bath, down to the stove, up to his bedroom, down again to drop into her chair finally, always late.

Now Mrs. Harper's feet pressed briskly behind her, going to the kitchen. "The range fire went out, so we'll use the gas stove."

We. Mary pushed her hair back with both hands. "Is anything particular happening?"

"Why, yes, don't you remember? Cora Scudder's coming for dinner; we're going over to Maud Abbot's musicale. That tenor, that protégé of hers."

The dinner was like others such: conversation punctuated by serving, by the passing of food; Granny sparkling and handsome—"I said the most outrageous things to the bishop and he loved it!"; Granfa, looking notable with his white goatee, his face withdrawn and self-concerned, delivering testy lectures on politics, modern music, the flower arrangements in church; Cora Scudder, an intimate, making caustic comments on personalities in a clear, cultured accent. Then it was over, and the departure took place in a flurry of pleasantries, regrets that Mary could not come too.

"Yes, I'm so sorry." Courtesy, to acquiesce, but utter fortune to have Taddy to stay home for. She stood wild, smiling, banal, uncaring. "A mother's place is in the home. I've nothing to do; there are no dishes to speak of"—anything to get them gone, to let the choked desperation shake through her.

Mary felt her hand pressed. "I think you're *wonderful*, Mary dear."

The next morning Mary's face, framed in the light, curling hair, was dreadful—white, drawn, dark-shadowed beneath her eyes. But she had risen already decided to go to Doctor Neeland again. Taddy's cough was worse; her own night had been a journey in misery impossible to repeat.

When she undressed Taddy in the examining room adjoining Doctor Neeland's office, that afternoon, saying, "Stand up, darling, will you please stand *up!*" the savage note in her voice made her squeeze her eyes tight, hanging on to herself.

Doctor Neeland, coming in, gave no sign beyond a flicker of his eyes at her, a welcoming smile for Taddy. "Well, son, let's hear that chest again." When he was through he glanced briefly at Mary. "Retrogressed some, there."

Mary said, dressing Taddy, "He spent all yesterday afternoon in that damp Trinity Church."

"I went with Granny," Taddy said, coughing. "She plays the yorgan. Why does she always play the yorgan, mommy?"

Mary had a spasm of uncensored bitterness. "Oh, because music is a lovely thing, because everyone here always does everything they always do, Taddy!"

The doctor put down his stethoscope in silence.

When Taddy was sent to the waiting room to play, she sat down by the desk. The doctor pulled the prescription pad to him. Taddy must stay in bed, he said, writing, "And give him one of these tablets every four hours. It's a sulpha drug. He's got a new squeak down in there."

She heard it without shock; certainly it was part of things that Taddy should be worse. Making a sudden, unpremeditated effort, she leaned forward. "Can I consult you about myself, Doctor Neeland?"

His eyes flicked up. "Yourself?"

"Yes." Mary looked at him. "Perhaps I'm just tired. I suppose it's been a strain, these two years since Tad was killed. And the way I learned it. But since I've been back here, I don't seem able to handle life. I *did*, out there. They were all in the war someway or other—all the people I saw And I—could keep up." She paused, for this was so difficult

The big, dark haired man opposite did not encourage, did not ever look at her, but at a paper cutter he had evenly balanced on his steady forefinger

Mary drew a short breath. "People have to be cheerful, gay, carry on. I was doing it But back here—it's as if the war didn't exist. Just a nuisance—shortages—rationing—but everything going on just as always—concerts, theaters, talk." Futile to try definition; she went on flatly, "No one seems to know what it's all about. It's like a world that's died. I *try*, I keep working at it, but know I'm failing. It gets worse, not better So I thought if you'd examine me—perhaps I'm run down. Or maybe you'd think we'd do better back in California, especially Taddy. Or anyway, I thought you might possibly know of some nurse for him so could get out and work, or in case anything should happen to me ——"

He interrupted her for the first time "What should happen to you?"

"Oh, I might get sick, or run over—God knows, anything!" Mary spoke sharply; his voice was quizzical and discomfiting. "I tell you I'm at my wits' end. I know it sounds dreadful, but I could handle things better if I were someplace being bombed night and day, but this—impossible ——" She broke off and pressed her hands to her cheeks, waiting for it to pass, letting her silence make apology for it.

"Mrs. Harper ——"

Mary raised her eyes, spent. She could feel his disapproval of her.

"Of course I'll be glad to give you a examination. But I'd like to say this, first that to someone who's been in the rapids the main stream must naturally seem very quiet by comparison. But things going on just as always—that's the main stream. He stopped, frowning slightly as if displeased then continued abruptly, "One other thing Some glandular specialist once said that

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88)

contrary to common belief, personality has more effect on glands than glands have on personality. I think similarly, in the realm of conduct, though I'm no psychiatrist. Probably just moralist. Most likely plain, introverted bachelor. But anyway, I believe that the inner existence has more effect on the accidents of the outer, than the other way around."

Mary stared at him blankly. The noble sentiments, the stilted aphorisms, and doing nothing but throw her burden back to her with fresh weight—no warmth, no kindness, nothing. Just, be *more* wonderful. How could he, how could anyone ——

She rose. "Heave myself up by my bootstraps," she said. "I have. They're worn out, that's the trouble." It was useless.

She went to the examining room praying passionately for her body to yield her some help. But it didn't; the examination was thorough, there seemed to be nothing wrong.

"I'll have the report on your blood count tomorrow and let you know. It's a good color, though," Doctor Neeland said.

No help even here. Wherever she asked for bread, she received a stone. But the final expedient remained.

"If you hear of a child's nurse, you might let me know." She stuffed Taddy into his snow suit without looking up.

"Oh, yes. And if he has any trouble, don't hesitate to send for me."

"I hope we shan't have to." It wasn't much of a thrust, but for what she meant by it, Mary sped it.

Taddy said happily, "I like Doctor Neeland, don't you, mommy?"

Because he was leaving, hadn't been jabbed with a needle. "Yes, yes indeed. Take your mittens, darling; here's the taxi."

"'By, Taddy; good-by, Mrs. Harper." No further word. A strong handshake, a stone. As Mary thought it, withdrawing her hand from his, she was seized by a sudden incredible impulse to lean against him, to rest her head on his strong shoulder, almost feeling the serge and the bone beneath. It was so grotesquely out of order that she recoiled from herself in shocked distaste.

"Good-by, Doctor Neeland. Thank you so much."

This irony, and her full appreciation of the little he had offered, gave her a vague sense of having parried a blow. Yet beneath it was a further, vaguer sense of the weight of the blow itself. She put it from her mind, but was left with a curious feeling of incompletion, and for this she hated the man with greater bitterness.

When she reached the house on her return she found it in a state of great disturbance and unusual confusion: lunch dishes on the table, though it was past four; Granfa in perturbed telephone talk; Granny bright-eyed, agitated but still dominant, explaining.

"Perfectly terrible! We'd just finished lunch. The telephone rang; it was Junie, from New York. I thought it was to say whether he and Elise could get up for our anniversary Monday ——"

Anniversary! It was going to be their thirty-fifth, with a big family party. This, utterly forgotten till this moment, and whatever ill news was coming next made Mary's heart sink so that she leaned against the wall.

"—— but no. Junie said if anyone came it would be only himself, because he and Elise had decided to separate again, this time for good. I can't tell you! And in the midst, the Sloanes dropped in to call. Now Granfa's trying to get Arthur."

It seemed fantastic. For two people to wish to separate, twice, to throw marriage away at all, now, was unimaginable.

Granny seemed suddenly to consider Mary. "Dear, I *know*. It must seem so dreadful to you." It was perceptive, thoughtful. But how could she know? To lose a son was not to lose a husband; to have a husband beside you to help bear whatever loss and trouble came, through thirty-five years, was as unimaginable as the other. Loneliness seemed an ageless mantle, bowing her down with its weight.



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She pulled herself up. "I must get Taddy bed. If there's anything I can do ——"

Of course there was nothing to do, but ad's parents left in a flurry for Afton, to ne with Arthur and his wife and talk it er, as if there were. Their very dismay at is development was an absurdity.

Left alone, with the housework done, ary felt troubled and restless. Taddy ouldn't take his broth, and she could tell touching him that he had fever. She gave m half an aspirin, telling herself that sleep ould surely cure him, and, after a brief eve- ng of desultory reading, of stoking the nge and furnace fires, she went to bed.

She found Taddy sound asleep. It wasn't ıtil she was close to his bed that she heard s breathing—very fast, very short. Swiftly uching his hand, his cheek, she found him ry hot. Now she took his temperature. It as a hundred and four. When she saw it, hite fear burst in her like a silent explosion.

"It's so sudden, that's what I can't under- and," she said to Doctor Neeland when he me, a few minutes after her telephone call.

"It's the way children go," he said, but went right upstairs.

She stood in Taddy's room, tremulous d suspended, until he finished his long, reful listening to Taddy's chest, and mo- ned her into the hall. "Well—what?" e pressed her hands together.

"Well, he's got a very diffuse bronchitis. ose to bronchial pneumonia."

Mary stared past him through another, re blinding explosion, beyond which stood e culminating, unbearable —— "Oh, no! anything happens to Taddy, I will kill yself!"

"Nothing's going to happen. I said close . That's all. We'll try getting his tem- rature down some, then a croup kettle." He did everything as if he were a nurse, ary helping, and when Taddy was back in d he followed her downstairs to the tchen for boiling water and the kettle.

"Think this canned heat's good? Okay. w if you've got benzoin ——" Prying the canned heat's lid off, he asked, "Think about killing yourself often?" His back was turned, his face hidden, but Mary felt its ironic superiority.

She said stiffly, "No. Of course not. But I'm rather tired. I think I told you."

"That's right." He smiled slightly, with a flicker of his dark eyes over at her, then back to the kettle. "Well, there are lots of different ways of getting tired. Running around a big house like this, physical exercise, ought to make you rest easy. But beating yourself up from the inside"—he paused, then finished flatly—"doesn't. I think we're set now."

Following his straight muscular back up the stairs, Mary loathed him wildly—his sermonizing, his ticktocking righteousness, all so sickening, so utterly unknowing.

When he was leaving he said, "Give Taddy the kettle every two hours, the tablets every four. I'll try to find a practical nurse in the morning. No, he isn't critically sick, but you've got a hard night ahead." He picked up his bag, looked at the officer's cap in his hand a second, then put it swiftly on and touched her elbow lightly. "Take it easy, now."

Perhaps it was criticism, perhaps a bare show of decency, but the reassurance made Mary able to handle the night with some measure of calm, despite Granny's insistent help.

The house, next day, with a nurse in it, seemed a different place: fuller, busier, but, even so, indefinably calmer. Mary slept two unbroken hours before lunch.

On his way home from the training station Doctor Neeland came in and reported Taddy better. He dealt with Mary as if she were a stranger, and she treated him with civility. Before he left, he reopened his bag on the hall settle.

"Oh, Mrs. Harper, I've got some vitamins for you. Taking any? No? Well, one of these after each meal. Your blood count was a little low. Take advantage of Mrs. Griggs'

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Sprinkle . . . ½ cup sugar
over . . . 3½ to 4 cups sliced fresh strawberries (1 qt. unhulled)

Let stand at room temperature.

Meanwhile, sift together . . . 2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour; 4 tsp. baking powder; 6 tbsp. sugar; ¾ tsp. salt

Cut in with pastry-blender or two knives . . . ⅓ cup shortening

Combine . . . . 1 large beaten egg; ⅔ cup milk

Stir into flour mixture. Blend well.

Spread dough into well-greased 7" x 12" pan (1½" deep). Spread the sweetened berries and juice over top of dough.

Cream together . . 1/4 cup soft butter; 1/4 cup sugar; 3 tbsp. GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour

Drop here and there over strawberries.

Bake *35 to 40 min.* in a *mod. hot oven* (400°). Serve warm . . . with cream. *8 to 10 servings.* For 4 to 5 servings, *halve* all ingredients (*use small egg*)—and use one *pint* strawberries. Bake (*same time and temperature as full recipe*) in 1½ qt. casserole, 7½" in diameter.

*For PEACH "LONG-CAKE" use sliced fresh peaches in place of strawberries. Mix 1 tsp. cinnamon with the ½ cup sugar.

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being here and rest all you can. I'll be in to see Taddy tomorrow." Icy air hit Mary's legs as he opened the door. "Ah—in being anemic—ah, there's pretty generally a certain depression of spirits."

The door closed. Mary stood looking at it in a glow of revenge, of special privilege, to which was added a bitter pleasure in the difficulty he'd found saying something he must disapprove of, that would help her. For it would; she could feel that instantly. Responsibility was not entirely on her soul; failure was partly in her blood. The very pun, so feeble, was an indication of the relief.

But this respite lasted only two days. Mrs. Griggs had another call. Mary heard it, returning from a walk, finding the nurse preparing to leave after the day's work.

"Unless you want me to stay," she said, and Mary's heart sagged because with nurses so scarce she couldn't ask her to. "But Taddy's doing just fine now, doctor said. He was in while you was out. I suppose you heard about him, didn't you?"

"Who? Doctor Neeland?"

"Yes. He's got some old Navy orders; he's leaving. I don't know what we'll do for a doctor around here."

It was startling. But of course there would be someone else, a substitute; the district wouldn't be left without a doctor. Taddy was getting well now; a fresh sickness seemed impossible. Still, he might have

PROFIT AND LOSS

Mark Twain used to point the danger of overdoing it by describing a collection taken for foreign missions. "When the man had talked for ten minutes," he said, "I decided to give every cent I had with me. After another ten minutes I concluded I'd throw into the collection all the silver in my pockets. Ten minutes later I decided I wouldn't give anything, and after another ten minutes, when the plate actually came round, I was so utterly exhausted that I extracted two dollars for my own use."

—CECIL HUNT: Quoted in Laughing Gas. (Methuen & Co. Ltd.)

a relapse, and then what? Questions rose around Mary's head like birds. She went in to dinner slowly, disquieted.

That night she lay in bed without tossing, so the brief respite must have helped her body. But her spirit tossed, and her mind, beset, began circling and circling in the ancient tracks.

The daily mail was always distributed by Granny at breakfast. She did it the next morning, without irony. "Nothing for you, Mary. Just a bill from Doctor Neeland."

Just a bill—office visits, house calls, expense. Mary's insides clenched and she put down her toast, concluding breakfast.

"Listen to this," Granny read, "from Junie. He says he can come on Monday. Elise has gone to Florida for the divorce."

"Chah," Granfa muttered disapproval, reading the paper.

Mary put her head on her hand. Monday, the party; Arthur; his wife, Jane; Junie. She had seen Junie one week end in New York since her return, when he had discussed the war from an armchair, which, though it bore the official slip cover of participation, was still an armchair; after that, as usual, he had talked of music, played records. When she had first known him, seven years back, he had pronounced Bach the greatest composer of all time; now it was Mozart. Unfair to call this development his sum; but it was clearly his symbol. Despite the war, there were hundreds like him.

Mary rose, sticking the bill in her pinafore pocket. "I'm going to make beds. . . . No, Taddy, stay down here with Granny; it's too cold upstairs."

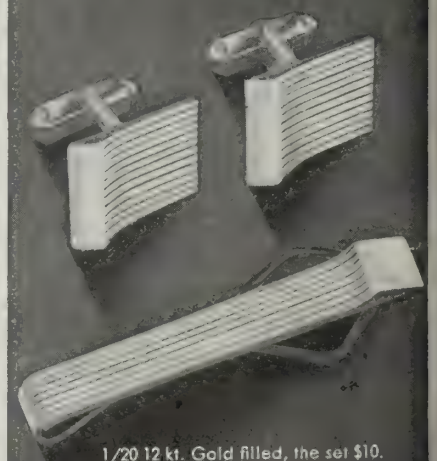
She did Taddy's room, then his grandparents', then her own. Before leaving her room, she ripped open Doctor Neeland's bill. There was no bill. There were two typewritten sheets, a letter. Sharp curiosity, then

Man favored Jewelry

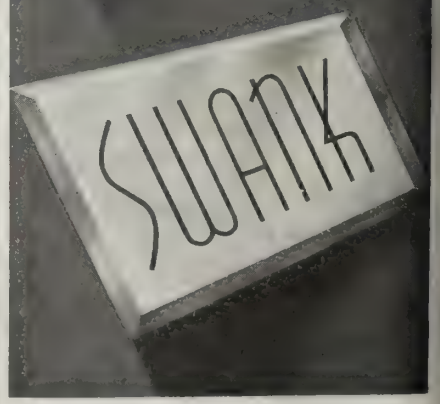


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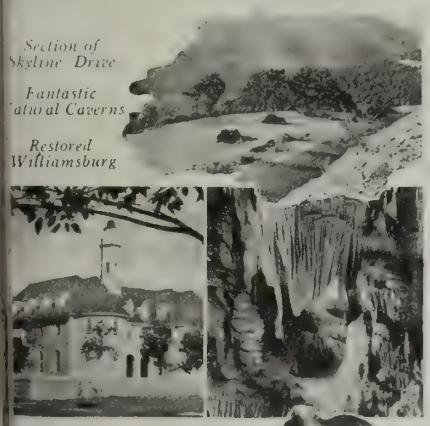
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swift fear for Taddy, shook her. She went to the bed and sat down.

Dear Mrs. Harper: I am writing to you because I'm leaving for Washington for new orders early in the morning, hence have no opportunity to talk with you; and also because, as you're of course aware, I'm cursed with shyness and can't talk to people over six years old.

You probably think me heartless. I know I'm not, because I frequently feel my heart. You must take my word for it that it is in the right place. But it is not very much on the ball. My instinct does not lead me to offer help, but to analyze in the hope of helping, though I rarely dare offer it.

I have thought much about you. The road back confronts all veterans returning from war. Women like yourself, who have given their lives with their husbands, are veterans. Not in the same sense as the men who fought, but in another, more subtle and more grievous.

The battle in which your husband Tad lost his life was early in the war, fought by us with a few old destroyers. He, and the men there like him, knew the enemy was too big for them. All they could do against him was their best.

It is to me an inescapable fact that human tragedy is too big for us. We cannot grasp or comprehend it. What makes a war shocks us; but what a war makes staggers us, for it is tragedy. This is too big; faced with it, we can do only what your husband did. The crux of the matter is in making certain that it is our best.

In dealing with this, too great, too painful, it is natural to twist and turn in the very effort. Being "wonderful," being obsessed with calamity and your role in it, being obsessed with the search for ways out, are such twistings and turnings.

Easier to handle if you were being bombed, you feel. Who, save those being bombed, does not? It is easier to be embroiled in action than to be forced to remember in stillness or pain that life *is* action. True action, in a most total sense, belonged to Tad, who was killed, that moment of life when he gave it. You were embroiled in that, it is your past; you are faced now with its meaning, which is tragedy, and that is your present. You are fortunate that it does not include fear of death, starvation and physical suffering, as it must for so many others; that it is here, which has much to offer you and your son that no twistings in sensation could accomplish—a continuity, a way of life that in its beauty outlasts all wars because it is the way of peace, with its fruits.

Here, in this quiet moment, this quiet place, you are meeting the enemy. This is your road back from that other action. To find one's best takes heroic effort. To find, and to do, takes greatness.

Most sincerely,
HOWARD NEELAND.

The protective surface of Mary's mind spoke hurriedly: *That is quite a swift kick,* then stopped. For in reality it actually was. And profoundly more. Ideas, slowly turning, began forming, when through them appeared with a slight shock that statement of shyness. Of course he was shy—the brief glances, the stiffness, the irony, which was for himself.

She squeezed her eyes tight briefly. Then her gaze moved to the high-ceilinged room, the Victorian chest of drawers, the gold-framed landscape by Granfa. Clearly, life here offered Taddy something she never could in herself. Besides safety—she squeezed her eyes again—this held stability, order, continuance. She saw suddenly, seeing Tad's parents in this light, their dismay at their son's divorce. To people with such a steady resistant regard for the difficulties of living,

NEXT MONTH

Ellen Frosbie stood rooted in her tracks. She knew the voice. She had heard it before, muffled and disembodied by fog. "You have a heart for frightened, untamed horses—and perhaps for sinners. But, like your unhappy female form, it is too tightly laced. It would be a pleasure, Miss Frosbie, to cut the strings for you." It was Joss Caval, the Island devil, outlaw son of a wild Englishman and a Portuguese beauty.
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By I. A. R. Wylie



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it must seem a breach of emotional and moral etiquette, failure of character.

She rose, overwhelmed by the thronging onslaught of her thoughts. She had been so wildly involved in her turnings, there were so many, many things. She walked over to her bureau and leaned her elbows on it, her forehead on her hands, and tasted shame in sharp morsels—at not seeing that shyness, at the assumption that she had, at brittle ingratitude for security, at self-concern, at paltry unimaginative judgments.

Self-discovery is an experience of magnitude. Mary did not know how long she stood motionless. The stillness of her body was only a symbol of the stillness, the depth and distance, within.

From below came the sound of the piano. That meant Taddy was in the cold music room with Granny. With a start she moved to rescue him, then checked herself. Then checked herself again, with some irony—*He's getting all this, he needn't get sick getting it!*—and went on down to remove him, but without animosity.

The exaltation did not last; she had known from the first moment of facing how hard this would be, and it was far harder. But the simplification it brought, the sense of freshness, remained. Her spirit felt like a room that has been aired, and her best—which to her meant not being "wonderful," but being, wonderfully—was the rock of truth to which she could return at each difficulty. Even, quickly, she developed a test: if her own interest was forward, the way was probably wrong; if it wasn't, the way was probably right.

"You look awfully well, Mary," Granny said. "Those vitamins are doing some good." There was such a crisp "if you can believe it!" in her tone that Mary laughed.

"I'm sure they are." The flesh could be weak, however willing the spirit. But she was really with Granny on it. "I feel better inside, these days. If you can just take the main things seriously, you can take the rest more lightly, somehow."

THAT was how she was taking these advance preparations for the next day's wedding anniversary—washing the best china, getting down the wedding-present goblets, preparing a room for Junie's smug, cynical arrival. Actually she was glad for all this. It gave her a chance to express, to herself, how touching, how impressive were the lives of these two together for longer than her own whole life, without change or faltering.

That evening she sat down to write a letter to Doctor Neeland. She had not, yet, in the three days since his letter had come. Her walk that afternoon with Taddy had brought forth so much she wanted to tell him, that it was hard to begin.

Dear Doctor Neeland:

She stared at it, seeing what she had shown Taddy: against the tumbled gray windy clouds a number of sea gulls, unexpectedly inland, riding the wind, poised sheer white above them, then swooping off at swift angles that took the breath. The sight had given her such keen pleasure that her mind had stood still. Then, walking on, it occurred to her that such pleasure as that must be living. People spoke of starting a new life, but they meant simply starting life, again, anew. The simplicity of it had overwhelmed her. This she wanted to tell him.

I want to thank you for your letter. It was like listening to my own conscience. I'm sure you will understand all that I mean by that, and that I shall be always deeply grateful to you.

Most sincerely,
MARY HARPER.

It was inadequate, inept. But hundreds of more words would still have been so. She mailed it, and that placed the period.

The family dinner party, the following day, held early because there was the theater afterward in Boston, was a valiant success—the turkey, the splendor of the table, the family, the gala clothes, the toasts. What marred it were only normal family occurrences: Taddy growing impatient at the table, Junie ruffling Granfa with his politics; and then, at the end, a telephone call from the "sitter," who was to come to stay with Taddy, saying she could not come.

"It breaks my heart to leave you home, Mary," Granny told her. "You've done everything!"

"Pooh, I haven't, Granny. Have fun!"

"And all those dishes. Please don't ——"

"Mary looks as if she could take it"—that was Junie.

Mary said, "Thanks, pal."

As they went out the door Granfa stopped and kissed Mary's forehead. "I'm glad we have you." It made her want to cry. Then they were all gone and she was left, as so always, alone. She drew a deep breath and put it from her.

The general upheaval, the amount of glasses and dishes, seemed infinitely worse with no people about. She decided to rest awhile before tackling it. She was sitting before the fire when the doorbell rang.

She went blankly to the door. Under the porch light, the shadows on his face were more than ever Lincolnlike. It was so unexpected that Mary said nothing beyond his name, swiftly wondering why he was there, thinking of the mess behind her.

"May I come in?" He smiled a little. "It isn't a professional call. I got your note and wanted to thank you."

"Oh, no. Thank you for yours." She felt unnatural, caught off guard. "We've had a party. You find me alone."

"I'll join you."

She said, "I thought you got orders?"

"I had to report for them. I went down to try to fix things up, get sea duty. I fixed things, all right. Right back here at the training station, full time. I've got a functional murmur of the heart—always had it, but it seems now that's too bad, plus being the only doctor in this district. So don't let Taddy get sick except nights and Sundays."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You know, I mean that you didn't ——"

"Yes, I know. I know you know."

He talked then about Taddy, then they moved on to Washington. Then a silence fell. Mary felt tense with awkwardness; she should speak about his letter now.

But Doctor Neeland rose. "How about all these dishes? If you'll let me wash ——"

Men always wanted to; they hated drying. "Oh, no, no."

"Come on. Won't take a minute."

"No, certainly not."

"Come on." He was taking off his coat.

His shyness seemed to have transmitted itself to her; she could hardly meet his eyes or look at his face. He even seemed more at ease, less shy, than Mary, making comments as they went back and forth from dining room to kitchen.

"Your letter," she said finally, wiping glasses, "it was—wonderful. I had been so tied up, so sorry for myself, doing everything backward, trying to evade—you know."

"Well, don't we all?"

MARY looked at his back and remembered that he was shy. Her own recovered sense of freedom made her want to touch him, pat his shoulder. She turned aside from this thought, casting about.

"By the way, if I'm anemic shouldn't I be eating liver? My sister-in-law says I should."

"I thought that would crop up sooner or later."

"You mean about ——" She paused. "Aren't I anemic? But you said my blood count was low."

"It was," he said, "a fraction. Enough to keep me ethical. Just."

Mary put down a glass, took up another. "But why did you —— I mean, what was ——" She stopped thinking again, confused by something here that made no sense.

He put a handful of silver in the drain basket. "Well, it could ease off the load a little. Struck me you were kind of in need of it, the night I was here with Taddy. The average man, you know, would have sent flowers or taken you dancing." He spoke dryly, imperturbably, poking wry fun in some direction that, as always, was unclear.

Vaguely watching his capable hands over the stack of plates, it struck Mary, at random, that the fresh turning point in her life had not come with the letter, really, but with the night of Taddy's sickness; or following farther, not then, but with Taddy's first cold, or even with their coming back here.

"The average man doesn't make a noise like a conscience, either," he went on. "Not very attractive, that, I imagine."

Mary laughed. "Oh, yes."

He made no answer, but his eyes looked up briefly over his shoulder, and in them was something that made her mind stop in sudden thunder. She continued slowly and mechanically to wipe the silver, but she was entirely suffused. For over her mind, swift and delicate as summer lightning, shimmered a hint of a possibility, of a hope. It was of feeling the warmth of life once more, and this same hint, touching her heart, made it taste something so long disremembered, so wildly sweet, that her eyes, lowered to watch her hands, saw nothing at all.

HARD FEELINGS

"I hate books of emotion and sentiment. I never read them. But I love books of hard facts." So writes a woman friend who is distinguished in imaginative literature. Nowadays . . . that seems to me a youthful attitude. It is the child who is always wanting facts and perpetually desiring to know. . . . The only hard facts one learns to see as one grows older are the facts of feeling. Emotion and sentiment are, after all, incomparably more solid than any statistics.

—HAVELOCK ELL'S: Impressions and Comments. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

Back Views, Sizes and Prices of Hollywood Patterns on Page 38

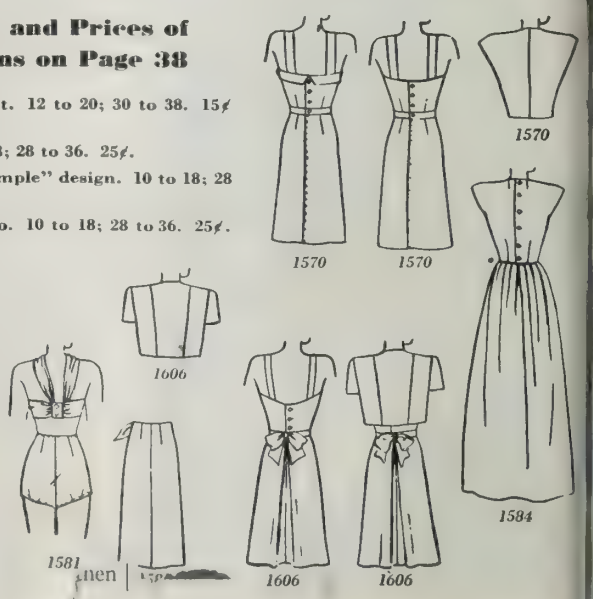
1570. One-piece dress and jacket. 12 to 20; 30 to 38. 15¢ (Canada, 25¢).

1581. Bra, shorts, skirt. 10 to 18; 28 to 36. 25¢.

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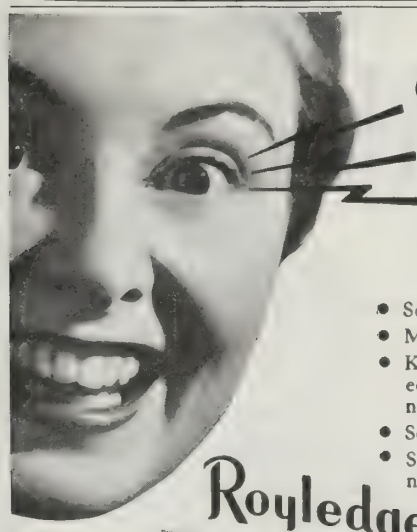
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LEFTENANT MACDONALD TAKES OVER

(Continued from Page 25)

Station. I wrote Johnny every day and thought about him often, and I'd be lying if I didn't admit I once thought about myself as the wife of a newspaper tycoon.

I ought to confess I occasionally wrote to the Air Corps, too, and the young man with the heavy tank, although I knew that offered pretty serious competition.

Then a few days ago came Johnny's letter. I read it over breakfast, digested it partly, then tossed it across to mother, putting on a very slinky expression.

"Not all the dangers, apparently, are on the battlefield. Here's another casualty," I said, using that detached, poised tone notable in early Constance Bennett movies.

Mother, who is the world's best diplomat, looked at me quickly, then remarked placidly, "Oh, darling, it's a good thing you never did take Johnny seriously. I never thought him good enough for you."

"I shall write him a dignified letter," I said, "just to make it clear that I don't care in the slightest."

Mother poured more coffee. "That's right. As good fish in the sea, and so on."

I went around the table and hugged her. Mother has been a widow for more than ten years now, and all her life is wrapped up in her two daughters. She has the most wonderful philosophy, a combination of Dorothy Dix, Elinor Glyn and a dash of Scarlett O'Hara.

I wrote the letter right away, and proceeded to forget all about Johnny.

Somehow, though, I couldn't get the situation out of my mind. Just too bad when you Send Your Man to the War and all you get is news of another British conquest. I began to wonder what the girl was like, and by the time I'd started downtown on the bus I resented her quite a lot. My mood was not at all in accord with Anglo-American good will and a bigger and better understanding between the two nations.

By the time I got off at Columbus Circle, took a cross-town streetcar to Fifth Avenue and walked the short distance to the store where I work, I wasn't thinking about Johnny at all, but was more mad than ever at that scheming limey.

I changed into my work clothes—black velvet slacks and a droopy white silk blouse, which ensemble, I am told, is considerably effective from street level—and set to work. I was fixing a handbag-and-glove display in one of the side windows. They were beautiful things, and I love handling the soft suède and calfs, blending them into well-balanced groups. I stopped breathing fire for a while and worked busily.

About ten-thirty I looked up and saw a soldier staring at me. That's nothing new because sometimes when I work with the shades up quite a lot of soldiers stop and stare. I always ignore them, for if I stopped to smile at all the passers-by, I'd never get through. I like to have the shade up though, as I frequently pop out onto the street to see if things are looking right from the other side. However, this soldier stared extra hard, and I noticed he wore what was probably a British outfit, with two pips on each shoulder and a snappy little cane.

He disappeared after a while, then toward midday he came back, just as I was putting the finishing touches to the display, pointed to his watch and smiled brilliantly. It was a nice smile. He had sandy hair and that sort of ruddy skin that goes with it, and when he smiled his eyes crinkled up and practically disappeared. He had a small, cheeky mustache, too, and although he wasn't a bit good-looking he had the same appeal that a few of the Seven Dwarfs had—chubby, pert and lovable. All this without even talking to the man, mark you.

I tossed back my hair, which is one of my most effective gestures, and pretended not to see him, but was rather pleased to see him waiting at the staff entrance when I emerged for lunch. He gave me a lazy salute, stared hard for a while, then said slowly:

"And verra, verra nice too."

"Scotch," I said, dazed.

"Leftenant Andrew Gordon Macdonald of the King's Own Loyal Highlanders," he said in a voice that sounded like a portion of thick porridge being slowly blended with treacle. (Translation: molasses.)

I said, "Look, the store certainly doesn't encourage this kind of thing. We don't use our windows as a lonely-hearts club."

"Och," he declared, "ye canna be that crrruel. The Amerrrican gurrrls dinna go on that way, usually. So we'll hae some loonch and talk aboot it."

Nice and spoiled, I reflected. *Thinks he slays 'em with that fancy talk. He should know what I think about the British.*

(Continued on Page 98)

Martha

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Martha of the domestic hands,
Martha much cumbered with the meat,
Though the world dinned with its demands,
You served the Lord and He did eat.
(Sister Mary anoints His feet.)

Martha, when people speak your name,
Always a tone of pity creeps
Into their tongues . . . "—— but Mary is flame . . .
Mary is pretty . . . Mary weeps . . ."
(Yours is the breast on which He sleeps.)

Oh, it is Mary that men adore,
And Mary's mouth that men remember;
But Martha washes the dusty floor,
And Martha builds and blows the ember,
And Martha is hearth fire in December.

Men sing of Mary's glitter and grace,
And minstrels many an ode compose;
But Martha wears sweat upon her face,
And Martha cannot dance on her toes,
And Martha is the world's solid prose.

Yet, Martha, here in your sweet praise
I weave a verse for your dear head,
Who, in your crowded nights and days,
Declare the canticle of bread
By which the sons of men are fed.

To you and your hushed heart belong
All glory and the rose of rhyme:
Silent and tireless, take my song;
By your love, selfless and sublime,
Measure its truth in God's good time.



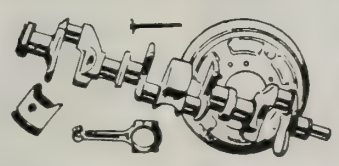
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Avon COSMETICS

AT RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 96)

"Well," I said as something struck me with lightning brilliance, "perhaps a sandwich, at that. How about Hamburger Heaven?"

I waited for him to ask what a hamburger was and where it could be found, but he practically led the way down Fifth and turned east in the Fifties. We sat at the counter and ate enormous hamburgers and the biggest helpings of chocolate cake.

"You know New York well, yes?" I said, enunciating carefully, as if he had just arrived from some Far-Flung Outpost.

"Yes, I come here everry few weeks or so," he said, diving into the relish dish with solid American technique. "Beyond that, I canna tell ye more."

"Probably something to do with transportation?" I said, trying to air my knowledge.

A piece of chocolate cake, out of all proportion to the size of his mouth, disappeared into the cavity. When he spoke, it was something about seeing me that evening. I know when I'm reprimanded, so I didn't ask anything like that again.

Over coffee and a cigarette, he told me where he came from—a small town not far from Edinburgh. He had a brother in the Royal Navy, and two sisters; after the war he intended to become a farmer.

I told him about mother and my kid sister and why I thought Manhattan the only place in the world fit to live in. At that, he lit another cigarette and put on an expression which could only be compared with a Disney version of the Sphinx.

He walked back to the store with me, and said he'd pick me up at six o'clock. I was on the point of refusing; then I remembered my brilliant plan.

Mother wasn't surprised when I called I'd be in late. She's used to my canteen and USO and other war activities. I didn't mention I was going out with the King's Own Loyal Highlanders. It sounded kind of fantastic. She just said, "All right, darling."

I DEFY anyone ever again to say the Scotch are tight. That leftenant did us proud. Tea at the Barberry Room, where I tried to explain how gin rummy is played. It ended with him showing me the Hollywood version. Then dinner at 21, where the headwaiter greeted him joyfully. One of the best shows in town, and a bite at El Morocco.

"You've been around, I can see that," I said as we climbed into a cab around one A.M. (Why do women say things like that? They resent a man's being too much at ease around the Big City, yet wouldn't encourage one who behaved like the original hick.)

I've often criticized the fact that I live so far uptown, but on that trip I wished Ninety-fifth Street was miles farther on. He started to kiss me good night somewhere around Sixty-first and left off just in time to ask me to spend next evening with him.

"Katherrrine," he said slowly, rolling it around his tongue in caramelly slabs. "A verra nice sma' girrl."

That did it. Nothing like the protective angle to get around a dame. "Leftenant Andrew Gordon Macdonald," I queried, "are all the Scotch like you?"

"Och, no," he said modestly, "I'm a wee bit on the bashful side maeself."

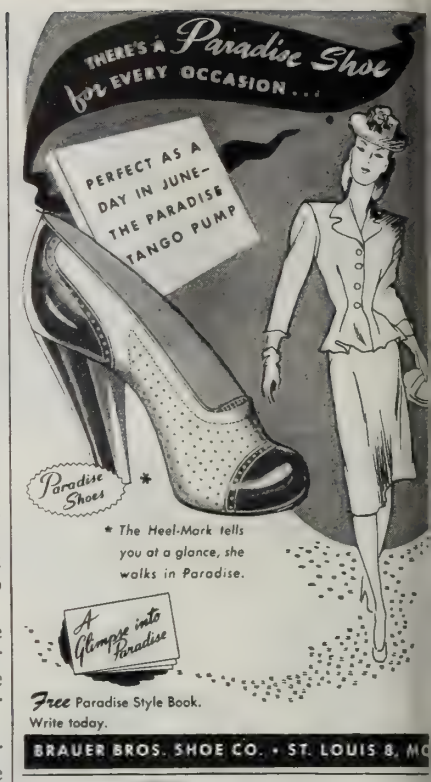
I've often read about heroines who lie awake into the small hours, thinking. You might say I had nothing to think about, because going out with a uniform is nothing particularly new to me. *Katherine*, I said severely to myself, *he is a very nice, unsuspecting youth, and don't you go being a smarty about everything.*

Nice, unsuspecting youth? Huh?

Over morning coffee I told mother about him, but didn't go into details. Merely that he was a British officer and seemed lonely.

My kid sister, who has just started journalism at Columbia, talks in clipped phrases. "Boy jilts girl, girl resentful, takes revenge on innocent Britisher. Girl likely to find fingers burned."

"Rubbish," I said, swallowing the last scalding drop. "He is quite charming, but of course I'm not seeing him out of any spirit of revenge. I'm sorry for him, that's all.



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You know, all alone in a strrrange—I mean strange country."

I shrugged into my coat and fixed my hair into a thing that looks like an old sock.

"By the way, I won't be home again this evening," I said, rushing for the door. But not quickly enough to miss the brat singing There'll Always be an England.

I did indoor work all that day, so didn't see him again until six o'clock. He looked more sandy and pink than ever.

We had dinner at a small French restaurant way over on the East Side, then saw a sentimental movie and actually held hands. I could hardly believe my own eyes. I began to think he really did like me a little, and kept reminding myself to be very brittle and superior about the whole thing, and not to lay myself open to any more of those subtle British tactics. Then, at the end, I could send him away, lightly, laughingly, and watch him leave with his head bent, a defeated, unhappy man.

We walked uptown, past Broadway and up Seventh, and talked like mad. He was, I discovered, a tremendous admirer of all things American and, like so many people with historic backgrounds of their own, full of praise for the American tradition.

"A tough, fightin' bunch o' folks," he declared, grabbing my arm and dodging three taxis all bent on mayhem. "Pleynty o' fire an' spirrit. The women too—monny's the time I've talked wi' the Yankee boys, before I made a trrrip here. Tae hearr them talk aboot their lasses—they think there's none ithers like 'em."

"They do?" I said, with a suitable touch of bitterness in my tone.

We were a few blocks along Central Park West before he called a cab.

"Tomorrow I have tae do some worrrk," he said, "but Sunday we'll spend together. What time do I call for ye?"

I hesitated. Then thought, *Oh, well, what does one more date matter?* Aloud I remarked, "I don't know that you should meet my family. You see, they are—shall we say?—a little resentful toward the British." I told him the Johnny story, laying it on thick. He, surprisingly enough, did not frown with dismay, nor did his voice thicken with emotion. He just laughed heartily and tugged at his silly mustache.

"An ATS sergeant, ye say? Verra canny women, especially with the Amerrrican boys."

BRISTLED. Poor Johnny, just swept off his feet by some scheming sergeant. "I suppose," I said nastily, "you have some dear little Scottish girl sitting at home, knitting your tartan sweaters for you and keeping your bagpipes in tune?"

"If you mean am I married—nay," he said, laughing again. "Nor betrothed."

As that conversation took up most of the taxi ride, the good-night kiss was a bit shorter, although he did let the cab stand at the door for a few minutes.

Just because he wasn't around on Saturday, of course, I thought about him a lot, and worried too. You know how smart these boys think they are—you just daren't take them too seriously. And after all, look how he laughed about Johnny.

I went home, had dinner with mother and played an old, old record of Annie Laurie. The brat kept saying, "That hasn't been played since the phonograph had a horn," but I was impervious to everything. I had something on my mind.

After all, had I really got over the Johnny situation? Was I going to be fooled again? I finally fell asleep and dreamed I was doing a Highland fling at Carnegie Hall, accompanied by the Philharmonic, with a bagpipe obbligato.

I didn't think I could get through the morning, after I waked at eight o'clock. I'd arranged for him to have brunch with us, so he telephoned about ten to find out what time that was supposed to be.

"So there is something you don't know," I snapped nastily, I was so relieved to hear his voice. "It's combination breakfast-lunch. Make it about eleven-thirty."

"That's grrrand," he said, rolling his *r*'s hard enough to shake the receiver out of my hand. "And I'll be drrressed up in mae best uniforrrm for the occasion."

You'd think that would be a warning, wouldn't you? Poor, unsuspecting me. Best uniform, no less.

THE brat opened the door of the apartment for him, as I was in the bedroom doing last-minute-emergency things to my face. Mother was in the kitchen, squeezing oranges. First I heard the brat start to say, "Why, hello ——" then falter and choke.

I ran out to the lobby and stood rooted to the floor, as the writers say. It's no use attempting to describe how he looked. You know those whisky advertisements, with the Scottish officers all done up complete with Highland uniforms and kilts? There he was, positively picturesque, from the tip of his tilted Glengarry cap, through his flaring skirts down to his gleaming brogues.

I must say I am proud of my family. Beyond that first choke of the brat's, and mother's stunned expression when she came into the living room, they treated it just as if they were accustomed to entertaining kilted leftenants in small apartments on West Ninety-fifth Street.

Andrew Gordon Macdonald was at his most fascinating, and it wasn't thirty minutes before they were both madly in love with him. He told them stories. He explained his uniform, and what each insigne and color meant. He told us that his ancestors back to the umpteenth century had been officers in the Loyal Highlanders. Mother and the brat glowed lovingly.

Later he suggested going out to the park, and I thought wildly, *How dare he take me out in that fancy getup?* I dashed into a dozen excuses.

The brat steered me into the bedroom and flung my coat at me. "Don't you even try to get out of it," she threatened. "You take that poor lonely soldier out into the park and don't be so mean and unfriendly."

"B-but he didn't look like that on our other dates," I said miserably. "He wore just ordinary khaki uniform, like a normal soldier. How can I walk down the street with that Mardi Gras getup?"

The brat pinched my arm, hard. "Afraid people might stare, m'm? If you didn't care at all about him, you wouldn't be so darn self-conscious."

"Me? Care about him? Ha-ha," I snarled, throwing on some lipstick and stalking back to the living room like a lamb to the slaughter.

I walked toward the elevator with Bonny Prince Charlie, the very epitome of dignity, calm and poise. Believe me, I needed it. You know how Central Park is on a bright, frosty winter Sunday. Thousands of nursemaids and buggies, soldiers, sailors, marines with their girl friends. Everything you could possibly imagine except another leftenant in the full-dress uniform of the King's Own Loyal Highlanders.

He loved it. He returned every salute with a brisk upsweep of his dapper little cane and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To an Airman

By Rosalie Schwimmer

I will not ask these things of you:
To comb the eagles from your hair,
Nor close your eyes to paths of blue
That you have cut across the air.

I will not ask that you forget
Songs you hear as the engine roars,
But pray that you return and let
Me spread my wings along with yours.

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a rapid twirl of his kilt. My calm and poise rapidly disappeared as his strengthened (if possible), even when a bunch of small boys followed us and speculated loudly as to the style, color and even existence of certain of his undergarments. He fed the monkeys, looked at the lions, and we drank hot chocolate at the cafeteria. He beamed happily at the nursemaids and crinkled with abandon at the babies.

Some several hours later, when I was recovering with tea in the Savoy-Plaza, he mentioned he'd enjoyed his day, because it might be some time before he could see me again.

I must have gone very quiet, then finally intimated that it had been a very pleasant acquaintanceship and he must not forget to call me when next he was in New York. That's what I said. Inside, two buzz bombs and a trio of hand grenades were all exploding at once. Not see him again! Even after that afternoon's humiliation, the prospect was too horrifying. He twirled his teacup in his square fingers and furrowed his gingery eyebrows. How could anyone so quaint-looking have so much appeal?

"Verra pleasant acquaintanceship indeed," he said. "Ma wee sma' Katherrrine is going to be Mrs. Macdonald and she calls it verra pleasant."

This is where my speech should have come in. All about how presumptuous he was, and what did he think I was, believing I could seriously think of him in such a short while, and hadn't he better get rid of some of that ego before he became really ridiculous? So I opened my mouth to tell him all that, and turned to look at him.

"Ma darrrling," he said, smiling, and his eyes vanishing into a thousand crinkles and his face turning all brick red to tone with his hair.

Naturally I just said, "Oh, Andrew Gordon," and never gave the speech another thought.

The rest of the evening passed without our even noticing it, then he came home with me and made the most formal request to mother.

After she and the brat had torn themselves away from him, we sat and had one of those "Supposing ——" conversations that are so corny to anyone but the individuals concerned.

"Just supposing," I said, curling up on his kilted lap, "just supposing you'd never stopped by the window that morning and smiled at me?"

"Och," he said dreamily, "that wasna ony coincidence. Ye see, I'd promised Johnny I'd look ye oop. The lassie he's marrying is one of the Mactavish girrrls, and Johnny is quite a good frriend of mine. That's how I came to see the picture of ma bonny Katherrrine." And out of his pocket he pulled a snapshot which Johnny took of me months ago.

I suppose I should have been dignified about it. I should have washed my hands of the whole thing, there and then. But no—when he makes his next trip, we are to be married. I insist on the "best uniforrrm" too.

BEAR WITH US

A visitor to a Sunday school was asked to address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elisha on his journey to Bethel—how the youngsters taunted the poor old prophet and how they were punished when two she-bears came out of the wild and ate forty and two of them.

"And now, children," he said, wishing to learn if his talk had produced any moral effect, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," came from a little girl well down in the front, "it shows how many children two she-bears can hold."

—From BEST STORIES IN THE WORLD: By Thomas L. Masson. Copyright, 1913, by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.



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ELIZABETH P. RIEGEL

This happy child has good hearing. Her mother taught her to keep playthings and inquisitive fingers out of her ears.

When the Child Has an Earache

BY DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN

President, Chicago Board of Health

MANY mothers have an unreasonable terror of earache. A child suffering from earache always needs mother's immediate, undivided attention—to ease pain and watch for developments. But mothers should know that in most cases earache is caused by a type of infection which responds quickly when the proper treatment is undertaken. Only the neglected earache needs to be feared!

The human ear is an incredibly complicated, delicate mechanism. The outer ear—the part that is seen—picks up sound waves from the air and carries them down the ear canal to the eardrum. From the vibrating drum, sound is conducted through the middle ear by three tiny, interlocking bones. Then, in the inner ear, it reaches the hearing nerves and so is carried to the brain.

Sometimes earache is caused by an injury or obstruction in the ear canal outside the eardrum. Small children may poke inquisitive fingers into their ears, for example, and scratch the tender skin in the ear canal, perhaps causing a painful boil to form there. Or an overzealous mother may try to remove wax from her child's ear, unwisely using a toothpick or hairpin—with resulting damage to the ear.

Doctors have a good rule for mothers to remember: Never put anything smaller than the elbow into the outer ear! If wax forms, or some other substance gets into the child's ear, mother should ask for the doctor's advice. He will remove it himself, if necessary, or instruct her in the proper use of a syringe to wash away the obstruction.

The part most often involved in ear infections, however, is the middle ear—just inside the eardrum. This area is connected directly (by means of an opening called the Eustachian tube) with the back of the throat. Thus infections of the nose and throat frequently spread to the middle ear. So the child with a cold or sore throat may also complain of earache; often in diseases like measles or scarlet fever, the ear becomes involved following inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the throat and nasal passages.

Otitis media (simply translated: inflammation of the middle ear) brings sharp, severe pain, swelling and discharge, and often fever. Sometimes the eardrum bulges noticeably outward as a result of the infection inside; occasionally it is necessary for the doctor to puncture the eardrum to relieve this painful pressure and permit the infection to drain.

Mother should not become alarmed when this happens and fear that the child's hearing will be destroyed. When the infection has disappeared, the punctured drum will heal swiftly, and meanwhile blessed relief from suffering will be provided by this measure.

In most cases, however, this step will not be necessary if mother has acted promptly and wisely as soon as the child mentions earache. (When the baby is too small to make his needs known, he indicates ear

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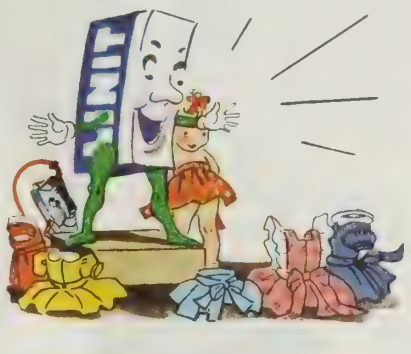
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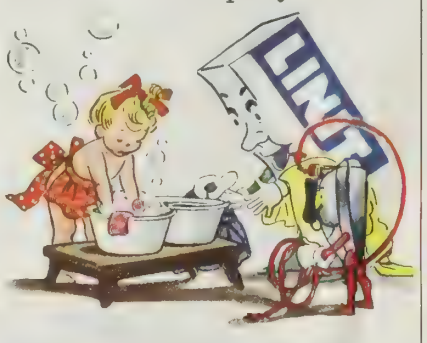
sings Sad Iron

"Oh, I'm hot stuff for dresses, these ladies all say—
and it's thanks just to *me* they look pretty today!"
Sunny Monday and Linit can wink at this smarty,
'cause *they* know they made him the hit of the party!



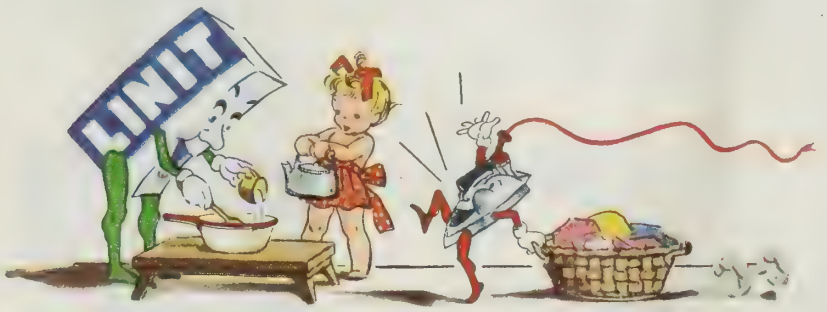
Last Monday—

Master Linit, the starch
that is quick, slick and glossy,
promised *each* frock and ruffle
the finish that's flossy!



Was Fun Day—

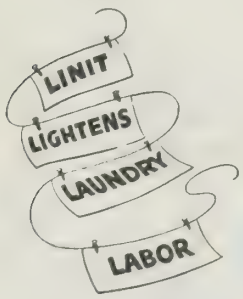
He stood by for duty
while Miss Sunny Monday
sudsed out little duds—
made 'em brighter than Sunday!



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Then Linit mixed half cups
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boiling water was added—
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Now Ladies, if *you* want
to iron with ease—
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trouble by becoming irritable and reaching repeatedly toward the ear.)

A child with earache should always be put to bed; preferably, the doctor should see the ear promptly. If the pain becomes severe, or if fever or swelling appears, the doctor must be called at once. His examination will show how serious the infection is and tell what needs to be done.

To relieve pain until the doctor comes, mother may apply heat externally by means of a hot-water bottle or electric heating pad. Until she has received instructions from the doctor, however, she must not put drops into the child's ear. The pain may be caused by an infection outside the eardrum, which might be aggravated by the wrong kind of medication. Thus mother should avoid using ear drops that the doctor prescribed for an earlier infection, *unless she is told to do so.*

Usually, the child with an ear infection needs to stay quietly in bed until the infection has subsided. Sometimes the doctor will permit a youngster with mild infection to be up about the house; but outdoor activity and all vigorous play should be forbidden until the symptoms have completely disappeared.

In addition to being painful, severe or prolonged infections of the middle ear may also interfere with the functioning of the sound-conducting mechanism there and so bring loss of hearing. While hearing is usually restored as soon as the infection clears up, long-persisting or oft-repeated infections sometimes cause permanently impaired hearing. If more people understood how great a burden faulty hearing imposes on a child—at home, at school and in his play—fewe cases of ear infection would go unseen by th doctor until an advanced stage!

Probably the most dangerous complica tion following an ear infection is involvemen of the mastoid bone. An unusually severe in fection, or one which is allowed to persist may spread to this bony structure directly behind the ear. The slightest pressure in thi area will be painful if the mastoid is infected Now the disease is in a crucial stage whicl necessitates constant vigilance. Because o its nearness to the brain, any infection of th mastoid is grave. If he has not already don so, the doctor will now puncture the eardrun to avoid any further pressure inside the ear An operation may also be necessary. Th surgeon will make an opening from the out side, behind the ear, to remove the infectio and permit free drainage of infectious mat ter.

Fortunately, complications like mastoiditi and hearing loss are much less likely to occu today than they were a few years ago. New drugs like the sulphonamides, penicillin and others work effectively against the bac teria which cause common types of ear infection.

Even though modern medicine has found the means of combating most of these in fections successfully, mother cannot afford to be careless about them. Any disturbance of the ear must be treated with respect Mother must remain calm. Then her knowl edge of the nature and seriousness of ear infections will help her work with the doctor to bring prompt relief when the child has an earache.

LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 20)

Then Mr. Tip McCullogh said the terrible thing. Then he said, "You know, Jim, you should have had a boy, by rights. Someone who would hunt with you and ride and go shooting and all the rest. It isn't really fair to ask a girl to do all those things. They just don't naturally have the nerve, the courage, that a boy does. At least, not in the same things."

And there was a long silence then, a long silence while the awfulness of those words sank in and in, and the seconds ticked themselves away, deep in her heart, each second taking something from her. Because her father did not answer.

It must mean that he agreed with Mr. Tip McCullogh, that he really did wish that she had been a boy. And that was too much. It was so much that it brought tears quick to her eyes, and she had to hold on to herself not to make any noise lest they might hear her. And she was so choked that she scarcely heard her father say, finally:

"Oh, I don't know about that, Tip. Andy's a good kid. I think she has it. Just give her time."

She did hear that, but the tone did not seem sure. And then the horrible thought came to her mind, the thought that the reason her father did call her Andy was not that it was a pet name, just between the two of them, but that it was his way of trying to make her seem more like a boy, like someone that he could do things with. The things that he loved. It was an awful thought.

And she crept back, very softly, into her bed, and shut the door, and lay there, with the thought growing big and bigger in her mind, the awful thought that he did wish that she had been a boy. And it was too much, too overwhelming. Because she did love him so and because she did want to do the things that he loved, jumping and hunting. The dangerous things. Only she could not do those things. She simply couldn't.

It had been that way ever since she had been seven, a year after her mother had died. Her father had bought her a pony then, and she had been terrified. So terrified that she had screamed in fright and had fallen off. Her father had been very patient then, very gentle. He had put her up on again and helped her and after a while she had not been afraid of just riding. Trotting and cantering—that was all right and she almost liked to do that with him. But then, this past year, her father had bought the small horse, The Flashlight, a child's hunter, and from then on it had been worse. It had been terrible.

Oh, she had learned to jump, over very small things at first, and then bigger ones. But she had learned only at the cost of a great and almost paralyzing fear, a fear that drained all the blood from her face and left her so very weak and numb that if The Flashlight had ever made a serious mistake she could not possibly have stayed on. It was a fear that she could not fight, could not overcome, try as she would and did. It was something just too great, too overpowering.

And now there was this children's show at the hunt club, and her father had planned and counted on her being in that, and after that there would be hunting. They had talked about that too. Those things she could not do. She simply could not. She had been going to tell her father that that night. That had been her secret, her confession. That and her hope that he would understand. And now she could not tell him. Now she would have to do those things. Or he would be ashamed of her, and disappointed. That she could not bear. Not now.

She awoke slowly on that Saturday morning, three days later. Awoke wishing that being awake would be a dream. Only it was not a dream and the day was bright and cool and she got into her small breeches and the shiny boots, black-topped, and then her father had come in, all grins.

"How's my young entry today? Ready for your first blue?" And she had tried to smile at him, and it had been a stiff smile and the tips of her fingers had been numb and clumsy and her father had helped her with her stock.

There was oatmeal that did not taste at all and was dry and gratey, and then, after a while, they were down at the stables and old Neil was leading out the two horses. Old Neil, who had been with them ever since she had been born and who knew, a little at least, of how she felt. Old Neil grinning at her to give her courage.

"Up you go," he said, "the best in the show." *(Continued on Page 104)*



Hey Mom!



WANT A BATH-HAPPY BABY WITH A ROSE-PETAL SKIN?

Then pay attention to my nice doctor—and float Swan in my tub. He says it's perfect for a baby's tender, pink skin. Pure as fine castiles.



WANT TO "BABY" YOUR COMPLEXION?

Then pretend you're me—and scrub your face till it sparkles, with my lovely, gentle Swan! That mild lather will pamper you just as it pampers me.

WANT TO "BABY" YOUR HANDS?

Then put 'em in baby-mild suds—whenever you wash dishes. You'll whisk through stacks of dishes with those fast, gentle Swan suds. And your hands 'll feel dreamy and soft when you tickle my chin.



WANT NICE DUDS TO STAY PERKY AS A BABY'S BONNET?

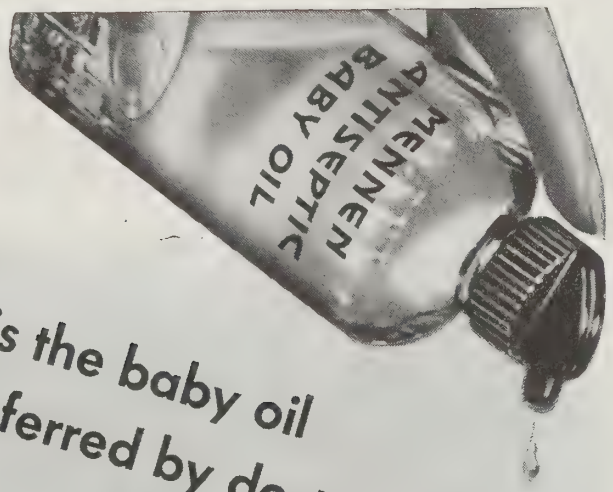
Then give 'em a bath with pure and gentle Swan. In fact, if I were you, I'd grab my hat, I'd get a big cake of Swan right now—and use my wonderful, new, baby-mild soap for *everything* in our house!



Uncle Sam says *Don't Waste Soap*— it's made from vital war materials!

Baby-Mild for everything—SWAN is pure as Fine Castiles

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*According to surveys

* **4 times as many doctors** prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other brand.

* **Over 4 times as many hospitals** use Mennen Oil as all other baby oils and lotions combined.

* **Mothers buy more Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil** than all other baby oils and lotions combined.



MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL

Most baby specialists also prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER*

(Continued from Page 102)

The Flashlight's tail was braided high in tight little rows, and his mane was trim in six small braids, gay with their colored yarn, and he gleamed a satiny chestnut and he knew that something was up. He moved quickly, lightly, on his toes, and he seemed different, all different.

The saddle seemed different, too, and everything was strange and faraway and maybe it was a dream. Only it wasn't. Her father was there beside her on his big hunter and they were walking slowly down the lane and he was smiling down at her, smiling very proudly, as if this was the day that he had been waiting for for very long, the biggest day that they had ever had—together. She must not disappoint him now. She must not.

There were a great many people in the broad fields that surrounded the hunt club. There were cross children in hats that did not fit and on ponies that balked with their ears back, and there were smiling, confident children, well turned out on big and gleaming horses. And they did not matter, any of them.

There were older people, in tweeds and in greatcoats, or in riding clothes, and many of them came up and smiled and the women said, "A very nicely turned out pair, Mr. Trevor," and her father would smile, with the pride breaking through the grin on his face. And there were men who tipped their hats and said, "Chip off the old block, eh, Jim?" nodding at her. And she must not let him down.

She must not let his pride be hurt, because this was his great minute. This was when he had his own daughter there beside him, and she could see the happiness in his face, the lift to his head. This was what he had been waiting for these many years, and it was all up to her. Everything was up to her. Over there were the jumps, the jumps for the outside course, the ones that she must ride over.

"They—they're awfully big, aren't they?" she said numbly, and he said, "No," making it sound ridiculous, "they're little. Nothing over three-foot-six, if that. Easy—for you," grinning at her. But watching her, just a little. She must not let him down.

Only, she could feel it creeping up and through her, that awful fear, that awful numbing fear. And if only it would not get too far, if only it would not make her loose and faint, the way it had sometimes. If she could only hold on. And the minutes ticked themselves away and there were other classes and then it was her time.

"Outside course for juniors," the speaker blared; "get your horses ready. Riders sixteen and under," and there were fathers and mothers clustering around their children, telling them the last things, and there was Jim beside her, through a haze, sort of, and he was grinning down at her. He was winking at her.

"Just keep the pace steady, Andy," he was saying. "Give The Flashlight plenty of head at the jumps and he'll take you around."

She nodded, looking up at him, her hands weak on the reins. And if only she could say, "Oh, Jim, I can't. Don't let me." Only, she could not say that. She would not say it. Not a word.

But she could not keep back the tears, and he saw them. He saw them creeping over the rims of her eyes and running on down over her cheeks, and his face went very tight and straight and there was that funny little line across between his eyes and he was saying, "Andy! Come on now. Come on." And she must come on. Because it was his courage that he prized—his courage and, because of that, her courage. And she must move. She must.

The speaker blared, "Miss Anne Trevor," and she felt his hand quick, tight on her arm, and then her heels were into The Flashlight's sides and she was moving up. Moving up across that soft turf, up to where she could see the first jump, that great stone wall, looming in front of her.

"Start him at twenty feet," her father had said, and she got to that spot and The Flashlight was lunging, just a little, pulling eagerly,



Those eager little helpers
Make it soft for Sue;
And we make Northern Tissue
Mighty soft for you!



Mighty Soft...
NORTHERN TISSUE

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ıd that wall loomed so high, so very high, › high that she could see nothing beyond it. lothing.

And then she let The Flashlight go and the all was coming closer and closer and closer, ıd then the wall was there and they could ever get over it, never, and they were in the r, sailing, sailing, way up, up, and then verything was limp and dark and black and ıere was no sound and no light and nothing. othing at all.

It was like waking up in your own room. was like the mornings when her father ıd to leave very early and came in to say ›od-by and leaned over her and her arms ould come up, sleepily, and go around his ck tight, and he would rumple her hair ıe way he did. Only, as things got clearer, was not her own room at all. It was a om at the club, and there was a voice in ıe background saying:

"But she isn't hurt at all, really, Jim. I ink she just must have fainted."

Then it all came back to her, rushing, all ıd everything, and it made her turn her ce away from her father, quickly, and it ade her say, "I want to go home." Her ›ice sounded very weak and faraway, even her, and there was only one thing that she anted to do and that was to get home. way from everything. Home to her own om and alone. All alone.

But they made her lie there for a while—Just to rest," they said—and after a while e realized that her father was still there side her. And that he was saying, "Don't ›u worry, honey. Don't you worry. Everying is all right. You're all right." Saying over and over again.

And she could not turn and look at him, e simply could not. Because she knew ›w. She knew that she had failed him. ıere on his big day. There in front of all his ends. And there were no words that she uld say. There was nothing. She was just o tired. Too tired.

Until someone came in, and her father was ying, "Awfully nice of you to run us home, Tip. Sure, she'll be all right," and they were in a car and then, finally, they were at home. Up in her own room. And she stood there, looking at him. At her father. The grass stains were big on the small breeches and her hair was damply tousled, out of braid, and now she had to talk to him. Now she had to tell him.

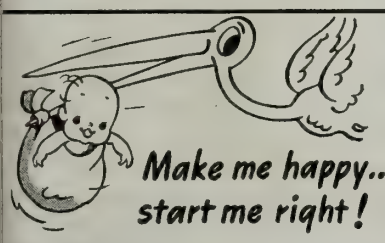
"Oh, Jim," she began, the words caught miserably in her throat, "oh, Jim, I'm sorry. I couldn't ——" and his arm was quick around her, his voice was very soft.

"That's all right, kid," he said, "it's all right. I know you couldn't. It gets them all sometimes—the very best of them. I asked too much of you. I should have known." And the words were all right. The words were fine. It was the tone. It was the tone that seemed, to her, miles away and stiff in a funny little way that did not want to be stiff, but that could not help it. Miles away. And he said, "You'd better turn in for a while, punkin, and rest," and she could just nod dumbly, her eyes waiting on his face, hoping.

He hesitated for just a second, smiling at her awkwardly, and then he turned and fixed the window shade so that the room went dim, and then he went on out. And she was all alone.

It would not, she thought, lying there, have been so bad if it had happened when they were alone, practicing, or just on a pleasure run with one or two other people. Or if she could only have told him that night, just those few days before, when he had brought home the hunting derby. It would have been bad, but not so bad.

No, it was because she had done it before all his friends, before the whole world, and because she had done it when the pride had been so great in his face. That was the terrible thought. That was what brought the tears now. And that, after a while, was what brought sleep. With the big dog, Drive, lying at the foot of her bed and watching her anxiously—not moving even when her father tiptoed in, much later, to bring the covers



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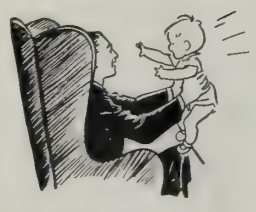
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with BUILT-IN FIT for Boys and Girls

snug around her throat, to touch her hair gently.

They were bad days, the ones that followed. Not in big things, because in the big things he was just the same. When she waited for him that next Monday night, waited even more anxiously, more hopefully, because she needed him so now, he had that same wave as he came up the drive, that same, "How were things today?" And he talked along with her while he was dressing for dinner, and after dinner, later, he came up and put her to bed. And it was just the same. Only, it was not just the same. She could not make it seem the same.

Perhaps, she thought, it was just that she imagined it, but he did not seem to ask her much about her riding, or how The Flashlight was, and when he leaned over her to say that last good night, he did not bury his head so deeply, so completely, there beside her. There seemed a stiffness, just a little, in his neck and in his shoulders, as if now he could not meet her completely.

And, in the later days, there did not seem to be those same invitations, quick-called, to join him in the car, to drop in at the club. Just the little things that, perhaps, were not so important. But that bulked so large in her mind as she thought of them more and more. That were everything, loving him as she did.

And then there was the most important thing. The thing that took her several days to realize.

He did not call her Andy any more. She did not believe it at first. And then she watched and checked and listened for it, and then she was sure that it was true. He did not call her Andy any more. It was just Anne—and there was something cold and faraway about "Anne" now, something that did not belong to them, two together. She had let him down. She was not really there now, close in his inner thoughts, in his plans. As a boy might have been.

She did not sleep well in those nights, lying awake with her eyes very large in the darkness and the clock striking off the slow hours, with the big dog, Drive, muttering disturbed on the bed. In the mornings she would be pale, except for one tiny round of color bright in each cheek, and her father noticed that.

"You ought to get out more, honey," he said, "get out and get some exercise. Ride your horse." He paused and there was a strange expression in his face, an awkwardness, as if he did not know, quite, how to handle this. "Look, honey," he said, "you aren't worrying about that little business at the club, are you? That didn't amount to a thing. Forget it. That isn't what's bothering you, is it?"

And she shook her head, unwilling to let him know, unable to now, with this queer thing that seemed to be between them. If only there were something that she could do—something to make him proud of her again. She thought of that so much.

She thought if only, in her greatest dreams, if only she could work and practice, secretly, and overcome this awful fear and suddenly appear and go over the greatest jumps easily and laughing, and hunt with him, side by side. That would be it. That would be the sort of thing that he admired most, and had told her that he admired. Courage when you were afraid. Especially when you were afraid. Only—she could never do that now. She knew that she could never bring herself to it—that it was beyond her. It would have to be something else. But what?

On every Saturday throughout the fall her father rode with the Valley Drag. He would start dressing at noon, and she would come up to his room and watch him, standing there silently as he got into his great gleaming boots, and tied the snowy stock, just so, and put on his black coat because they were not wearing colors during war. Then he would go down, and old Neil would have his horse ready, the big gray Trumpeter, and he would wave to her and hack off down the lane. Alone. And she would stand there in the dooryard, watching him go, wanting to be with him. Wanting it so much.

Old Neil noticed it. One Saturday he said, "Whyn't you take The Flashlight and just gap it, along with 'em?"

Gapping it meant going around all the jumps, all the hard riding, and just tagging behind the field, with the stragglers. She did not want to do that. And then, suddenly, she did, because it was better being even that close to him. Better than nothing at all.

She waited, the next Saturday, until he had gone, and then she put on the small breeches and the black-topped boots and the hunting derby, the one that he had given her for *that* day, and she walked her pony over through the fields and to where the hunt was meeting. The hunt was small in numbers now, because of the war, with only ten or fifteen riders, and her father saw her, and looked again, and then came cantering slowly over.

"Hello," he said, smiling down at her, "so you decided to gap it after all. I knew you would, when you got around to it. Good for you." And then a worried look came into his eyes, and he said, "Stay well back now, Anne, with the others who aren't jumping. And be careful." And she nodded, hearing only the one word "Anne," and would it ever be Andy again? Would it ever be that way?

It was a miserable day. She stayed back with the other stragglers, the ones who did not really hunt, who went around the jumps and tried as best they could to keep up through the lanes and the roundabout fields and to be there at the checks, where the real hunters rested. There were only very small children, kicking frantically at fat ponies, and the others, some older, who dressed to ride but never really rode—who did the loud talking at the hunt breakfasts where she had been taken sometimes. The outsiders. The ones who did not count. She was back with them while children just as young as she were up in front—up with him. Hers was a very bitter place to be. But she stuck it out.

LITTLE GUY



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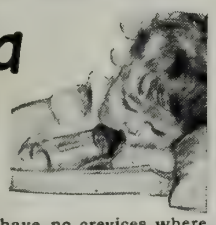
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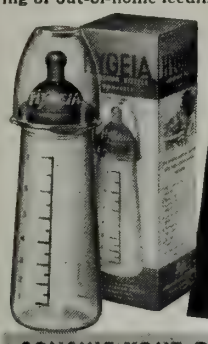


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And then, two Saturdays later, there came that day. Late in November. A day that was raw cold, with the dark clouds scudding fast and low across the sky, and the gusts of chilling rain.

"Are you going to hunt today?" she asked at noon, and he nodded.

"Of course," he said. "It won't be too bad. But you'd better not go out." And she had disappeared while he dressed, and had gotten into her riding clothes and was waiting for him when he came down to the stables. He had frowned, hesitating. "Honestly, Anne, I don't think you'd better ——" and it was that word that decided her, that one word "Anne."

"But I want to," she said, and after a minute he had given in.

"Well, all right," he said. "But we're riding a hard run today, through the swamp, and you won't be able to gap it much after the first check. You'll have to quit then." And they had hacked on over to the club once more.

There were only eight real riders in the field that day. And, as she waited, no stragglers, no gappers. Her father had been worried.

"Look, now," he said, "you'll be all alone. Promise me you'll head back after the first check. Will you?"

And she had smiled up at him and said, "But I'll be all right. Don't you worry," because she was going all the way around if she could. That would be something she could do. And it might make him proud of her. Very slightly proud.

He might have been more firm; she knew that. He might have made her promise, really, but the horn blew then, the hounds were away, and he was off, last in the field. And she set out around the lanes and through the woods to follow them.

It was hard going, off through the back country, and she would have to cover three miles to the hunt's two in order to be up with them before they left the first check, and she would have to hurry. The rain broke down in sharp showers now, and the reins slipped in her grasp. Sometimes, through the trees, she could see the fields where the hunt must have passed, and the walls were very large and imposing gray, and the post-and-rails were bleak black, and made her shudder just looking at them. She was late at the first check. The hunt had all gone on. All but one.

He was there. He was there in the big field with the gray, dried grass and The Trumpeter fretting to be off, and his face was dark.

"Look, Anne," he said, galloping over, "you've *got* to get on home now. I want you to promise me. You're holding us up, and you shouldn't be out in this country alone. Will you go home?"

And she had looked up at him, piteously, with the rain making her hair dank and long, and her face shining wet, and she said, "But can't I go just a little farther? Just until the lane ends?"

He hesitated, with The Trumpeter plunging, and then he said, "Well, just for the next mile. That will be almost halfway to the second check, and you simply can't get any farther. There just isn't any way to gap it beyond there. You promise to go home then?" And she had promised.

She sat there on The Flashlight for a minute then, and watched her father head The Trumpeter into that first great wall, and then he disappeared over it and she was all alone. All alone and very lonely, with the trees gaunt and bare and everything so very still. So very quiet.

Then she turned The Flashlight and struck off down the abandoned wooded lane where the brush grew in so close and scratched angrily at her face, stinging, and the fields grew farther and farther off to her left. She had gone a mile, almost, and it was getting very rough and she would have to turn back now. She would have to go on back and leave them. Leave him.

And then the lane veered in closer to the field, and she could look out across it, and there was a great wall, half tumbled down,



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★ *Because of war conditions, your grocer may not always have Bosco in stock. But you can be sure that the Bosco you do purchase is the same high quality product that it was before the war.*





"What Ed told me behind his wife's back!"



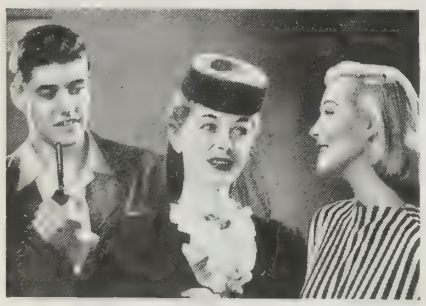
1. One Saturday afternoon, my friend Mary asked me to stop in for a snack. We'd been "manning" a War Bond booth—doing a war job that's mighty important. We do it every time there's a bond drive on.



2. Mary told Ed, her husband, about our day at the Bond Booth. Then she went to the nursery to get her baby. While she was gone, Ed said to me, "You know . . .



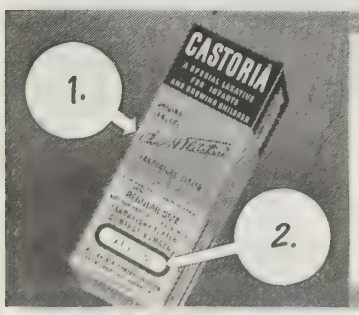
3. "Mary's spoiling that kid. Gets all these *special* things for her . . . even a special *laxative*." Mary overheard and said, "It's *right* to give the baby Fletcher's Castoria!"



4. "Certainly!" I smiled. "Adult laxatives can be too harsh for a child. Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's effective, yet never harsh or griping."



5. Yesterday, when I called, Ed was giving the baby Fletcher's Castoria. He'd been *completely* sold by seeing how the baby loved it. And *that* settled *that!*



Look for these features on the new Fletcher's Castoria packages . . . both Regular Size and money-saving Family Size:

1. *The green band* on each package identifies the new stocks of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. *The Serial Control Number* is visible through a "window" in the package. It verifies *three* rigid tests—chemical, bacteriological, and biological—made on each batch of Fletcher's Castoria.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for children

stretching clear to the woods beyond. And there was something in close by the wall. Something that lay there and did not move. And then she saw The Trumpeter grazing far off near the woods, riderless. And then she knew.

She knew, and it came choking up through her throat in a tight, strangling scream, and she had forced The Flashlight through the gap in the trees, scrambling down and through a great ditch and up into the field, and then she was there beside him. Beside Jim.

He lay there, very flat and very white, with his eyes closed and an arm and shoulder twisted so queerly, and he did not move. He would not move. And she was off and beside him, with her small hands flat against his cheeks, and the panic racing wild in her mind, and "Jim! Jim! Won't you wake up! Jim!" And he did not move.

There is nothing that you can do when you are small, very small. Nothing that you can do physically. Nothing except get help. And where was help? Help was over there. Help was over beyond, over beyond those great walls and ditches, help was over there a mile or more away, where the hunt would be at the final check. There was help. And she was up quickly and on the chestnut pony, and there was nothing in her mind now, no fear, no old fear. Only this great new fear for him, for Jim.

And she was at the first great wall and it was only a tiny wall now, in her mind, and they were over that and they were racing down across the next long field and there was a ditch and they were in and up and through, because The Flashlight had never jumped ditches, and it was only hurry, hurry, and no other thought but hurry, and where was the next fence? Where was the hunt? And they were over that next fence and it was nothing and on down through the woods and up and there were more jumps and they were huge and they were very small and there was the hunt.

There was the hunt, ambling slowly round and round, cooling out at the end of the run, and there was Mr. Tip McCullogh on his bay and he was watching her, watching her as she flew that last great jump and was at his side.

"Jim!" she said; that was all she could say, just "Jim. He fell back there. He—he won't get up."

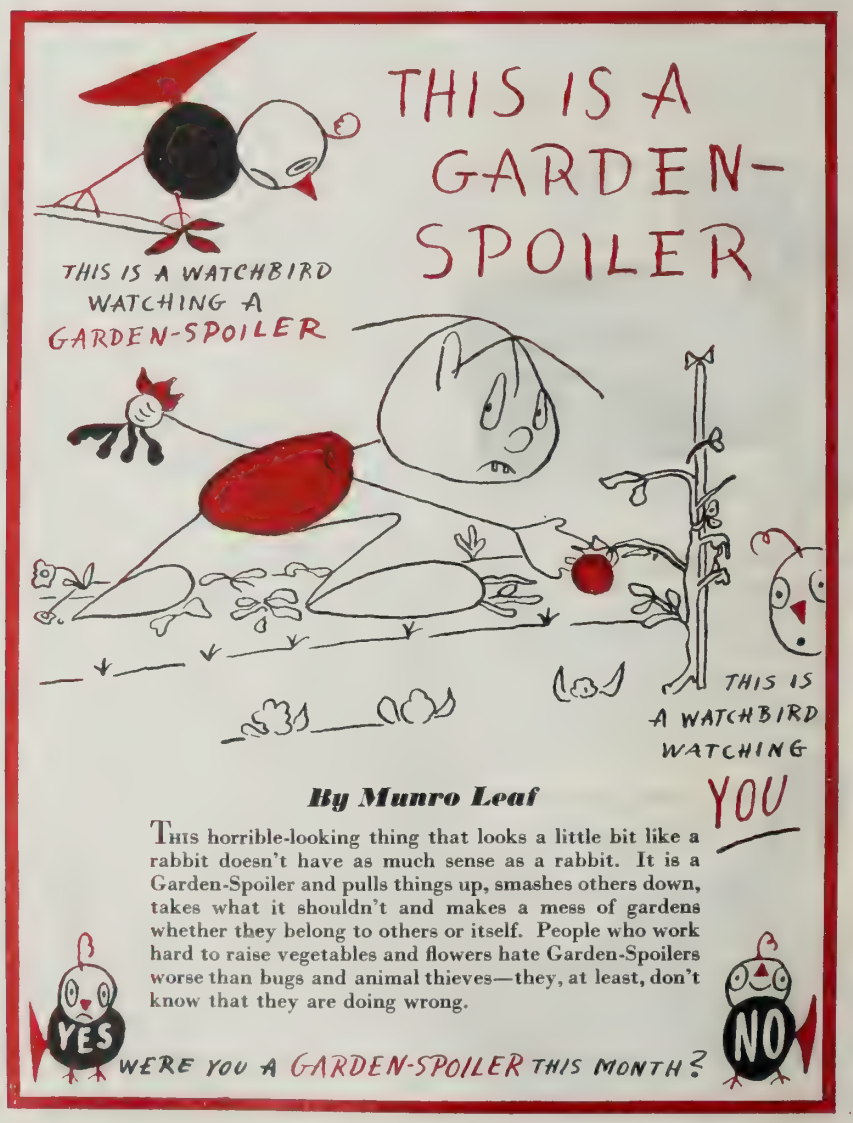
And then they were with her, all of them, and flying back across the country, flying those rugged leaps again, and only one thought in her mind—that they must hurry. Jim was there. Her Jim.

That last big wall is at the top of the long field, and she was out in front and The Flashlight flew it, hurrying, because she knew that from there they could see *him*. And as they topped the rise, her eyes went on across and then she slowed The Flashlight. Slowed him just a little.

Because Jim was there. And Jim was standing up. He was standing up and watching them, watching her. Watching her as she came down across the field. And there was something in his face as she came up, something that shone through all the dirt and the scrapes from the dry hard ground. Something that she had wanted there for so long now, so very long. It was a look that took her in his arms, that took her in and held her very close, the way it had always been, before, and that made everything forgotten, all her shame and all her bitter disappointment.

And he said, "Andy, kid, you didn't do that, did you? You didn't go over all those jumps alone?" with the pride and the break so great in his voice that the others turned away.

And it wasn't rain that made her face so wet now, because rain did not taste salty. And it could not have been tears, because she was very happy now and there was no fear. There was no fear because that little fear had gone away, and given place to a greater fear, for him. And now that was gone too. Now everything was all right and brightness and it would be brightness always. And he would call her Andy once again.



There is no Bigger job than yours
IN THIS WAR-CHANGED WORLD



Your tiny baby is the hope of tomorrow's world . . . and yours is the tremendous responsibility of keeping him safe and strong in a world faced with an ever increasing medical shortage.

TODAY *you* stand between your tiny baby and a strange, war-changed world in which doctors and nurses must be called on only in emergencies. You must be newly wise, eternally vigilant—to keep him safe and strong.

His greatest risk—the "other fellow's cold"

In the first year of his life the greatest threat to your baby's health is—just a common cold. Carelessly passed on by an adult, it can be the start of a dangerous illness for your tiny baby. Respiratory infections and their frightening complications cause more infant fatalities than any other illness.

The wisest way to guard your baby from the "other fellow's cold" is to make sure he never comes in contact with it. But suppose *you* get a cold—and there is no one else to take care of your baby?

Trap germs with a protective mask

The next best thing to keeping your baby completely isolated from the person with a cold—is to reduce the risk of contagion with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, if you have a cold, whenever you are in the same room with him. And insist that *anyone else* who has a cold follows the same rule.

Tissue mask quick and easy to make

Even though you may not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can make an effective emergency mask of tissue. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs—greatly lessen the danger of contagion.

* * *

If you can possibly get a capable person to watch over your baby, sign up for a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—6 or 12 lessons, 2 hours each. It will make you a better mother and may be vital to you if illness comes to your home.



THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Trade mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture



Yes, Chesterfields are packed with pleasure...for your smoking enjoyment. Their RIGHT COMBINATION ... WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS gives you the three things that mean all the benefits of smoking pleasure . . .

REAL MILDNESS . . . COOLER SMOKING
BETTER TASTE

CHESTERFIELD

RIGHT COMBINATION · WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

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HOW ENGLAND LIVES

A flurry of good-bys, and once again the Howards are parted: the older girls and son Norman back to their army posts, dad to his war job at the hospital, mother to her part-time job, and the youngest to school. It is total mobilization at the Howards'!

their suburban London home. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Christine, 13, sat out the blitz under the stairway in the hall.

MEET THE HOWARDS, OF ICKENHAM, ENGLAND

BY DOROTHY BLACK

On the following pages are the stories of two English families, chosen by Mrs. Gould and Mary Cookman, on their recent trip abroad with the Army Air Forces, to represent how England has survived six years of war. Stories of families in France and Italy will appear in the JOURNAL in July and August.

IT is a little house, in a row of little houses. It stands in a long strip of garden, with open fields behind. John Henry Howard used to grow roses in his garden. It is full of vegetables now, but he is thumbing through the flower catalogues again. The Howard family lives in Ickenham, near Uxbridge. It is one of those small villages rapidly being absorbed by greater London. Arterial roads have brought the town to its doors. But rural features still remain: a farm, with haystacks; the village pond; the little old church. The houses are comfortable and pleasant. They are mostly semibungalows with a Swiss-chalet air, meant for bright paint, gay curtains. The paint and the curtains are a little faded now, and curious patterns and devices spattered over their roofs tell of slates that went in the blitz. Open the

Mickie (left) and Maureen Howard are army drivers. Sometimes it's a three-ton lorry full of demolition shells and bombs, sometimes an ambulance of wounded men. They also transport food and troops to secret destinations. Nighttimes they gaily discard ugly, bulky jackets and trousers for skirts and sheer stockings, go dancing at the "naafi" service clubs. American G.I.'s in London say, "We like English girls. They like to fuss over us and wait on us. Back home it's the men who look after the women." Few English girls have much time for social life, however. About 91 per cent of all single girls between 18 and 40 are in fighting forces or paid war work. Howard girls are ATS (Auxiliary Territorial Service), like our WAC. "Sky-gun girls" of the ATS make up half the antiaircraft crews in England. Some, like Mary Churchill, served with an AA crew in Belgium. Number of ATS is a military secret, but it is over 200,000.! Britain is the only country in this war to conscript women for fighting forces. She can also compel them to serve overseas. Some ATS have served seven years.



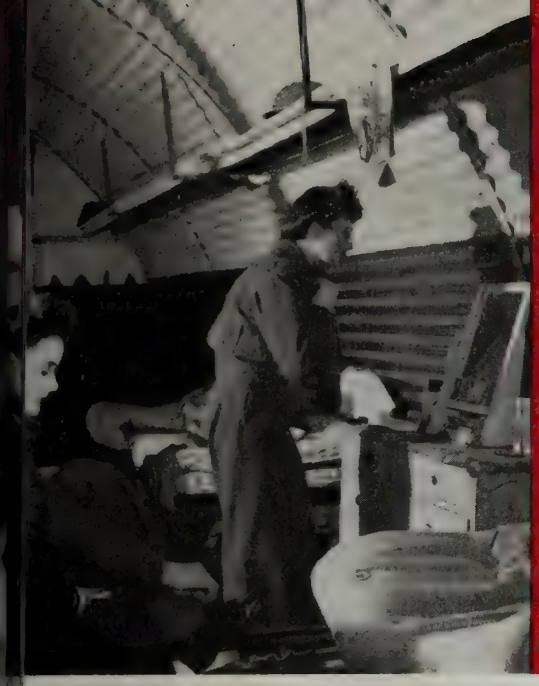
Maureen, 20

The temperamental one of the Howard family. Very pretty, lots of beaus. Splurges a whole year's clothes coupons (only 10) on three pairs of sheer stockings. Army hose are heavy cotton! Maureen thinks American WAC uniform is far smarter, more feminine than hers.

Mickie, 24

Made $16 a week as a hairdresser, good pay for England. During London blitz, before joining up with ATS, she slept underground, reported for "perm, shampoo and set" as usual. Father stipulated that girls should be posted together so Mickie could "keep an eye on Maureen."

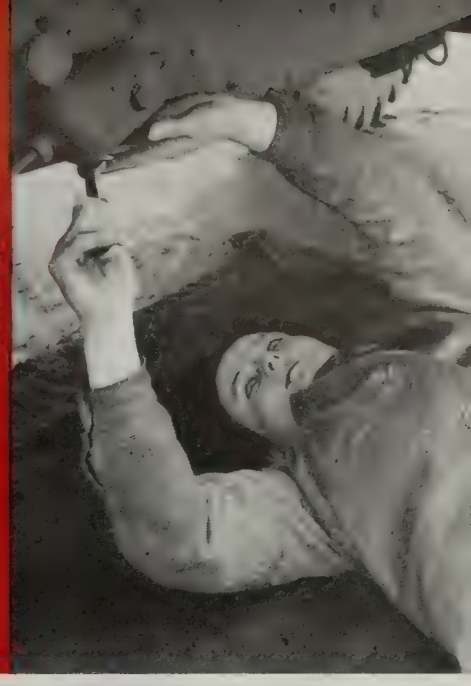




ward girls are stationed at Newcastle, a day's urney from home. They sleep in a Nissen t with seven other girls. Not much you do to make such a place homelike, but e girl painted red roses on the bare tin roof.



Potatoes, bread, Brussels sprouts are about only unrationed staple foods in England. Starchy diet makes Britons look plump, but pale. Brussels sprouts are even served in pies! Candy and chewing gum are rationed. So is soap. Milk ration is half a quart a week per person. Children and expectant mothers get more.



Mickie and Maureen, both trained mechanics, service trucks themselves. Princess Elizabeth is also an army driver, as a second lieutenant earns $1.47 daily plus allowances. Howards earn 57c a day.

loor of No. 42 Hoylake Crescent, and the atmosphere is warm and welcoming. For this is a little house where love and friendship dwell.

Like all English homes today, no matter what income group they belong to, verything is faded. A little worn, and shabby, and threadbare. Things wear out nd can't be replaced. The carpets are going. Can anyone raise a family of five n the same carpet, and keep any pile on it? The covers are worn and patched. Furnishing materials are on coupons. It takes thirty or more to do over a room. The yearly allowance to do over a person is only forty-eight.

Many conveniences common in American homes are still luxury goods in England. The Howards have no electric refrigerator. They have no telephone, few laborsaving devices, no stainless-steel sink or fitted cupboards. The gas cooker, by modern standards, is out-of-date. There is no central heat. But everything is spick-and-span and comfortable. This is a home, not a show place. One day Winifred Howard plans to do the whole place over. Mostly, one gathers, with her own hands. Winifred is very handy.

John Henry Howard was a soldier in the last war. He and Winifred met at a football match. When half time came, she handed him a lemon to suck. From this sour start sprang five extremely handsome children. All with their mother's pretty, rather light blue eyes and very dark hair.

Winifred lived at home. She had strict parents. She knew there was little chance of them allowing her to marry on John Henry's handsome income of £3/5 a week. So they simply eloped. It has been a grand success.

"We managed all right," says Winifred Howard. "If I had my life all over, I'd do the same again. Of course, we couldn't save. Not very much."

Each baby that came got a warm welcome. "I always meant to have a good lot of children," says Winifred. In spite of hard work, war worries, bombs at the road end, and all the business of wartime housekeeping, she has somehow or other managed to keep an odd air of youthfulness, of finding life grand fun.

John Henry Howard is now a Permanent Civil Servant, and passing rich on £475 a year. He looks like a sad, rather worried eagle, but is still well thatched with a lot of good hard-wearing gray hair. Englishmen have had to weather too many wars, too much taxation, too much frustration. John Henry hoped, when he gave his uniform hat to the dustman in 1918, that that was the end of it all. The years of raising so large a family were not easy. But they got through. He bought the little house they live in. And then, just as he looked for easier times—to enjoy his children and sit back a bit—more war. The happy family circle broken.

For it is total mobilization at the Howards'. They have all gone except Christine, the youngest girl, still at school. And Jimmy, the cat.

John Henry works at Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, where he is in charge of the limb center. He sits in an office, surrounded by plaster hands and legs and arms. All day long, broken men pass through his hands to be patched up. An awful pride gleams in John Henry's cold blue eyes when he talks of his hospital. Mrs. Howard says it is her only rival.

John Henry never goes out anywhere. Looking his day over, it's clear he hasn't much spare time. He works twelve hours a day. Week ends, he has to attend to the garden, where he dreams of roses and angrily raises cabbages and Brussels sprouts. Like most Englishmen, since the war he hasn't had a holiday of any kind.

He gives Winifred £3/5 a week to run the house. She works to a roughly planned budget, but says, laughing, that things "just budget themselves nowadays and there isn't much you can do about it." The children can't help much now. Before the war Margaret (called Mickie) was a hairdresser. She got £4 a week—good pay for England. She was able to give her mother something. But when she joined the services, that came to an end.

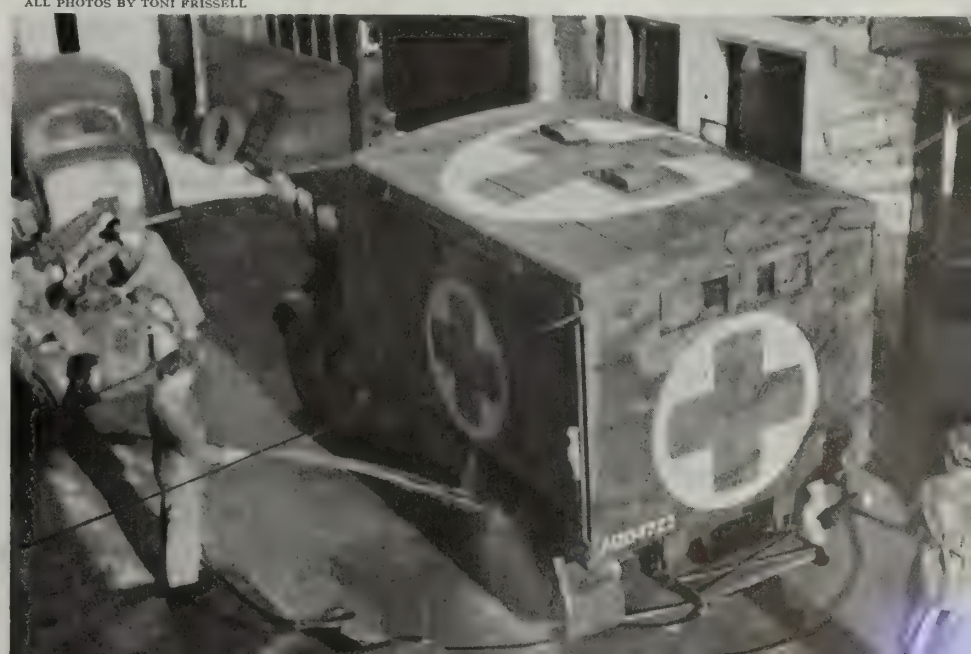
Winifred is the captain of the ship. She handles everyone's coupons, banks what they contrive to save, looks after their rations. She contrives, out of heaven knows what, a few pretties for the service girls, who get only 10 coupons for private use. The issue underwear is serviceable and hard-wearing, but grim! Winifred makes nearly all of Christine's clothes. Hers is the hand that painted and papered the parlor. And on top of all that, she does a part-time war job.

How her children laughed when mother said she was going out to work! But she landed a job doing accounts in a wholesale tobacco company, where, from



Ambulance drivers work 24 hours, get next 24 off. It's a grueling, dirty, greasy job, but Mickie and Maureen like it. Can't wait for car of their own. Their postwar plan? Marriage and kids!

ALL PHOTOS BY TONI FRISSELL





KEYSTONE



BRITISH C



TONI FRISSELL

Winifred

After four years of clothes rationing, Englishwomen look shabby indeed, but brushed as possible. Scarfs have taken place of hats. Mrs. Howard ("Winko" to her family) works part time in a tobacco office, spends mornings in never-ending food queues.



TONI FRISSELL

John Henry

A soldier in the last war, Mr. Howard works twelve hours daily in this one, distributing artificial limbs to Allied and British servicemen at Roehampton Hospital. Crippled men (above) are gamely trying to kick a football at a "Not Forgotten" garden party. England's casualties during first five years of war were over half a million. Mr. Howard is in charge of all air-raid precautions and firewatching at hospital where he works. During three months of the 1940 London blitz, 37,000 high-explosive bombs were dropped in London region, killing 13,000 men, women and children, and seriously injuring 20,000 more. One unforgettable night, 1600 major fires raged in city at once.



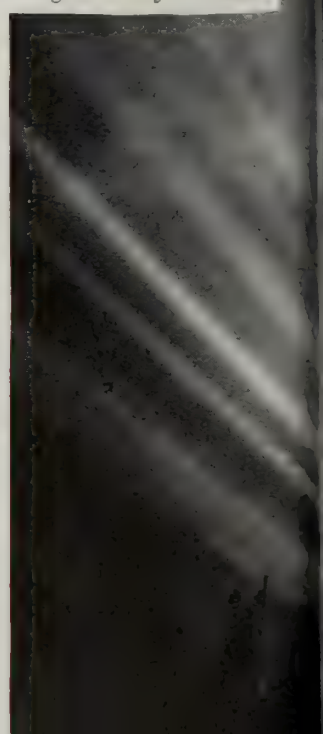
ACME

Norman

Became an RAF bomber pilot at eighteen. This boy—prematurely aged—has lived too dangerously, too hard, too soon. He fought through the Battle of Britain, has done 32 missions. Crashed several times, was blinded from nerve strain once. All his original crew members are dead. No girl—"Not fair to any girl to be linked to a guy like me."

TONI FRISSELL





"We're so tired, so terribly tired—" But the Howards, like most Englishmen, keep going with terrific steam. Six of this family of seven are still mobilized.

2 till 5 P.M., she sits at a wide desk. Looking extremely businesslike. The Howards have no domestic help. If they were twice as rich they wouldn't have any. There isn't any. Winifred earns an extra £3 a week now. She saves most of it. There is nothing in the shops to buy.

The only skeleton in the family cupboard is John Henry's coupons. He won't part with any of them. They say that here he is tightwadded. "He must have dozens," moan his daughters. "If only we knew where he hides them."

Winifred probably knows. But she knows, too, that a man gets uncommon shiny, traveling around in trains and sitting on hard office chairs. And a suit, with vest, takes twenty-three coupons; an overcoat eighteen. Five for a shirt. Two for a collar. Three for nasty little short socks, all that can be bought.

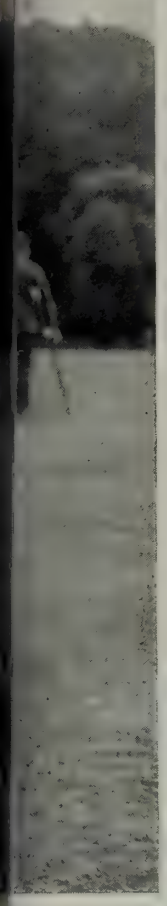
Ever and anon the awful question arises: Whose coupons are we going to use for towels (two each), washcloths, dishwipers? The family should pool them? Impossible. The service members get only ten coupons each, a year. They are supposed to provide slippers and dressing gowns. In reality, they go on thinner-than-issue stockings. (Three pairs of stockings and one best tie, and bingo!) The boys use theirs for sweaters and swank gloves. Margaret and Maureen, Keith and Norman are all in the services. Christine, the kid sister, needs all her coupons, the rate she grows.

Mickie and Maureen are very alike. On their station it is generally accepted that they are twins. They are ambulance drivers, stationed at Newcastle. Newcastle is eight hours' journey from their home. John Henry stipulated that they should be posted together. Mickie has her head screwed on the right way. She keeps an eye on Maureen, the temperamental one of the family. The two girls have entire charge of a great unwieldy-looking pantechnicon of an ambulance. They drive, clean and service it, working in shifts, twenty-four hours on, twenty-four hours off. When on duty, they are "on call" and may be sent anywhere. "Often not knowing," says Maureen, "where next we shall lay our little heads."

They share, with ninety other girls, a requisitioned private house, now turned into ATS headquarters. The office was once a nursery. On the walls, all amongst the orders for the day and fire appliances, three ships still go sailing by! It is very bare and clean, and empty, shorn of all those pretty things women like. The Howards sleep with seven others, in a Nissen hut.

The girls look happy enough. They look very fit. They seem to be on excellent terms with one another, and with their officers. Assorted dogs ramble around. There is a good bit of ragging, and someone always singing. But one and all they long to be stationed nearer home. Nearer home! This seems to be the cry of every service girl. Maybe the problem of demobilizing the women won't be so difficult as people expect.

Mickie and Maureen are both accomplished mechanics. It is a hard life. Long stretches of duty, night work, oily overalls, *(Continued on Page 123)*



SHORTHOUSE



Keith

Twenty-five. Won his cricket and football colors. Was a surveyor before the war. Hates army life, but never complains. He earns about $7 a week, and is taxed on it, so can save nothing. No best girl, no plans for future—"None of my plans have come off." Expects to be shipped out soon and is glad. "Let's get on with the job!"

BRITISH COMBINE

Christine

The kid sister, aged thirteen. Hot nourishing lunch served at school (below) is big reason why English children are in such good shape. Mrs. Howard sews most of her clothes, surrendering coupons for cloth. Forbidden to wear lipstick, Christine was caught putting petroleum jelly on her eyelashes. Dates? "Certainly not!" says mother Winko.

KEYSTONE

TONI FRISSELL







AFTER SIX YEARS OF WAR

Meet Annie Dive and her family of Dover, England



PHOTO BY BRITISH CONSUL

The white cliffs of Dover have resisted invaders since the ships of Caesar. When Germans threatened, Dover people barricaded roads with iron bedsteads, plows, boilers. Since 1939, they have withstood 3034 bombing and shelling alerts.

One in every three homes in England has been damaged or destroyed by the enemy. The bomb that devastated Annie Dive's home partially blinded her and killed her husband and young son.

The eight women were sitting around a square table knitting, patching clothing and having a cup of tea. It was not a meeting of the ladies' aid, nor a casual social gathering of neighbors. It was a group of English housewives—voluntary nurses—serving their stint in a cave fitted out as a first-aid station in the white cliffs of Dover. It was spring, 1945. It was not gloomy, for there had been plenty of time to equip the caves of Dover with electric lights and even with running water. The rows of medicine bottles, surgical equipment and the emergency operating table gleamed against the chalk-white walls of the cave, and the uniformed government nurse completed the illusion of a modern hospital operating room. There was a telephone—and a radio was turned low, bringing the watchful waiters soft music or news broadcasts from BBC.

It had been many months since the mutilated and bleeding bodies of bomb victims had received emergency first-aid treatment in this cave hospital. The two-decker rows of beds, which had been overcrowded by hundreds of frightened Dover citizens seeking refuge from the violence of war, were now almost deserted. Only sixty or seventy families still made their homes in those chalky caves. The rest had patched up what was left of their own homes, or had found new homes to replace those that had been completely demolished. Nine out of every ten homes in Dover had been hit. Only 23,000 of the original 42,000 inhabitants of the city remained—the rest having been killed, injured or evacuated to other parts of England. But Dover was still watchful. Twenty-four hours a day these Englishwomen stood duty.

Having tended the wounds of the injured, helped clothe and rehouse the homeless and destitute, these English housewives told us an eloquent story of how bomb-ravaged England had succored her stricken people. They helped us select the family that would best tell this story to our readers in America—only one family, but typical of England's thousands made homeless by five and a half years of bombing. And that's how we happened to call on Mrs. Annie Louisa Dive, of 78 Union Road, Dover, England.

BY RUTH DRUMMOND

WHEN we knocked on the door of the neat little house, one of a row of houses miraculously spared from bombing, a small, pink-cheeked, gray-haired woman answered the door. Of course, the first thing you saw was the eye that was missing—the lid permanently closed and sunken into her cheek. But the smile was gracious and the other eye warm and friendly. Mrs. Annie Louisa Dive invited her visitors into the front parlor and offered us a cup of tea.

It wasn't easy to start talking, because you knew you were going to have to reopen deep wounds. The Dives had been hit hard. So you admired one of many family snapshots and photographs that adorned the stiff and sparsely furnished little front parlor, the picture on the mantel of a pretty baby. Yes, Mrs. Dive said, she was a love of a baby, her first grandchild, named Elsie. Poor little thing had had to have, after their first bombing, sixty stitches in her baby face before she was a year old.



On a snow-swept hill in Dover, Annie Dive puts flowers on the graves of her husband and son. Over 1000 civilians were killed or wounded by enemy action in Dover, over 144,000 civilians in England as a whole. Dover farmers, strafed in fields by German planes, equipment bombed, still produced bumper crops.



Life must go on in spite of tragedy. "There was no time to sit and feel sorry for myself!" said Annie, after she lost husband, son and all her possessions. Here she bargains for a secondhand kettle. The government gives Annie $10 a week for the loss of her right eye in an air raid. Clothes were American gift.

PHOTOS BY TONI FRISSELL

"Dover born and bred," the Dives stayed through the war; these survived. Three of Annie Dive's five children stand at rear. Her daughter (in print dress) has badly scarred face from bombing, and one eye is partially blind. Husband is soldier at left. Mrs. Dive (far right) holds her little granddaughter Elsie, who lost all her front teeth, had sixty stitches in her face. Granddad (center) was evacuated with the children, but Mrs. Dive never took a holiday. "The strain seemed even worse when they returned. I stayed put and kept busy," says Annie, now 59.



ACME

tishers call such a scene (above) "a recent incident." Incidents k the lives of 2300 Civil Defense workers in England, seriously anded 8300 more. In London, wardens once dug in rubble for eight- hours to rescue a cat, found instead it was a feeble old lady still e. Below: Mrs. Dive and her daughter's family enter the kind of er cave in which they lived after bombing of their second home.

TONI FRISSELL





TONI FRISSELL



One of Mrs. Dive's grandchildren gets nursing care at the Winchelsea Caves hospital, deep in the chalk cliffs. Here are beds for 100 patients, maternity and shock cases. In London, during height of air raids, only 150,000 persons of the city's millions slept underground. One man lost eleven relatives in four weeks' continual bombing.

We postponed further details until we would be better acquainted with Mrs. Dive, and went on to the next picture: of the traditional bridal couple; the same the world over, whether taken in Kalamazoo or Dover, England. That was Mrs. Dive's only daughter, Annie Elizabeth, and her husband, John Smith, parents of the baby. They'd rushed to get married as soon as England declared war on Germany, and within a few months the young husband was off—he'd been at the front in Holland for nearly a year now. Mrs. Dive was so thankful that her daughter's face had not been drawn out of shape by the scars left from cuts in a dozen places made by flying glass. At twenty-four, it would have gone hard on a married girl to be badly disfigured for life. But Annie Elizabeth was still pretty, would you believe it? Actually she looked serene, she did.

The two sons pictured in uniform, Stanton Richard and Albert Edward (Ted), hadn't been scratched, thank goodness. Seemed as if it was more dangerous to be a civilian in this war. The two little fellows in the snapshot stuck in the mirror were Peter Henry and Frederick Steven, too young to join up when the war broke out. Peter was the shy one, but Fred—he always used to insist on having his own way. That's what killed him finally: he wouldn't stay evacuated and insisted on coming home in the midst of Dover's heaviest bombing.

There was another photograph—of an older man. Annie Louisa's husband, Edward Henry, killed by a German bomb on September 17, 1941—the same bomb that killed fourteen-year-old Frederick Steven.

For nineteen years Annie Louisa Dive and her husband, Edward Henry, and their children had lived in Dover in the same house on Randolph Road near the gas works. They lived a modest, hard-working, respectable life, their chief interest being in their chapel activities, gardening and bringing up their children. Mr. Dive was a haulage carter for a contractor and never earned more than £2/10 a week (about $10), which made it necessary for the older boys to get jobs to help out as soon as they reached the legal age, in spite of Mrs. Dive's financial wizardry in handling the household expenses.

"My husband, he was so kindhearted—generous to a fault," says Mrs. Dive. "We had a happy life until ——"

Until their life literally began to crash right over their heads on June 12, 1941, the first time the family was bombed out and left homeless without a *(Continued on Page 120)*

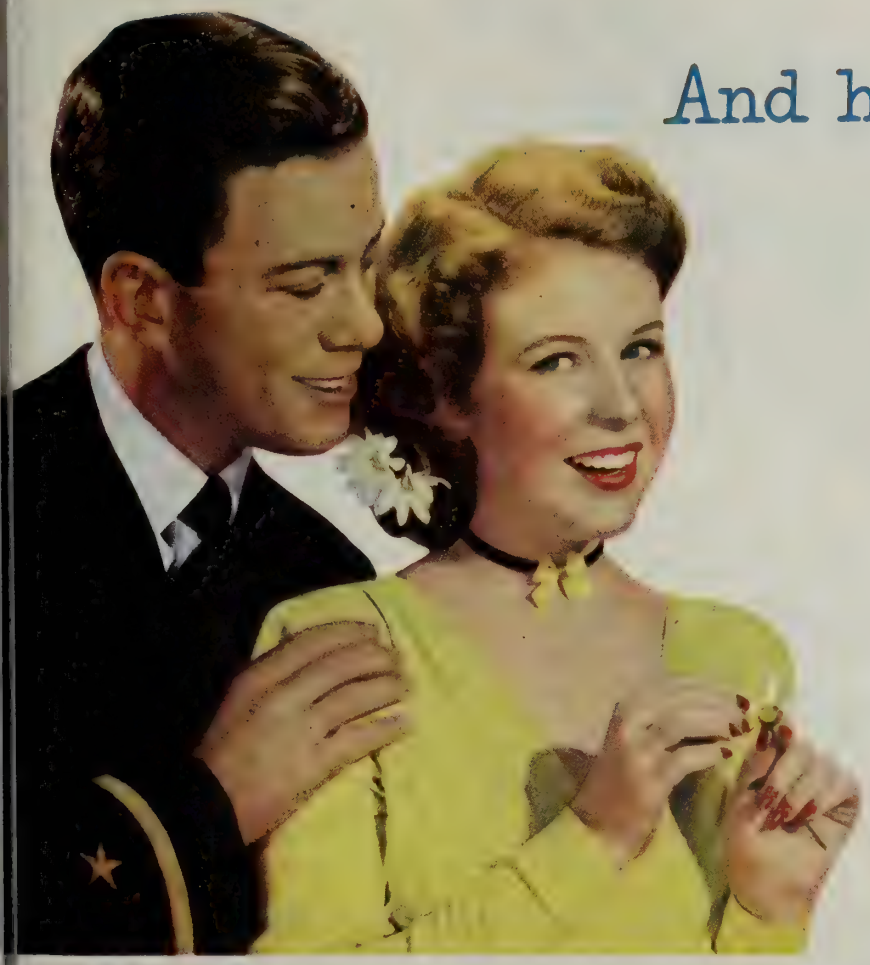


Mary's complexion made her sad—



But I knew what to do!

Now she has that Ivory Look



And he loves her . . .

wouldn't you?

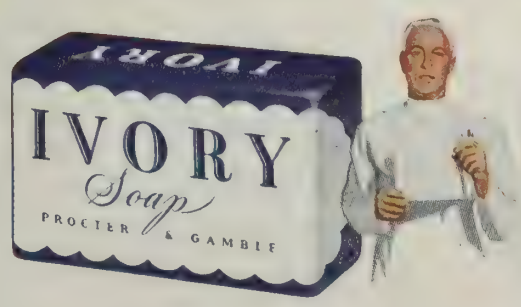
Here's how you can be lovelier too . . .

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Remember that—and you can get that Ivory Look —a softer, smoother, lovelier complexion! Stop careless skin care, and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a pure, mild cake of Ivory. It contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

More doctors advise Ivory

than all other brands put together



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WOMEN! Your local hospital needs help! Join up as a Nurse's Aide!



Pretty . . . perfect . . . wonderfully knit—that's the threesome in this precious twosome for a singular wardrobe! When you wear Holeproof and Luxite you know you have the best—the quality that lasts the longest. And the style and economy that's dear to the practical side of luxury loving women. See them today at your favorite store . . . wear them—your favorites for evermore.

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How the Dives Spend Their Money

Rent (five-room semi-detached house)	$93.96	Newspapers	$10.56
Gas and electricity	72.36	Red Cross	3.36
Food for four	580.32	Chapel sisterhood meeting	1.92
Coal	40.80	War savings	38.40
Dry cleaning and laundry	36.00	Hospitalization	1.92
Household help	72.36	Clothes	292.88
		Miscellaneous	100.00
			$1344.84

Annie Dive receives $340 a year widow's pension and $523 war-injuries pension. Sons Ted and Peter contribute rest of income.

(Continued from Page 118)

single possession. Mrs. Dive has become accustomed to moving since that date. For the first year and a half of the war the Dives had many miraculous escapes from death. Annie Louisa actually became superstitious about it, and philosophical about losing her home and possessions. If the family survived, that was all that mattered. The family accepted and even got used to their uncomfortable and dangerous mode of life. They became accustomed to watching fighter planes in dog-fights overhead, and to taking shelter from mass formations of enemy bombers maneuvering over Dover. It was during times like these that the Dive family began to appreciate their Anderson air-raid shelter; for the sirens were frequent and save for firemen and A.R.P. wardens the streets of Dover were practically empty. Mrs. Dive attempted to do her shopping between sirens, though sometimes it meant bobbing like a rabbit in and out of their shelter.

To show what a charmed life she thought her husband led, she tells about the time the cart he was driving was completely wrecked by a fragment of shell that left her husband and the horse unhurt.

"My husband just went on leading the horse—what else could he do? And when he got back, apologized to his employers for the loss of the cart! That made them laugh!

"Many a time on a Sunday I attended divine service with the sirens going, the roar from our hillside batteries and the sound of distant bombs in my ears. But that was before ——" Mrs. Dive paused at this point in her story. That was before her first personal tragedy, the loss of her home on Randolph Street.

The two youngest boys, Peter and Fred, then aged eleven and thirteen, had been sent off to safety in the country, along with Mrs. Dive's eighty-year-old parents, so there were just five members of the family home in Dover when the catastrophe occurred: Mr. and Mrs. Dive, their daughter and baby grandchild, and seventeen-year-old Ted.

It took place on June 12, 1941, when a parachute mine dropped by an enemy plane landed on a gas holder near the Dive home, blowing the house almost to bits. Mrs. Dive doesn't remember much about what happened at the time, but her son Ted does. He will never forget it. He was at the end of a stretch of fire watching in Randolph Road and his mate, coming to relieve him, suddenly shouted, "Look! Parachute descending!" As Ted ran out to see what it was he was blown unconscious by a terrific and blinding explosion. When he regained consciousness, he found himself flat on the ground, and where the gas holder had been there was now a huge whirling ball of fire. He at once ran to his home, which was near by, and found it just a tumbled ruin. Searching frantically, he managed to find and pull clear of the wreckage his father and mother. His mother was badly cut and had lost the sight of one eye. Then he began to look for his sister and her baby daughter, not yet a year old. When he found them, he saw that the baby was half dead with shock and bleeding freely from wounds, and this seventeen-year-old boy managed to pick her up and carry her to a near-by casualty-clearing station and first-aid post, where she received immediate attention. His swift action u doubtedly saved the child's life.

When he returned once more to what ha been his home he found that soldiers ar A.R.P. personnel were on the spot searchi for his sister. She was found alive but badly cut that only skillful plastic surge preserved her features. One eye becan practically blind. Mrs. Dive and her hu band were taken to the same clearing stati as their daughter and baby granddaughte Later Mrs. Dive was transferred to Mai stone hospital, where she stayed till Augus Her husband, with a badly lacerated ar and serious head injury, was also in t hospital for some time. Friends cared f young Ted, Annie and her baby till Augus when Mrs. Dive was able again to make home for them.

They had lost every possession on Ju twelfth when their home was destroyed, b they obtained government financial aid, an help from the Women's Voluntary Servic clothing depot. Mrs. Dive was given Ame ican gift clothing and bedding. They found house for her in Bartholomew Road, an since Fred was old enough to leave school, h decided to return home from the countr and get a job in Dover. His parents did no approve, but Fred was insistent. So he cam home the first week of September.

Mr. Dive was to have started work agai on September twenty-second. He had bee away far too long, he thought, but no everything was going to be all right. Th firm he worked for had really been ver generous about everything. But Edwar Dive did not go back to work, after all—h and his son Fred were killed on the evenin of September 17, 1941, when two bomb came down together and struck each side o the house in Bartholomew Road.

Mrs. Dive remembers perfectly what hap pened that time. She and Fred were in th living room. The wireless was on, so that wa probably why they didn't hear the siren Her husband came in at 7:30, told his son "There's a raid on! Come away from tha window!" and almost as he spoke the tw bombs struck. People gathered in the roa and said, "There can't possibly be anyon alive in there!" But much later Mrs. Div was found under the wreckage. She wa singing a hymn and her voice guided th rescuers to the place where she lay. She ha spoken to her husband, who had lived lon enough to say, "I'm done! Good-by." The carried her away on a door and she remem bers that a soldier covered her with his coat She had 178 wounds on her body—but she lived. This time she was four weeks in the hospital. When she was discharged she went into lodgings for six weeks.

"The family, of course, was now dis tributed all over the place," Mrs. Dive ex plained. "Ted in lodgings, Stanton in the army, Annie and her child with her brother Stanton's wife in the country, Peter in a safety area, Fred and my husband dead Then Peter returned to me and, as I didn't exactly like being in lodgings, I went and lived with him and Ted in a surface shelter. Soon after, the surface shelter itself received an almost direct hit from a bomb on April 3, 1942, and nine people out of the twenty-five in it were killed, so we went to the

(Continued on Page 122)

YOU'LL BE "ON THE BEAM"...



There's a Ford in your future!

It's a picture that will have to wait. America has an important job to do before your smart, peacetime Ford can be produced.

. . But when your new Ford does arrive, you'll be proud of it. For it will be big and roomy—have plenty of "go". Its styling will be youthful, beautiful. Inside and out, it will be rich appearing—with many refinements. Naturally, it will be thrifty and reliable—as all Ford cars have been for more than 40 years. . . . Yes, exciting new fun is in the offing for you. For some day the necessary word will come through. And we'll be ready to start our production plans. Until that time, however, the full Ford resources will continue to be devoted to the needs of final Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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BEANS
at their
TENDER
BEST
Really oven-baked
Drenched in rich
tomato sauce

Heinz
Oven-Baked
57
Beans

Packed with
energy and real
old-fashioned
flavor



Ready to
heat, eat
and
ENJOY

(Continued from Page 120)

Noah's Ark cave. There I felt perfectly safe for the first time in months!"

But Peter, it turned out, had acquired a heart condition after that bomb on the surface shelter, and for a time he was seriously ill in the hospital. Mrs. Dive and Ted slept in the Noah's Ark cave for six months and then took a house in Union Road, where Mother Dive, fifteen-year-old Peter and eighty-four-year-old Grandfather Dive now live. The government allows the family a weekly pension of £1/12 6d, and Mrs. Dive an injury pension amounting to £2/10 a week. With this money and the help of the Women's Voluntary Services she has assembled furnishings to make their third new home. Daughter Annie Elizabeth brings her two children over frequently to see their grandmother. Her own face, cut in a dozen places by flying glass in the first bombing, looks pretty and serene again. The scars are there, but the surgeon's skill has kept them from drawing the features out of shape. John, her husband, came home from the front for the first time in two years, so Annie was very happy. Ted was allowed home on six months' compassionate leave.

"My husband and I used to say that we were the kind of people that nothing ever happened to. That's one complaint I'll not be making soon again!"

WHAT THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND THINK

(Continued from Page 6)

Typical of those ambitious to rise was the comment of a twenty-five-year-old machine operator in Edinburgh, from that Scotland which has supplied so many leaders to England: "I would not have had any children if I thought they would not rise out of my class."

Representing the contrary point of view was this comment by an equally young London housewife: "I would rather see working-class conditions improve than have my children rise into another class." Another mother's statement was: "Children who rise become snobs, and there is nothing worse."

But 59 per cent of England's women think that "the social system in England is a handicap to the poorer people." Only 25 per cent think it no handicap, think, with the forty-year-old housewife in Sevenoaks, that "class distinction is a stupid myth—the right people get to the top always."

But a forty-year-old housewife in Dumfries said, "Poor people can't go anywhere rich people go, except as their servants," while a laundry worker in Dorset asserted, "Girls are more handicapped than boys."

More traditionally, a fifty-year-old housewife in West Lewisham declared, "Any real mixing of the classes would upset our world"; and a middle-aged factory worker chimed in with her opinion, "It is only the lazy and good-for-nothing that envy their betters."

Compared with American women, few Englishwomen go to universities. In fact, less than 1 per cent of the women interviewed had university degrees. At least 84 per cent had left school by the time they were sixteen years old, and 60 per cent had left school by fourteen, up to which age attendance at school has been compulsory in England since 1918.

But, just as JOURNAL surveys have shown that the American mother would like a better education for her child than she had herself, so the English mothers, 85 per cent of them, would like to see their children have more education than they had. Englishwomen, 70 per cent of them, believe that it would give their children "a better chance in life." Only 9 per cent were interested in a better education because "it increases one's appreciation of life," though many educators think this a more important aim than increasing one's immediate or potential earning power.

As to the prospects of clever children who would profit by a good education ever getting it, England's women were downright pessimistic. Seventy-nine per cent felt that such children would go uneducated because their parents could not afford to keep them in school after fourteen. For that reason, 78 per cent of these favored scholarships to be paid out of taxes so that clever children of poor parents could get the schooling to which their abilities entitled them. And, as Dorothy Thompson reveals (page 6), England has finally passed a revolutionary Education Act to accomplish just that.

More women disapproved of England's famous "public schools," such as Eton, Harrow (Churchill's school) and Winchester, than approved. Forty-one per cent disapproved and 34 per cent approved. England, however, has determined to keep her public schools, considering them, as one woman succinctly put it, "Fine, sound British institutions" from which have come many of England's great leaders.

England's famous public schools have long been a center of considerable discussion. In reality these are not "public" schools at all, in the American sense, but old, established preparatory schools similar to America's exclusive Groton (where President Roosevelt and Under Secretary of State Grew received their early education).

British criticism has asked whether these "public schools" perpetuate the class system, whether wearing the right "old school tie" was not a better entrée into government circles than real ability combined, unfortunately, with the "wrong" accent. Some critics have believed that the schools should be abolished, others that they should be opened to all classes.

One disapproving government clerk in Bristol said, "The public schools produce a race of amiable stuffed shirts who know nothing of workaday life."

But a Denbigh land girl, representing the approving minority, said, "We must have class distinctions in Britain or we shall be like Russia."

The women who disapprove of these exclusive schools were asked whether they should be abolished or thrown open to all. Only 19 per cent would abolish such institutions. But on the theory that "all children should have the same chance of being educated solely according to ability," 56 per cent of the women would throw the public schools open to everyone.

A strong swing to the left has been predicted in England after the war. In answers to this poll, 50 per cent of British women said their political opinions were unchanged since the war's beginning, but at least 30 per cent have changed their views. Of those 30 per cent who have changed, 85 per cent have moved to the left. Only 15 per cent have become more conservative.

The Beveridge Plan, or some similar plan offering a wide social security, is favored by 75 per cent, with only 7 per cent disapproving, but only 44 per cent believe that the government "wants to put some such plan into effect." These, however, believe that "The public will force the government to adopt the plan."

Asked what they most wanted for themselves once the war was over, 8 per cent said "A holiday rest"; 11 per cent said "Social security." But 19 per cent (the largest group agreeing on any one item) said simply, "A house" or "A home."

To keep peace after the war, 92 per cent wish a strong international organization of the Allies. And 81 per cent are in favor of keeping England armed. An even higher per cent, 85, favor depriving Germany of her power to make war again.

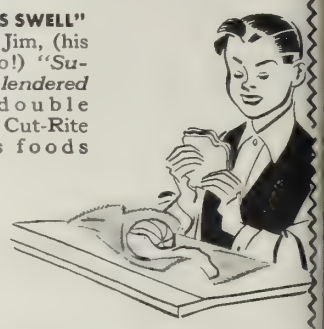
For, after this war, England's women wish to settle down to keeping house again, with social security and guaranteed health services, a general getting back to the old job, a reunion with friends and relatives, and an over-all state of peace. A third of England's houses have been damaged or destroyed during the six years of war and, if possible, England's women do not want a repetition of all that again.

"Now...every lunch a PICNIC!"

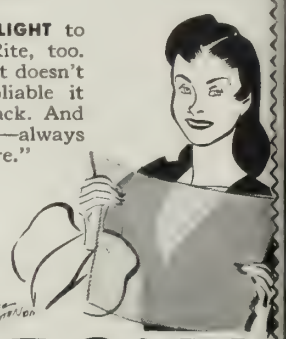


"MORNING RUSH? Not for me! With Cut-Rite I pack lunches the day before — and know they'll stay *fresh!*"

"TASTES SWELL" —says Jim, (his Dad, too!) "*Super-calendered* and double waxed, Cut-Rite keeps foods fresh."



"IT'S A DELIGHT to use Cut-Rite, too. So strong it doesn't tear, so pliable it doesn't crack. And every roll—always full measure."



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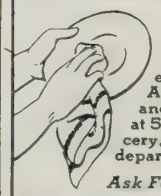


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Will Social Welfare Win or Lose in Postwar England?

By John Mac Cormac

GREAT BRITAIN will emerge from this war far poorer than she entered it. But this country which has long combined advanced social legislation with caste institutions now plans further reforms which promise to set her far along the road to the social-welfare state.

SOCIAL SECURITY. Most comprehensive measure is the government's version of the Beveridge scheme, a system of national compulsory insurance for all classes, for all purposes, from the cradle to the grave. Under it the average British worker will pay a weekly contribution of 77 cents. For this a married man with non-earning wife will receive $8 a week when ill; $7 if invalided; $8 if unemployed; $7 after he retires; $1 for each child except the first, plus school meals and milk for them. The state will also help pay for birth and death and for the support of widows and orphans.

This plan, which will cost about $3,000,000,000 a year, has been approved by Parliament in principle. But it will not take effect until after the war, and detailed legislation must first be passed. All parties are pledged to it (the Conservative Party by Anthony Eden, its probable future leader). The question mark is whether Britain, in the opinion of its next government, can afford it.

EDUCATION. Already enacted is an Education Bill which: makes education free and compulsory to the age of 15 with a promise to raise it eventually to 16; provides secondary-education facilities to the age of 18, with compulsion on employers to allow time for it; requires state-subsidized "public schools" the accent and "old school tie" associations of the public school are passkeys to the Foreign Service, the higher ranks of Army, Navy and Civil Service) to reserve 25 per cent of their accommodation for children from state schools; offers numerous university scholarships for bright graduates of state secondary schools.

HOUSING. Parliament has enacted laws under which the government will contribute some $600,000,000 to build 200,000 prefabricated temporary homes immediately. Additional funds will be provided to build 4,000,000 permanent homes in ten years. A Town and Country Planning Act will give the local authorities who will build the permanent houses large powers, including compulsory acquisition of land based on 1939 values. Its objects are those of the Wagner and Thomas urban redevelopment bills now before Congress, but its methods more radical. Housing envisaged will be more friendly, varied and modern, but will not have central heating or be cheap by American standards.

CIVIL RE-ESTABLISHMENT. Fighting men and women will be demobilized in order of age and length of service. Employers must reinstate them in their old or equivalent jobs. They will receive moderate bonuses, civil training, financial assistance to continue interrupted education.

WAGES AND WORKING CONDITIONS. Wage and working-condition legislation and collective bargaining have been extended to cover virtually every British worker.

HEALTH. The government plans to provide everyone, free, with all the medical advice, treatment and care he requires. The plan is now being discussed by British doctors, most of whom oppose it.

FULL EMPLOYMENT. Nearly all the foregoing plans depend on the maintenance of full employment. The government has promised to promote this by furthering exports, by increasing public spending and decreasing taxes and insurance contributions in slack times, by diversifying industry to avoid "black areas" and perhaps by purchase of consumer goods for resale to the public.

MEET THE HOWARDS

(Continued from Page 115)

black hands. Endless vistas of female legs protruding from under cars in a wet yard. And these are the years in which girls normally look for their good times, and romance, and pretty clothes. But little things come to mean much. There is a letter from mother. There are pancakes for lunch. There is a new beau for Maureen, who has quite a collection. There is a glorious rumor of posting nearer home.

Taking it all round, they enjoy life. War has brought opportunity to the women. In the main, it has taken it away from the men. Mickie and Maureen say they have had a lot of fun. But they don't aim to stay on. They want to marry, to settle down, to make homes of their own.

It is the boys to whom the war has brought mostly bitter frustration. It is the boys who make one's heart ache.

Keith Howard was articled to a firm of surveyors when war broke out. That had to go. He would have liked to join the Air Force, but he didn't get a chance. He was a Territorial. He is shy, rather sensitive, artistic. A builder up, not a smasher down. Army life isn't easy for his kind. But he realizes there is nothing he can do about it. He gets on with his unpalatable job, as boys are doing all the world over. Not grumbling, because what is the use?

Keith earns around thirty-five shillings a week. He is taxed on it. The remainder barely keeps him in smokes, and petty cash for fares and an occasional cinema. He can't save. He can't give Winifred anything. He expects to be off overseas any moment, and is glad. "Let's get on with the job," says Keith.

It isn't easy to get him to talk. To achieve his photograph was a lifework! He says one of the most astonishing things that happened to him was coming home and finding Norman, his kid brother, a bomber pilot. Only yesterday it was hardly thought safe to let him out alone with the family bicycle. And look at him now! Over Germany, piloting a kite!

Keith Howard has no plans. "Never save up for dessert, till you're sure there is going to be some dessert," he said, grinning. There is no bitterness here. Just resignation to a sour fate, served with a laugh. He has no girl. He goes off arm in arm with his sister Mickie. You think at first sight, "What a handsome pair of young lovers!"

One of Winifred Howard's treasures is a small box. There are thirty-two medals in it. Norman Howard won most of them, at school. Here was a boy who was a grand athlete. His record for hurdles and high jump has never been beaten. When war came, he was still at school, having the good time a boy does who is brilliant at sports.

He lied about his age and joined the Royal Air Force. His parents knew. They did not try to stop him. They let him go. The little houses of England gave everything they had. They held nothing back.

At eighteen, Norman was a bomber pilot. Up in flak-riddled sky, he has faced death many times. He has had his gunners killed.



"almost like a Fels-Naptha wash!"

"Sunny wash days are wonderful! 'Specially now, when I can't always get Fels-Naptha.

"Wash day weather never bothered me when Fels-Naptha Soap was plentiful. On rainy days I'd do a whole wash with Fels-Naptha, hang it in the basement and my things would be as white and sweet as though they'd dried in the sun.

"Oh, well . . . as long as the Fels people are making soap for my Jim and the other boys in the service, I can't complain. And I guess we'll have our Fels-Naptha Soap back before long . . ."

We like to think the average American wife or mother says something like this as she carries on without many ordinary necessities—like Fels-Naptha Soap.

We wish she could have Fels-Naptha Soap for *every* wash day. But while we're making soap that helps keep Jim the cleanest fighting man in the world, sometimes she'll have to do without.

And the lady in the picture is right . . . she'll have her Fels-Naptha Soap back, before long.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



1. The third time our young hopeful called from his pal's home and begged to stay for dinner, I said "No." I felt that he was imposing—and besides, weren't our meals just as good as theirs?

2. When my son came home I inquired, "What's wrong with *my* cooking?" "Well . . . gee Mom," he muttered, "they have spaghetti dinner night every Thursday at Jimmie's—and boy, does that spaghetti taste swell!"



3. Next time I met Jimmie's mother, I asked if her special spaghetti dinner was hard to prepare. She laughed and said, "It takes only twelve minutes. A famous Chef does the work and *I* get the credit!"



4. That night I served a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner to *my* family. How they smacked their lips! That sauce is really marvelous. Even my youngest passed her plate for more!

Spaghetti A La
HECTOR BOIARDI *

A 12-minute triumph!

The handy Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner carton contains:

1 pkg. extra-fine durum wheat spaghetti
1 large jar of the one and only Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce
1 canister specially blended Parmesan style grated cheese

Drop spaghetti in salted boiling water. While it cooks, heat the sauce over a low flame. In 12 minutes drain the spaghetti and spread the sauce over it. Then sprinkle on the cheese for the crowning touch. Lady you've a meal your family will rave over! Children love it. Serves four or more generously for a few pennies a portion.



Chef BOY·AR·DEE
Spaghetti Dinner

He has crashed, and walked unhurt out of the wreckage.

Unhurt? No. This is a boy who has seen too much, suffered too much, too soon. Beyond those brief brilliant school days, he had no youth. He is old beyond his years. He was through the Battle of Britain. Safe, but he lost most of his pals. Nerve strain turned him blind for a while. But as soon as he got out of hospital, back he went. Flying, and the excitement of flying, has got him, and—as Kipling said of something else—"Once those temple gates you enter, the door is closed. You cannot look behind."

He has no headquarters anywhere. "Gear scattered all over the place," says Norman. "Never know where I'll be coming down." He has no girl. "It would hardly be fair to ask any girl to get tied up to a guy like me." He never looks ahead or makes plans. "There's not much future in my job," says Norman Howard.

He is the rich one of the family. He earns 18/ a day, and Danger Money, 5 6d a day. He sends what he can back to his mother. "I'm banking it for him," says Winifred. When he gets leave, mostly he comes back home. And just sleeps. That is the one aim of Howards on furlough. To get home. To sit by the fire and nurse Jimmy the cat. To cook one's own breakfast when one feels like it. ("Leave them alone in the kitchen, and a whole week's bacon ration disappears in the twinkling of an eye!" says Winifred.)

Sometimes they all four descend on her at once, without ration cards. Then one can picture Winifred dipping secretly into the British matron's last stronghold, the A.R.P. cupboard. Originally planned for quite a different invasion.

Christine, the kid sister, is only thirteen. She is going to be just as pretty as her sisters. She lives at home, but is away all day at school. She teems with plans for the future, but Winifred pays little heed to them, as they change a good bit. At the moment, Christine thinks she would like to teach school. War has done little to Christine. She was too young. When bombs fell on Ickenham she was evacuated for a bit, but was too homesick to like it. "I didn't mind about bombs as long as I was with mother," says Christine.

By American standards, Christine is kept strictly in hand. "Beaus? At her age!" says Winifred. "Certainly not." She uses no make-up. John Henry would have something to say, if there were goings on of that kind! But Winifred thinks she has a lipstick bogied away somewhere, for secret experiment. There seems to be no other explanation for the endless time she spends locked in the bathroom—the only place a kid sister in a large family can get any privacy. She has been caught, too, putting petroleum jelly on her eyebrows. "I must take myself in hand sometime!" she says.

She gets her midday meal at school. This is an excellent innovation, and has probably come to stay. It is responsible for the excellent shape English children are in, after five years of war. Isolated village schools, with no cooking or catering facilities, have been taken on by the Women's Voluntary Services. A van takes the hot food round in containers. The driver of the van and one helper do the serving. Christine gets soup, meat, vegetables, a sweet and milk for the sum of sixpence a day. She is tall for her age, very well proportioned, and looks extremely healthy.

She likes reading. She likes the pictures. Mickey Mouse is still one of her favorite stars, but she casts an interested eye, these days, on Cary Grant and Gary Cooper. She would like to look like Greer Garson. "But I don't suppose," says Christine with a sigh, "that I ever shall." Most of her very pretty clothes are made by Winifred. From this and that. Mickie and Maureen confess to certain misgivings as to what they will presently look for, and find all reorganized. Or Christine. All the Howard girls are grand fun to dress. What annoys Winifred is that now she makes money herself, and could let herself go on them, there is nothing to buy.



No peach on the beach? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

TAKE OFF POUNDS! With the Ry-Krisp plan for the normal overweight, you can cut calories, have delicious meals like the one shown. Ry-Krisp helps tone you up, has regulating minerals, vitamin B_1. Start now. Enjoy flavorful 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread.



FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

How the Howards Spend Their Money

Food	$386.88
Light and heat	131.48
Insurance	96.72
Clothing, amusements	137.02
Taxes, rates, war-risk insurance	483.60
Fares, holidays, lunches, petty cash, savings	273.04
Emergencies	403.00
	$1911.74

Christine's greatest thrill, meantime, is to borrow Norman's vast swank fur-lined flying gloves and, so glamorized and duded up, go off to the library to change her book.

Maybe there are easier days ahead. John Henry gets a pension. Winifred has been able to put something by. The girls will marry.The Howards prefer not to talk about it. English people today mistrust anything like optimism. The unspoken fear that is in every mother's mind can be read in Winifred's blue eyes: "How can I hope to come through this with them all safe and sound?" She never speaks of it. Maybe it has something to do with John Henry's harried air. He does not mention it either. The girls, home on leave, prattle gaily. After the war they mean to have a car. After the war they are going to take their father and mother down to the sea that has at long last been given back to the Englishman. John Henry and Winifred say nothing at all.

John Henry leaves the house at seven-fifteen. He does not get home until seven at night. Before he goes he does chores for Winifred, gets in coal and wood. All day long he works among broken men, maybe quietly thanking God that so far none of them happens to be a son of his own.

Christine goes off to school, leaving her bed made, her room clean and tidy. Wearing, if she can lay hands on them, Norman's large fur gloves.

Winifred bustles around, does the housework, joins a fish queue, joins a meat queue. Plans the week's food—and bogies away a few tins in the A.R.P. cupboard, against the only invasion likely to come her way now. She bakes a cake, does a bit of mending, puts a few stitches into a new bolero suit she is making for Christine, out of a tweed suit that once belonged to someone else. She leaves the evening meal ready, the fire laid, so that the first one home can apply a match.

Then she puts on a jaunty little black hat, and goes off to her war job. "I couldn't bear to feel I was doing nothing," says Winifred. With no idea that she is being rather funny.

The door shuts on the little house. They are all gone. It is total mobilization at No. 42 Hoylake Crescent. Only Jimmy remains, a tiger tom with tattered ears. Neatly folded on the front doorstep. Defying all adjacent cats.

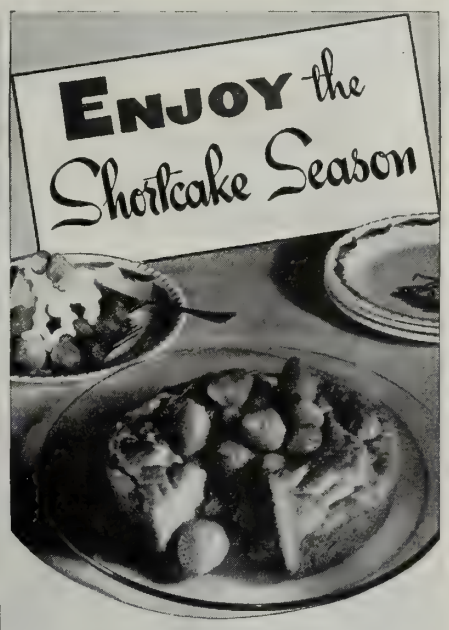


RUSSIAN DRESSING, for instance: Add 1 tbsp. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire to ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 tbsp. chopped green and red peppers, 1 tbsp. chili sauce. Famous, tangy Lea & Perrins brings out the best in all salads . . . salad dressings!

A favorite for over 100 years

LEA & PERRINS *Sauce*
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

ENJOY the *Shortcake Season*



Shortcake Ring made with Duff's Hot Muffin Mix

With Duff's, it's just as easy to make wonderful tasting shortcake as it is to make muffins. Bake regular muffin batter in a ring pan . . . serve with berries heaped high . . . and top each portion with a scoop of ice cream.

JUST ADD *Water* —that's all!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Toast that's always "just what you ordered!"



***Every* slice—first or last—will be *as you like it* with the G-E Automatic Toaster—coming after victory!**

How the family will cheer for this new G-E Automatic Toaster! It's beautiful. Streamlined. And *look* what it will do . . .

No matter how you like your toast—light, medium, or dark—you'll get *every slice* as you want it, just by setting a little knob. G. E.'s new automatic control keeps heat even. Each slice is toasted to *exactly* the degree the toaster's set for.

You'll get other big features you've wanted, too. This G-E wonder will pop the slices up when they're toasted to your taste, *or* can be set to keep the toast warm until you're ready. And look! An exclusive crumb tray *snaps* in and out . . . a breeze to clean!

We'll be making this better-than-ever G-E Automatic Toaster, as soon as war demands permit. Watch for it! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

TUNE IN: *"The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p.m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.*

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

Automatic Toaster

GENERAL ELECTRIC



HEARTS AND FLOWERS

(Continued from Page 41)

TONGUE-AND-HORSE-RADISH LOAF

Use 1 *large* or 2 *small* cooked smoked tongues or canned tongue—and you'll need 2 or 3 large jars. If a fresh one is your meat, wash and cook it slowly in unsalted water until very tender. Takes three to four hours. Skin the tongue and chill. Mind you, this deals with *fresh* tongue. The canned is ready for you. Cut part of the tongue into thin slices for lining your mold. Put the rest through the food grinder, using medium rather than fine knife. You'll need 5 cups of the chopped tongue. Add 1 cup of finely minced celery, ½ cup of horse-radish, 4 teaspoons of prepared mustard and 1½ cups of mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly. Salt to taste. Soften 3 envelopes of unflavored gelatin in ½ cup of cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Cool to lukewarm and add to the tongue mixture. And mix *well*. Line the sides of the mold with overlapping slices of tongue. If you do not have a heart mold, use a ring mold or any one with smooth sides. Fill the mold with the mixture. Chill until set—overnight is your best bet. In fact, these molded pieces are always safer to do the day before. Don't you think so? When ready to serve it, unmold and serve on a nice bed of greens and garnish as suits your fancy. Halved stuffed eggs are nice—and a fruit garnish is de luxe!

Flying in the face of tradition. Maybe you remember that more than once I have said that I felt no wedding to be—well, not *legal* exactly, but anyway, not in the best tradition without chicken salad if not chicken mousse. But that has changed now. Chicken is scarce and cream nonexistent. Let that go. For it's not chicken salad of which I aim to tell you. It is about that beautiful molded dish you see on the buffet, surrounded by cucumber slices and as beautiful as a garden of daffodils. It's a mousse that uses potatoes to do part of the work of thick cream.

VICHYSSOISE CHICKEN MOUSSE

Cook 2 medium-sized chickens. You may steam or boil. Personally, I steam and get plenty of broth. Cool and take all the meat from the chicken, and don't leave on any skin. Be sure now—no bone, no skin. Grind the chicken fine. There should be about 6 cups of chicken. Chop the tops and the white parts of ½ bunch of scallions separately. Set the green tops aside and cook the scallions with 1½ cups of diced potatoes and 2½ cups of chicken broth. Cook until the potatoes are soft. Press these through a sieve. There should be 3 cups of the purée. Add 3 cups of thin cream or top milk and 2½ teaspoons of salt and a good dash of pepper. Reheat just to the boiling point. Add 3½ tablespoons of unflavored gelatin softened in ½ cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved and cool until it just barely starts to thicken. Now add the finely chopped green onion tops, ½ cup of chopped cucumber (without seeds) and the chicken. Mix all together until well blended. Taste for seasoning. Additional salt and pepper may be needed. A few drops of green coloring may be added to give it a pale green color if it goes with your color scheme. But why go in for schemes? There are too many in the world. Fill the mold with the mixture. Chill until firm enough to slice and decorate with unpeeled slices of cucumber.

Superfluous suggestion for sandwiches. Who would think that anyone should go very deeply into the subject of sandwiches? There are thousands well known to everyone, but, thinking that watercress sandwiches go with weddings, I felt you might like some wedding-bell sandwiches. There's nothing in the world to stop your having any number of other kinds.

WATER-CRESS SANDWICHES

Use day-old bread. Cut thin slices. Take off the crusts. If you can find a bell cutter,

Does an Important Job

THE taste thrill that crunchy Kellogg's Pep provides seems enough of a mission in life for *any* breakfast cereal.

But, through the skill of the folks at Battle Creek, this delicious wheat cereal does even more—it fills the important job of helping supply you with wholesome *food values,* too.

Made the Kellogg way, every golden flake of this popular cereal comes to you the equal of the *whole ripe wheat* in those food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

In these days of food shortages, Kellogg's Pep is a hearty, nourishing cereal to serve *your* family often.

• • •

To satisfy the particular tastes of every member of your family, try serving all the famous Kellogg cereals—Pep, Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, All-Bran, Shredded Wheat, 40% Bran Flakes, Raisin 40% Bran Flakes, Krumbles. They're all good to eat—they're all good for *you!*



"The Grains are Great Foods"—
W. K. Kellogg

IMPERIAL CANDLEWICK

Too refreshing for words . . . the sparkle of fine crystal . . . the cool taste of the beverage. Ask for Imperial hand-crafted crystal at your favorite store.

THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION
Bellaire, Ohio



you are all set. If you can't, you can cut a simple bell shape from cardboard and with a sharp knife cut your sandwiches around that. Then with a round cooky cutter, cut away part of the bell from half of the slices. These are the tops of your sandwiches. For the filling, take ¾ cup of finely chopped water cress mixed with ½ cup of softened butter or margarine, salt and a little pepper. Easy? Good too.

Summer punch. Not everything that goes into and comes out of a punch bowl is punch. In the first place, most so-called punches are too sweet, too weak, too much like a liquid fruit cup. So watch it. And as strawberries, fresh or frozen, are right on hand, try our strawberry punch.

STRAWBERRY-HONEY PUNCH

Bring 3 cups of strawberries to boil with 3 cups of water. Cook two minutes. Strain the juice through a cloth. Cool and chill. Also prepare a simple sirup for sweetening the punch. To 1 quart of water, add 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups of honey and some strips of peel cut from 1 orange and 1 lemon. Mix well, bring to a boil and cook five minutes. Cool and store in the refrigerator until needed. Add to the strained strawberry juice 2 cups of strained lemon juice. Take the peel out of the honey-and-sugar sirup. Add the sirup to the strawberry. Add ice cubes when punch is ready to serve or it will become too thin. Put lemon slices and mint leaves in the bowl for looks. *My* idea is that one large piece of ice in the bowl is better than cubes. But you'll know what you want.

Those little white boxes? Used to be, at weddings, a table piled high with beautiful little white boxes tied with ribbon, for each guest to take home. Enclosed within was a square of heavy-laden-with-fruit wedding cake. It was to dream on, or something. And it was *such* a nice thing. Do these things still go on and I don't get around enough to know about it? That's possible.

There was quite a while when I didn't frequent weddings much. And do you know why? It was all on account of a *hat*. Now I am one of those emancipated girls who don't wear hats. I just tie a ribbon around my head and call it a day. I couldn't find a hat that didn't make me look like a superannuated dowager or someone trying to look like Shirley Temple. But now I have two hats. One I keep for weddings and such. The other for church and funerals. They are more or less interchangeable. One is a white Homburg, one is a black Homburg. Both are equally unbecoming, but they are hats. So I'm all set for anything—and in the meantime, I wear a ribbon.

WEDDING CAKE

Instead of tiers and tiers and frostings and frostings, this cake, as you can see, has been streamlined. It is made in four loaves, two of fruitcake and two of white cake. The two fruitcakes at each end and the two white cakes on the sides. With candles and flowers, it becomes the center of attraction on your buffet. This way you get wedding and bride's cake all together, and isn't it quite an idea?

Make your favorite tried-and-true fruitcake; and who among you hasn't got a fine white-cake receipt? One that makes three nine-inch layers will make the two loaves. Frost with white frosting and let yourself go on the decorations. You can't go wrong. A pastry bag or the faithful decorator will give you all the help you need, and may this be a wedding cake to remember!

Happy is the bride. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Whether it's a white satin wedding or a dotted Swiss—happy is she who seizes on the June sunshine to bless her wedding day. All my good wishes go with her—and a clap on the back for the groom. My advice to him is not to let himself be put in the shade. That is all. Grooms get so little good advice—I hope he will heed me now.

And from a distance, above the drone of bees and song of birds and silver notes of far-off bells—"Good-by and good luck!"

"JEEPERS" ...shouted the Dean of Women



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.

TO THE DEAN, good coffee is as important as good behavior. One day she sighed, "I wish I could find a really *full-flavored* coffee." Her smart secretary bounced back with, "Well, here it is! . . . Nescafé. And it's made in a jiffy. Try it!" She did . . . and shouted, "Jeepers!"

You'll get excited when *you* try it, too! For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only *Nestlé's* knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster . . . *then instantly its flavor is sealed in! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

The only Army-Navy "E" award in the soluble coffee field is held by the Nestlé's plant at Sunbury, Ohio. Temporarily the Armed Forces are taking all the Nescafé we make. Soon, we hope, Nescafé will again be available at your grocer's.

A teaspoonful → *in a cup*
Add hot water → *it's ready*



NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

INSURE CANNING SUCCESS!



USE Ball JARS, CAPS, LIDS and RUBBERS

And follow instructions in the Ball Blue Book. To get your copy send 10c with your name and address to—

BALL BROTHERS COMPANY, Muncie, Ind.



Here's the Secret . . .

Just take your favorite soup—tomato, vegetable, bean, onion, etc. Then—THEN—to give it the flavor "kick" that turns ordinary soups into *super-soups*, simply add B-V, Wilson's amazing meat flavor made of rich meat juices and choice vegetable seasoning. Taste will tell you how much Wilson's B-V to use.

George Rector
Food Consultant, Wilson & Co.

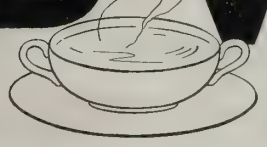
Because of its highly concentrated *paste* form, Wilson's B-V goes farther—costs less. Use it for richer, heartier meat flavor in everything from soup to stew. B-V has no equal, so insist on *genuine* B-V in the orange and blue package.

FREE! Rector's new Prize B-V Recipe Book. Send self-addressed envelope to Wilson & Co., Dept. L, Union Stock Yards, Chicago 9, Ill.



B-V

The magic meat flavor with a hundred uses.



WILSON & CO. INC

Makes it taste better



Pre-laundered for immediate use. Extra large. Highly absorbent. Economical, too. Long lasting.

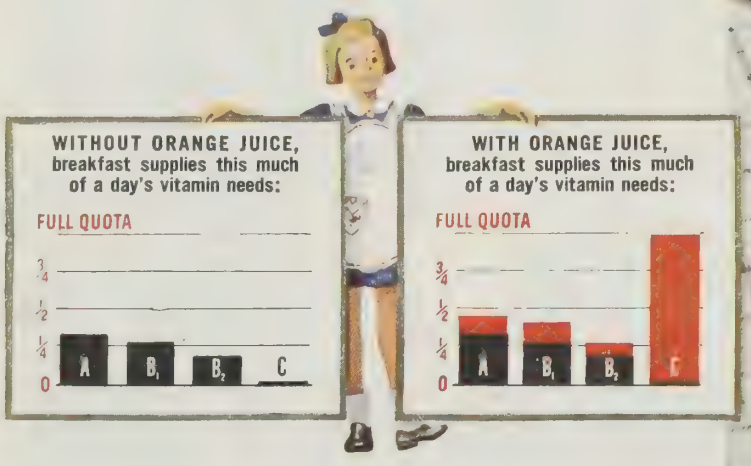
EXCELLO Laundry Fresh KITCHEN TOWELS



Imagine! One food doing all this!

Only oranges combine such sunny flavor with so many needed vitamins and minerals

We can't blame you for thinking first of that wonderfully good flavor of golden California oranges. But don't forget how important they are to health. Oranges are your best everyday source of vitamin C. Good source of vitamins A, B_1, B_2, and needed minerals. And there are so many ways to enjoy them!





SEE WHAT ORANGE JUICE ADDS TO BREAKFAST:

1. Suppose you start with an egg, cereal with milk, and buttered toast. They are fine for many vitamins and to build up the energy needed for a good morning's work. Yet, like most foods, they fall short in vitamin C.

2. Add a big, sunny glass of fresh California orange juice and you fill your day's need for vitamin C. Help with other vitamins and minerals, too. And treat yourself to the cheeriest kind of a start for the day!



BUY EXTRA BONDS—7TH WAR LOAN



PHOTO BY STUART

"Rhubarb pie—May 2, 1945. We'll have it for dad's birthday dinner in October, it's his pet dessert."

ARE YOU FREEZING?

It's every homemaker's $64 question—"Should I plan on buying a home freezer after the war?" Yankee-fashion, we can answer best by asking another: "Would a freezer earn its keep at your house?"

BY JUDY BARRY

ABOUT 50,000 families in this country are freezing right now, in June! And, as nearly as we can find out, they're thoroughly enjoying it. Do you hope to join them as soon as more home freezers are released? Will you take space at a community freezing locker? Or will the storage space for "bought" frozen food to be provided in the new refrigerators meet your needs?

A Freezer is Like Life. You get out of it only what you put in, and it's important to realize that good frozen food is born only of good fresh food. So ask yourself first if you have a reliable source of fine fresh foods in season, *really* fresh enough for freezing, *really* reasonable enough in cost to justify buying them to freeze.

It's true as you've probably heard, that freezing does tend to make meats more tender, but don't expect a sudden chill to take years off an old hen's life and make it emerge a gay young thing! Freezing, after all, is only a method of preservation.

Growing your own fruits and vegetables, freezing them at the top of their form, is, of course, a fine idea. But be sure you check with your state college of agriculture to find out which varieties of what freeze best.

Before You Decide. Will you honestly use a freezer enough to justify the investment?

No self-respecting freezer wants to be a languishing luxury or just a hidey-hole for leftovers, for its planned function is to be a productive unit earning its own way in life. Twenty-five to forty pounds of food is about what the usual home type can handle. If you would like to do more than that, the locker storage plant in your community will probably work out better for you, unless you have a separate building which can handle a whopping big freezer.

If geography, baby tending or such makes it difficult for you to get to food stores often, a home freezer may be the answer to your marketing prayers. You could shop then, expansively but not expensively, once or twice a month, perhaps—keeping your food budget slimmed down by quantity buying and elimination of waste.

Remember, there will definitely be, in the rosy near future, commercially frozen foods in bewildering, mouth-watering variety. Some companies are planning to deliver their products at your own back door!

It's pretty certain, therefore, that we'll all want more storage space for frozen foods. The postwar domestic refrigerators will probably have a capacious separate compartment at zero temperature, while the rest will maintain the normal forty degrees.

Hoarding Doesn't Pay. Foods while being frozen, you know, must make contact with the bottom or side walls of the freezing section. Therefore you can freeze only as much at one time as you can manage in those areas. Better think about when you'll eat them as well as when you'll freeze them, for foods shouldn't be stored too long, nor should they ever be carried over from one season to another. Don't hoard for the rainy day or the special occasion that will probably never come, or you may find yourself with a freezer chock-full of asparagus, berries, peas, when along comes a wonderful crop of Lima beans and broccoli. This can be forestalled only by making an over-all plan for the year, on paper, so you know what's what, with approximate dates for freezing, approximate amounts that can be managed in the space available.

Frozen Assets or Liabilities? Don't waste your precious space freezing potatoes, carrots, beets or such. These will keep well enough in a cool place. Fortunately, most of the fruits and vegetables we all love best are wonderful freezer fodder. Strawberry shortcake for dessert at Christmas dinner? Real peaches 'n' cream for breakfast on New Year's morning? And sweet corn on the cob, dripping butter down your chin, to cheer up dreary January evenings! Pies too—it's no trouble to whip up an extra pair when you're baking, to say nothing of your own famous little crusty rolls. Weeks, months after, they'll come serenely out of the freezer to grace your club luncheon, fresh as the minute you took them, brown and beautiful, from the oven! Perhaps a certain savory hash or other dish is a specialty of your house. When you have a freezer, you'll just make it up in triplicate, pop it in to wait there for some cold wet night weeks later when you arrive home late, weary and hungry.

Follow the Directions. Some foods need special treatment before freezing, in order to control enzyme activity which would age them before their time. Unscalded vegetables, for example, won't stay young and firm for more than a few weeks even in sub-zero temperature. Steaming is fine preparation, but it's very hard to do efficiently at home, so you'll probably use a boiling-water blanch. Scalding small amounts at a time, then plunging at once into a very cold bath, keeps nutritive losses in blanching down to a minimum.

You know how quickly fruit turns brown upon contact with air? Freezing raw seems to speed this process and cause flavor change as well as discoloration, so most fruits must be packed in sirup to prevent this oxidation. Or they may be mixed with enough sugar to draw juice from the fruit and cover it. Make your sugar sirup in advance, for you'll have to cool it to 70° before pouring it on.

Roasts should be Sunday-dinner size, steaks and chops cut to the family's taste in thickness before they go into the freezer. Grind tough cuts up into patties, but don't add seasoning to them, or to pork sausage before freezing.

It is important to follow specific directions for the preparation and freezing of fruits, vegetables, meats and cooked foods. Booklets on freezing are available from your state college, from the U. S. Department of Agriculture and from reliable manufacturers of freezers.

Wrap With Care. Frozen foods need careful protection against the ravages of low humidity and constant circulation of air. A moisture-vapor-proof package or wrapper takes care of this. Remember that just plain "waterproof" won't do—that is, ordinary waxed or oiled papers. The wrapper for frozen foods has many jobs to do. It must not only prevent drying out, but protect the food from absorbing flavors; the wrapping must not absorb grease, oil, water or blood, nor impart any flavor of its own. It mustn't crack or become brittle at low temperature. Aluminum foil and moisture-vapor-proof Cellophane, either plain or laminated, with an outer wrapping of stockinette, adapt themselves best to those strange-shaped packages, hams, chickens. Parchment papers or paraffined papers especially intended for freezing are also used. These need meticulous sealing with sealing tape. String won't do. Bundle up each package in a sheet of paper large enough to cover it completely and leave a comfortable overlap; if you have any doubt about the paper's being sufficiently protective, use two thicknesses. It'll pay.

Cartons or containers should have the same good qualities as those required for paper.

Semiliquid products may be placed in the cup or cube-type carton easily filled and liquid tight.

Juices may be frozen in glass. Care should be taken to leave an inch-and-a-half head space to guard against breakage with expansion.

For vegetables, there are rectangular, folding-type cartons with a moisture-vapor-proof *(Continued on Page 158)*

EVEN BETTER THAN STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!

And takes no butter . . . no sugar . . . no points . . . no work!

Heavenly blend of flavors! Ice-cream, strawberries and rich, tender Dromedary Gingerbread...so meltingly delicious . . . spiced so right! Yet *anyone* can make this stop-the-show dessert in a jiffy. *Just add water to Dromedary Mix.* Bake in lightly greased ring mold. Fill center with ice-cream. Add berries. *You've never tasted anything so luscious* . . . yet Dromedary actually costs *less* than home-mixed! Serves 6-8.



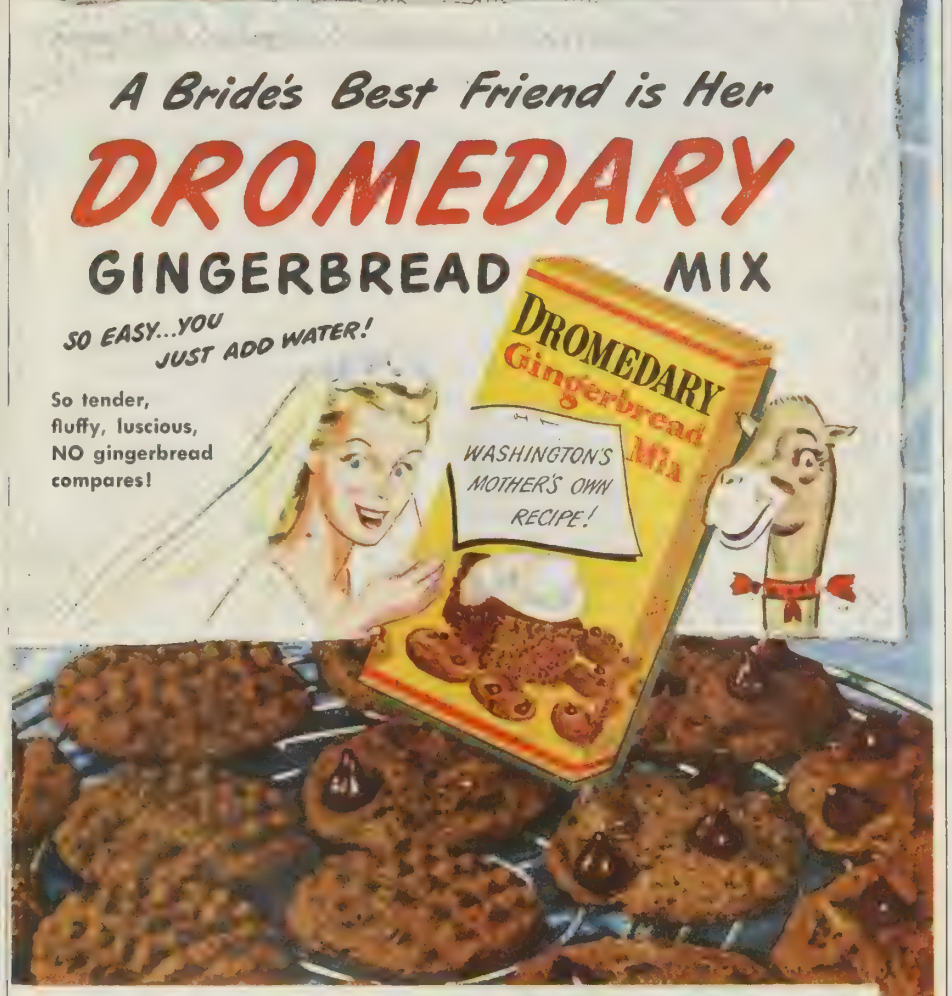
A Bride's Best Friend is Her

DROMEDARY

GINGERBREAD MIX

SO EASY...YOU JUST ADD WATER!

So tender, fluffy, luscious, NO gingerbread compares!



TRY THESE "DIFFERENT" GINGER-QUICKIES

Delectable morsels of crunchiness, baked in 10 minutes! And you get 50-60 cookies from one *package of Dromedary Mix!*

PEANUT-BUTTER GINGIES (*left*) Add ⅓ cup water to Mix. *Stir.* Blend in ½ cup peanut butter. Then drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. Press in criss-cross design with fork. Bake in moderate oven, 350°. *Yum-m!*

CHOCOLATE-STUDDED GINGIES (*right*) Add ⅓ cup water and bits of semi-sweet chocolate to Mix. Bake as above.

KEEP LOOKING FOR DROMEDARY PASTEURIZED DATES!

You'll Be Getting More From Now On

The only dates *pasteurized!* Serve them like candy, right out of the package. Nature's most delicious, most wholesome confection . . . so wonderfully rich in minerals . . . in



WORLD'S PLUMPEST, FRUITIEST DATES!

Canny Questions



PHOTO BY STUA

Be careful, be clean, be speedy—and know the answers.

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER



Questions about proper procedures in canning most often come to you after the canning job is done—particularly if the food doesn't look as good as you think it should or, worse yet, it spoils.

An answer to your questions at this stage really doesn't help much, for the harm, if any, is already done.

Precanning plans are better than postcanning problems. This year we're going to put the horse where it belongs—right before the cart. Armed with the answers to some of the most-often-asked questions, you'll be wise and ready when the big push of canning starts.

★ *Why are fruits easier to can than vegetables?*

Vegetables other than tomatoes are nonacid and contain certain heat-resisting bacteria which are hard to kill. For these and for meats a pressure canner is recommended.

★ *Why must jars be covered with an inch or two of boiling water in the water-bath canner?*

Spoilage organisms may be present in any part of the jar. Heat must reach all parts to kill them. Better make it high tide.

★ *Can more liquid be added to fill a jar after it has been processed?*

No, never! Opening the jar lets in bacteria. Best thing to do is to do nothing.

★ *What makes foods shrink in the jars?*

The food may not have been precooked enough, may have been packed too loosely, overprocessed or processed at too high a temperature. Uneven pressure in the pressure canner may be the cause. Watch your pressure—regulate heat, keep gauge right "on the button."

On Canning

★ *In using glass jars, when should the petcock on the pressure canner be opened?*

Not until the gauge reaches zero. Opening the petcock before may cause serious accidents from exploding jars and bad steam burns.

★ *What foods is it safe to can in the oven?*

None. There is too much danger of accidents.

★ *Can fruits be canned without sugar?*

Yes, by using fruit juice or water in place of sugar sirup, but you may have a lighter-colored product. To make your sugar go farther, use a light sirup rather than a medium or heavy one. Part sugar and part corn sirup in specific proportions for each fruit give excellent products.

★ *Why should foods be packed hot?*

Air must be driven out sooner or later. Preheating does it first—you get more food in the jars. It is better to have the food shrink in precooking than in the jar. Also, food that is packed hot and processed promptly is heated to the proper temperature more rapidly than when packed cold. Cold packing is old-fashioned.

★ *Why wipe the sealing surface of the jar before adjusting the seal?*

Because any particles of food on the jar edge or rubber may prevent a seal or cause the seal to release later. You wouldn't put on a new hat without washing your face, would you?

★ *Why is it necessary to leave more space in the top of the jar with corn, peas or beans than with other foods?*

All foods expand as they heat in canning. Corn, peas and beans are starchy and expand more. It's just simple arithmetic!

★ *Suppose I forget to watch the timer and overprocess a canner load?*

The food will keep just as well, of course, but the food won't have as good color, flavor and texture as if you had processed for the correct length of time. Some foods are apt to become very mushy if you overprocess. Others will shrink or rise in the jars. You're not doing the vitamins any good either. So watch your watch!

★ *Does vinegar help to preserve vegetables?*

Only amounts sufficient to actually pickle the food have any preservative effect. And that's another story.

★ *Why must products be "garden fresh"?*

Chemical changes occur more rapidly in wilted, overripe or overmature foods. Such food has poor flavor, less food value and is more likely to spoil. Don't just can it to save it.

★ *Why do fruits sometimes float to the top of the jar?*

Using too heavy a sirup is often the cause. If fruit is lighter than the sirup, it will naturally float. Fruits and tomatoes shrink some when heated, so need to be packed firmly.

★ *What are some of the signs of spoilage?*

A bulging lid or rubber ring, dribbly leaks and gas bubbles are evident signs of spoilage. When you open the jar you may notice an off odor, off color or mold—liquid may spurt out.

★ *What is flat sour? Can you smell it?*

It is a form of spoilage that may occur in home-canned vegetables due to any one of several things: using vegetables too old to can—mature beans and peas, for instance; allowing the precooked food to stand too long after precooking and before processing. Avoid this by having the water in the canner boiling and waiting, so there'll be no time lost; prepare only in small quantities what you can handle easily at one time. Flat sour may occur in jars of food that have cooled too slowly after canning. It's important to keep a good distance between jars and not to cover them with a towel while they cool.

You definitely can smell it. The odor is sour and disagreeable. To look at the jar, however, there might not be any noticeable signs of spoilage.

★ *How long will home-canned food keep?*

If properly canned and stored, it should keep indefinitely; however, the quality will deteriorate after one year. Better use up each year's pack before the new canning season begins. Date your jars and use up first the food that was canned first.

★ *What home-canned foods should be thoroughly boiled before tasting?*

All vegetables (except tomatoes), meats, fish and poultry. A safety measure—your safety.

WINS ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS

Washington, D. C.

Use up-to-the-minute directions from your state college of agriculture and U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Following leaflets are available from the latter: AWI-93, Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables; AWI-110, Home Canning of Meats; AWI-65, Take Care of Your Pressure Canner. Order by number from Office of Information, U.S.D.A., Washington 25, D. C. Single copies free.



MEAT POT PIE

Skinless FRANKFURTER STYLE

1 tbs. shortening
2 cups diced carrots
3 cups diced potatoes
12 small onions
1 box frozen peas *or* 1 lb. fresh peas
1 lb. Skinless Frankfurters
bouillon cubes *or* meat extract, salt to taste
pastry for 1 crust pie

Place cooked vegetables in casserole lined with pastry dough. Add four cut up frankfurters. Melt shortening, add flavor, 2 bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 cups hot water. Pour over vegetables. Top with ring of pastry. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. Place remaining franks in open center 10 minutes before removing from oven.

Skinless TRADEMARK FRANKFURTERS

NO SKINS! NO WASTE! NO EQUAL!

First sight, first bite . . . will prove why SKINLESS franks and wieners are so tempting and popular. With no skins to burst open in cooking, the savory meat juices are saved for the eating. And such tenderness! SKINLESS frankfurters disappear completely from every plate without a skin to leave as waste. Find out for yourself, tonight, what a world of difference there really is! Ask for your favorite brand of frankfurters made the SKINLESS way.

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Click!—that's how fast the correct cooking pressure is set! Never before so simple, easy and sure! Tough meats are tender, in as little as 35 minutes cooking time. Fresh green peas and asparagus are appetizingly cooked in 60 seconds! In fact, nearly *all* cookery becomes speedier, easier, more flavorful.

And the new MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan makes short work of small-quantity canning, too. Capacity: 3 pint jars. Order from house furnishing, hardware or department stores.



NO GUESSING! With MIRRO-MATIC, just select pressure your recipe calls for—5, 10 or 15 lbs. A reassuring "s-s-s-s-s" tells you the exact pressure is maintained—automatically. New-type gasket automatically seals and locks cover when under pressure. Simple, easy and sure!

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Four Savers for Food and Flavor

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

BANK these few saving tricks in your menu mind and they'll pay you interest—interest in your meals, interest in conserving the nation's nest egg of short foods. Some of these suggestions you may like so well that you will continue to use them after the need has passed. Here are some that have more than one virtue, but rate a service ribbon for only one.

Butter Savers

- *French dressing* made with salad oil dresses meat and fish as well as the salad. Try it on broiled chops or ground-meat cakes. Fish to broil or bake? Dunk it in dressing first.
- *Bacon drippings* or salad oil "butters" vegetables. Dress up with seasoners.
- *Pancakes or waffles* aren't worth eating without something other than just a sweet sirup. Hot bacon drippings give you one answer.
- *"Butter" cabbage and asparagus* with grated cheese.
- *Most margarine* now tastes so much like butter that many folks can't tell the difference. However, working in ½ cup of buttermilk to the pound when you color margarine makes a spread that rates high with butter sticklers. Use only as a spread or for "buttering" foods—not for cooking, because of the added liquid.
- *Cottage cheese* whipped into butter makes a "taste" of butter spread more bread slices.
- *Thick sour cream* sauces vegetables and fish and cold meat loaf. Try it on new potatoes and asparagus—with chives and seasonings added. Horse-radish and cucumber make it right for fish or the cold meat loaf.

Sugar Savers

- *More molasses* than sugar on the shelf? Never mind; many things you used to make with sugar are good made with molasses. Old-fashioned cinnamon rolls, for instance. Use molasses instead of sugar in the dough and for half the brown sugar in the spread before rolling up and cutting: ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup molasses, ¼ cup soft butter or margarine, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon and ½ cup seedless raisins work well for one batch of roll dough.
- *Semisweet chocolate bits* melted in a double boiler with a little hot water make a good chocolate sauce to dip over puddings and ice cream.
- *Corn-sirup canning* is smart business. Fruits canned with part sugar and part corn sirup in specific proportions for each fruit have good color, flavor and plumpness. Learn the know-how.
- *Jam without cooking*—and much less sugar! Mash fresh strawberries—not too fine, but just to a jam consistency; 2½ pint boxes of berries will make 2 cups of jam. Soften 2¼ teaspoons unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup strawberry mixture. Dissolve over hot water. Stir it back gradually into remaining 1¾ cups of strawberries. Add ½ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Chill several hours until mixture thickens. Spreads nicely—uses one quarter as much sugar—use fresh or freeze!
- *Marmalade makes it sweet!* Pare, core and quarter 2½ pounds cooking apples—the greenings will be along soon. Cook in ½ cup water in covered saucepan until tender. Run through sieve (will make about 3½ cups). Add ½ pound orange marmalade while applesauce is hot. Stir until dissolved. You'll like the orange flavor with the apples.

Point Savers

- *By-pass points and use fish.* Cut 3 green peppers in half lengthwise and remove seeds. Parboil. Make 1½ cups thin white sauce, adding 1½ teaspoons dry mustard with the flour. To it, add 1½ cups flaked cooked fish and 1 cup soft bread crumbs sautéed in 2 tablespoons butter, margarine or bacon drippings. Season with 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and salt to taste. Fill pepper shells. Bake twenty-five minutes in moderate oven (350° F.) or until bubbly.
- *Buy cold cuts and serve hot.* Sliced cold cuts curl into cups when sautéed in just a little fat—hold hot potato salad, macaroni and cheese, scrambled eggs or creamed eggs with mushrooms. Buy some in the piece, dice and scallop with potatoes as you do ham. Cook *some* with the green beans. Liver-sausage balls: To ½ cup mashed liver sausage add ¼ cup chopped nuts, toasted. Shape into 12 small balls. Roll in beaten egg and dry sifted bread crumbs—½ cup crumbs and 1 well-beaten egg are sufficient. Sauté in drippings until brown.
- *Cottage cheese* will be a lifesaver all summer long. Eat it plain or fuss it up with chives and sour cream. Serve with vegetable plates, as a salad or as a spread. It makes patties or pancakes for a hot main dish—doubles for fruit-salad dressing or whipped cream on fruits and desserts. Use the creamed type for this. Beat on electric mixer-beater or with rotary beater, adding sirup from canned fruits or fruit juices gradually. Beat until it whips up stiff. The mixer produces the most "fluff."

Flavor Savers

- *Broiling over!* If you're broiling chicken, hamburgers, sausages, and so on, put your cooked vegetable in drip pan underneath. The juices and fat from the meat flavor and "butter" the vegetable. No, for fish.
- *Praise for panning*—panning vegetables, we mean. This quick, easy method of cooking young, tender garden vegetables that take to the pan saves not only flavor but time, food value and fuel too. We've tried spinach and cabbage, but other "young-'uns"—chard, summer squash and green beans—would work well too. For each quart washed spinach or shredded cabbage allow 2 tablespoons fat; melt fat in a heavy frying pan. Add the vegetable. Cover closely—this is important, as you have to hold in the steam. Cook slowly—eight minutes for spinach, ten minutes for shredded cabbage. Now and then stir to keep vegetables from sticking. When tender, season with salt and pepper. Vegetables cooked this way have wonderful texture, flavor and color. They "stew in their own juice" with just enough fat for seasoning but no water added.



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A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

White Star GAS RANGES
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY 1895-1945

OUR READERS WRITE US

(Continued from Page 13)

When to Adopt Children

Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Dear Miss Brookman: After reading Mrs. Roosevelt's column in the March issue of the JOURNAL, I felt a desire to express an opinion on a question she answered: What do you think of a couple forty-five adopting a child? I am thirty-five and have an adopted son who will be three in a few months. I was reared by foster parents.

Before adopting our baby, my husband and I read all the books available on the subject of adoption. We considered all the pros and cons and finally placed our application with a reliable institution. Two years later we had our baby. We were delighted with him, and he has exceeded our wildest expectations thus far. He is far above the norm for his age socially, mentally and physically. He has impeccable manners, yet he is as inquisitive and mischievous as any other child his age. I am convinced that older mothers have a way of teaching a child the fundamentals of life without hampering his freedom. At the same time, I believe a young mother has more patience.

I was married nine years before we adopted our son. Our home had always been the acme of perfection. My husband and I were free to travel, entertain and do quite as we wished. After the arrival of our child we found the whole pattern of our life altered. We expected change, but nothing so radical as we experienced. Almost overnight I became a maid, nurse, housewife and mother. I readily admit that the role of wife was sadly neglected. Therein lies the crux of the situation. It is not easy to break habits formed through years of freedom. I am not alone when I say that in many cases where a child is adopted, or even in the event a child is born after years of childlessness, there comes a time when a breaking point is reached. Men have a way of expecting a certain amount of attention, and if it is not forthcoming, the result is a petulant or crushed attitude toward the wife.

In my case, my husband asked for his freedom when our son was not yet eighteen months old. There was nothing wrong with my husband. He was and is an emotionally stable person, but he had as many responsibilities as I. I failed to recognize that fact. He found companionship and love in a younger, attractive girl, and a little over a year after our separation he was married. I know his present wife and she is a fine person. I know she will make him happy. I am of the same opinion as a well-known psychologist: that husbands are not stolen, they are lost.

When I realized that I would have to make a home for my son and provide for his security, I was frightened, for him. How unfair to take a child whose natural mother could not keep him and thrust him into a chaotic life. How can one explain failure to a child? I am trying to maintain a normal home while studying for a professional career. Since I have been in college, my son has suffered the usual illnesses peculiar to small children. I have stayed at home to care for him. My schoolwork hasn't been neglected too much, thanks to understanding professors.

My next problem will be to explain to my son that he is adopted. That can be done with a minimum of emotional stress for him. In fact, I think he will be happy in the thought that he was wanted so urgently. Later he will have to know what happened between his "father" and me. No doubt there will be many fatherless children as a result of the war; however, there is much to be said in favor of death in heroic action. I am very glad he had formed no strong attachment toward his father. I love my son more than I can express; however, I have no intention of smothering him with my love.

I have not written this with the thought in mind that all couples who adopt children will meet with the same experiences as I. I say it because I feel that too often the emotions are allowed to run riot, and cold facts sadly neglected, when people consider adopting a baby. It is my observing opinion that older people, from thirty-five and up, should consider the possibility of extending their charity in the direction of an underprivileged boy or girl who has a real desire to continue an education beyond high school. Any young person who realizes his ambition through such channels will be everlastingly grateful. The satisfaction of the couple will be immeasurable, and there will never be the worry of how the child is going to "turn out." Or the subconscious thought as to whether they will live to rear him.

Another angle is that most children like young parents. Couples of forty-five will be in their sixties when their adopted child is in his twenties. My foster parents were much older than the parents of children with whom I associated. I often wondered if they had ever been young.

I trust that I have not shown any trace of regret for having adopted a child. My only wonder is whether he will be happy about it as he grows older. He will miss so much in not having a father. Perhaps I will marry again someday. However, I should choose the man first for his qualification as a father, and I doubt that I should neglect him as a husband.

Very truly yours,
(Name withheld by request.)

(Continued on Page 136)



"And where have you been?"



"I WAS BORED when they talked about the Philco Super Power System...

But now I'm glad they did!"



"It seems a long time ago . . . that day we bought our Philco Refrigerator. I fell in love with it at first sight . . . I knew it was the one and only refrigerator for me!

"Tom and the salesman started talking about something they seemed to think was terribly important . . . something called the Philco Super Power System. It was all Greek to me . . . but I know now that the things you don't see can mean a lot.

"Thanks to the way that Philco Super Power System was built, our refrigerator has been running perfectly since the day it arrived! I still don't know a thing about motors and compressors . . . but I do know that our Philco has given us absolutely trouble-free service!

"And the things I liked so much . . . back before the war started . . . have proved invaluable since rationing began. The Moist Cold Compartment has helped me make the most of leftover foods, and the Frozen Food Compartment has saved me hours of shopping time. I can do a week's marketing on a single trip.

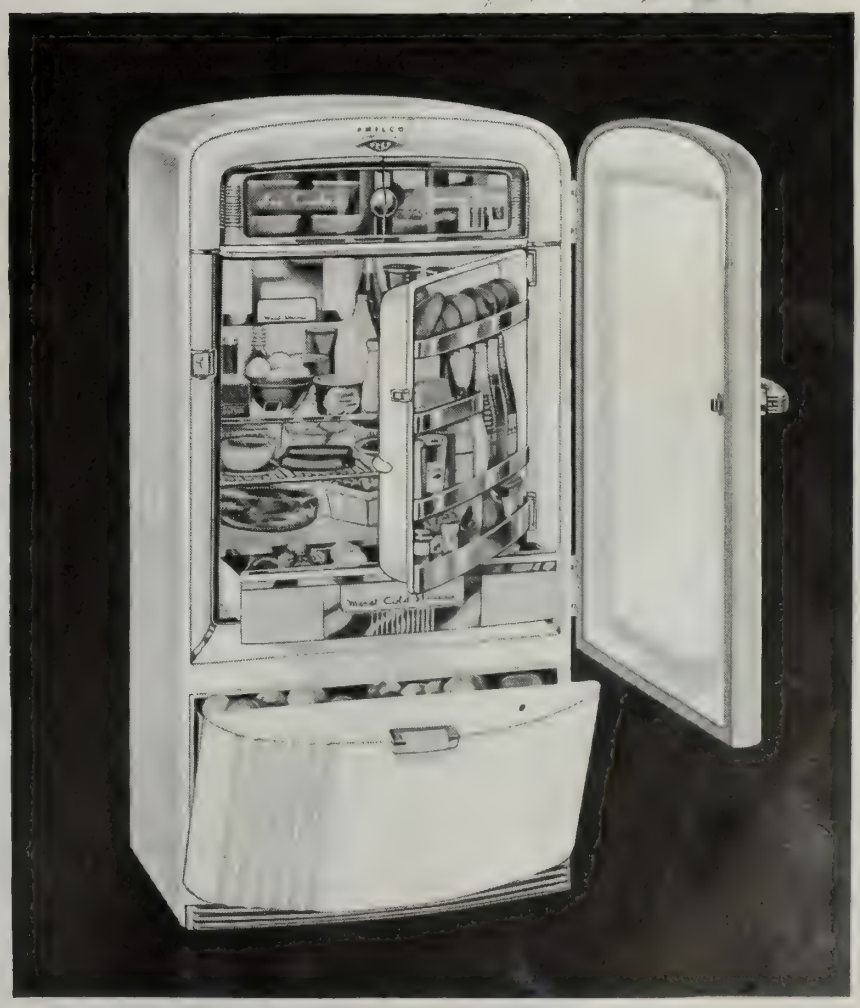
"Never a bit of trouble ever . . . so while I can't explain the Philco Super Power System . . . I *know* what it does! It makes Philco the most dependable refrigerator anyone ever owned!"

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(Continued from Page 134)

Bringing Up Friends

Orono, Maine.

Dear Sir: My husband and I are one of many thousands of couples who acquire our children by adoption. Our only problem of adjustment has been the attitude of our own adult friends toward our children. There is a curious lack of acceptance, an insistence on considering the children pathetic little waifs to whom we have nobly offered sanctuary.

This winter an old school friend of mine visited us with her daughter. My adopted daughter and I met her at the station, and after she and I had greeted each other, she introduced her little girl—to me. Then, turning to my Mary, she said, "And this must be the child you took in. I do think it was wonderful of you to do it. Tell me, how is it working out?" My answer was a long time coming, for I could see nothing but Mary's face, all the eager anticipation draining away as she turned to me, her eyes dark with uncertainty and questioning.

Now my friend is considered a kind, intelligent person. She holds a degree from a good college where she majored in psychology! And I know she is fond of me. Her attitude toward Mary is perhaps not typical, but it is not rare. We have encountered it countless times, to a greater or lesser degree. Try as I will to be charitable about it, I resent it bitterly.

My husband and I feel, as all parents surely must, that a sense of security, of being a valued member of the family, is of immense importance to a child's well-being. We are determined to give it to our children, and we work hard at it. The point is that it shouldn't be a task at all, but a natural spontaneous growth. It becomes a task, though, when we are faced constantly with the problem of rebuilding the faith and confidence that are assailed by words like those of my old friend.

Very truly yours,
(Name withheld by request.)

Thank You, Mrs. Dolan

Newtown Square, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: My husband and I have been talking recently about people taking time in this busy life to say thank you, and for a long time I have wanted to let you know how much I enjoy your wonderful magazine, and to say "thank you."

My family and I give the JOURNAL subscriptions as Christmas gifts each year, and a friend of mine ordered it sent to her Navy husband in the South Pacific. She felt it is the best and most representative magazine of American home life too.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE R. DOLAN.

Ten Ugliest?

Albany, New York.

Dear Sir: Very likely the words listed by the National Association of Teachers of Speech as the ten ugliest words in the English language are rightly selected from a standpoint of connotation. But as for sheer sound ugliness, I beg to differ. I submit a list of "uglies," selected by a group of serious-minded students. These, we believe, will stand up against any other ten in the dictionary: victuals, stomach, belch, glutton, phlegm, swill, crotch, guts, retch, slop.

Very truly yours,
CLARENCE H. KNAPP.

And Some Beauties

Lansing, Kansas.

Dear LHJ: On page 68 of the March number is a list of the ten ugliest words in the English language. My own list has these to add: obituary, adolescent, nurse, thrifty, victuals.

Here is somebody's list of the twenty most beautiful words: adoration, divine, eloquence, faith, happiness, harmony, heaven, honor, hope, innocence, joy, liberty, melody, modesty, love, mobility, purity, splendor, sympathy and virtue.

MRS. W. DEHN.

Pin-Up Mag

Jersey City, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: I'm sure you will be interested in part of a letter I have just received from a friend who has been overseas thirty months. He's a staff sergeant with the Fifth Army and took part in the campaign through Africa and Italy.

"This may surprise you, but it is the true fact: of all the magazines we received

BEAUTY *for you*
COMFORT *for him*
PULLMAN
gives
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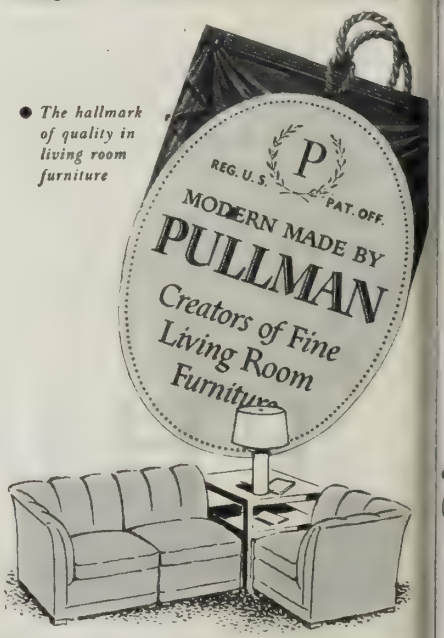


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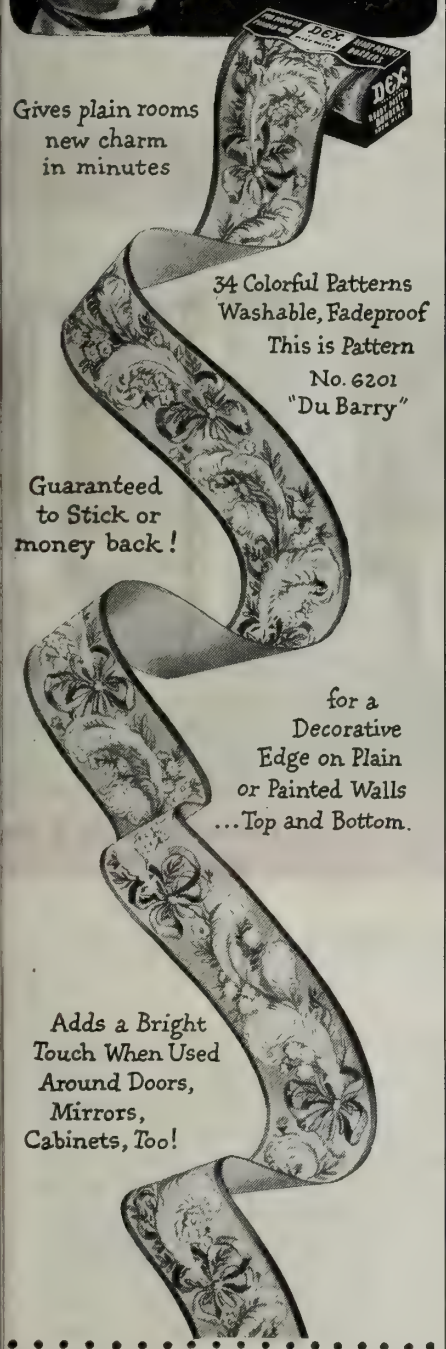
At top—Pullman lounge chair
Directly above—Pullman sectional sofa

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(we subscribe to about all the popular ones published) the one enjoyed the most is the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

Sincerely,
EMILY BOOTHROYD.

Ban the Journal and Lock Up Ann Batchelder

Graaff Reinet,
Cape Province, South Africa.

Dear Mesdames: I like to take a peep at the JOURNAL when my better half has finished with it—firstly, because I marvel at the artistic beauty of the illustrations; secondly, I cannot resist a peep at the sumptuous spreads prepared by Ann Batchelder.

I now write to ask if it is not possible to have Miss Batchelder locked up for the duration. It is really cruel to read about and almost touch those delightful banquets and be unable to partake of them. You impose upon us the tortures of Tantalus!

Another thing I would vote for is the suspension of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the duration. Too many household chores fall to my lot after the arrival of your paper and —— But I have to go now: the baby is howling and nothing will shift the missus until she has finished reading the JOURNAL from the cover to the last imprint.

Yours truly,
FERDINAND RAPHAEL.

Some Like 'Em Cold

Columbus, Ohio.

The Ladies' Home Journal: As I opened a recent number I was struck by the incongruous first pages. Of course you know that the young, especially, are more influenced by the eye than the ear—or there would not be so many flamboyant love scenes. Now I like love scenes myself. I am no old crab, but I am asking you if illustrations could not be a little more restrained.

Sincerely (and lovingly) yours,
NELL G. MAGLY.

Kissing is Less Lavish

Montevideo, Uruguay.

Dear Editors: I read the article by Louise Paine Benjamin, where the Latin girl is compared with the Yankee.

As for our girls—they have invaded our university for some time. The number of women who take liberal courses is such that they have succeeded in becoming a problem. As a general rule, Uruguayan girls at least go through high school. The religious colleges have had to adopt programs similar to those of the State, in which embroidering, sewing, and so forth, are dispensed with completely.

Moreover, and this is very important, the custom of kissing the hand is unknown to us. People here like to be kissed in the same manner as those in your country. Kissing is less lavish.

Sincerely yours,
MABEL RUIZ DE MACHÓ.

NEXT MONTH

Gertrude Lawrence always puts on a good show. The story of her life spans three decades of entertainment, starring Noel Coward, Bee Lillie, George and Ira Gershwin, Leslie Howard and a sprinkling of royalty. Gertie Lawrence tells it all herself, including the true account of how she swam ashore from an LCT to the French coast—in borrowed trunks and with G.I.'s cheering!

A Star Danced
In the July Journal

Condensation of the book soon to be published by Doubleday, Doran

JOIN THE THOUSANDS WHO ARE CHANGING TO THIS NON-RUB FLOOR WAX

TAVERN WAX
even Resists Water Spots!





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No wonder so many housewives are changing to Tavern Wax. They've found this special development of Socony-Vacuum saves hours of floor care! Quick to use. Tavern Non-Rub Floor Wax takes seconds to apply—dries in 20 minutes—makes cleaning easier!

Typical symbol of hospitality—Crown Tavern, Crowder, England



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OPUS 497

The world's most distinguished architect designs a crystal house, for town or country, which can have far-reaching effects on future living for all of us.



Four basic materials, combined with brilliant designing, mak

Frank Lloyd Wright

For more than half a century Frank Lloyd Wright has been performing feats of architecture noted for their freshness and originality, and his influence on building all over the world has hardly been equaled by any architect of our time. All this would have been sufficient reason for us to be pleased to publish his most recent house design, Opus 497, done especially for the JOURNAL, and in our opinion one of his finest. But there is a sentimental reason too; for, after a lapse of many years, Opus 497 is really a continuation of a series of houses he did for this magazine in the early 1900's, one of which we have reproduced below. This was a good house then; it is a good house now—which is the way you measure greatness.



A Wright house from the Journal back in February, 1901.

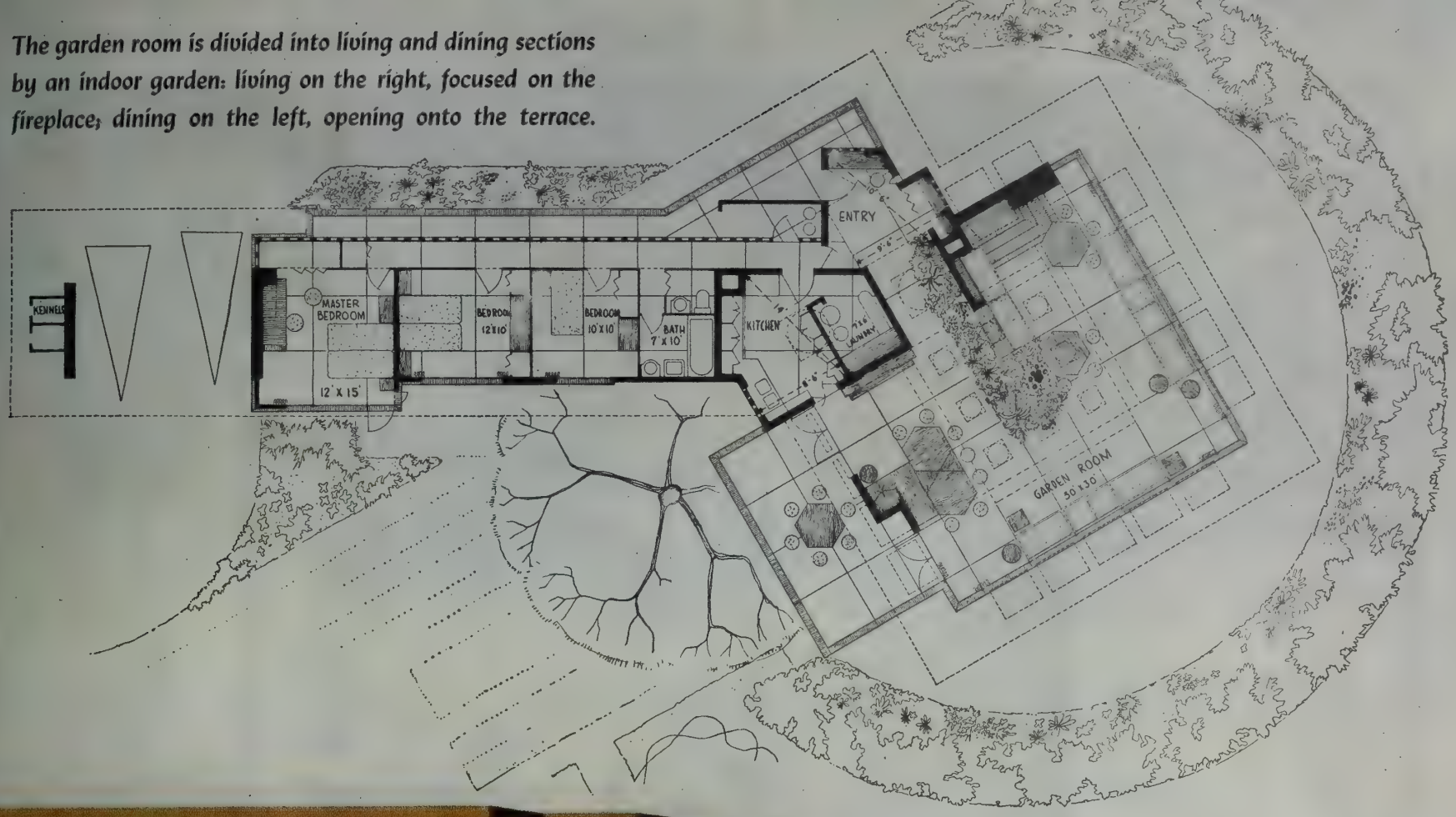
BY RICHARD PRATT

Architectural Editor of the Journal

THIS house foretells the future with considerably more than the clarity of crystal. For its prophecy, which you can take as literally as you like, speaks in terms of materials that are the last word in reality. The glass, metal, concrete and brick which its famous architect has indicated for its construction are not only available anywhere, at any normal time, and are basically inexpensive, but, as Wright remarks, "they make the house fireproof, verminproof, and pretty near foolproof." However, it is Wright's manipulation of these four simple accessible materials which gives his house the special kind of livability that carries it way beyond everyday comfort and convenience.

In his hands these four familiar materials are no longer glass, metal, concrete and brick as we have been accustomed to consider them in our houses. Here they suddenly blossom out in forms so unhackneyed that it may take a moment or two for you to realize how right they are at last. Each material works completely at its best for the pleasure of the occupants and the appearance of the house—not to mention for its utter permanence, with an absolute minimum of maintenance. Glass no longer means a mere transparent hole in the wall; glass here means a whole light-giving wall. Metal isn't the secret hidden strength of the house; metal in the form of stainless steel is the beautiful outspoken strength of slender T sections that support the roof and hold glass panels in place. Even the metal strips that strengthen the thin brick curtain walls of the bedroom wing sing out in the sweeping façade. And the graceful uplift lines of the roof are what can happen when an artist explores the possibilities of lightweight precast concrete.

The garden room is divided into living and dining sections by an indoor garden: living on the right, focused on the fireplace; dining on the left, opening onto the terrace.





SCALE MODEL BY RAYM[illegible] GARGET [illegible]

exhilarating house so substantial that it will last forever.

I dwell on the materials because this house is a lesson in materials, given by a master. Brick, for instance, which is probably the oldest form of prefabricated building material, can be just as beautiful indoors as out. And when it does this double duty you have a simple, one-material wall as against the ordinary frame-house wall, made up of as many as fifteen layers of materials, each requiring a separate operation.

While sunlight and fresh air are free, few houses have ever taken full advantage of the health, comfort and beauty they can provide. This house does. The glass walls are fixed in place, for the sake of tightness and simplicity; but from the few outside doors there can be a full sweep of air, and in addition there can be completely controlled ventilation through the movable sash of the clerestory that rises above the main roof. These upper openings also provide a beautiful source of light from above, through ceiling windows that throw shafts of sunshine on walls, floors, furniture and plants. These plants, growing in earth panels at floor level, not only help to decorate the room, excitingly and fragrantly, but form a flower-and-foliage partition between the sitting side of the room around the fireplace and the dining side, which opens upon a terrace for outdoor eating and entertaining.

An important outside feature is the circular planting of flowering shrubs and trees and perennials which protects the privacy of the glass garden room and forms a surrounding view. This planting frames a house that is more than a picture house. Put yourself in the floor plan, and try to imagine how a house like this would really feel.

Journal Houses on Exhibition

Since January, 1944, we have published a dozen new house designs by the country's outstanding architects—houses that point the way to better, less expensive living after the war. The greatest recognition these houses have had has been given by our readers, from whom we have received a record-breaking volume of letters. Only two of these letters failed to praise our houses, both as to plan and appearance, which in our opinion shows extraordinary appreciation for these new and unfamiliar forms.

Last winter our houses were exhibited in picture panels both at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. And this summer the Museum of Modern Art in New York City is putting on a special exhibition, from May to October, of the actual scale models that you have seen photographed in the magazine. We are glad the authorities agree with our readers.


Show Your Badge
. . . to get one of the Telechron "Dispatchers," now available in limited quantities. Telechron dealers are requested to confine their sales to essential war workers.
(The Telechron "Cordial," shown, is one of the distinctive clocks Telechron will be making after Victory.)
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• War's toll of sick and wounded is rising . . . the need for nurses is urgent. AND EVERY WOMAN CAN HELP.
• If you are untrained — take a home nursing or nurse's aide course. If you are a senior cadet nurse — serve your final six months in an Army hospital. If you are a registered nurse — join the Army Nurse Corps. Visit or write your local Red Cross chapter, or communicate with the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.
BUY MORE WAR BONDS



PHOTOS BY FOWLER

The room above gives you a preview of the kind of interior you will be seeing more of in the future. Casual, efficient, modern as your new car, it fits the family, accommodates itself to home activities and occupations. Notice the dropped fireplace, the indoor garden and the clear spectrum colors used in the scheme.

Accent on Living

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

THE intriguing room pictured above is the everyday family living room of our latest postwar house. If you want to get the feel of this new kind of room, just imagine yourself in it. Look at the new floor-to-ceiling windows, with the drama of all outdoors for a background. The outward view gives you the fun of seeing everything—garden, sky, weather, sunsets. And within, there is sun and light in luxurious abundance, and a feeling of spaciousness.

This new kind of room has been made to fit the family and its everyday family activities, so that one can play, read, eat, talk and study all in the same big area. The family arranges its centers of activity, so that each member can be as independent as he likes.

As you can see in the photographs on this page, the architect has suggested furniture that can be moved easily and assembled in spots about the room as needed for any particular purpose. The reader by the fireplace or the children at the game table would not be disturbed by the serving of dinner at the opposite side of the room.

Of course the seating plan can be changed as often as desirable, using the couches in long dramatic sweeps, turning corners with them to make seats, or assembling them into cozy units. In such a room, you and your activities come first and the furnishings accommodate themselves to your needs and preferences.

An indoor garden such as you see in the picture is every woman's dream. Think of having spring shrubs, fragrant herbs and seasonal flowers growing right inside, filling the room with their odor the year around! They grow in real earth, too, and get fresh air from the opening in the ceiling above.

Mr. Wright has planned many of America's most distinguished modern houses, each forward-looking but practical. In this one you will find many advanced ideas of the kind we grow into and appreciate later on.

If you like this modern room, you can build it for yourself after the war. Mr. Pratt's article shows you the entire house plan in detail. But if you want just this one room, and have the space, you could add it to your present house. It is somewhat like the outdoor or veranda living rooms popular on the West Coast, and smaller versions of this type of room are replacing the old-style sun rooms in many localities.

If the indoor garden appeals to you particularly, you could add it as a bay to either your living room or dining room. The size and shape should be adapted to your needs, and the planting is as simple as a flower bed. You could also enclose it in glass if you prefer.

Below is pictured the dining end of the big modern room. Glass doors open onto the terrace for summer dining. As with the entire room, the emphasis is on function and comfort rather than on decoration.





A GIRL never knows *what* will happen on a vacation.

Several years ago, for instance, Mrs. Lillian G. Wegner of Buffalo, New York, made an interesting discovery when she visited a friend in the country. She wrote us about it recently:

"When my friend showed me to my room, I noticed the loveliest lace-trimmed sheets and cases on the bed. For a minute I was awfully jealous..."

But only for a minute. Then Mrs. Wegner realized that she could make lace for her own sheets. But was it worth the time? She asked her hostess.

"My friend assured me it certainly was worth while if I got good linens — like her Pequots, which had been her grandmother's."

So Mrs. Wegner went home. And bought some Pequots. And made lace for them. Was it worth while? Read on:

"After five years the lace wore out. But not the Pequots! I felt no hesitation about making new lace for those sheets, because I knew they were worth it."

Probably you're too busy being a Nurse's Aide (if not, shouldn't you, maybe?) to make lace for sheets these days. But it's an idea to remember when there's time for fancy work ... and when there are plenty of Pequots for all again.

Today, most of our sheets are going to the armed forces. But we're doing our best to supply *some* Pequots for retail stores. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

PEQUOT SHEETS

so good-looking PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES so long-wearing

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

MEN—KEEP OUT!

(Continued from Page 5)

lot of places they would not be anyway if we did not drag them in. For instance, men should keep out of discussions on women's clothes. I admit that they hate discussing women's clothes, and they never would do it if I did not drag them into it, but they should have sufficient sense to stay out anyway. The same goes for all discussions about women. Men should stay out of arguments with women—especially with me, but try and do it!" ***—Emily Hahn.***

"Everything I think men should stay away from is merely protection *for* them (my incurable mother complex, I suppose). But I do think men should keep away from washing dishes (because they always feel so virtuous when they do it) and also from walking dogs along the curb. Both practices are completely inappropriate to males." ***—Kay Boyle.***

"The only thing I want my husband to keep out of is my creative processes, and I think that is essential, because only one person can create, and telling a plot or discussing it is generally fatal to it. Critical discussion after the work is done is something else again, and I value my husband's advice tremendously." ***—Nancy Hale.***

"Don't snoop in the galley when I'm fixin' chow! If a man back-seat-drives on the cooking, this Wave will never prove that a uniform doesn't preclude a certain aptness in the culinary art. One of two things happens, when a man violates my 'Keep Out' sign. Either he eats lumpy gravy, burned soup and a roast that detoured to the floor en route from oven to table, or—he gets the apron! And that goes for postwar days, too, when the 'galley' is the kitchen again—and I'm 'Mrs.' Luray, not 'Lt.'" ***—Rhoda LeCocq Luray, Lt. (jg) USNR.***

"I'd like to hang a 'Keep Out' sign for men in negligee departments of stores. A woman feels foolish enough anyway when



she's trying on a negligee or house coat over her street clothes, but the presence of a bewildered and baffled male lurking along the side lines throws her quite off her balance." ***—Carole Landis.***

"I feel very strongly that all men who are not professional designers should silence their opinions on women's clothes, especially women's hats. When I think of the bitter howls I have heard from men on this subject—and also on make-up and nail lacquer—I am moved to pitying wonder at man's waste of time and emotion and also at man's blindness in realizing that *nothing* he says, however derisive or condemning, has ever had the slightest effect!" ***—Sophie Kerr.***

"I wish men wouldn't try to do women's programs! For years I've been campaigning against women's programs anyway, and saying mine was a program for human beings. Now suddenly here are men advising women, teasing them, coquetting with them over the daytime air. If they don't stop, I think I'll start a men's program!" ***—Mary Margaret McBride.***

WOMEN—KEEP OUT!

(Continued from Page 5)

while one waits to get into a bus or up to a box office, is as irritating as a man telling a dull story for the third time.

"In general, however, the truth is that I like to have women about me at all times and in all places that I like to see men. The place I want them most is the very place they seem increasingly anxious to keep out of—and that's home." ***—Channing Pollock.***

"I can think of no place in the world where a man might be that would not at any time be made a better, sweeter, happier place through a woman's being there; I can think of no place that is not as properly a woman's



place as a man's—except that Pandora's box that all men carry: their pockets. Women, God bless you, keep out!" ***—Rockwell Kent.***

"I am not an antifeminist in any way. I wouldn't deny any field to women. However, if they are going to play poker—I'll keep out. I don't say it is a man's game. But I do say that I don't want to play it the way most women play it. They won't concentrate, they never know whose deal it is, they can't remember the value of chips and they can't talk and play at the same time the way men do. When they talk they've got to hold up the game. The only woman I've ever played poker with who made any sense at the game is Lillian Hellman, the playwright. She also writes very good plays too." ***—Russel Crouse.***

"I think a woman should stay out of the garage when a man is trying to fix his car, as she will get his mind off what he is doing and he will probably wind up getting a mechanic." ***—Pfc. William E. Shaffer, USMC.***

"I wouldn't advise a woman to try sports writing, though I hear a few are doing it now. Some of the best stories come out of the clubhouse, before and after showers, and how could you expect a gal to compete on even terms with her brother colleagues? Women seem to be batting hard in the heavy-industries league right now, but they ought to step out after the war and try something new and different—like plastics, which would seem to be more down their alley. Of course you don't have to be a muscle man to mix drinks behind a bar, but I can't see a woman in a job like that either. The main idea, I think, is for women to give up the sort of job a soldier is likely to be needing when this war is over." ***—Staff Sgt. Joe DiMaggio, USAAF.***



Farmer's Helper! He's young and he's small. But all day long, he's helped his father plant the vegetables which will go to feed Americans—and hungry people overseas.

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Dundee—THE NAME TO REMEMBER WHEN BUYING TOWELS

THE HOUSE AND MR. PEEL

(Continued from Page 28)

of our twig on the Chandler family tree. I unloaded the car while Mr. Peel watched by the doorstep, and then I drove to the other house to fetch them. When I returned, the big moving van was backed up under the sugar maples.

Mr. Peel was under the sugar maples too. As I turned in he was hovering like a sentinel in the shadows and sunlight, his hands lost in his trousers pockets and his white head, with the cap perched straight on top, craned out toward the three men lugging our goods along the plank into the house.

I put the car in the barn and walked up, carrying an armful of books, toward the van. Janice and Tommy went over to investigate the one-story shingled guesthouse, which Mr. Peel had built only five or six years before. It stands at the back of the apple orchard, fifty feet beyond the barn. The dozen or so apple trees were all in blossom.

I wasn't in a mood for apple blossoms. My knees were still shaky from carrying things and I had all kinds of moving-day worries on my mind. Including Mr. Peel.

"Well," I said, "I guess you don't need to bother with us any more now, Mr. Peel. It was—nice of you to come over."

When I was close to him, two or three feet away, I searched his faded gray eyes. They had a defeated expression in them, which I saw he was trying to hide by not looking directly at me.

He said, "I'd kind of like to stay around and watch a little, Mr. Chandler. You got quite a job comin' with that piano when they try to git it in."

"I know how you feel, Mr. Peel," I said. "But ——"

"I won't be a nuisance, Mr. Chandler. I won't git in the way. I'd just kind of like to —— Hey!" he shouted and was gone from my side, striding down past the van. "Lookit what you fellers done with that bureau!" he scolded one of the men. "Lookit! That door is ruined!"

I went after him and saw where he was pointing. The man had gouged the door-frame with a caster on Dorothy's bureau. It was nothing that a little putty and some paint wouldn't patch.

"It's up to me to worry about the house now, Mr. Peel," I said quietly.

His head came around and twisted up toward me. His eyes were a bit misty. Then he nodded and his eyes melted away from mine. "Yes," he said, "I know. I know, Mr. Chandler."

We were busier than I shall ever again want to be that day and the days that followed. Janice and Tommy had started in the new school and were off our hands, but there was the settling to be done and the fixing up to go along with it. I stayed home from the office on precious vacation time the rest of the week, though office work would have been a blessed surcease from the hard toil of making a home for ourselves. We ate, we slept, we lived the house; it was a full twenty-four-hour-a-day preoccupation.

Mr. Peel was with us in a growing relationship. Not until the matter of the parlor paint and the final climactic moments did we see him with clarity, with full awareness, but we saw him. We saw him often.

He had kept to his bungalow the day after we moved in, and even the following day he contented himself with ambling along down the road past the house with his pipe sagging at a depressed angle—lingering a little to gaze from under his cap toward the house and then going on like a prisoner looking through bars.

The next day was Saturday, and I was starting a precautionary shearing of the lawn before it outdistanced me. Mr. Peel arrived

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outside in the road. Then he moved with hesitation up the driveway. I had just completed one swath in front of the veranda.

"You'll find it easier the other way," he said.

I came to a full halt and leaned on the handle and stared at him. "Which way, Mr. Peel?"

"If you go down toward the road it's easier pushin'. Then you cut up across kittywise and come down the other side."

I couldn't see that it made much difference how you went. If you did it with a twenty-horsepower mower it was still a tough job. It's a big lawn. "Un-huh," I said.

"It's a good lawn," he said. "I put it in new thirty years ago and it's always been like velvet. Them lilacs and peonies'll stand loosenin' up pretty soon."

"Yes," I said.

"And lookit—I meant to tell you about the apple trees. You know about apple trees?"

I said, "Not much. I was going to spray them." Then I added with a little suppressed heat, "When I get to it."

"You got to spray 'em five times," Mr. Peel said. "I did 'em a week ago. They'll be needin' it again when the petals git fallin'. Here, let me show you about the lawn."

He came shambling forward and grasped the handle from me. His eyes had a sudden look of sheer contentment. He went, a hunched, slow, gray figure, pushing the thing down toward the road and then back up diagonally and down the other side along where the woods meet the lawn. He was grinning softly while the blades sang and he kept his eyes down on the showering grass. He started back up on another diagonal.

I went over to him. "I'll cut the lawn, Mr. Peel," I said with firmness.

His eyes flew up, almost bewildered, and I had the curious idea for a moment that he had forgotten I was there. "I was just showin' you," he said, and backed away.

"Well, I've got to hurry with it now, Mr. Peel," I told him. "We're pretty busy around here, you know."

He waited a moment, standing silent. Then, "You doin'—anything much inside?"

"Settling mostly," I said carefully.

"You—changin' much in there?"

I said, "No. Not much. Not yet."

He squinted at me in the sun. "Goin' to do much outside?"

"I'm going to paint it myself," I told him. "Later." I started off with the lawn mower. "It's about impossible to find painters."

I saw his shadow coming after me along the grass. "What—what color?"

"Gray," I said. "With blue trim."

His voice grew stronger. "It looks nice white," he said steadily.

I kept on.

"You know blue will fade in the sun," he said. "Davey and me painted it together the last time. Took us a month, even with both of us workin'. And Davey was a good worker. He did the high parts. That was before he went away. It's a terrible job."

I stopped dead and made the best pretense I could of being calm. "Look, Mr. Peel," I said. "We like gray and blue."

He was bleakly quiet for a long moment, slumped there half-a-dozen feet away. I started forward again. Then I felt him beside me; his gnarled hand was plucking at my sleeve. I came to another halt.

"I was—just thinkin', Mr. Chandler," he muttered. "Would it be a help to you if—maybe I"—he took a deeper breath and poured it all out in a rush—"if I took care of the lawn for you and maybe the fruit trees?"

He had me off balance on that one. "I—oh, I couldn't afford that, Mr. Peel."

He stood with his mild eyes pleading up at me. "I mean for nothin'," he said simply.

(Continued on Page 147)

A LONG FUTURE

To be two years a widow exceedeth a college education.
—GELETT BURGESS.



Cambridge

The beauty which distinguishes Cambridge crystal is the result of perfect modeling and proportions, hand-crafted in the clear and unusually brilliant Cambridge glass. Those who employ taste and good judgment in selecting crystal have long appreciated that Cambridge styling is above passing fashion, that the set one starts with may be added to from open stock and that the prestige of the Cambridge label never places a premium on the price. If your dealer is temporarily out of an item, please make allowances for wartime.

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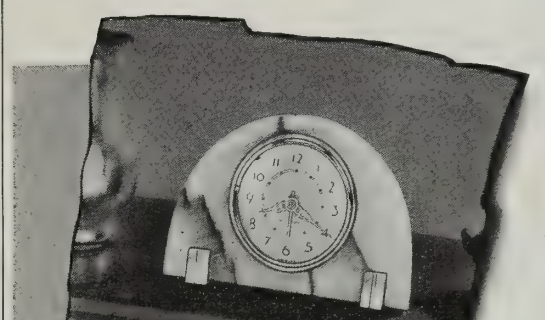


"Things to get for our home when Harry returns"

ENSIGN HARRY'S WIFE has a war job today. But she keeps a scrapbook of ideas for the home they'll have when Harry comes back. And the War Bonds she buys now will help make it come true.

Today, Seth Thomas* clocks are not available. All our facilities are producing intricate timing devices for war. But soon, we hope, you'll again see traditionally accurate and dependable Seth Thomas self-starting electric and spring-wound clocks in better stores everywhere. The best is always worth waiting for.

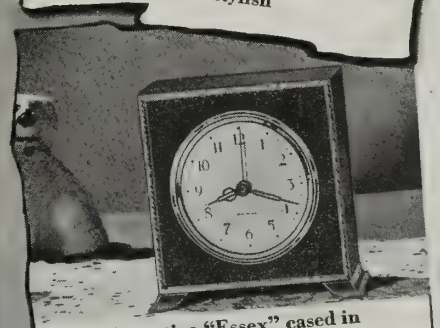
*SETH THOMAS IS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



A stunner for our boudoir

"Vista"... in onyx, smart and stylish

Harry will love this on his desk!



Attractive "Essex" cased in brass and mahogany

Perfect—for our mantel



"Sharon"... charming Early American model

Seth Thomas Clocks

THOMASTON CONNECTICUT

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC OR SPRING-WOUND

A product of GENERAL TIME *Instruments Corporation*



Flower Show FOR YOUR BOUDOIR AND BATH

Plant Textron rose-strewn "Showers" and bathroom curtains, frilly bedspreads, draperies and dressing table skirts in your boudoir and bath. All in smoothest, petal-fresh Textron* rayon taffeta . . . tailored with the parachute-precision used in turning out Textron's fabric necessities of war. Red roses on Snow White. Single Bedspreads about $22.50. Double about $24.50. "Showers" and matching Window Curtains about $7.50 each. Bedroom ensembles proportionately priced. These are all sold separately, too! Slightly higher on the West Coast. At leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

TEXTRON *Home Fashions*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Listen to Helen Hayes every Sunday at 10:15 P.M., EWT, over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

(Continued from Page 145)

"No," I said quickly. "I couldn't do that, Ir. Peel. No, I can manage."

"But—please, Mr. Chandler." It was al-ıost a whisper.

I couldn't stand his boring away at me. Vhat was mine was mine, and I was going ɔ take care of it myself. "No," I said, ɔint-blank. "No, thank you, Mr. Peel."

I shoved off once again with the lawn ıower. A moment or two later I heard Mr. eel murmur "Good-by." I turned a little ıd watched him going over to the driveway. e held his head straight before him. He ıdn't look back.

It was the next day I fell off the ladder. Dorothy had wanted the windows washed ɛfore she put up her tiebacks and I had ·ogressed around to the second-floor bath-ɔom window when the extension ladder ipped on a flagstone below. I came down a rush—cleaning powder, water, cloths ıd all.

It looked and it felt like a broken arm. orothy drove me over to a doctor we found the village and we were back in an hour—ith the arm in a sling. It was broken, all ght: simple fracture. The right arm.

Mr. Peel showed up, as if by clairvoyance, ı hour later. I was huddled in a weakened ndition on the parlor davenport, but I ɔuld see his capped head clearly beyond the ıll. Upstairs Janice had started the radio, ıt I could make out what Mr. Peel said.

"I come over to bring you the Sunday ıper," he started when Dorothy went to e screen door. "I get it delivered, you ıow."

"Mr. Chandler just broke his arm," Doro-y announced with unconcealed drama. He fell off the ladder."

Through the door I saw Mr. Peel's dim es straining up with intensity at Dorothy. ıen suddenly I was sure that they beamed. was positive of it.

"That's—that's awful," he said.

"Yes," Dorothy said.

Mr. Peel quivered in complete silence. Then the words started coming fast. "Now if I can be of some help, Mrs. Chandler," he poured out. "Any of the things that you young'uns need doin' around here ——"

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Peel."

"Anything at all," Mr. Peel raced on, and now the joy was definite and soaring in his voice. "Anything at all. You see, I ——"

Dorothy said, "I certainly will call on you if we need you. I certainly will."

Mr. Peel repeated his offer again. Finally he said "Good-by." I watched him backing away from the door and then saw his small huddled figure hurrying past the bay windows, striking off down the driveway. At the road, he threw one quick look back at the house, and I am sure that his face was smiling. I am also sure that he skipped, as he passed from sight.

Mr. Peel took over in expanding ways after that.

He finished washing the windows the next day, on absolute insistence; and the following day, when I had walked home from the train after the first day back in the office, I saw that he had cleaned out the garage part of the barn. I also saw red. I had words with Dorothy about it. We decided on a firm attitude—and the next morning Mr. Peel was out by the guesthouse, spraying the fruit trees with the apparatus he had sold us with the place. It was a simple step from that to turning over the old-fashioned garden on the south side and the flower borders around the house.

Later in the week we went through one of our desperate stages. Tommy sent a baseball through the kitchen window; the kitchen plumbing got stopped up, with no plumber available; the carpenter we'd hired to put in badly needed shelves didn't show up; and Janice developed a bad spring cold. I gave up resisting Mr. Peel, temporarily at least, and let him help. I didn't speak to him very often, but I noticed he was happier than I'd yet seen him. He moved through the house

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE consoling thing about an adolescent . who talks all the time is that at least you ow what she's thinking.

Girl: what any woman over forty calls other.

Note to brides: Trying out a new dish on e day you are entertaining is as dangerous untying a package with a "tick" inside.

She had gone through life being silent at e wrong places.

The child who *eats all of everything* is not ways one to be emulated; he may only ow up to have indigestion.

There comes a time in family life when, e a mass of flower bulbs, the individuals ıst be separated and each given his own ıre of free soil.

One blessing from having four children is ıt, if you need to borrow something in a rry, you have more neighborhood cov-ge.

She thought every man was a man after own heart.

Like a child gathering the first flowers of ring, a woman should seek all the beauty e can find everywhere and bring it into r home.

Adolescence: that stage you are convinced u never went through at the same age.

Childhood should not be overcast by clouds of financial disaster; listening to talk about the high cost of living, taxes or a mortgage. In these days, a child has all he can do to grow up sanely under the shadow of a war.

Young daughter's description of a playmate: "She hasn't any more gumption than my water colors."

If my husband and I settle our two gardening problems (whether or not to have straight rows and whether or not to stake the tomatoes) without an argument, we are quite apt to get through the rest of the season on good terms.

The best thing about the shortage in materials is that most of us no longer have to search for a piece of string, pin or scrap of paper.

Obstinacy in children is like a kite; it is kept up just as long as we pull against it.

Suggestion for middle age: After forty, the only figures you add to are bank accounts.

Some people believe that every laborer is worthy of his hire—except a mother.

Note to wives: When your husband too frequently announces at eight o'clock, "Guess I'll take a bath and go to bed," your duty is to prevent it. You can't let him feel that old, even if *you* do.

★ ★

STRICTLY PERSONAL

Fair warning! Once we get this bed made, I think I'll dive right in again. Who could resist such nice new sheets?

"New," darling? These lovely Pepperell Sheets are five years old! They wear so well we needn't worry about the sheet shortage . . .



HE: We needn't *worry?* Say, in my opinion, a pair of clean sheets every week is one of the *greatest* inventions . . .

SHE: Smart housekeeping, too, dear. And laundering right after using, with very thorough rinsing, makes sheets last longer.

HE: Hmm. Got any more of those sheet-saving ideas? I want to be *sure* of my priority . . .

SHE: Then watch those hems! Reversing head to foot, every other week, distributes wear evenly.

HE: That's an easy one. Go on . . .

SHE: Choose clean sheets from the bottom of the pile, to rotate wear. And *always* mend rips immediately.

HE: Never saw rips in these sheets yet, honey.

SHE: Well, darling, remember *we* bought *Pepperell Sheets*—for the practical luxury of beautiful sheets with the wear woven in.

Free! SHEET-SAVING HINTS!

Send for Pepperell's 24-page conservation booklet! Address: Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 168 State Street, Boston 2, Mass.

PEPPERELL SHEETS

*Lady Pepperell * Duchess * Countess * Abbotsford*



Old King Cole

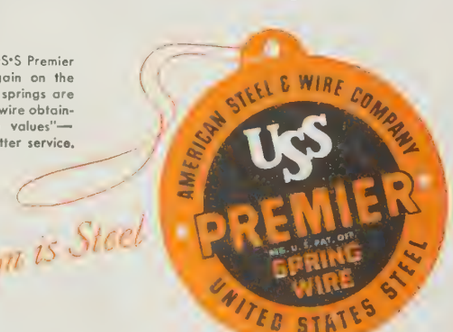
knew how to relax!

THERE'S A MAN who really knew about comfort! All he had to do was light up his pipe and enjoy the fiddle music—while he took his ease in a luxuriously comfortable chair. Since he was a comfort specialist, we like to think that he had his throne cushioned with steel springs of Premier Wire—realizing that "the softest thing you can sit on is *steel.*"

But you don't have to be a king to know that inner springs are synonymous with comfort. Upholstered furniture, mattresses, and bed springs made with well-constructed springs of Premier Wire give you *lasting* comfort.

Before the war, most of the better furniture and mattress manufacturers used Premier Spring Wire. Now, the machinery that made Premier Wire is needed for war production. Even kings can't buy Premier "inner-spring comfort" at present. But, Premier will be back. Then, when you buy furniture and sleep equipment, remember to look for the famous U·S·S Premier Tag. It's your assurance of long-lasting comfort—fit for a king.

It will pay you to look for the U·S·S Premier Tag when Premier is once again on the market. It will tell you that the springs are made with the finest steel spring wire obtainable. It's the key to "hidden values"—solid comfort, long life, and better service.



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UNITED STATES STEEL

with his strong-smelling pipe stuck sideways under his mustache and he hummed to himself in his low, muffled monotone.

It was the matter of the parlor paint that began to bring us face to face with the reality of Mr. Peel and our house. After the two days' emergency he swung gradually to other jobs inside: leaking faucets at first, then one more shelf that Dorothy simply had to have in the pantry, a bedroom door that needed planing and refitting. He was a handy man around a house. Even with two good arms, I wasn't.

He was there in the parlor the following Sunday afternoon when Dorothy became really ambitious and decided we were going to paint the parlor woodwork. He had brought over his Sunday paper again. He was by the hall door, cap in hand, ready to leave, when Dorothy came in with a new gallon can of white paint and a battered empty can for mixing. She put them on the floor on an old cloth.

"You're goin' to paint something, Mrs. Chandler?" he asked.

"This room," Dorothy said. "And right now. If I can mix the gray I want."

Mr. Peel waited a long moment while Dorothy started pottering around, uncapping tubes of mixing colors. I looked on; I wished he would hurry and go home.

Then he said, "Gray?"

"A nice warm gray," Dorothy said. "It'll take a little raw umber in the white, a little black, and maybe just a flick of red. Oyster gray."

Dorothy is very clever at mixing colors. But I could see Mr. Peel regarding her now with dismay.

"She and me painted this room," he stated after another wait.

Dorothy said, "Did you?" I glowered a little; I knew what was coming.

"Just like you and Mr. Chandler are thinkin' of doin'," he went on. "We did it three different times. The last time Davey was big enough to help." He hovered in a telling silence. "We always kept it white."

Dorothy had emptied half of the gallon can into the empty can and she didn't waver. She squeezed a little blob of raw umber down into the whiteness. "It's going to be gray now, Mr. Peel," she said and began stirring the mixture with a paddle. "You—can help Mr. Chandler move the furniture out from the baseboards if you want to."

I started tugging one-handed at the furniture and Mr. Peel shoved gently beside me, without enthusiasm. He finished up by the fireplace and he clung there, his hands hanging limp at his sides and his eyes dreaming across the room toward Dorothy.

Then Dorothy said, "There—that's a nice gray."

I stepped over and looked down at the gray she had achieved.

"I guess I told you," Mr. Peel said unexpectedly, "Phoebe and me were married in this room."

We didn't answer.

"I met her on a sleigh ride," he ran on. "It's—funny how things start . . . and end. All them years gone. She loved this house. She worked her heart out on the house—and on this room. She used to set here, rockin' in her chair, admirin' it. She'd feel pretty bad, I guess, thinkin' the color was bein' changed so much, but ——" His eyes met ours—and we saw sheer desperation and challenge in them at last.

I straightened and took a step toward him. I was fed up with him. I think he saw I was ready to tell him to go along and leave us alone. Dorothy saw too.

"Bill!" she said.

"Look, Mr. Peel," I began. "I ——"

I had the words nicely forming, when we heard an automobile coming in the driveway. I looked out. It was friends of ours from the neighborhood we'd lived in before.

Dorothy ejaculated, "Heavens!"

Mr. Peel grunted. I started pushing furniture back in place.

"Never mind that," Dorothy said. "You better get this paint out of the way."

(Continued on Page 150)



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"Darling, I must warn you — Mother will show you the door!"

Suppose you were visiting your new mother-in-law for the first time. Suppose your husband told you — but wait! It's not what you think.





1 "So you are Bob's Mary! Welcome home, my dear. You children must be starving after that long train ride. Just drop your things anywhere and come right on out in the kitchen. I'll fix you a snack in a jiffy!"



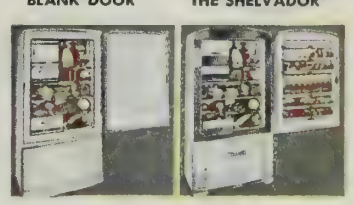
2 "Bob, you idiot! So this refrigerator door is the door your Mother shows me! It's wonderful! All that extra food where you can reach it so easily! Bob, we *must* have a Crosley with the Shelvador* for our new home!"



3 In the Bob-and-Mary dream kitchen of tomorrow there'll be great times! Bob with veteran appetite, will lead raiding parties on the front-line ranks of Shelvador* food. Mary will prepare meals "on the double" — the double array of front-row food in the Crosley Shelvador*. Yes — the Crosley Shelvador* is worth waiting for.

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Life of the party

When next you have a party and
Some streamers call for hanging,
Use Texcel Tape – no nails, no holes,
No thumbs made sore from banging.

(Texcel won't mar wall paint – the "stickum's" bonded on!)



Your favorite sheet of music torn?
No need to sue your friends.
You'll find that handy Texcel Tape
Makes neat, transparent mends.

(Texcel mends securely – the "stickum's" bonded on!)



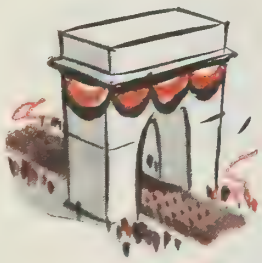


And when, the party over,
You're putting food away,
Use Texcel Tape to seal it up –
The flavor's in to stay!

(Texcel holds and holds – the "stickum's" bonded on!)

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Before the judgment dawn.





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Texcel Tape

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE – STICKS WITH A TOUCH

INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION
A Subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

(Continued from Page 148)

But Mr. Peel was already bending over. "I'll git it down cellar," he was saying. "I'll put it down there on the bench, then I'll go along and git out of your way."

He went into the pantry, holding a can in each hand, and we heard his footsteps going down the cellar stairs. Dorothy had the cloth and the tubes out of the way and I had most of the furniture back in place as the third ring came on the doorbell.

We were sitting down with the callers and making explanations when I heard the outside cellar door shut and, a moment later, saw Mr. Peel move past the bay windows.

Dorothy's stubbornness came to the fore after the company left, an hour later. "We're still going to paint this room," she announced.

I didn't resist. I know Dorothy. It was dusk already and getting darker, but she started moving the furniture out again and adjusting floor lamps so that they played on the woodwork. She went down cellar and got the battered paint can and two brushes.

One-handed, I was slow, but in three hours we had done two doors, two windows, the mantelpiece and half the baseboard.

We were taking our first real rest and standing back to survey the effect before we began to wonder. Where we had painted, even under the electric lights, was clearly enough only faintly gray. In fact, it was just barely off the white.

"I—thought it was only the different light," Dorothy said. "It's—it's still almost white, Bill. It is!"

We stood a moment looking at each other while the thing stole gradually over us.

"Mr. Peel," Dorothy muttered then. "Mr. Peel."

I said something a little stronger.

Dorothy didn't speak to Mr. Peel about the matter of the paint. It was possible that he had not really dipped out some of the gray mixture and added more white; and the new paint looked at least fresher when we had finished.

Mr. Peel stayed away the next two days. He didn't come back until Wednesday and then he left, I imagined, with forethought, well before I came home. He worked that whole day turning over the vegetable garden he had put in years before, and at noon he was too busy to go home and cook his lunch and Dorothy let him come in and sit down with her and the children. I was pretty sure Dorothy liked having him around. He sat in the big kitchen as if he were a part of it, she said, made for it, and he told the children good stories. I heard the details at night when I came home. And I began to know Phoebe and Jessica and Davey, and even some of Mr. Peel's ancestors, as if I had been born and had grown up with them. I knew the quiet blond woman, Phoebe, who had moved at Mr. Peel's side through all the adventures of the house, richly, from girlhood to old ladyhood; the music-giving, the merry Jessica whose voice in the house had been stilled too early; and the sturdy and lovable Davey, who had progressed from slingshot to air rifle to a .22, and had at last left Mr. Peel and the house, and had gone away to fight Japs. I heard

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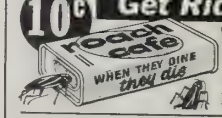
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with a *chisel?*

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Yes! Brillo's square, metal-fiber pads scour neatly, *easily! Polish* too! Get Brillo Soap Pads; or Brillo Cleanser—pads and soap separate. Genuine Brillo's in the red and green box!

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Never is a Miracle

By Elaine V. Emans

This is least important:
That we understand.
Walk with me in starlight;
Sometimes take my hand,
Tell me that our being
Together, dear, is good.
Never is a miracle
Clearly understood.

again of Mr. Peel's worries about Davey, from whom no word had yet come.

We went to New York on the Sunday after the affair of the parlor paint. The company had business for me there and I saw a chance to give Dorothy a change. After breakfast we took the children over to Dorothy's mother and father and then we came back and packed and were ready to drive in town to the train.

Mr. Peel was on hand to see us off. He stood, expectant, by the car while I put our two suitcases in back.

"You two young'uns forgit all about the house," he said. "You go and have a good time. I'll kind of look after things around here."

I was sure enough of that. I took his knuckly hand when he stuck it out, but I said good-by with the cool restraint that had become a habit with me toward him. I hadn't yet figured him out, not really, or come to an understanding about him. Dorothy held her hand out the car window and squeezed his and said good-by. Mr. Peel was in the driveway, waving after us, when we glanced back a last time.

We were gone four days. We took the five-o'clock afternoon train back from New York and got in Boston around nine-thirty. We were back at the house by ten. We had it planned to pick up the children at their grandparents' the next morning.

Dorothy was upstairs unpacking when I heard her call. I don't know why, but I caught the panic she was trying to keep out of her voice. I went up the stairs two at a time. Dorothy was in the room we'd made into a guest room when I reached her.

"Bill," she whispered. "Look. I didn't leave that window shade halfway down. I always leave them all the way up."

Dorothy has a way of remembering things like that; but I tried to appear calm.

"And there," she quavered. "I—I never make a bed—that way!"

I stared at the bed. While I did, I was sniffing. I saw what she meant about the bed too. The blue coverlet was shoved under the pillow badly wrinkled, and it was hanging crooked all down one side.

"Mr. Peel," I said then, and swore.

"Bill!"

"Don't you smell his tobacco?" I asked. "Can't you see the room reeks of Peel's tobacco?"

"But ——"

"But nothing!" I yelled and spun around. "This is enough. I'm going after Peel. Now!"

I went tearing down the stairs and slammed outside the house. I went at a stiff pace down the dark driveway and out into the road. I started up the hill.

Mr. Peel was there twenty feet ahead of me in the night, shuffling forward along the road.

"Mr. Peel!" I said, and I frosted each word with ice.

His old voice came as if from far away, even as he neared me. "You were—comin' after me, Mr. Chandler?"

"Coming after you—yes!" I threw at him.

"Yes," Mr. Peel said then. "I guess I know." He was at my side, moving ob-



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scurely along with me. "I saw the lights on. I was comin' over. To—say I was sorry——"

I said, "We've got quite a few things to talk over, Mr. Peel. Come into the house."

He came along almost soundlessly at my side. We went without speaking along the driveway and in through the door and into the parlor. Dorothy was there, looking pale.

In the quiet light Mr. Peel's face was pale, too, and his small mild eyes were looking at me as if he were seeing beyond me. He stood just inside the door and had his cap in his hand, but he wasn't fumbling with it now; it hung limp and stationary at his side.

"Mr. Peel," I said tightly, "you've been sleeping in our house while we were away."

He whispered one word, "Yes." His eyes didn't meet mine.

"Mr. Peel, you have been intruding in this house since the day we moved in. You have told me how to cut the grass, you have made sure I was going to take care of the apple trees and flowers and you have informed me what color you wanted the house painted."

He remained speechless, his head still down. I glanced over at Dorothy and saw the soft light coming into her eyes again.

"You have edged your way back into this house step by step," I lashed on. "You even changed the paint we were putting in this room we're standing in. And now while we're away you have the nerve to come and *sleep* in our house. We could have you arrested for trespassing, Mr. Peel!" I drew a hard breath. "From here on, I want you to know that ——"

Just then Mr. Peel moved. He took a step forward wearily toward me. His head was up now, the light shining full on his wrinkled skin, and suddenly I saw that he was crying.

He came closer. Then slowly his hand fumbled in his jacket and wavered toward me, holding a piece of yellow paper.

I took it. It was a telegram from the War Department.

It was about—Davey.

"I didn't have nothin' but the house then," the old man whispered. "It—was his room."

The parlor was terribly, awfully silent for a long minute. I didn't look at Dorothy, because I didn't want her to see my eyes. The thing was there around us, stark and very real. I felt it powerfully for the first time. My eyes took in the room without moving and I felt the whole house itself clustered, alive, around the room, and for a moment Phoebe was there rocking gently by the mantel, and the soft music of Jessica was there, and the young voice of Davey who had become a man here in the room, in the house, and had gone out to the world to give himself. They were all there, the people and the past and the echo of them that was left, and Mr. Peel.

And Dorothy and I were just beginning. We were lucky. We were very lucky. I hoped we would make the most of it. I made a deep vow that we would, we and the kids—in kindness and love, with gratefulness, knowing how lucky we were. Then I looked over at Dorothy. I knew she was feeling what I was feeling.

I said after a moment, "Mr. Peel, will you please sit down?"

He shambled the three steps to the davenport and sat gazing up at me.

"Mr. Peel," I said, "how would you like us to fix up the guesthouse down in back? We could work it out together as far as the money is concerned. Fix it up with heat and some insulation. Mr. Peel, how would you like to live there, close by, and help us take care of the house?"

Mr. Peel is there with us now, as I write The blue smoke rises gently from the new chimney on the guesthouse and I am sure he is humming in his monotone to himself as he cooks his lunch. It is good to feel his presence. Somehow the spirit of our house, the old spirit and the new, seems stronger and more alive than ever, because Mr. Peel is near.



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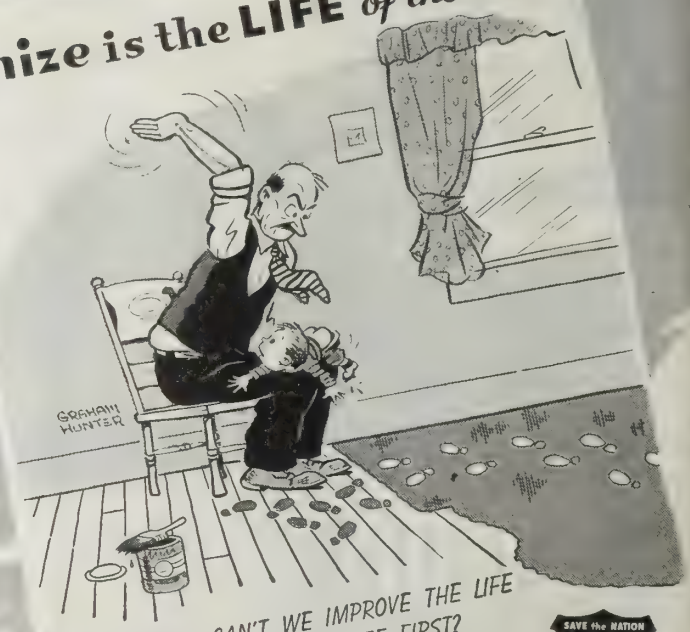
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Not all cockers are merry. Some look as if they had lost their money in an unfortunate investment.

Diary of Domesticity

By Gladys Taber

JUNE in New England is like a lover's dream made tangible. Color and scent and sound; the hills indeed sing. Dawn comes so fresh and cool, and dusk flows like a still river into the deep sea of night. Noons are tranquil gold. There is nothing stern or sober about our Northern countryside now; even the gray rock ledges are gently blurred with silvery green lichens, and in the great cracks time has chipped out a thousand tiny plants get a precarious hold.

Lilacs make their own purple dusk all day, or lift dreamy clusters pure as pearl. Their scent is cool and mysterious. It is surely one of the most romantic smells—it reminds one of old deserted gardens where long-vanished ladies come again to walk in the moonlight.

The white lilacs have a special delicacy, a purity. I always feel too solid when I pick them, and pick them I must! Their odor is even sweeter. I am sure in the dark of the moon my white unicorn comes on delicate little hoofs to find the place where the white lilacs grow and crop the flowers. Sometimes I can tell where he has moved, because the leaves are a little swayed aside. His horn is silver and his eyes dark amber. A white unicorn feeding on white lilacs would be a fine sight to see.

But there are the first roses too!

Also there are green peas to cook with a mint leaf, and crisp rosy radishes, and the asparagus bed still holds out. The early vegetables are a delight.

Then comes a day warm enough for the first swim, and Eight Mile is fresh and clean in June, before the water weeds get too thick. Nothing is more exciting than that first plunge, the breathless shock of clear water, the buoyant feeling of being held up in that special element again.

I think of what Van Gogh meant when he said, "But I always think that the best way to know God is to love many things."

Briefly, in June, the children drift back, touching home base again for a time. The girls come with fanfare, laden with dirty laundry enough for the whole armed forces, with run-over shoes and broken glasses and cavities in their teeth. With boxes of books tied up with old rope, and with phonograph records in suitcases. The preliminary approach is made by tons of air mail and ordinary mail and post cards. As they get closer, the phone begins to ring. None of their friends, it appears, has any idea when they will arrive, how long they will stay, or where they are going as soon as they are mended and repaired and ready for combat again in the mysterious outside worlds parents wot not of.

The culinary department has been stocked for some days with everything that can be baked, boiled, roasted or whipped up in advance. It appears that no food of any kind has passed the lips of the younger members of our family for weeks. In a semifainting condition, they fall into the kitchen and admit they are at the point of collapse.

We begin to eat. We eat our way through waffles for breakfast to popcorn and cocoa late at night for some days. Rivers of soft drinks run, and mounds of cookies vanish like magic.

I have a nice recipe for chicken casserole for one meal. It came from a little leaflet called Katie Kilowatt, published in Fort Worth, and was sent from Texas. You wash and cut up a young hen, roll in flour, salt and pepper, and brown in drippings. Then the chicken goes in a casserole, and with it two tablespoons of minced green pepper, one tablespoon of minced onion, three tablespoons of diced celery, a clove of garlic and one cup of hot water. This bakes slowly (350° F.) for about two hours, then off comes the cover while it browns.

For supper the next day, there are stuffed eggs with cheese sauce. I use six hard-cooked eggs cut in half lengthwise, yolks removed and mashed with some of the chicken (at least four tablespoons), one teaspoon of grated onion, salt, pepper, pinch of dry mustard, four tablespoons of cream. I fill the whites with this mixture and put them in a buttered baking dish, cover with cheese sauce. I make the sauce by adding one half cup of grated cheese, sharp if possible, to medium white sauce. Or by melting a package of cheddar cheese in the top of a double boiler with half a cup of milk. The eggs and sauce are baked until lightly browned. A wonderful supper dish.



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A short time ago there was a world-wide controversy over whether eggs in China were standing on end to announce the arrival of spring. All the papers took it up, Mr. Einstein was quoted, Chinese officials made statements. An egg is a wonderful thing, standing on end or lying down in a relaxed position. But I'll take my eggs scrambled or in an omelet or creamed or fried until the edges are crisply brown and the center firm and golden. Or poached and nesting on browned hash with a parsley curl for a bonnet.

When yolks are left over, I slip them in boiling salted water and have them hard-cooked for salads or in spreads or grated on top of green vegetables. Leftover whites are always good beaten well and with applesauce folded in, chilled and served for dessert in tall glasses.

Every afternoon, the cockers and I set up our milk-and-egg bar. They all come in the back kitchen and sit waiting for me to beat up their eggs, add milk and put the pans down.

Not all cockers are merry; in fact, some always look as if they had lost their money in an unfortunate investment and were applying for home relief. But Melody is as merry as a gay Elizabethan lyric. I believe she is the merriest cocker we ever had. She is in a constant throb of wagging, and she laughs when she looks at you. Her small compact black-satin self is always in motion, expressing joy. She is very bouncy, and her eyes shine with mirth and love when she rolls over and waves her paws at you. If she is helping me with the housework, she follows from room to room, wagging her tail off. If I look at her, she bursts into rapture like a rocket. She is also very full of love. She is the kind of cocker that cannot bear to have a magazine page between you and her; she can hardly bear it if you even cast a hasty glance away from her.

One thing about us, says Jill, we do admire our animals. We can stop anything to admire Esmé and Tigger. When Esmé gets in a gypsy mood, she steals up on Tigger, who has his black solid bulk at ease in the softest part of the softest pillow in the house. Paw after secret paw, she moves like a shadow over the floor, then suddenly reaches out the iron hand in the brown-velvet glove and slaps him smartly.

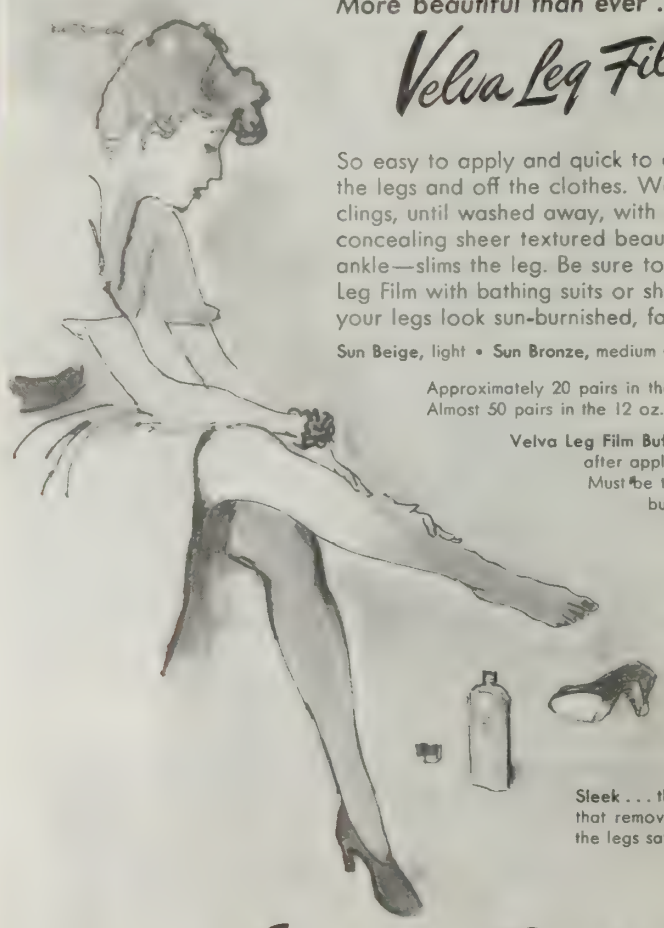
"Look here," he says, "go play by yourself; a man has his own concerns to think over."

She leaps, cuffs his ears. She begins to talk loudly in Siamese and he talks back in Connecticut Yankee. Presently the house seems full of dashing cats. And after they have played round and round the mulberry bush all over, they collapse happily in the chair by the fire, put their arms around each other, and Esmé gives Tigger a warm kiss.

The whole temper of a people is shown by the look of the animals. Connecticut cows look clean and prosperous, although not so richly fat as Wisconsin cows. The horses that move slowly over the fields are sleek and shining. The dogs that race through the farmyards have the look of pets, and you seldom see them chained and lean-looking as they are in some parts of America.

This is a kindly village too. The post office is in the general store, and Miss Evangeline and her helpers work in front behind the store window. They are so pleasant, they make handling the mail a gracious thing. They are pleased when you get the letter you wanted so much from your child. They are regretful if "No, there is nothing for you today." And they sell me stamps without making me feel inferior. In the city, I dread going to my post office. I approach the stamp window timidly and feel as if I had no right, really, to bother them. And when the fearful fact emerges that I cannot think quickly how many three-cent stamps I should get for a dollar, I am withered by a blast of scorn. Mailing a package in the city is a terrible ordeal. But how different it is in the store post office. Miss Evangeline may stop to say she has been picking

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vild strawberries. In canning season, every-body within hearing discusses what is being put up.

There are two stores in our village, one garage and three lumber companies. There is a railroad station, but no trains. Only a freight car of feed or coal comes in. The express comes by truck, and when a package comes, the agent loads it in the car for you, or, if it is too big for the car, will always help take it to pieces so you can transport it. In the second store you buy meat, if there is any. And Jimmy, who can dress up a turkey to look like a magazine photograph for Thanksgiving, is always ready to chop up a little extra meat for the dogs.

The vegetable man keeps the baskets of fresh vegetables clean and attractive; he picks out the best vegetables carefully, and is as cheerful when you buy one lemon as when you buy an armload.

The garageman puts air in the tires just as pleasantly as in the days when gas and oil flowed like the Housatonic. Mr. St. Pierre, who owns the garage and one store, has a slim Doberman-pinscher puppy. Usually when you drive to the village, Mr. St. Pierre is standing in the door looking anxiously after the Doberman, just to be sure he is all right.

All this adds up to something very important. The war has tended to make people irritable, nervous, jumpy and unpleasant. I have a friend who says sadly, "I've been insulted steadily ever since the war started, everywhere I've been." Harassed, overtired, nervous people all over our country are taking it out on one another. But the people around here just haven't succumbed to it. And it renews my faith in America all over again because they have stayed as kind and patient and pleasant as before the war.

It adds up to something else. Life is not, after all, made up of grand moments, grand gestures, glorious achievements. Life is made up of many days filled with the small things. Shopping, going to the post office, using the telephone, keeping house—these make up the chief sum of our days. And to me, it seems infinitely greater to make all the people one sees feel a little happier for it than to paint a masterpiece or be in bright lights on Broadway. After we are all gone down the river of time, the simple kindness of those who fulfill their daily tasks graciously will overbalance any single special feat.

I believe with all my heart that there are people in all the lands, among all the races, who have this gift for living. There are people with love enough to give their neighbors whose bounty is like Juliet's: the more they give, the more they have, for both are infinite. And such people must make our new world.

I have moments when I am frightened, as one must be, reading about intolerance and hate that sucks men down in a swampy muck. When the names of loyal Japanese-Americans were struck from a roll in one place in the West, when a white worker strikes because a colored worker comes in, when anti-Semitism raises a cobra hood. There are plenty of such things to sicken the heart, and it is only realistic to face them.

But then I count the other people, the friendly folk, and I am comforted, and I have hope.

I believe that fundamentally this war is being fought to preserve the individual, and somehow, in spite of mistakes and political chicanery and the weakness of men's judgments, I believe it will. I believe, in the end, a man will be able to walk freely on the earth, and hold his head high, just because he is a man.

When I watch the June dusk, and see the sky glow with the color of moonstone, and hear a farm wagon creaking down the shadowy road, I know how beautiful the world is. Someday the sky will be as quiet over all the earth, and the sound of folk going home for supper will replace the roar of guns.

Surely Gibran was right, and sadness is but a wall between two gardens!



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SAYS PAUL HESSE, AND PROVES HIS CLAIM WITH HIS CAMERA

PHOTO BY PAUL HESSE



BY LOUISE PAINE BENJAMIN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

PAUL HESSE has a rare gift. He can make even the loveliest women seem lovelier, as you can see by the photographs on this page. Better than that, he can bring out in the average woman, who considers her looks only passable, some quality of beauty that she can cherish forever. For every woman has a peak of beauty which she touches at some moment in her life, when great joy or great tenderness makes a warm singing in her heart that is echoed by ineffable loveliness in her face. Too many women fail to discover for themselves this hidden beauty, and so their shining moment passes unrecorded, and they are touched only briefly with the glory which might be theirs always, if they knew how to capture and hold it.

Mr. Hesse has devoted his professional life to discovering ways of assuring his feminine camera subjects of this peak of beauty at the moment when he clicks the lens. He has, understandably, learned a great deal about the practical steps which may be taken to develop potential charm, since the camera cannot wait until the heaven-sent moment when love, patriotism or white-heat enthusiasm engenders radiance in a woman's face.

The perfect moment for a portrait arrives when a woman's inner self and outer self are both at their best. Of the first, Mr. Hesse says:

"Sometimes I can bring out this inner beauty with music, sometimes with conversation. I try to get a particular mood: sparkle, gaiety, sentimentality. When this fleeting expression crosses her face—an intimate sweet look, either happy or thoughtful—I hurry to get the picture. In that instant the girl has transcended herself. She has gone back to her mystic beginnings. She is Eve and Lorelei, woman eternal, and she is beautiful. *There is no mistaking it.* I have seen this look on a gray-haired woman as she looked at her son. I have seen it on a very plain young girl when she looked at a boy she adored. It has nothing to do with features or figure. It has nothing to do with age. And here is the secret: that look can be cultivated."

How can it be cultivated? Since it emanates from your inner being, it must start way down inside of you, with your attitude about living. You must develop, first of all, that precious asset which might be called "soul vitality," since it springs from your very roots. You recognize it at once in other women. It is the warmth that is shared with friends, it is kind laughter, it is a forward-looking spirit. It has nothing whatever to do with the shape of your nose or the color of your hair. It has everything to do with a generous response to life. Most of all, it has to do with your *belief in yourself.* Not your importance, or superiority, but your sincere belief in your ability to be lovable, and therefore charming.

Successful actresses cultivate this ability to a superlative degree. Many adored actresses are not beautiful by ordinary standards at all. But they have learned the trick of projecting a persuasive personality across the footlights, or from the screen, so that audiences are spellbound and carry away with them the *impression of beauty* which is more potent than any mere perfection of face or figure.

Even actresses who are generously equipped by Nature in the first place know how important it is to reinforce their physical assets with other more subtle, and more lasting, charms. A shining example is Greer Garson. Granted she has a lot to start with—fine figure, face and carriage—these still are not the things you notice first. What first attracts you is her speaking voice; it is low, well-modulated and has deep warmth. This warmth makes her sound very sympathetic and understanding. Her laughter is wonderful too: genuinely amused, but never off-key, never strident. Her eyes have depths. You look into them first; later you begin to *(Continued on Page 158)*

Joan Fontaine is typical of the many healthy, good-looking girls whose own natural loveliness becomes real glamour as a result of Paul Hesse's expert photography





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FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

(Continued from Page 156)

analyze other features. But long before you start your analysis you are prejudiced on the side of beauty. Why? Because you like her personality. Her inner charm shines through. She has great magnetism. On the screen she literally holds millions of people in a trance by the expression on her face and the quality of her voice. Of such intangible things as these is the illusion of beauty created.

The point is this: she can turn off and on at will that great hypnotic quality, that deep-rooted womanliness, that force most women are not even conscious of possessing. It's a trick which has been utilized by actresses for centuries.

If movie stars can do it, you can too. Remember that true beauty is an *expression* on your face, not your features, skin or coloring. Go to the nearest mirror, play some music that brings back memories of a moment that was infinitely precious. Relax, let your heart have its way with your features. Watch your face soften, change, melt into womanliness and beauty. The inner tenderness will light your eyes with new warmth. For the fire of beauty is laid deep in every woman's soul, waiting for the spark that will bring it to vivid life.

Once you recognize your right to be lovely, a magic thing will happen to you. You will begin to walk with new confidence. You will hold your head higher. You will take more pains with your appearance. You will even talk differently. Believing yourself beautiful, your whole way of living, thinking and behaving will change. You will be acting a role that gradually will become part of you. The more gracious, unselfish and charming you are, the more people will say you are beautiful.

You will begin to take practical steps to confirm this fact. In the first place, you will stop drawing attention to your bad points. Possibly your face is too long, or your legs too thin. You would be surprised how many people never notice these things unless you point them out!

The woman with unexceptional looks is too apt to go on the theory that it is enough to be neat and clean. She is dead wrong. She, more than anyone, owes it to herself to make a special study of becoming hair-do's, colors and clothes. She should use every cosmetic trick at her command. And she should never forget the good old-fashioned rule that abundant health means abundant vitality. Often that quality of *aliveness* which the camera records as beauty is no more than the vivacity and happy disposition resulting from good health and good spirits.

A woman of noted charm said once that she dressed and groomed herself every day as though she were going to meet the man she loved. No hurried skimping on busy days, saying in excuse, "Oh, just this once doesn't matter!" Good grooming is a habit. It does not need to be a lengthy procedure. Professional models have learned to bathe, dress and put on their make-up in twenty minutes. Make-up should be applied with discretion and exquisite care. Just embellish what has to be emphasized. Nothing is more pathetic than the woman whose abuse of make-up has made her a travesty of the woman she dreams of being. Learn to do the very best job you can with your face, your hair, your hands.

But never forget that even the best picture you can make needs the animation of outgoing warmth, if you would go through life with a buoyant sense of your own power. To quote Paul Hesse again:

"Wear your own particular special look. It may be amusement that twinkles starlight from your heart; maybe it's a stars-in-your-eyes, walking-on-clouds look; it could be exciting and provocative, a look of great expectation, a joy of life. Whatever it is, that's the real you, your personality, your own brand of magnetism. And it will make you glow with your own kind of beauty."

ARE YOU FREEZING?

(Continued from Page 129)

liner which are sealed by using a hot iron or heat-sealing device.

Filing System for Freezers. If you want to save yourself wild scrambles through the freezer in search of that broiler you just know you put in there, and if you want to prevent your husband's wrath and cussing as he takes out package after package of peas when he wants peaches, you'd better organize! Plan the layout of your freezer with the same thoughtful care as you do your garden.

The problem of convenience-in-use is one that can be solved in many ingenious ways. Many clever devices are being used to the satisfaction of the family who thought them up.

For example, a nest of three wire baskets for each compartment; plywood partitions to separate the storage space; or mesh bags made of the coarse net found in sporting-goods stores. Bags are especially good for those ornery small packages so apt to stray—with labels or tags big enough to read without spectacles. Tags, twine and wrapping paper of various colors help in identifying different kinds of meat. Be sure to include the freezing date on the label of every package.

Stock Control. Under the lid of the freezer have a good big chart or inventory of your freezer. If you keep this record up to date, it will tell at a glance just what's inside, prevent too long storage, help you plan meals quickly and effectively. If you use a locker, keep twin record books—one at the locker, one at home.

Anything Can Happen. Fascinating as the story of freezing is, the final chapters are far from written. You may now buy, already frozen, the makings of a whole meal—and the variety is increasing. The home freezer is still in its early stages of development. The time may come when to have a home freezer may mean that you will be able to hire a marvelous cook, to come in once a month and fill up your freezer with succulent roasts, cakes, clever sauces. Or perhaps we shall live to see a new kind of career woman: the itinerant cook who comes periodically, as dressmakers used to do in our grandmothers' time. But don't count on this too soon!



"I'm tied-up..."

Take only a second to fix that! But I know how you feel. Once in a while, even a Long Distance line gets "tied-up," too.

Really? How does that happen?

Usually, it doesn't happen. Most calls go through about as promptly as before the war. But sometimes there's an extra rush on certain circuits, you see.

Wonder what you do then . . .

Well, that's when the operator tries to give everybody a chance by saying, "Please limit your call to 5 minutes." It means others are waiting, and will be glad if you'll help.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



SALAD BOWLS WITH LITTLE OR NO OIL

Reverse French dressing proportions—more of vinegar. For fruits: lemon juice and honey or cream cheese thinned with fruit juice; for greens: vinegar, sieved cooked egg yolk and seasonings. For tomatoes: vinegar, sugar, seasonings. Use boiled dressing.

WINS! Want the answers to hundreds of wartime housekeeping problems? Order the WARTIME HOMEMAKING MANUAL from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa., No. 2007, 25 cents.

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